

# FSJ

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AUGUST 1978

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# LETTERS TO FSJ

## F.S. Professionalism

 Because of the value I have always attached to the *Foreign Service Journal* and the professionalism of the Service, I would like to comment on the June, 1978, review by Charles Maechling, Jr. of a recent book by Leonard Mosley—*Dulles*.

The difficulty in reviewing the review is that one cannot distinguish what Maechling is volunteering as his opinion and what Mosley has written. The reviewer attributes a credibility to the author which he should have questioned in view of the denial of authenticity expressed by many of the alleged sources. For some reason, Mosley only talked with two of the many surviving relatives of the three major subjects of his book—that is with Father Avery Dulles and me. We have both denied in print the validity of many of the statements attributed to us so one can well wonder about other quotations. Apparently most of the associates of Foster and Allen, as well as mine, were not approached in person. Mosley sent me 37 quotations as scattered bits to review. I returned them at once but in 17 instances he did not use my corrections. Avery had a similar experience. Most of the other quotations were from tapes several years old and not in the context of Mosley's story. With a few exceptions they were not checked with the source of the recordings.

The statement that "Foster gradually accumulated a reputation for surface rectitude—but this masked great insensitivity in human relations and moral obtuseness on larger issues of principle" would come as a surprise to those who worked with him on the treaties for Germany, Austria, Japan, NATO and in various economic and political conferences.

It is worth noting that Arthur Dean, formerly senior partner of Sullivan and Cromwell, in two letters to me denies Maechling's affirmation that "Foster clung to his firm's German clients through the rise of Hitler. . . ." Dean has written that in these years the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell did not

have any German clients and did not represent any provincial governments or private corporations. Another of Maechling's points, Foster's membership on the US delegation to the Versailles Peace Conference in his 20s (should be 30s) was not due to "connections" but the result of his recognized contribution in working for the government's War Trade Board. Whether he played a "role of any consequence through World War II" can best be judged by those who know that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull requested urgently that he participate in their work for the UN and peace settlements.

As to the statement that Foster was cold and nonsupportive of me, it is understandable that Maechling would not know of financial and moral help in times of stress—since these were private matters known only to me.

The verdict of "callous acquiescence. . ." during the McCarthy era echoes a widely held view but it ignores the sharp confrontation of Foster with Senator McCarthy at the beginning of April 1953. This event, a few weeks after the secretary took office, marked a turning point and the beginning of the decline in McCarthy's six year harassment of the Department. The secretary, using the occasion of McCarthy's dealings with the Greek shipowners, declared firm opposition to his interference in the field of foreign affairs. The secretary induced him to sign an agreement which, according to the *New York Times* of April 2, 1953, "pointed out the dangers that would result if Congressional Committees entered into the field of foreign relations which is in the exclusive jurisdiction of the chief executive. Senator McCarthy stated that he was aware of these considerations and had no desire or intention to act contrary to them." Senator McCarthy is said to have left the office of the secretary in a towering rage. The incident is scarcely remembered now but it marked the shift of the senator's attention away from the State Department as his influence declined. This decline in the harassment which had disturbed hundreds of officers in the five years that preceded the Eisenhower administration was to take some time but

ended in the censure in the Senate in December 1954.

Mr. Maechling said he had conferred with "two ex-colleagues of Allen" who "disclosed no dissatisfaction with the accuracy. . ." The many colleagues and friends with whom I have spoken have challenged the statements as to his last illness and his manner of conducting intelligence work.

These comments on the review are designed to indicate to the Foreign Service officer the importance of looking beyond the fiction and sensationalism of the Mosley book for a balanced and accurate record of history.


ELEANOR DULLES

*Reviewers Comment: The review never purported to underwrite the accuracy of Mr. Mosley's assertions, and indeed took pains to point out that on many points the book is riddled with errors and misstatements.*

*Nevertheless, since the book is based on extensive taped interviews, some (including those with Miss Dulles) made in person and others drawn from the oral history project at Princeton, it cannot be lightly dismissed. This reviewer also suggests that comments and recollections taped soon after an event are not necessarily less accurate than those revised after due reflection.*

*With respect to apparent conflicts in the testimony of surviving friends and colleagues, I suggest first, that answers tend to reflect the phrasing of the question, and second, that no sensitive person would willingly hurt the feelings of as gracious a lady as Miss Dulles, especially on the subject of her distinguished brothers.*

## A Voice of Reason

 Isn't there some expression to the effect that "the voice of reason was again heard throughout the land?" So I felt about the letter to the editor in the June issue of the *Journal*, written from Kinshasa, which made a few cogent points in simple English, either never known by the Walking Wounded these days, or long forgotten. Thanks, Mrs. Cutler, for some basic statements on reality. It's high time. I wish you were twins.

ELIZABETH HASELTON  
Washington

*The JOURNAL welcomes the expression of its readers' opinions in the form of letters to the editor. All letters are subject to condensation if necessary. Send to: Letters to the Editor, Foreign Service JOURNAL, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.*

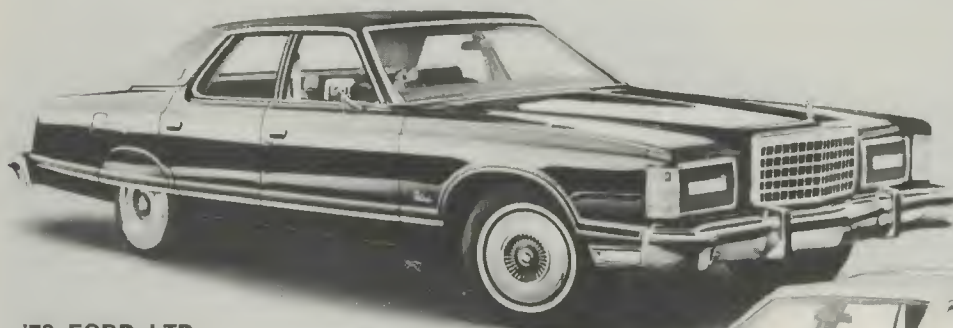
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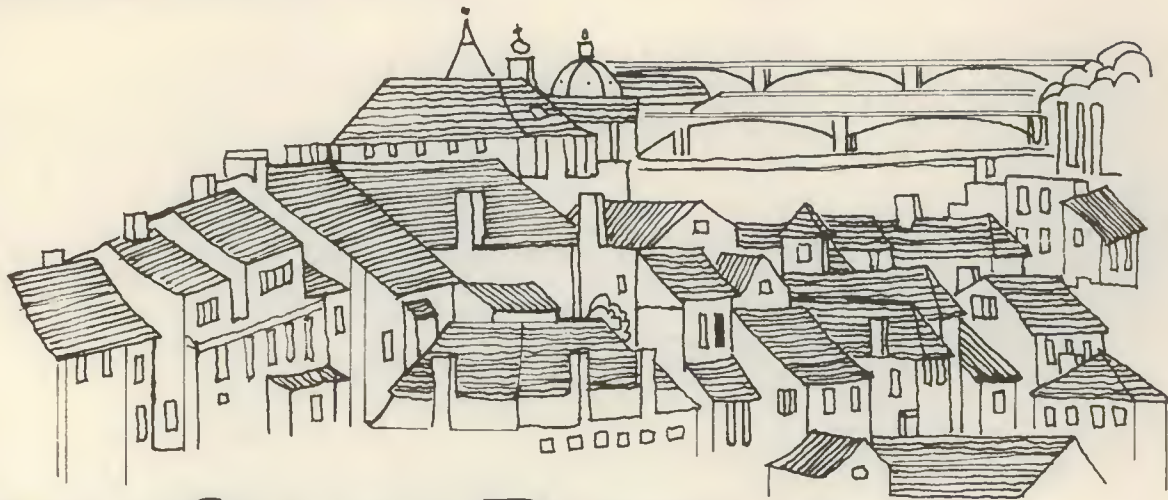
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# Letter from Prague

PATRICIA G. ERICKSON

It seems long ago but I vividly remember living through the increasingly tense days in August 1968 with a good Czech friend and her teen-age children; all ears glued to our radios while sunning ourselves at Rehoboth Beach, the gay beach scene contrasting sharply with the disquieting news reports from Czechoslovakia. Early in 1968 Alexander Dubcek had replaced Antonin Novotny as First Secretary of the Czech Communist Party. With Dubcek had come revolutionary changes in the repressive and dictatorial Novotny government which had made Czechoslovakia—once one of the richest and most developed light-industry-producing countries in the world—a pauper even among Eastern European nations.

The upheaval caused by Novotny's downfall created a climate in which first TV reporters, then newspaper reporters, began testing the waters to see how far they could go in criticizing all phases of Government. Incredible citizens began watching the daily 7:00 p.m. TV news, fascinated with a unique Czech "Show and Tell." One prominent government minister after the other was interviewed and forced to explain publicly why his department wasn't producing better goods and services. On March 22, 1968, the National Assembly took a vote of no confidence and Novotny lost his second hat—President of the Republic. His replacement was General Ludvik Svoboda, a national hero and also a Hero of the Soviet Union.

Dubcek himself was a long-time loyal Communist with impeccable Party credentials. He had no intention of replacing the Czech Communist Party with another form of government. He did hope to unite socialism with greater individual freedom and to restore his country to the healthy economic state which had existed before WW II. His government published an Action Program of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia. . . a written prom-

ise to the people guaranteeing basic freedoms (i.e., speech, assembly, movement), compensation for damages by any State organ, equality of Slovaks with Czechs, and a pledge to strive for friendly relations with their allies, the world community, the socialist community, and to continue to *intensify sovereignty, equality and international solidarity*. It was the last point which made the conservative Communists in the USSR and neighboring Communist countries increasingly nervous. In particular, Ulbricht of East Germany felt very much threatened. Accusations of "counter-revolution" were hurled at Dubcek's new government. In mid-August, Soviet troop maneuvers were seen along Czech borders with Poland, Hungary, East Germany and the USSR.

By midnight of August 20, the first Soviet planes had arrived at the Prague Airport, bringing with them paratroopers and tanks. Totally unprepared, the city was stunned. By the next day, a quarter of a million troops and 2,000 tanks had crossed into Czechoslovakia. By evening, Dubcek and his liberal Government leaders were under arrest and flown secretly to a small town in the USSR.

On August 22, despite his 72 years and against the advice of remaining Government leaders, President Svoboda made the courageous decision to negotiate for the release of his men in Moscow. Through sheer dint of determination and strength of character, Svoboda was able to have Dubcek and the others brought to Moscow unharmed, but the bid for freedom was over.

By the summer of 1977, my reactions to that emotion-packed August had faded and were almost forgotten until friends living in Prague urged us to visit them so they could show us "their" city. I dusted off my memories, did a bit of preparatory reading, and then we began the process of getting the necessary paperwork done.

This was my first trip to an Eastern European country, and I couldn't help wondering what it would be like—whether we'd be spied upon, whether we'd be allowed to

*Patricia Gordon Erickson, Foreign Service wife, is a frequent contributor to the Journal. The Ericksons are leaving Ottawa for a new assignment this summer. Copyright © Patricia Erickson 1977*

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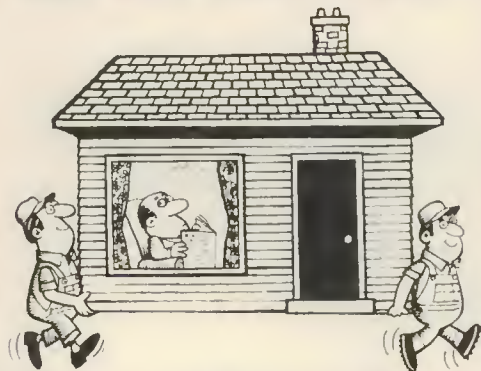
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travel freely, and so on. It was almost an anticlimax when I found that foreigners living in Prague simply assume places they normally frequent are bugged, but I noted no obvious efforts to whisper or temper one's remarks. On the contrary, we felt quite free to say anything or go anywhere whenever we wanted.

We arrived on a sunny Friday via KLM, landing at Prague's Ruzyne Airport, a medium-sized operation which gave the impression everyone was out to lunch. In actual fact, we were processed so quickly we hardly knew we'd been through the various controls.

The streets were buzzing with traffic swooping around what looked to us like blind corners, as we bumped along on the cobblestone roads approaching the imposing entrance to the United States Embassy located in the picturesque Mala Strana (Little Quarter). The building, formerly the 17th century Schoenborn Palace, houses the Embassy offices, the Marine Security detail, the International School (130 students of all nationalities), and several family apartments. The grounds behind the Embassy consist of an informal formal garden, then further up a steep hill, small garden plots used to grow fresh vegetables, and at the summit, the Gloriette, oldest of the existing garden buildings. Now shabby and crumbling, this structure was formerly a winepress. The upper level affords Embassy people and their visitors a superb view overlooking the whole city of Prague.

That evening we were whisked off to a farewell party for an Embassy family being reassigned. There we met our first Czechs and were pleasantly surprised with their candid discussion of life in Prague today. We asked about the status of women and were told that approximately 45 percent of the work force are women. It is generally expected that a woman will work, although it isn't mandatory. Children from about eight months are well taken care of by supervised day-care centers at extremely modest cost. Occasionally when a child doesn't adapt to these centers, the mother must stay home. Financially, this is a hardship though not a social stigma. Since 1973 a government-sponsored baby bonus program has been in effect to counteract a declining birth rate. Under this program, families are encouraged to have several children. For instance, a flat sum is paid to cover the initial expenses such as baby furniture; working mothers receive very generous maternity leave benefits and can earn credit towards early retirement; monthly allowances are given—up to \$130 per month for a couple with four children. In addition, families with children receive preferential treatment in the matter of housing (their wait for government apartments can be cut almost in half), and if they want to buy a house, they can get mortgages at an incredible one percent rate of interest.

We were told women are as free in their self-expression as men; they work in all job categories from laborers to university professors. I inquired whether women reached high positions in Government and was told the highest-ranking woman official was in the Czech Communist Party Secretariat heading Women's Affairs. There are no women in the Presidium.

We saw no poverty although clothing and imported goods are in short supply and extremely expensive. Fashionable women—if they exist—are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. There are numerous, well-frequented beauty salons where you can get your hair washed and set for under \$2.50. For the most part, the

money Czechs would normally spend on smart clothes or for travel abroad is spent instead on holidays within the country and on their *hatas*—garden plots outside of town where they go on weekends. Everyone appeared well-fed in spite of the very real food shortages evidenced in lines forming on any street corner when fresh produce is for sale. I looked to see what was available and noticed only onions, cabbages and potatoes; no fresh fruit, tomatoes, carrots or lettuce. People line up at bakeries, ice-cream cone stands (very popular—also good), meat markets, chicken or fish stores. As a consequence of these shortages, we found eating out was no gourmet's delight. Of ten entrees listed on a menu, usually there were not more than two or three—sometimes four—to choose from. I'm tempted to believe the Czech solution to the problem is to make eating out a charming experience by offering superior service and cozy or elegant surroundings to make up for the limited menu. On the plus side, eating out in Prague is inexpensive and you have a romantic ambience at no extra cost.

The Czechs are trying to encourage tourism. There are deluxe as well as moderate-priced hotels, and many charming eating places where you can sample local specialties or choose a European menu. As in other major cities, deluxe hotels such as the Intercontinental Hotel have several dining rooms to choose from. Even a few days in Prague can be filled with a tremendous variety of holiday activities. Museum buffs can run themselves ragged trying to see everything available—Hradcany Castle alone is worth at least one full day. In May, Prague hosts international performers who come

for the Prague Spring Festival; in summer, there are outdoor concerts and light classical musical performances; and the highly regarded Czech Philharmonic gives concerts twice a week *except* in the summer.

On the other hand, if you want a quiet restful vacation—or if you have always wanted to take the cure, you can sample the waters at Karlovy Vary or Mariánské Lázně. An international film festival is held at Karlovy Vary every other year in June; film fans could find themselves at the same hotel as their favorite movie star if their travel dates coincide with this event. Golf, swimming, horseback riding, yachting and fishing are available to the outdoor sports enthusiasts at either of these hot springs resorts, as well as at resorts in other parts of the country. In addition, the Moser crystal works and the Urquell Brewery are in the area. If winter sports are your bag, this too can be enjoyed—check with Cedok\* for exact details on facilities.

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# Memories are made of this, but **NOT MEMOIRS**

S. I. NADLER

## One: "You Should Have Been Here Ten Years Ago!"

Almost immediately after embarking upon his or her career, the young Foreign Service officer starts thinking about memoirs to be written after retirement.

Given the nature of the profession, this is not surprising. One

*S. I. Nadler, FSIO-retired, served in Tientsin, Singapore, Taipei, Buenos Aires and Ankara. His contributions to the Journal over the past decades have been numerous—have, in fact, included two daughters and a son who have served as editorial assistants.*

lives and labors in faraway places, deals with the high and the mighty, and defends one's country's interests in times of international crises. Looking ahead, it seems only fitting that the highlights of such a career be shared with contemporaries who have stayed closer to home, devoting their lives to more mundane pursuits. Also, there is the desire to leave for future historians an account of certain events, in which one has been involved, the significance of which might otherwise not be known.

My memoirs, I decided early, would be amusing, as well as enlightening, incorporating glimpses

of the lighter side of international affairs. Later, I went so far as to select an appropriate title, deriving from the fact that, wherever I served, I was invariably told: "You should have been here ten (or five or twenty) years ago! The winters were milder (or the people were friendlier, or everyone had servants)."

Soon after mid-career, however, it becomes apparent that there will be no memoirs. More and more, things seem less and less what they were. Jet planes and television shrink the distance to, and tourists erode the mystique of, the faraway places. As new movers and shakers take over center stage, the stature of the once high and mighty diminishes to that of ordinary mortals who live and die and are forgotten. And the mere passage of time transforms yesteryear's potentially cataclysmic crises into obscure historical footnotes.

I have been involved in several major crises, at least two of them certifiable as Class One ("Brink of World War Three" or "Threat of Nuclear Holocaust"). I was in



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Taipei during much of the time when the continuing off-shore islands imbroglio monopolized the front burners at the White House and Departments of Defense and State. Reports about, commentaries on, and dire predictions concerning the situation became staples of American dailies, news-magazines, and television newscasts. In the famous Nixon-Kennedy series of four debates, there was one truly sharp exchange. It came about in the second debate when, as one historian describes it, "there was quite a brawl over the defense of Quemoy and Matsu." At one point, Kennedy declared that he would draw a line around Taiwan to preclude our "being dragged into a war over two islands which are not strategically defensible." Nixon insisted that those "two islands are in the area of freedom" and went on to accuse Kennedy of "the same woolly thinking that led to disaster for America in Korea."

Mention the matter today, and the reaction is: "Who was Quemoy?", "How do you

Matsu?", or "What's an on-shore island?"

Among my souvenirs, there is a personally autographed photograph of a former president of a major Latin American country. There is also a letter of thanks from the wife of a Far Eastern leader who was once a member of what was called the Big Five, occasioned by a speech I had written for her to deliver on an American television program. Each was once a force to be reckoned with, for a long period front-page newsworthy. It will be interesting to see how many column inches the death of each will be allotted on the obituary page of the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post*. I keep the photograph and the letter, along with similar mementos recalling others who were once high and mighty, in what I call (with apologies to Shelley) my Ozymandias File.

Accepting, and adjusting to, the fact that one is not going to write memoirs is painful, if not traumatic. Once done, however, there are not inconsiderable compensations. The situation compares to

that which exists when one decides to stop carrying a camera and discovers new pleasures in travel. When future memoirs cease to be a consideration, one stops listening intently for the quotable *bon mot*, clever turn of phrase, or juicy revelation and begins to hear what people are actually saying. There is also an end to the frantic search for evidence of deep significance in events which are meaningless except for having happened. Above all, the brain again accepts the raw data relayed by the senses. (Memoirs, after all, depend upon edited and often revised memories.)

Some may find a perverse sort of comfort in a sentence from Geoffrey Fisher's final address, in 1961, as Archbishop of Canterbury: "Who knows whether in retirement I shall be tempted to the last infirmity of mundane minds, which is to write a book." (Emphasis added.)

None of this is intended to argue that the adjustment to not writing memoirs is ever complete. It is not. In my case, whenever I think of that unused title, I feel like crying.

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"As in other professions, a man is ultimately judged, not by his brilliance, but by his rectitude."—Sir Harold Nicolson

# "Prostitution"

## In the Foreign Service - And What to Do About It

MARTIN F. HERZ

A group of us were sitting and chatting one evening some years ago, when someone mentioned the case of a certain ex-FSO who had just been nominated by the President to be ambassador to a small and unimportant country. The nominee had had a long and thoroughly undistinguished career, having been recently selected out for "time in grade" in class 2. By common agreement, his failure to rise higher had not been the result of injustice or oversight, but simply because he manifestly belonged to the wrong generation—he was one of those well-born nullities of the pre-World War II service for whom selection-out had been invented in the first place, but somehow had never been required to leave the Service until his time in class was up.

Shortly thereafter, a miracle had happened: He was being made an ambassador. Since the gentleman was independently wealthy and had a very ambitious wife, there was a suspicion in the air that he might have made a substantial campaign contribution, perhaps to a member of a Congressional committee who

*Martin Herz entered the Foreign Service as an FSO-Unclassified C, "than which," he says, "there has never been a lower rank in the Service." Despite his handicap of outspokenness and espousal of unpopular causes, he attained positions of Deputy Assistant Secretary and most recently as Ambassador to Bulgaria, "than which," he says, "there wasn't a country in Europe that was treated with greater enmity by top officials in the Department." He is currently on loan to Georgetown University as a Professor of Diplomacy.*

had been in a position to exert influence or pressure on whoever it is on whom one exerts pressure in such matters. There was high excitement in our group, until an older and presumably wiser man interjected:

"I don't know what you get so excited about," he said. "This is not the first time such a thing has happened,"—and he cited the case of an FSO-4 who had left the Service only to return a few years later as ambassador—"nor will it be the last time. It's just another case of someone undeserving getting an embassy for political reasons."

"I beg to differ," said another friend, and what he said is the reason for the title of this article. "I don't object to prostitution, it is a profession that fills a certain need, and perhaps one can be a prostitute with a heart of gold. I have no intention of making trouble over prostitution *as long as it isn't in my own family*. But when one of my sisters goes in for it, I have a right to get excited. This man was a member of my professional family. He is not an ordinary political appointee. I think we have a special right, even a special duty, to protest his appointment because it prostitutes the merit system."

"Well," said the older officer, "doesn't *any* political appointment to an ambassadorial position prostitute the merit system?"

"Not at all," interjected another member of our group, "there have been some fine ambassadors who were political appointees. And

there have been some bad appointments from among non-professionals. But his is a case of *an incompetent professional* being made ambassador. I agree it is a sort of prostitution."

It so happens that I was on the Board of AFSA at that time, or perhaps on the board of the *Journal*—anyway, the question came up whether AFSA shouldn't send a letter about the pending appointment to someone in a position of authority. Everyone seemed in agreement, until something interesting happened.

"I'm sorry," said a senior member of the Board of Directors at the next meeting, "but I cannot associate myself with this letter. If it is sent, I feel that I would have to resign from the Board."

Consternation and dismay around the table. Was it the terminology, the phrasing, the tone to which the senior board member objected, or was it the whole idea? He wouldn't say, except that he thought sending it "inappropriate." And since he seemed to feel so strongly about the matter, somehow the steam went out of the initiative. A number of us were puzzled. What could have happened to make our colleague so reluctant about this matter when he seemed to have agreed with the idea only a short time before?

We had the answer a few weeks later, when the White House announced the nomination of our colleague to his first ambassadorship.

He went on from there to a rather distinguished succession of assignments and has long since left the Service. He was not a coward, I think. Perhaps he was just at the wrong place at the wrong time. He knew, probably, that having his name associated with an initiative criticizing the Presidential appointment process would not be exactly conducive to favorable consideration of his own nomination.

So this taught us a lesson. There are good reasons why it is better not to have in leading positions of AFSA men (or women) who are vulnerable to the temptations of early Presidential preferments. If they are to be fearless and selfless in representing the interests of the membership, it is better to have persons at and near the top of AFSA who aren't bucking for promotions or other favors from the very people whom it may be their job sometimes to criticize.

The next instance of a form of "prostitution" goes back much further, and also higher up. I doubt that anyone will be able to identify the man involved from my description, but since I do not want to hurt him I shall change a few minor details to make identification more difficult.

The gentleman, a fine, intelligent, deserving FSO with a distinguished career behind him, had received his first embassy relatively late in life. He was doing a good job there. The situation was tense, and his cables received considerable attention. There was a tug-of-war between the right and the left, and I leave it to the reader's imagination on which side we were. It was a time when "neutrality" was a bad word in Washington, and when the whole world was being exhorted by us to choose sides between the forces of light and the forces of darkness.

The trouble with the "constituents" of our ambassadorial friend was that the forces of light were doing rather badly, and the forces of darkness threatening to get the upper hand—when something totally unexpected happened.

There was a coup d'état, and suddenly at the helm of the country was a man who could only be described as a neutralist—an exemplar of that species which was anathema in Washington. Yet the new head of state seemed to have a program that was likely to be more conducive to the achievement of our basic objectives than the regime of his predecessor or his successor. But coming out of that capital, it seemed to me, were tele-

grams from the American embassy that were exercises in intellectual contortion, not quite saying what seemed to be on the ambassador's mind, backing and filling, almost coming to the point and then veering off, and all this interspersed with rather selective bad-mouthing of the new government as if its predecessor had not been guilty of at least the same shortcomings.

As it happens, the ambassador in question came on a visit to our neighboring capital, and because my superiors were too busy for a while it fell to me, as a rather junior officer, to entertain our guest at my home.

In my usual undiplomatic manner, I put the question to him directly: Would not the interests of the United States and of the country of his accreditation be better served if the new government succeeded in its efforts? Was not the option of returning to the *status quo ante* unrealistic? Were not these, perhaps, the very ideas that the ambassador held in his innermost soul—and, if so, why didn't he articulate them more clearly in his telegraphic messages to Washington?

"Well," he said rather dryly, "you know what happened to XXXX" (and he mentioned the name of a senior FSO who had been transferred to the antipodes because a high member of the Administration had been adversely impressed by a briefing he had received from him, finding him "insufficiently aware of the dangers of communism"). Of course, I changed the subject.

But there was a lesson that stuck in my mind, a lesson that I had learned before and was to learn again: Even when it seems, from the vantage point of down below, that someone has attained the pinnacle of his career, that does not necessarily mean that he won't be fearful of missing the next higher rung; nor does it mean that, if he is lacking in that indispensable quality of a good diplomat, which is *integrity*, he won't shade his reporting and recommendations to please his superiors.

Some people get that habit (of being "delphic" when it is risky to be clear) early in life and never lose it. Others have it for a while and, when they reach positions of



greater responsibility, manage to lose it—manage, in other words, to call the shots exactly as they see them, without fear or favor. (With others, there seems to be no lack of courage as long as the stakes aren't large, but it starts running out as they get higher up.) But isn't calling the shots straight something which our government has a right to expect from every Foreign Service officer? Are we not, if we condone moral cowardice, in a way guilty of "prostituting" our profession?

Fortunately, as I shall point out in my conclusions, one-half or more of the problem has become greatly attenuated in recent years.

The scene is one of the largest Embassies in the world, run efficiently and autocratically by one of the youngest, brightest, best-connected and most egocentric ambassadors the Service has produced. The embassy is a tight ship under full sail, the ambassador a beaver for work and on top of every facet of his far-flung operation; but he runs his mission as Simon Legree might have run a boatful of galley slaves: He boasts of the number of ulcers among his subordinates, sets impossible deadlines, crushes the egos of people at staff meetings, is a compulsive re-writer of all telegrams, and is blessed (or cursed) with a wife who completes on the distaff side what her husband has left undone at the chancery.

Enter a young, up-and-coming chief inspector with his team. He is renowned for the courage with which he had reported to Washington his own assessment, when he had been *chargé d'affaires* at interim of another embassy, contradicting in detail the analyses that his ambassador had furnished before. "I am in charge now," he had told colleagues who had warned him of the ambassador's wrath, "and it is my duty to give the Department my personal assessment, and not that of the ambassador." He had been widely praised for his courage and insight, and it was generally expected that he would soon have a mission of his own.

Well, it did not take long for him to find out that the embassy he was inspecting had the lowest morale imaginable, and for good reason; and it did not require much sagacity to find that the ambassador's

operating style was simply incompatible with sound management or with the dictates of simple humanity, let alone civility, toward the men and women working for him.

Since I had known the inspector, he came for dinner one evening and we both let our hair down. "How will you report these outrages to Washington?" I inquired, casually.

"I won't report them at all," was the response. "The ambassador is still on his way up, and there is no telling whether he mightn't be assistant secretary in the bureau in which I might have a mission in the field. I can't afford to antagonize him."

But this story has a happy ending. Someone did finally blow the whistle on Simon Legree. And it was an inspector. Only it was two years later, and that inspector was not a young and up-and-coming star performer but a rather tired and relatively undistinguished ex-ambassador at the end of his career. Perhaps one can learn from this tale that sometimes an extra dose of moral courage is most likely to be found among officers who no longer have much to lose . . .

The scene now changes to Washington, and this particular episode has characteristics which make it come somewhat closer to the lurid title that we have chosen for this article.

This particular colleague had an extra asset—from a previous assignment he happened to have a very good, even close personal relationship with the president-elect, and it was rumored that he went to see him from time to time at his house in Georgetown. If the president-elect, everyone figured, had a young friend in the Foreign Service whom he trusted and admired, only good things could result in terms of the White House's appreciation of what the Service could provide the new administration in the way of vigorous, young, intelligent, well-trained professionals rather than the tired wheelhorses whom the previous administration had put into some top positions.

So my pulse quickened when I received a telephone call from my friend, inviting me for lunch on the eighth floor of the Department where, at that time, I had rarely set

foot. He was full of good cheer, and it didn't take him long to come to the point: The president-elect had asked his opinion on candidates for ambassadorial positions.

Before I could congratulate him—and the Foreign Service—he added that there was only one limitation, a minor but rather significant one: The president-elect wished to upgrade the quality of *non-career* appointments and had asked my friend for recommendations of people from academia, the foundations, perhaps young politicians, or especially meritorious businessmen, who would as ambassadors do credit to the country and to the new administration.

I was speechless. Why had he not refused this assignment? Why had he not told the president-elect that the Service has highly qualified, trained, experienced people available who would do their country and the new administration at least as much credit, and probably more?

"You don't understand," he said. And proceeded to read off to me the names of some journalists whom he thought particularly well-suited for ambassadorial positions.

Let us call him Joe. He was a delightful man, erudite, kind, a bit of a recluse, something of a scholar, at the end of his career. The Service had done well by him within his limitations, for it was clear to everyone that he lacked managerial aptitude and that he found it difficult to make hard decisions. Everyone expected him to slide gracefully into some semi-academic retirement.

But we were wrong. It so happens that Joe came from one of the (then) 48 states that had never furnished an American ambassador; and also, he was a personal friend of one of the two senators representing that state. And, as it happened, that senatorial friend was on a committee of some importance to the Department.

So he became an ambassador. There was some eyebrow-raising even among his well-wishing friends, but no reason to doubt that he could represent the United States creditably, provided nothing untoward and fast-moving happened at his post of assignment.

Few people praised the appointment, but hardly anyone criticized it. There might have been better candidates, but the man was clearly not totally undeserving.

But the story doesn't end there. Upon reaching the end of his assignment to the embassy in question, and having passed the age of mandatory retirement, the same officer suddenly transferred to the ranks of political appointees by receiving yet another mission of his own.

Certainly it couldn't have been because during his service at his first mission he had proved to be extraordinarily adept in running an embassy. Nor was there any other apparent reason why he couldn't have quietly and honorably taken his retirement when the time came.

Did he pull wires? Did his senatorial friend insist, over his protest, that he should be nominated for another embassy? Was he perhaps unmindful of any politicking?

Or had he, imperceptively even to himself, changed from the kind and scholarly recluse that he had been, into a politician? We shall never know, but with his second appointment he lost some of the sympathy and respect that his peers had displayed toward him at the time of his first nomination. He had, in a way, betrayed the Service by using political pull to play outside the rules of the Service.

Some say that his case was not as rare as it seemed to us. And of course they are right. Those of our colleagues who are ambassadors (myself included when I held such a position), and some who only hope to attain that rank, maintain close contact with their friends and well-wishers on the Hill, and this kind of contact is encouraged by the Department, for good reasons, as a matter of Congressional relations.

My point is that recommendations of career officers for presidential appointments should be decided on their professional merits, and political appointments on whatever merits the political leadership perceives for them (also professional merits, one might hope), but that politics should be kept out of the process of nominating career officers. Perhaps the establishment of a presidential advisory board has changed matters—

but some of its choices from among career officers have raised questions whether the dividing line is cleanly drawn.

Our next case study centers upon someone on the seventh floor who was in a position to tell worthy candidates (and also less worthy ones) that "their names are on a list" for an embassy of their own. The person we are writing about here was not one in a position to award such positions, but could, shall we say, have an influ-

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"If the Foreign Service is to hold its own in competition with others for the highest positions in our diplomacy, it must excel in that quality which Nicolson in his famous book on diplomacy prized above all others: moral integrity."

---

ence on the nominating process.

By the time this conversation took place, I was myself a chief of mission and expressed concern, as I put it to him, about the "shell game" by which so many candidates have their hopes raised—they are in the running for an embassy of their own!—only to have them cruelly dashed again and again.

Is there really no better system, I asked, than to allow the hopes of so many candidates to rise when "the system" surely must know which ones do not have any realistic chance of actually making it? Given the inherent uncertainties of the competition, what with political appointees and other influences at work, could one not spare a lot of officers unnecessary heartbreak by confronting them, at the right moment, with the brutal truth? Would this not, in a way, be a kindness—even if it wasn't so perceived?

"I can't do that," said my interlocutor. "If I told a man (or

woman) who thinks he has a realistic chance of getting an ambassadorship, that he isn't going to get one, he could file a grievance against me, pointing to his distinguished record which shows him to be fully as qualified for such a position as the people who are getting them."

Well, would defending against such a grievance be such a bad thing? If one occupies one of the top positions which are rightly dubbed "hot seats" because of the responsibilities that they entail, is it so unreasonable to accept such a risk—if it is good for the Service, if it has the result that people down the line will get the impression that at the "moment of truth" they have a good chance of being told the truth?

There will be some, and I don't necessarily disagree with them, who may say that a certain amount of unrealistic dreaming about one's career prospects is part of the baggage that any good Foreign Service officer should carry with him. Many an officer is sustained by such dreams or illusions in times of adversity. But there will be others who share with me the feeling that people in high places owe special honesty to their colleagues, and that "the system" will not work properly unless in personnel matters, too, ranking Foreign Service officers are willing to speak unpleasant truths.

Fortunately, we also have career officers in high places who do tell the truth in situations of this kind; but they haven't been very frequent or numerous. In any case, this little chapter doesn't deal with "prostitution" but, perhaps, with an excess of kindness which, under certain circumstances, can be a dangerous weakness.

Yet another instance comes to mind, this one much further down the totem pole and much further in the past. At one of my earliest posts of assignment, at a large embassy, there were persistent rumors that a "left-deviationist" wing of the local Communist Party was about to burst onto the scene, and those rumors were frequently qualified by one of the embassy's political officers as wild exaggerations of some minor internal squabbling among the

*Continued on page 42*

"After all, an effective deputy makes the ruler less indispensable.  
A known successor makes him less secure." — C. Northcote Parkinson

# On Being a Deputy Chief of Mission

JACK PERRY

In American embassies there is customarily a person called the deputy chief of mission, or "DCM" for short, who is, roughly speaking, the second-in-command under the ambassador. Some find him an annoying obstacle, some find him a harmless excrescence, and some, mostly other DCMs, find him the linchpin of the mission. Everyone finds his duties hard to define.

Having been a DCM for four years in two posts under four ambassadors—whether successfully or not is a matter of some contention, but let that rest—I now feel ready to try a comment.

In doing so I must acknowledge grave difficulties, beginning with the fact that a conceptual framework, as we used to call it, is lacking—for the simple reason that no one sets out to be a second-in-command. The naval person wishes to be ship's captain, the politician aims to be president, the businessman wants to head his own firm; and the American career diplomat hopes to get one of the ambassadorships left after the sailors and politicians and businessmen get theirs. Most of the advice available is therefore on How to Be Number One; few give thought to Being Number Two. Also, deputies are told their job is whatever

the boss chooses to make it.

I contend that there is a definable job called "DCM" and that the Foreign Service would benefit by attempting definitions. My own attempt will be not only personal—based on what I wish I had done these four years, rather than what I did—but also highly tentative, seeking comment and correction.

Let me approach this by telling some things I think the DCM's job is not.

It is not "management." Leadership, perhaps, or administration, but not management. The word and the concept fit the era of the imperial presidency, that comfortable time when the dollar was king, when the Marines could land with impunity in Lebanon or Santo Domingo, when the Embassy in Saigon was our brightest and best. It was then assumed that American foreign policy would continue down the King's Highway, big and bold and solid, and "management" of embassies and agencies would be our principal preoccupation. This was a Manager's view of foreign policy: it was not diplomacy.

Those who wish to manage foreign affairs (the link to *manege* and *maneggio*, the training of horses, might be kept in mind) are still with us, now wielding such words as "goals and objectives," PARM, GORM, and the like. Too often—not always, but too often—the wielders of these words assume that international realities will

adapt to our plans, rather than the reverse. Fleets and housing projects and dams can be managed this way, but diplomacy, the conduct of relations among sovereign nations, cannot. In this time when international politics become more complex, when superpowers are more vulnerable and less able to ignore old-fashioned diplomacy, it is diplomatic demands that set the embassy's tasks. These, not management, frame the principal functions of both ambassador and DCM.

The DCM's job also does not consist in playing the puppet. Independent judgment is incumbent upon the good DCM. On one front, the ambassador and he must stay alert not to let Washington seem omniscient. Embassies need to be heard in the policy process. National interests necessarily conflict at times, but a great power hurts itself unnecessarily when it damages or offends other powers because policymakers misunderstand, or ignore, the interests and self-esteem of those powers. Remember some of the "shocks" to our Allies in recent years, and ask how many came at least in part because in our system the views of seasoned diplomats are seldom heeded. But our country cannot afford to continue those misjudgments and mistakes. It is the ambassador first of all who must face up to the challenge of independent views, but the DCM shares the load, for he must present his own independent views and those of the staff to the ambassador: if US pol-

Jack Perry, former Editorial Board member and frequent contributor to the Journal, entered the Foreign Service in 1959 and has served abroad in Moscow, NATO and Paris, and as DCM in Prague and Moscow.

icy is heading into a tunnel, he should be among the first to spot it and to say so.

For neither does the DCM's job consist in being a puppet, or an echo, or a yes-man, for the ambassador. The DCM is the meeting-place for policy guidance coming from above, from the ambassador or Washington via the ambassador, and, coming from below, the informed, closer-to-the-scene views of the staff. Like the captain of a warship, the ambassador should make all the critical decisions; but if he is wise he will leave the routine running of the vessel to his executive officer (the DCM), and will listen to him (who in turn should be listening to the crew) before making the big choices. The good DCM must thus be looking both up and down, keeping the performance of the whole embassy foremost in mind.

It follows that the DCM's job is not merely being a stand-in for the ambassador, any more than it is being a part-time stand-in for the political counselor, administrative officer, or whatever. The DCM has his own job to do.

Here let me quote a few thoughts about what an ambassador should do with his DCM. They come from the section entitled "Use of the Deputy Chief of Mission" in the helpful compendium of advice for ambassadors put out in 1964 by William Crockett and his staff, *"This Worked for Me . . .": Mission Chiefs Pool Useful Ideas and Techniques* (one wonders why there has been no up-dated successor volume). Some of the principal ideas from the fifteen entries about making good use of the DCM were:

Choose a DCM of ambassadorial caliber. Train the DCM towards ambassadorship (e.g. by working with him in his areas of less experience such as economic work). Develop the DCM as *alter ego* (by keeping him fully informed, by discussing important topics with him). Use the DCM as **executive officer** (supervising all agencies, not merely State), as **manager** (concentrating on executive-level problems), as **country team coordinator** (chairing meetings and planning actions subject to the ambassador's approval), as **channel to the ambas-**

**sador** ("but not a bottleneck"), as **"storekeeper"** (with section chiefs serving as substantive deputies to the ambassador), as **embassy supervisor** (rather than "super-political-counselor" or "super-economic-counselor"). Make full use of the DCM (rather than being a "do-it-yourself ambassador"), build the DCM's prestige (e.g. by letting section chiefs report directly to the DCM on special projects), back up the DCM (by making clear to all agencies that he is the only channel to the ambassador), use the DCM as "follow-up man," as supervisor of constituent posts, and so on.

Against this background, let me give not a "job description" in the classic sense of piling up detail, but my personal, general view of what a DCM ought to do.

The duties of a deputy chief of mission in an American embassy can be reduced to a basic three. The first is to be the ambassador's right arm. The second is to run the embassy. The third is to serve as meeting-place of policy from above and information from below, harmonizing and correcting these as the need may be.

The relationship of the DCM to the ambassador and to the staff are of equal importance, and one does not precede the other. Loyalty to one's ambassador is essential for a DCM: the DCM who does not have an identity of views and interests with his superior cannot do his job except on a very limited basis, over a limited time span, and in exceptional circumstances. For this reason it is entirely proper that ambassadors personally choose their DCMs: it is a partnership or no ship at all. Yet loyalty downwards is equally important. (Recently I spoke with an ex-FSO, now holding a high position—as many ex-FSOs seem to—who said that one of his main reasons for resigning was the endemic lack of loyalty downwards in the Foreign Service. I had to differ with him on the basis of my own experience, but perhaps my luck was unusual in that my first four big bosses were Foy Kohler, Llewellyn Thompson, Manlio Brosio and Chip Bohlen, and my bosses since have included Albert Sherer, Martin Hillenbrand, Bob McBride, Walter Stoessel, Mac Toon, Woody Wallner, Dick

Davies, Russell Train and Frank Siscoe. They were loyal downwards. I have never forgotten Foy Kohler's first words at his first staff meeting upon becoming ambassador in Moscow in the autumn of 1962: "I am glad to be a member of the team.") If an embassy is to function properly, the DCM must be loyal both to ambassador and to staff, and must never neglect either.

The metaphors available for describing the DCM's relationship to the ambassador are plentiful: right arm, *alter ego*, chief of staff, executive officer, grand vizier, and so on. The choice in each embassy depends mainly on the ambassador, for if the ambassador is truly the captain of a ship, to use my own favorite metaphor, then he may be a Nelson or a Bligh, a Hornblower or a Queeg: the DCM must adapt himself in some manner to his superior's ways. If we are talking about an ideal embassy—as one must to some extent in an essay of this kind—the DCM should indeed be *alter ego* to the ambassador. In the ambassador's main tasks—to represent the United States to his host country, to negotiate with his host government, to report accurately to his own government—the DCM stands behind the ambassador, advises him, uses the full embassy staff and resources to assist him, takes over part of the load when feasible, and steps into his boss's shoes if he must be absent. A good ambassador, in my opinion, will have no secrets from his DCM, for he must reckon that at a moment's notice the DCM may have to take over as *chargé d'affaires*, in name or in fact.

As one who tends to be too sure of his own judgment, as this article may indicate, I always tell myself, and would tell any ambassador, never to take any important step or any important new position without checking at least one other person's opinion. In my own two tours as DCM I was most fortunate in having two political counselors, who served when I was *chargé* as "my DCMs," who had both good judgment and also the courage to tell me, as often happened, when I was wrong. The good DCM will serve his ambassador in the same way, and this may be the most important thing that he does. The task is hard. An occasional heavy "no"

is not difficult; but the good DCM who wants to keep his happy partnership with the ambassador must weigh carefully how many small "nos" on relatively unimportant matters he can afford without becoming a nay-sayer, which can be almost as bad as a yes-man. Honesty applied judiciously is the best policy, perhaps, in giving advice to ambassadors. And the DCM can never forget that he must protect his ambassador *and* protect the staff.

Running the embassy is the second part of the DCM's duties. How much of this he does depends, of course, upon his ambassador; those who are unable to delegate authority leave the DCM little to do, although no ambassador can take this tack without sacrificing other important parts of his mission. It is also true that the DCM's scope will be affected by the counselors or section chiefs: if there is a weak area, he must help fill it. The relationship with the administrative officer is of special importance, for sound administration is the fundamental requisite of a sound embassy, and the DCM and administrative officer share the responsibility for it under the aegis of the ambassador.

Assuming that the embassy is blessed with good section chiefs who understand mission policy, good American officers and staff to implement the policy, and good local employees to make the machinery function well, the DCM can spend his time seeing that policy is transmuted into action, that information flows upward freely, and above all that the various parts of the embassy work smoothly together. Once again we have an abundance of metaphors to choose from, and our choice reveals something of the chooser. The metaphor most often used for the DCM's job of running the embassy is "coordinating," a term mathematical in origin which I find cold. I prefer something like "harmonizing the work of the various parts of the embassy," which calls to mind a DCM sitting at a grand organ producing grand music. Metaphors aside—and they can be put aside only if we remember we are using them—the DCM who is running the embassy properly must attend to some of the following:

Know the embassy, its physical properties, its work, and its people, each one individually by name if at all possible.

Get acquainted with each section's responsibilities, its preoccupations, and its problems. Being aware of problems requires being aware of areas before problems arise in them.

Listen to opinions.

Insure that policy is clear to everyone.

Make sure that responsibility is in the right place, that everyone knows his or her assigned part in getting the job done. See that jurisdictional differences are straightened out early.

Check to see that assigned tasks are completed on time and that proper follow-up is done.

Try to make sure that information flow is continuous and adequate, so that results or lack of them are communicated as well as policy. In general, the freer the flow the better.

Be attentive to visitors, keep agency needs in mind, remember the relationship of bureaucracy to policy aims.

Feel and express concern about the staff, every member, in good times and in bad.

Gear resources to needs, so that the taxpayer's money is never wasted and so that responsibilities dictate allocation of money and people, not vice-versa.

This is a very partial list, and additions are welcomed. Throughout, the good DCM must keep in mind that running the embassy means nothing except in relationship to the host country and its place in American foreign policy.

The third principal duty of the DCM, already stated, is to serve as a meeting-place of policy from above and information from below, harmonizing and correcting these as the need may be. Again, this depends on the ambassador. If he sees himself as the meeting-place of currents from Washington and from the host country, he may see his staff, including his DCM, as merely his assistants in this process; in that perspective, I have perhaps made too much of the DCM's role. The first ambassador under whom I served as DCM, to my great good fortune, Bud Sherer, gave me two pages of crystal-clear instructions making it plain that I

was to run the embassy, that he was going to back me up absolutely, and that while he was the boss, I was in the full sense his *alter ego*. The ambassador who is willing, and big enough, to do that can thereby free himself for more important things. In the process, however, he becomes somewhat dependent upon the DCM to transmit timely information from the staff; otherwise the ambassador, operating at a high level, might fall into ignorance of developments that affect US policy. Or there may be problems or dissent within the staff. US policy may be out of phase with host country reality: a political swing may be in the offing, or a sharp economic turn, or a regional strategic change that touches US policy. Or the political counselor may be neglecting the Opposition, the station chief may be exceeding the bounds of prudence, the defense attaché may be overcommitting US resources, and so on. The ambassador may know of some of these things, or he may not. In the well-run embassy, as I see it, the DCM will have his finger on all developments, within and without the embassy, and will advise the ambassador promptly when US policy needs re-examination or when the ambassador needs to step into a particular situation.

This conception of the DCM's function as the "man in the middle" fits well. I like to hope, with the new era in American diplomacy in which we find ourselves. This is the post-interventionist, post-Vietnam time when the role of the Executive is heavily tempered by the role of the Congress, when regional conflicts become surrogates for some of the old East-West conflicts, when commitments to ideals like human rights or arms control limit traditional identifications of national interests. It is a time when the imperial embassy has gone the way of the imperial presidency, when many of the adjurations for ambassadors in the above-quoted Crockett compendium sound quaintly out of date. This does not mean that embassies need necessarily be smaller, and it certainly does not mean they are less important: quite the opposite. With the superpowers less powerful in the diplomatic if not in the military sense, power and the politics sur-

rounding it—the stuff of diplomacy—is more diffused throughout the globe, bringing a fresh emphasis on the traditional tools and techniques of diplomacy, with particular attention to multilateral cooperative diplomacy. This ought to imply more use of our embassies abroad, instead of concentrating all power and information in Washington; and it also ought to imply a fuller use of total embassy resources. If embassies are given this larger role, then the DCM's place in harmonizing these increasingly diverse efforts looms rather large.

Great importance attaches to diplomatic tradition, to Foreign Service tradition, and the DCM is to a considerable extent the guardian of this tradition. To return to the figure of the naval vessel, I have found my most suggestive lessons for being a good leader and good DCM in the tales of C. S. Forester about Horatio Hornblower, that redoubtable British naval officer patterned so plainly on Lord Nelson. If the embassy, like the warship, is far from home in alien waters, with the crew peculiarly close-knit and strongly dependent upon the captain, then the DCM should be like Hornblower's good gray first officer Bush—patient, persistent, devoted to captain and to crew and to duty, candid, and very competent.

In diplomacy, as in the navy, tradition matters. There is an accepted way of conducting relations among nations; the newcomer, no matter how brilliant or innovative, must know the old ways or harm himself and his country as he seeks to depart from them. The requirements of protocol, of making calls upon colleagues, of keeping zeal within the bounds of courtesy, of seeing through the adversary's eyes during the most arduous negotiations, of remembering that national interests are lasting and that triumphs and defeats in diplomacy are not lasting—these are important, and in a sense more important for a great power than a smaller country, for the smaller country cannot afford the luxury of ignorance or mistakes. Now this kind of remembrance is perhaps first of all incumbent upon ambassadors (not to speak of secretaries of state and presidents), but the DCM, as the one effectively run-

ning the embassy, has a special responsibility for seeing that tradition is held to. And he may have to remind his ambassador on occasion of this dimension to his stewardship.

This brings us to the subject of non-career ambassadors. I have served under a number of these, as DCM and in other jobs, and have enjoyed the experience, finding indeed that non-career ambassadors often make not only good friends but pleasant bosses. There is no doubt, however, that the DCM with a non-career ambassador has a different task in many respects from the DCM working under a professional diplomat. Other members of the staff may often ignore the difference, but a DCM cannot. Instead of learning from his boss, he must often instruct him in the basics of his new assignment, while maintaining the deference due an ambassador. While some politically appointed ambassadors are steeped in statecraft and rank among our very ablest envoys—none of us would accept calling a Harriman or a Bruce a non-professional—others have had little or no experience in diplomacy or even in international relations and must be guided, if they are guidable, by the DCM. This is not meant to sound vain. As a professional diplomat I do not accept that a person with no prior experience in diplomacy can become a successful ambassador overnight without some help and guidance from professionals. This task falls chiefly to the DCM. It must be carried out with great tact and with full respect for the ambassador as the president's personal representative. The intelligent DCM will remember that the quality of the man is always paramount. And he will bear in mind that the politically appointed ambassador with good connections has clear advantages in affecting policy or the allocation of resources over the ordinary career diplomat.

Still the prime requisite for a successful embassy is that the ambassador have a clear vision of his mission and how he hopes to accomplish it. If he is non-career but has this vision, needing only assistance in using the resources of the embassy properly, then the DCM has a narrow but helpful role to play. If the ambassador does not have this vision, then the DCM

must supply it. And if the political ambassador happens to mistrust or disdain the career Foreign Service, as has happened within living memory with disastrous effect, the DCM has a drastic challenge—another reason why ambassadors' picking their DCMs is important. With a political ambassador, the DCM's job of being loyal to the staff and defending their interests, while passing their information and judgments upward, becomes especially important. And in this process, the position of the DCM as representative of Foreign Service tradition cannot be slighted.

Whether the ambassador is career or non-career—and I repeat that it is the quality of the man that is paramount—and whether he has a clear idea of his mission or not, the DCM first of all must be dedicated to making that mission a success. *His* idea has to be clear. He must understand the goals of the ambassador and the embassy; he must seek to make them plain to the entire staff; he must give honest advice; and he must be ready instantly to step into the ambassador's shoes if he is asked to do so. Whether he agrees completely with his ambassador or not, his range of vision must be as great.

A few words about style. In the foregoing I have tried to stick to general concepts, for a list of "what the DCM does" would vary from embassy to embassy and would descend easily to the petty. (The annual "goals and objectives statement" had better be pretty short—perhaps just "serve as *alter ego* to the ambassador"—or else it will be discouragingly long.) Still, performance of duty cannot be separated from style, especially in diplomacy, and style finds itself in the specific. It is also true that the ambassador's style has a strong, almost determining, effect on what is possible for the DCM's style: we have all known ambassadors around whom openness or informality was inconceivable. The following notes about style are therefore highly personal and to be received with due skepticism.

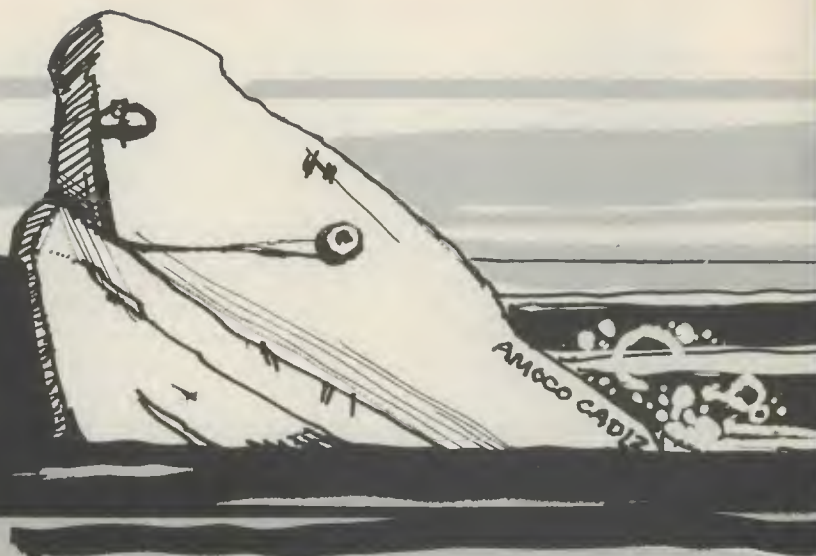
The symbol of the good DCM, for me, is the open door. He should know his embassy and know the country he is serving in, and care about both. He encourages the

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"La mer est morte."—Breton fisherman

# AMOCO CADIZ

## Torrey Canyon Eleven Years Later



CHARLES W. KOBURGER, JR.

The maritime world today is in ferment. Eleven years after the *Torrey Canyon* (119,000 tons) oil spill off the English coast, we met a second disaster nearly twice the size—the *Amoco Cadiz* (230,000

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*The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect those of the Commandant, the Coast Guard, or anybody else in the whole world.*

tons)—along the Brittany coast of northwestern France. The direct and indirect costs of the *Torrey Canyon* spill probably totaled 25 million dollars; those of *Amoco Cadiz* are now certain to—at the very least—double that amount. The adequacy of current maritime institutions to meet present-day societal needs is in question. Change is in the wind, indeed.

What is it that touched off this latest furor? According to the US press, *Amoco Cadiz* was an American-owned, Liberian-registered ship with an Italian crew and captain, on charter to Shell, carrying 1.6 million barrels of light Saudi Arabian crude. Spokesmen for Amoco, the trademark of Standard Oil of Indiana, said the company was not trying to dodge responsibility by using a flag of convenience; it was just trying to get by with paying wages lower than those of American seamen. But the Italian crew was up to world standards in every other respect, according to Amoco. So be it.

*Amoco Cadiz* was reportedly en route to Rotterdam, by way of one or more British terminals, when, on March 16, 1978, in the southern approaches to the English Channel, she suffered a major steering gear failure. She was running with a defective anchor, one that would not hold when needed most—after she had lost her rudder. She delayed for more than twelve hours after the steering failure to send a distress signal; it went out only after

the ship had already run aground on the Brittany rocks. In between the casualty and the stranding, the ship's captain must have been attempting repairs. He also was dicker over terms of payment for a tow with the captain of the heavy tug, *Pacific*, from Hamburg, the only heavy sea-tow boat of its kind immediately available in or near Brest. By the time the deal was struck, *Pacific* proved unable to handle the supertanker in the storm that had come up. Another tug arrived, but only after *Amoco Cadiz* was already hopelessly ashore. *Amoco Cadiz* began to break up at once, eventually spewing her entire cargo into the sea. More than 200 miles of the scenic Brittany coastline were fouled beyond immediate recovery. Fin and shell fishing were ruined, as were the resorts. Diving birds were decimated. The captain has since been arrested by the French and charged with negligent pollution (maximum penalty: a \$20,000 fine and two years in prison). Other claims will doubtless be made, for what good they will do the many coastal dwellers whose lives and livelihoods have been disrupted.

The key assumption in all that follows is that basically the immediate solutions to the merchant shipping problem are not technological; rather, they are organizational. All that technology can do now is known, more or less. The question at hand is, which of it are we going to adopt, and how? As



part of what overall approach? These questions all have answers, at different mixes of costs, but all involve somewhat radical means. Let us examine the important ones. This essay is only meant to begin a discussion—not end it.

In our examination, we shall first take an overall look at the world's maritime structure. We shall isolate at least one major organizational need, and offer a practical suggestion to meet it. Eleven years after *Torrey Canyon* we should be doing better.

There are a number of major institutional actors whose roles are fundamental to any overall look at the world's maritime organization: ship builders, ship owners and operators (not necessarily always the same, of course), classification societies, insurers, national governments, international organizations and, finally, the public. Let us look at these actors one at a time, recognizing still that the present system really forms a single unified whole, developed over four thousand years of trial and error. The first ones are easy to dispose of. None can act alone.

Ship builders design and construct the kind of ships demanded by the market. In this, they are continually trading off direct building and operating costs versus safety, limited by the owners' stated requirements and those of the classification societies. In the area of superships and esoteric cargoes, they have been accused of

building beyond the state of the art, launching ships whose safety factor is too often merely an arbitrary multiple of some figure derived from existing smaller ships. But some of the difficulties—inadequate steering gear, for instance—have been recognized for years and, as a matter of record, nothing was done.

The owners and operators—we shall acknowledge that the great majority are very responsible businessmen—must be interested

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“For instance, French Admiral Coulondres, the maritime prefect in Brest, announced with regard to *Amoco Cadiz* that the French Navy had no power, no means, and no reason to intervene.”

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first in buying and running the most efficient ship possible. They are faced with worldwide cutthroat competition; they are protected at most only in the domestic coastal trade. They too are trading off costs and safety, and they cannot afford expensive unnecessary frills. Before supporting innovations, they first must be convinced that there is a direct pay-off. Of course, only infrequently can there be such a pay-off, such as with inerting oil tanks. Costs are reflected in freight rates, and even the public has an active interest in keeping those

down—or it thinks it has. More on this later.

Classification societies act as the *de facto* field arm of the insurance companies. They inspect ships to see that they are in fact constructed as claimed and then rate them in a hierarchy of classes according to the structural soundness and equipment of the vessel. Their inspections in part determine the insurance rates charged that ship. As a historical fact, in general, these societies have played a very small part in innovating improvements of standards. They tend only to reinforce the status quo, maintaining traditional minimum worldwide technical standards.

The insurers—in London, New York, Tokyo—exist, even thrive, because “the burden that rests heavily upon the one rests lightly upon the many.” Risks are covered and then reinsured until losses have minimum impact on any one shipping group. Insurance rates are fixed on the basis of classifications and performance records, looking backward, not forward. Losses in oil spills are limited by law to 30 million dollars. Losses only result in higher rates next time, if there is a next time. Apparent bad risks are not penalized beforehand, for whatever reasons. Since this is another cutthroat business, in any case, unilateral imposition of

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strong penalties by any one group is not an available option. Alternative insurers are always near. There is little help here for us.

Now the public. Society will pay for oil, one way or the other, through prices at the gas pumps, or in taxes, or in devastated coasts or whatever. For this, we should be looking for the lowest societal costs—direct and indirect—no matter how we manage the international structure. Historically again, shipping accidents for almost four thousand years involved mainly the

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# Crime Doesn't (Always) Pay

"Crime has its heroes," according to Voltaire, and here are unlikely heroes in a war of "liberation."

J. W. SCHUTZ

You expect the young diplomat to speak foreign languages, of course, but you don't ordinarily expect grand larceny to be one of his useful accomplishments.

I was a young vice consul in Hoechst, Germany, in the spring of 1945 shortly after V-E Day, a very small part of Ambassador Bob Murphy's staff, and I was dreaming a bit too much of a little French girl-lieutenant in the French army. One odd result of this dreaming was my taking French lessons in occupied Germany. My French wasn't much good yet, but I had a powerful incentive.

So did quite a few of the boys in the Armed Forces in Hoechst. I was not the only one writing letters back to Paris. A lot of the men who had served in France were doing the same—among them more than a few of my friends in the Military Police contingent in Hoechst who thought my French was a good deal better than it really was.

During the first few days of the occupation the MPs had impounded just about everything with wheels. The only way you could get the use of a car, for example, was to call up the motor pool and justify the trip as official business. Since most of my own business was conducted within walking distance of my billet and the mess hall, this

*Mr. Schutz went on from this adventure to serve at Tenerife, Bern, Kingston, Vera Cruz and Nianey before retiring to France. He is now a professional writer of science fiction, a member of SFWA, with publication in such magazines as Fantasy and Science Fiction, Galaxy and Venture.*

was hard to do. One day, however, I was riding in an official Jeep with a friend from the MP detachment and we passed a barbed wire enclosure where there were literally hundreds of motorcycles of all makes, models and ages lined up in tight ranks, obviously doing nothing. I asked my friend about it.

"We do that to keep the Krauts from moving around too f . . . ing much," he said. "We commandeer them, give them a receipt for them, and some day—maybe—we'll give them back. Right now nobody uses them."

"I could use one," I suggested.

"You swipe one of them, brother, and I'd have to put you in the stockade. Regulations."

"What are regulations made for?" I asked him. It was an old question, and the answer was, "To see how smart you are," accompanied by a wink or a grin. For a long time the man at the wheel kept both of his battered ears aimed forward and we drove in silence. After about five miles he looked at me out of the corner of an eye.

"You good at keeping your mouth shut?"

"It's a big part of my business," I said.

"Yeah. Classified stuff. But how about something real . . . real *personal*?"

"Personal or official, a shut mouth is a shut mouth."

This seemed to satisfy him, for about a mile further he spat over the side of the Jeep and swung it back toward the barracks. "If you can do something for me—take you

about half an hour, maybe—might be we could fix up something about one of them motorbikes. You speak French, don't you?"

"Sort of."

"Okay. I want you to write a letter for me. But it's real private, see, and if I ever hear you shooting off your mouth I'll break your goddam neck."

This was a dangerous commitment, for this guy owed his position, quite plainly, to his ability to subdue the belligerent of any size or condition. But I agreed to the terms. I needed that bike.

When we got back to the barracks my big friend (who shall be forever nameless, believe me!) cased the place with all the care of an Apache making sure the log fort was absolutely unguarded. When he was sure we were alone he sat me on the edge of his bunk and handed me a clipboard, some ruled writing paper and an old envelope on which was childishly lettered the return address of a certain Mademoiselle M\_\_\_\_. I took these objects and, with some misgivings concerning the adequacy of my French said "Shoot."

It took him a little time to get started, but when he did—WOW! Poetry of the kind to set the coffee-house crowd hammering on the walls came out of this outwardly passionless bruiser. Admittedly quite a lot of it was ultrarealism on the anatomical side. There were words that I was pretty sure I wouldn't find in my abridged pocket English/French dictionary—if I were fool enough to hunt

for them. I made do with circumlocutions, uncertain spellings, and probably atrocious grammar, but when we were through about an hour later Mlle. M\_\_\_\_, if she could decipher the pseudo-French, would certainly know that her American military cop was fond of her in some pretty specific ways.

To make sure he wasn't being conned, my MP had me read the whole thing back to him, in English. It didn't have quite the original lyricism that way, but he was satisfied. Without bothering to re-copy my masterpiece, he scrawled his signature followed by a row of Xs at the bottom, leaned back and said, "Friend, you've got yourself a bike. Now all you gotta do is find some way to put juice in it."

I hadn't thought of this problem when I had yearned for some personal wheels. Gasoline was strictly rationed, of course, and all of it was under the control of a very hard-nosed major about twice my age and a stickler for regulations besides. I guess I looked badly let down, for my friend took his letter out of his securely buttoned pocket and had another look at it, then put it away again.

"I think I got an idea," he said. "Come on."

We got into a weapons-carrier this time, and stopped by the barbed wire enclosure with the motorcycles. My co-conspirator led me to a small group of bikes set aside near the gate.

"These ain't been logged in yet. Take your pick."

I selected a light job which appeared to be in good condition and we manhandled it into the back of the carrier. Then we took off for another part of town.

In a small barn on the outskirts of Hoechst we found a bored GI sitting in a wicker chair tipped back against a long, evil-looking cylinder reclining on trestles. The GI was smoking a cigaret in defiance of the No Smoking signs plastered all over the place in both English and German. My MP had a few private words with this character who suddenly lit up like a Christmas tree and said, "Hey! Is that right?"

They came over to me and a little deal was quickly arranged. In return for one letter in French each week for the GI, I could have all the fuel I wanted. It wasn't exactly

gasoline but it would probably work all right, at least until the bike burned out, which would take maybe a couple of months.

I wondered where the promised fuel was coming from but not for long. The GI got a jerrycan and put it under the big tube and did something with a wrench. A stream of water-like fluid poured out. I recognized it from its pungent smell as

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**"My Poet roared a few names, told this one to get a squad of POWs and hold them in front of my office, told another to get a clean staff car, another to find a general's stars to put over its license plate, then hauled me into the barracks to sew two big brass buttons on my insignia-less shoulder tabs."**

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one of the petroleum-based solvents. My two international correspondents carried the jerrycan out to my bike, filled up the tank, and made some adjustments in the carburetor and, I think, to the timing. The GI stepped on the kickstarter and my bike's motor came to life with a deafening roar. A little more tinkering and it became less of a diving Stuka and more of a small but angry hornet.

I followed my MP back to his barracks proudly riding my new acquisition. It stank a little and made too much noise, but it had power and to spare. The MP fixed me up with an OMGUS patch sticker and told me that as long as I stayed away from official gas points and wore my uniform when riding, no one would bother me.

I was a little curious about the fuel. "What was that thing we got the gas out of?" I asked.

"You said you could keep your mouth shut?" he said.

"Believe it," I told him. "What was that thing?"

"A Kraut buzz-bomb."

My bike never blew up on me, although the buzz-bomb fluid had a

tendency to eat up the plastic tube that went from the tank to the carburetor, and I got a lot of use out of it, exploring the Taunus foothills for many miles around Hoechst until the motor finally burned up as predicted.

The affair of the motorbike is a minor example of the technique of "liberating" things that was common in the early days of the occupation. We never used the word "steal"—the implications were unpleasant. Something you needed, possessed by the Germans, or especially by a rival service, was "liberated." Most of it was on a small scale but there was one occasion when a really big robbery was one of the high points of my diplomatic life.

It happened this way.

My job in Hoechst was largely administrative, but it was understood that I was part of a special team sent into Germany to reestablish our consulates and other offices there. My role in this task had, until now, been a minor one. The Army, its logistics services, post exchanges, billeting offices, and so on, had taken care of most of it for me. But, as we got more and more personnel, office equipment, stationery, and a trickle of correspondence both from the Department and from Germans seeking contact with relatives in the States, my responsibilities became heavier and, simultaneously, the Army took less care of us.

It was late July, the Hoechst office was running smoothly, our main office in Frankfurt was beginning to take shape, and the weather was fairly good, but with occasional heavy summer showers. Rumors were flying about that the Russians had repaired the rail link with Berlin and were considering sending an experimental train to Frankfurt. I was beginning to wonder when the big job would begin: setting up an Embassy in Berlin again.

Apparently someone in Washington had been thinking a long way ahead of me. Too long, in fact, for one bright, warm day with white thunderheads piling up in the west with a not-too-distant threat of rain, one of the biggest land vehicles I had ever seen in all my life rumbled into Hoechst. Its driver parked it in the middle of the main

street near our offices, descended, and began looking for someone to take charge of something. He was referred to me. He sauntered into my office, presented me with a waybill, and said, "You sign it here."

"I do, huh?" I said. "What's it for?"

"Ambassador's furniture," he said jerking his thumb at the Prime Mover outside my window.

"That's an awful lot of furniture for one measly ambassador, isn't it?" I said.

"I don't ask them kind of questions," he told me. "Are you going to sign for it, or do I take it back to Brussels?"

I wasn't going to get much mileage out of this character, so I signed, and went out to the street with him to see what I had acquired. Strictly speaking, it wasn't the ambassador's furniture—I don't think his personal stuff ever came to Germany, at least in my time—but it was for the ambassador's use. And for his whole staff, in fact. It consisted of everything needed to refurbish, completely, our old embassy next door to the Brandenburger Tor. Our embassy building had long since burned to the ground, but Washington wasn't worrying about that, apparently.

I took a careful look at the vehicle containing all this stuff. It must have taken me two minutes to walk all the way around it. I could see right away that I had a problem. There wasn't an inch of warehouse space in Hoechst that wasn't already crammed to the rafters, and most of that was far from weather-proof. While I was looking, a brief flash of lightning lit up the western horizon.

"Could you maybe drive this thing to Berlin?" I asked the driver.

"Hell, no," he said, spitting explosively into the gutter. "I got orders to haul my ass back to Brussels with this here ve-hickle. Tonight," he added.

"Tonight?"

"Tonight."

"How about claiming you had some engine trouble?" I suggested. "In a couple of days I could maybe find someplace in this town to put the load."

"Nothing doing. You signed for

it, now get it unloaded. I gotta haul my . . ."

"I know. Tonight."

"Right."

My mind began working fast. To unload this monstrous thing in what was left of the day I'd need help from the military. I thought of my letter-writing MP friends and wondered if I could persuade one of them to shoot this joker in the leg or something. I discarded the idea; it wasn't practical. But they could probably find me a squad of POWs (prisoners of war) and at least get Haulass's ve-hickle unloaded. Then all I could do was to pray it wouldn't rain until that rumored Russian experimental train arrived. Or was that all I could do? No, by God, it wasn't.

"You'll have to keep your pants on, friend," I said to the Prime Mover jockey. "until I can get a crew to unload. It may take an hour or so."

"That much I can do," he said. "I'll get some chow while you get somebody."

I let my motorbike full-out on my way to the MP barracks. For the last quarter mile I probably didn't even touch the ground. I slid into the yard in front of the barracks in a spectacular cloud of dust that got attention right away. My friend of the passionate letters was on hand.

"What's the flap?" he demanded. "Somebody find Hitler alive and well under your bed?"

"Just about. Listen." I outlined the plan that had sprung full-blown into my mind at the thought of the Russian train. My tender friend listened with both cauliflower ears, doubtfully at first, then with a widening grin.

"Jesus," he said at last, "I think we could do it!"

I never heard anything so sweet as that "we." I didn't give him time to have any second thoughts.

"Let's get started, then," I said. "Sonny-boy's got to get back to Brussels tonight, remember."

My Poet roared a few names, told this one to get a squad of POWs and hold them in front of my office, told another to get a clean staff car, another to find a general's stars to put over its license plate, then hauled me into the barracks to sew two big brass buttons on my insignia-less shoulder tabs. "The

Krauts won't know the difference."

Before I would have believed it possible we were on our way to the Hoechst marshaling yards. The staff car positively glistened. I rode in solitary splendor in the back seat, my "ADC" and chauffeur in dress uniforms in the front, the car preceded by two MPs on motorbikes (discreetly without sounding their sirens, lest the real brass should notice us.)

At the yards we ignored One Way and Do Not Enter signs with lordly disdain and parked directly in front of the offices. My chauffeur leaped out of the car and ran briskly around to open the door for me. My aide stepped close to me and whispered, "Act like you owned Germany, Jerry, frauleins and all. And speak English; I'll interpret."

"You speak German?" I whispered back.

"Some German and a lot of Yiddish. It works fine. Don't worry."

In the office, my fake ADC slammed open the door one pace ahead of me and barked "Achtung!" in a voice that shook the windows. Three elderly Germans popped to rigid attention beside their desks.

"I am General Motors," I announced. "You've heard of me."

My aide translated.

Undecided whether a civilian should salute, the eldest man bowed almost to the ground. "Ach, ya, Herr General. Ja wohl, ja wohl!" he quavered.

"I want a locomotive and three—no, make it four—box cars in good condition. The locomotive fully fueled and with an engineer and fireman."

The palaver which followed took about three minutes and it was agreed that within twenty minutes at the latest the train I required would be at the IG Farben building's siding. Then the marshaling yard chief dared to ask a question.

"May I ask, Herr General, where this train is going?"

"Why do you ask?" I demanded, as though the man had committed a capital breach of security.

"The engineer, and the fire-

*Continued on page 39*



*Teresa Bastiani*



*Wendy Cohen*



*David B. Glazer*

### AFSA MERIT AWARDS FOR 1978

These awards are made to those 20 graduating high school students who were judged by volunteer review panels to be the best qualified for recognition of the excellence of their high school records and extra curricular achievements.

The yearly merit awards are made possible by the generous contribution of the Association of American Foreign Service Women (AAFSW) from funds raised at their annual Book Fair and from the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA) Scholarship Fund.

All interested students who will be graduating from high school in 1979 should apply this fall to: AFSA Merit Awards Program, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

Biographies and photos of this year's recipients follow:

**Teresa Bastiani**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Bastiani, State FSO. Lived in Naples, Bucharest, Genoa, Rome. Washington University (biology). Certificate for graduation in top 5% of class, award for management of school newspaper, achievement award for \$2500 scholarship to Washington

*Laurie Grant*



University. Interests: art, creative writing, reading, baking, skiing.

**Wendy Nea Cohen**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Cohen, State FSO. Lived in Bermuda, Greece, Bangladesh, Ecuador. Brown University (economics). National Merit Commended Student, outstanding senior girl award and scholarship, school winner in Mathematical Association of America Contest, geography, English and health class awards, Bible class award. Vice president of Senior class, editor of yearbook, intramural sports, drama, tutoring math and English. Interests: hiking, horseback riding, tutoring, tumbling, volleyball and jogging.

**David B. Glazer**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Glazer, State FSO. Lived in Geneva and Malta. Yale (history, English, philosophy). National Merit Scholarship finalist, Telluride Assn. Summer Program scholarship, second place Johns Hopkins U. Study of Verbally Gifted Youth Program, awards for debate, on math and *It's Academic* teams. Interests: weight-lifting and classical music.

**Laurie Grant**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roderick N. Grant, State

*Richard Jacoby*



FSO. Lived in Paris, Bonn, Brussels, Taipei. Stanford University (liberal arts). National Merit Letter of Commendation, National Honor Society, Cum Laude Society, Student Council Treasurer, active in basketball, volleyball, track, tennis and softball.

**Richard A. Jacoby**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Jacoby, ICA FSIO. Lived in Mexico, France, the Netherlands, Paraguay, Uruguay. Amherst (engineering). National Merit Letter of Commendation, Presidential Scholar finalist, National Honor Society, Student Council treasurer, basketball letter. Interests: bridge, soccer, reading.

**Susan Janicki**, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Peter Janicki, ICA FSR. Tufts University (world affairs). National Merit Scholarship Commended Student. National Honor Society, AFS International Scholarship to Brazil (1977), captain, volleyball team. Interests: languages, tennis, skiing, bicycling and hosting.

**David C. Johnson**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Johnson, AID FSR. Harvard (government). Lived in Yugoslavia, Bolivia,

*Susan Janicki*





*David Johnson*



*Daniel Leader*



*Anne Lyon*

Dominican Republic, Chile, Panama. National Merit Scholarship winner, member French and Spanish Honor Societies, Varsity Band letter, All-American Hall of Fame Band honors. Interests: music and drama.

**Daniel E. Leader**, son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Leader, State FSO. United States Naval Academy (engineering or chemistry). Lived in India, England, Sri Lanka, Venezuela. National Merit Finalist, National Honor Society, Eagle Scout. Interests: simulation wargaming, soccer, snorkeling, coin collecting, reading.

**Anne Nicolle Lyon**, daughter of Janice Lyon. State FSR. Cornell. Lived in France. Editor Holton Arms newspaper, which received first place award from the Columbia University Scholastic Press Association. Interests: art, swim-

ming, snorkeling, cooking full-time in the omelet kitchen at Clyde's in Georgetown. Fluent in French.

**Douglas James McMahon**, son of Mr. and Mrs. James T. McMahon, AID FSR. MIT (chemical engineering). Lived in Taiwan, Philippines, Thailand. National Merit Scholarship Finalist, member *It's Academic*, leader and letterman Marshall Math team, National Honor Society, member Fairfax County Math team. Interests: chess, bridge, electronics and computers, basketball, biking, football and bowling.

**David W. Murto**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Warner C. Murto, AID, retired. Lived in Yemen, Pakistan, Philippines, Thailand, Laos. Eckerd College (chemical engineering). National Merit Finalist, National Honor Society, American Cyanamid Science Education,

Award, District Champion—*Brain Brawl*. Interests: bowling, golf, racketball, bridge, chess.

**Andrew Cooke Nelson**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore C. Nelson, State FSO. Grinnell College (physics, philosophy, sociology, music). Lived in Yugoslavia, South Africa, Hungary, Iran, Afghanistan. NEDT Certificate of Merit, Presidential Award for Physical Fitness, National Honor Society, Williams College Book Award. Interests: drama, soccer, softball, football, student government, music.

**Michael A. Olson**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar J. Olson, Jr., State FSO. Princeton University (economics). Lived in Venezuela, Spain, Mexico, Germany, Panama. Brown University Associated Alumni Award, French and departmental mathematics awards,

*Douglas McMahon*



*David Murto*



*Andrew Nelson*





Michael Olson



William Polick



Paula Smith

participant National Council of Teachers of English Writing Competition, captain *It's Academic* team. Interest: history.

**William Frederick Polik**, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Polik, both State FSO. Graduated first in class, Yorktown High School, National Merit Finalist, National Honor Society, (Va.) Governor's School for the Gifted and Talented, first place, National Forensic League's Mid-Atlantic Tournament, first place, "Student Congress-Senate," 1978 Tournament of the National Catholic Forensic League.

**Paula Vene Smith**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clint E. Smith, State FSO. Swarthmore (international relations). Lived in Argentina, Spain, Mexico, Peru. National Merit Finalist, Certificates of Merit Scholastic Writing competition, second prize Senior Poetry Division Scholastic Competition, editor *Red Wheelbarrow* and *Interlochen Review*, honor graduate. Interests: writing, music languages, archeology.

**Kathryn Noel Toussaint**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Toussaint, State FSO. William and Mary (political science or economics). Lived in Indonesia, Iran, England. Active in Keyettes, school newspaper. Interests: choral music, drama.

**Nina Weinberg**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weinberg, AID FSR. Mount Holyoke (psychology). Lived in Brazil, Pakistan, Peru. Interests: history, literature, art, science, music and criticism.

**Peter Whiting**, son of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Whiting, State FSO. Carleton College (history or political science). Lived in Argentina, Iceland, Paraguay, Panama. PSAT-NMSQT Commended Student, Quill and Scroll National Current Events Quiz winner, Eagle Scout, Order of the Arrow. Interests: backpacking, tennis, journalism.

**Katherine Lela Quainton** and **Matthew Dinsdale Smith, III**, also received Merit Awards. Their biographies and photos did not reach AFSA in time for this issue.

### BOOKFAIR '78

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD WOMEN (teen-agers and men also welcome) TO COME TO THE AID OF THE BOOKFAIR. We need your help.

From today through the days of the BOOKFAIR, October 13 through October 21, volunteers are needed to make BOOKFAIR '78 a success. Collectors to pick up donations, sorters and pricers to work in the bookroom, stamp enthusiasts to package, hunters and finders for art etc. (paintings, prints, posters and decorative things). If you can write for publication or write a fine hand on envelopes there is a job for you now. Arrange ahead of time for the dates you can work selling books or cashiering during the BOOKFAIR. Remember that Friday, October 13, from 5:30 to 9 p.m. is Family Night and the more helping hands the merrier. Saturday, October 14, the BOOKFAIR opens to the public.

BOOKFAIR '78 is a job for all of us. Please call 632-9411 soonest . . . Urgentest . . . NOW and tell us how you will help.

Kathryn Toussaint



Nina Weinberg



Peter Whiting



"A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever." — Martin F. Tupper

# Bookbinding—from Spines to Signatures

JAMES HANSEN

Most stateside Americans would never dream of having it done. Having your books bound has a sort of Renaissance flavor that seems oddly out of place in the same world with pro basketball and CB radio. Maybe it's just a question of money; if you could find a good binder in Washington, you couldn't afford him.

Of course, it wasn't always that way. Until well into the last century books were normally sold unbound and it was up to the purchaser to think about covers. Until even more recently, missals and family bibles that wore out were rebound, as much for financial as for sentimental considerations. Times change and hand-binding is by now a dying trade. But if it flourishes nowhere, there are still many places where it is hanging on. If you live in one of those corners of the world, what do you need to know about having your books bound?

It may seem too obvious, but the first thing to consider is which books you're interested in seeing between new covers. Drug store paperbacks, for instance, are not worth it. That's not just snobbery; the paper they're printed on isn't going to hold up. The binding will outlast the contents and what's the point. There is an ancient craftsman's rule of thumb which says that the amount of ornamentation should be proportional to the value of the material you're working with; gold gets a classier treatment than lead, etc. So, if you want, you can go ahead and have *Valley of the Dolls* done up in a nice hand-tooled binding, but the most charitable thing people are going to think is that you're eccentric.

To get back to the point; choose

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*Mr. Hansen is a former Foreign Service officer now working as a free-lance writer based in Rome. He likes books.*

a book printed with good quality paper. Good paper is fairly smooth, fairly thin, and does not resemble a blotter like that stuff book club editions are sometimes printed on. Now pick up the book and look at it from the end. Back near the spine, does it look like the book has been made by putting a bunch of pamphlets together? If it does, that's good. The "pamphlets" are called signatures and all binding of reasonable quality is based on putting together pages assembled in that form. The other system, used for cheap work like phone books, is based on stacking the pages together and smearing

---

"The page edges on hand-bound books are often dyed with various shades of red, green or blue. If you're going to do something like have your books bound, you may as well do it right. It may be better, though, to avoid some of the excesses of the old days."

---

one side with glue; more or less the way a note pad is made. It doesn't hold up. Don't have books bound which have been made that way.

All such rules, of course, are meant to be broken if there's a reason. One FSO, serving in Asia toward the end of the 1960s, received a telephone book-style directory of all the graduates of a Chinese military academy from another, nameless, government agency. The object was so imposing and so completely alien to his work and lan-

guage skills that he had it bound as a monument to something or other and it still occasionally impresses visitors to his Rome office.

Please note that these rules about choosing the books you want to have bound do not exclude all paperbacks, just the junky ones. Quality paperbacks, on good paper and bound in signatures, are probably the best candidates of all for rebinding since you don't have to waste a perfectly good hard cover simply because you think the book would look better in leather.

That last assumes you're thinking about new bindings just because they look good. The other, obvious, reason to have books rebound is that they're falling apart and you care enough to want to keep them. That leads to a couple of warnings. First, when you have a book rebound, you normally lose the flyleaf, the blank page just inside the cover. If it carries an inscription that you want to keep, be absolutely dead certain that your binder understands that. If the inscription was written on the inside of the cover there's probably nothing to be done, unless it's written in pencil. In that case it may be possible to steam the page off, but don't count on it. Second warning: If your book is a first edition, it may lose most of its value by being rebound. In both these cases, the inscription inside the cover and the first edition, your only real choice is between not doing anything and taking the book to one of the highly specialized binderies in Rome, London or Paris that does restorations. It is expensive.

Once you've found the book, it's time to find the binder. Ask around; look in the phone book. Take him a book, not your whole library. While you're there ask to see some work he's done that he's proud of. Binderies are a little like laundries; there's always some-

thing waiting around for a client to come and pick up. Looking at his work will give you an idea of how good he is and what he does best.

Your binder is going to want to know some things. First, what kind of binding are you interested in? All cloth? All leather? Leather spine and corners? There are precise terms for all these types of bindings, but they're incomprehensible even in English. That's another reason it's a good idea to look at his work. You'll be able to point and grunt. Since the odds are that you're having the work done for esthetic reasons, you'll probably be interested in leather. Depending on your tastes, the most practical choice may be the style called "half-bound" where only the spine of the book is done in leather. It looks good on the shelf, holds up well and costs a lot less.

Which leather? A basic question without a good basic answer. The binder will have samples and you'll choose the one you like. The most important binding leathers are calf, vellum, parchment and morocco. Calf and vellum come from the same beast but have quite different characters. Calf looks nice and takes gold leaf well, but it tends to scuff and, being porous, has the unfortunate property of sucking up air pollution which turns it into the kind of leather you see on old luggage at the Salvation Army. Vellum is harder but humidity changes can cause it to warp the book. You know what parchment is. It can dry out and crack.

Which leaves us morocco. Morocco, by the way, is not just the black, pebble-grained stuff they use to cover bibles. It comes in all kinds of colors and finishes. If the binder has morocco in a color and finish you like, it's probably the best choice. Morocco is goatskin and, as you may have guessed, in the old days used to come primarily from the country of the same name. Do not confuse it with that soft leather they use in North Africa and India to make billfolds and address books; the kind that gets shaggy with a little wear. That comes from some pathetic kind of sheep and should never be used to cover anything, even if it does look good for an hour or so after you buy it.

If you have some idea of a beautiful volume dripping with designs

in gold leaf that's all right, but you should know that it costs a lot. When binding was still a thriving trade, the craft was divided between binders and finishers; the finishers being the ones who did the lettering and decoration in gold or tooled leather. The finishers died out first and those who are left are a rare breed, know it, and will make you pay rare breed prices. On the other hand, you may be getting something there is never going to be any more of. Unless yours is some very chic, big-city, European bindery, it is not likely to be capable of too much more than lettering and fairly simple ornamentation. As before, ask to see what they've already done.

Some other kinds of ornamentation are a good deal less costly and go a long way in turning a mere book into an imposing tome. Endpapers, for example, are the pages immediately inside the covers. One of them is glued to the cover itself. You may remember the brightly colored marbled endpapers inside a fine old book belonging to an ancient relative. That sort of paper is still on the market. In Europe, the printed papers from Florence have been widely used in books and are still available. There are some Asian endpapers of great beauty.

You've seen the gilded edges on the pages of a bible. That used to be done to other, less sacred, books in the days when books were owned only by rich men. Now it has a distinctly clerical flavor that tends to rule it out. However, the page edges on hand-bound books are often dyed with various shades of red, green or blue. If you're going to do something like have your books bound, you may as well do it right. It may be better, though, to avoid some of the excesses of the old days when bindings were occasionally set with precious stones.

Toward the beginning, you were advised to take only one book to the binder. There are two reasons for this. One; if he does a rotten job you know not to go back. The second reason is more important. Some people begin to dream of being surrounded by shelves bursting with beautiful hand-bound volumes. Even in countries where the per capita income is calculated in edible shrubs, there are cheaper vices.



## FSJ BOOKSHELF

### Cracking Good Yarns By Some of Our Own

TALES FROM THE FOREIGN SERVICE, edited by Ralph Hilton. University of South Carolina Press, \$9.95.

Ralph Hilton and Jack McFall would be happy, I'm sure, if the reaction of the Foreign Service reader to this collection were to be "I can top that!" In fact, this delightful assortment of Foreign Service adventures cries out for a sequel already. These *Tales* were told ten years ago when Ambassador McFall endowed the *FSJ* contest. The most recent adventure (Rocky Suddarth's) took place in Yemen in 1967. The youngest contributor to this volume was born in 1935, the oldest in 1902.

Yet, there is a "here and now" quality that suffuses all these stories, conveying as they do the sense of adventure, curiosity and courage which sustain all of us in the never ending fascination of Foreign Service life.

Now that President Carter has ordered an acceleration of the declassification process, every Foreign Service writer, young or old, should feel less inhibition about telling it like it is—in print. While we wait for the younger generation to produce their sequel, this first volume will do splendidly for putting into the hands of anyone who has ever asked "What do you *do* in the Foreign Service?"

—DANIEL NEWBERRY

### Territorial Dispute

THE BARANYA DISPUTE 1918-1921, by Leslie C. Tihany. Columbia University Press. \$11.00.

Former FSO Leslie C. Tihany's monograph concerns a little-known territorial dispute between Hungary and Yugoslavia in the immediate post-World War I period. Set against the backdrop of nationalism, communism, the dissolution of empires, and the machinations of the victorious powers, the monograph foreshadows the chaos which wracked Central Europe during the inter-war period and contributed in such large part to the outbreak of World War II.

—P.K.

## Passing Miracles

THE MARSHALL PLAN SUMMER, by Thomas A. Bailey. Hoover Institution Press, \$10.95.

*The Marshall Plan Summer* is a recital of Thomas A. Bailey's conversations and observations during a 1947 visit to the countries of Europe which were about to be recipients of Marshall Plan aid. 1947 was a crucial year in world history, but it is difficult to interpret its events unless one is familiar with the ambiance in which they took place. Professor Bailey gives us the European ambiance. For more than two months he talked to leading statesmen, to American and foreign diplomats and soldiers, and to scores of ordinary people, and he records all of it in fascinating detail.

Bailey's observations have universal application. He says; "There never was a 'Marshall Plan,' only a 'Marshall Proposal.'" He reminds us that it was Europe which did the planning and Europe which carried out the plans. The Marshall Plan is often credited with bringing about a miracle in Europe, but the miracle

of Europe was Europe's miracle even though the United States, with rare vision and enterprise, made it possible. Few other areas or countries have been in a position to perform miracles, and of course the United States is not in a position to perform miracles in other countries (as the authors of the Alliance for Progress discovered and administration veterans of the Selma human rights campaign apparently have not yet discovered). Americans will do well to bear that in mind if they wish to be truly helpful in a world that is clamoring for help and sorely needs it.

Professor Bailey demolishes the thesis of revisionist historians who, without having been permitted even a peek at secret Soviet documents, have placed major responsibility for the Cold War on the United States. He reminds us that the Cold War "really began in 1917 when the Bolsheviks took over and declared ideological warfare on the 'capitalist' world."

Thomas A. Bailey, who is the author of *A Diplomatic History of the American People* and of many

other notable volumes, is Byrne Professor of American History, Emeritus, at Stanford University. For those of us who are fifty years old or more his refreshingly un-academic book is nostalgic. For younger persons it is a must.

—WILLARD L. BEAULAC

## USSR-China Détente?

CHINA AND THE MAJOR POWERS IN EAST ASIA, by A. Doak Barnett. The Brookings Institute, \$12.95.

A scholar with an established reputation is under great pressure to turn out "something significant" every time he goes to press and the burden must be even greater when the author is domiciled at the prestigious Brookings Institution. Doak Barnett, as prolific as he is, consistently meets this challenge, and this latest treatise is no exception. In the first three parts, Barnett reviews China's bilateral relations with the Soviet Union, Japan and the United States—in each case focusing on the historical, political, economic, geopolitical factors which have influenced policies since the creation of the

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People's Republic of China in 1949.

Briefly, Barnett believes that since the Sino-Soviet split is essentially ideological in nature, Mao's death may eventually produce a gradual and limited détente between China and the USSR. Regarding Japan, Barnett anticipates economic ties with China will expand, but relations will not become intimate. Rather, they will continue to be dominated by security considerations. As for the United States—although the Shanghai Communique marked a major shift in the world balance, Barnett believes that unless Washington and Peking manage to overcome the Taiwan obstacle and make some progress toward normalization, there is danger of deterioration in relations. In part IV, entitled "China and the Four-Power Equilibrium," Barnett analyzes China's domestic situation and how it affects Peking's capacity to interact with all other powers. He discusses the multiple and complex interrelationships that sometimes create and other times limit the op-

tions of each of the major powers in East Asia. He concludes that the balance between the four nations will not change fundamentally in the period ahead, that the structure of the relations will continue to be multipolar, and that none will be able to achieve regional hegemony. Barnett's willingness to get out on occasional limbs (no doubt a carry-over from his earlier career as a correspondent) and look into the future in no way detracts from his scholarship—it only adds to the readability and the value of the book for both the specialist and the proverbial "interested layman."

Finally, it is important to point out that the last 65 pages under the heading of "Sources" contain much more than the excellent bibliographic materials; they also include interesting and sometimes vital tidbits of information and color which were probably excised from the text to satisfy modesty and scholarship. It is only through the footnotes that the reader becomes fully aware of the additional perspective provided by Barnett's discussions with political

and professional leaders of the four powers he analyzes and of the important role he personally played in the development of US-China relations during the past decade. Constant flipping between text and notes does become frustrating, but this fine book should be read with a finger in the footnotes.

—LEO A. ORLEANS

### Raises Questions

ARABS TODAY, by Joel Carmichael. Anchor Press/Doubleday, \$2.95.

This overpriced (\$2.95) paperback might well have been named "Arabs Yesterday and Today," as nearly half of it is historical. It is replete with misstatements, half-truths and patent absurdities—so much so that a reader might question some of the quite interesting theories presented by the author.

Among the statements that a casual student of the Arab world might dispute: Zionism received its first formal expression after the first World War. The independence of Saudi Arabia was consummated after World War II. Syria did not participate in the 1967 war. (Who

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was shooting at the Israelis on the Golan Heights?) Saudi Arabia has broken out of the pro-Soviet camp. Really now!

The author is given to absolute statements: There never has been a Syrian, Iraqi, or Hijazi literature. Egypt has never once been referred to as "Arab." Other energy alternatives will solve the energy problem not in decades but in years. How about that?

A final note: a number of recent important books are omitted from the bibliography.

—JAMES H. BAHTI

### Japan Seen

INTRODUCING JAPAN, a collection of 90 photographs and short essays, texts by Donald Richie and foreword by Edwin Reischauer. Published by Kodansha International and distributed by Harper & Row, \$12.95.

A newcomer to Japan will profit from this economy-size coffee table book, and so will the tourist shops. Fifty pages of travelogue show the usual pretty pictures of well-known sights like a famous mountain, historic shrines, geisha and Tokyo at night, while 13 short but informa-

tive essays run through basic items like land and climate, history, government, the economy, education, language, arts and crafts, cuisine, and even martial arts. The foreword—by America's preeminent authority on Japan—tells why this modernized, non-Western state has a unique role to play in the world today.

—RICHARD B. FINN

### No Healing Art

SOUTH AFRICA: SHARP DISSECTION, by Dr. Christian N. Barnard. Books in Focus, \$7.95.

The Nationalist Party, whose membership is composed primarily of Afrikaners, has ruled South Africa since 1948. Its appeal to the voters has increased with each election.

Dr. Christian Barnard is one of the best known Afrikaners. He is a foremost heart surgeon, the first man to prolong a human life by transplanting a heart. Dr. Barnard says that he wrote this book out of a concern for human suffering. He says that another reason has to do with double standards by which South Africa is judged. One would

have hoped that if these two reasons were really fulfilled, we would have the writings of an articulate, influential Afrikaner.

Alas, we are once again disappointed. The book consists of little apart from the standard Afrikaner line. The book is as misleading and self-serving as has come to be expected from most of the Afrikaner world. In telling South Africa's story, the record is distorted. An example is the assertion that South African whites do not consider themselves superior to other races. In the next breath we are told that laws based on color are necessary because of the superior state of development of the white race. The book's prose is quite pedestrian. It reads as if it were written after hours when Dr. Barnard had retired from the operating theater.

The reading public is subjected to so much transparent and belabored deception that there is little or no danger that this book will be added to the shelves of any serious student of Southern African affairs. Dr. Barnard wants the world to clearly understand that his South Africans will "fight to the last man

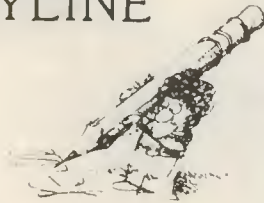
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to retain *that* which has been built up over the centuries." He never really defines what it is that must be preserved, except to say that the world must accept South Africa's political system as it is. It is this inability to understand why the world will not and cannot do this that widens the gap and contributes more to South Africa's isolation in the world.

—ROY A. HARRELL, JR.

### Revolutionary Cuba

NEIGHBORS: *Living the Revolution*, by Oscar Lewis, Ruth M. Lewis and Susan M. Rigden. University of Illinois Press. \$15.00

*Neighbors* is one of three oral history studies of revolutionary Cuba which the authors have published. It tells us in meticulous detail the life stories of five families, most of them with rural backgrounds, who find themselves occupying an apartment house in a once-affluent section of Havana. Keeping the family members and their relatives, friends and associates straight is a task which this reviewer was unable fully to accomplish. He did find the authors'

conclusions, contained in an "Afterword" which fills only 36 of the volume's 572 pages, of some interest, however. Among other things they reveal a degree of naiveté on the authors' part, as when they inform us with straight faces that the Constitution of 1976 received "the overwhelming endorsement of Cuban voters (97.7 percent) in a national referendum."

Professor Lewis's mini-culture approach to anthropology, which was widely praised during his lifetime, is less popular now. For persons with a special interest in anthropology, who are blessed with ample time and patience, *Neighbors* may shed light on the revolution and its consequences.

—WILLARD L. BEAULAC

### Where the Action Is

THE RIGHT TIME, THE RIGHT PLACE, by Joseph S. Salzburg. Exposition Press, Inc., \$7.00

Joseph Salzburg has an uncanny knack for being "where the action is" in his own life. The same is true of his writing. He writes extremely well and effectively about situations in life that are familiar to to-

day's people. *The Right Time, The Right Place* is that kind of book, because anyone familiar with today's trauma and upheavals in the Middle East and the Caribbean could identify with the characters and action set forth in the author's colorful account of Irvin Mason's life as a negative genius and kingpin in the National Crime Syndicate.

The author is at his reportorial best when he describes the actions and situations that form the links between Mason as a gang-leader and elements of big-business and power-politics. In fact, *The Right Time, The Right Place* accurately represents facets of recent history.

Mr. Salzburg writes about countries and situations he knows well. In his own active careers with the American Red Cross and AID, the author has served in 12 different countries and traveled in at least 40 others. He brings this experience to bear effectively in story-within-a-story fashion when he describes Israel and the Caribbean Islands as they were and are in the 1970s. *The Right Time, The Right Place* is a book well worth reading.

—R. V. CRAIG

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## ON BEING A DEPUTY CHIEF OF MISSION


from page 19

study of the host country language, and leads the way in learning it if he can. He minds the store, denying himself some of the pleasurable and intellectually stimulating assignments in favor of the ambassador or the section chiefs. But he encourages everyone on the staff to have the broadest possible contact with the host country, to travel, to be receptive to what is happening just as he is attentive to furthering American interests. The good DCM gives as much opportunity as possible to those under him. He maintains the dignity of the embassy; but he is known for his friendliness and his concern for those working around him. He is an administrator in the oldest and best sense of the term (it comes from "minister," the Latin word for servant, and the good administrator ministers to the needs of those around him). If advice to care about the staff has a sententious ring, phrase it some other way; but

the good DCM will indeed care, whether in knowing needs or in appreciating good work or in standing up for sections or people under pressure: there is no other job in the embassy where "I don't give a damn" is less tolerable (although the administrative officer follows a close second). The good DCM shares information, and asks advice. He maintains a high vision of the embassy's role in American foreign policy, but he also—as my intern friend Rich Davison reminded me when he read the first draft of this essay—keeps a sense of humor. ("How else could you retain a sufficiently philosophical attitude, and remain effective?" Rich said.) The good DCM stands for open doors and open windows; he looks up and down; he believes in what he and the ambassador and the embassy are doing. He believes in diplomacy. He sees himself as serving those around him.

Recently one of my stout Foreign Service colleagues told me the story of his first ambassador—a story never forgotten, obviously,

for my friend exemplifies it in his daily life—who used to say to himself upon arising each morning, "What can I do to help?" This is the ideal definition of the good DCM. It reminds me of the words of Lord Nelson, that superb leader of men, busy with the details of making his fleet work well as he pointed it towards Trafalgar: "I am not come forth to find difficulties, but to remove them."

The good DCM, like good first officer Bush in the Hornblower saga, is essential to the successes of his captain and crew, but does not expect the credit for it. He may even become a captain some day, as Bush did, but his goal is not that, it is the success of the voyage underway. His duties are not dramatic; they are very important. If the United States is to maintain a successful, professional diplomatic service—and I believe such a service is essential to a successful American foreign policy—then we will want to be sure we have good, solid DCMs on duty. 

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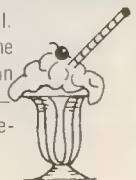
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## CRIME DOESN'T PAY

from page 24

man," he explained, "They should take food? How long until they come back home?"

I conferred with my aide. "Tell him the works," he advised. "We'll get the two Krauts back here somehow. It'll take a couple of days, probably."

"Tell him, then," I said.

When my GI said "Berlin" I thought the old man was going to faint. When he got his breath, he protested.

"But, mein General, the Russians will send a train to Frankfort in two days. The line is open only tonight, and it has not been tested. There is only one line."

"I know that," I replied, disdainfully. "That is why I am sending a train *today*. Do you wish the Russians to get ahead of America? Would you prefer a Russian occupation?"

This was a key question. The inhabitants of Hoechst had heard some frightful stories about the Russians (which couldn't have

been any worse than the East Germans had heard about us) and were scared to death of them.

Discussion ended. We got our train in about fifteen minutes. By supper time my POWs had loaded the box cars. The Prime Mover chauffeur had long since gone. My MP friend had a friend who knew the form for official shipments and he "cut a stencil" for us. (He used to work in the transportation outfit that ran the famous Toot Sweet Line in France.)

Once you gave something an official air in occupied Germany, the paper work accumulated around it until it *was* official. It would have been too complicated to unravel otherwise. It was therefore no trouble for six joyous MPs to get TDY orders cut to send them up to Berlin with my train. By the time the train pulled out of Hoechst at midnight, the Army was convinced that the State Department had arranged the matter "through channels," and my ambassador believed that the Army had thoughtfully provided transport of his office furniture to Berlin. I was care-

ful not to undecieve anyone. Army orders were given to put the stuff in a building in "our" sector of Berlin when it arrived.

I went back to my billet at one a.m., suddenly aware that I hadn't eaten since breakfast. I didn't care. I had stolen a train! I ate part of a K-ration, washed down with some flat champagne from an open bottle, and slept heavily.

For the next three days I worried, of course. But I needn't have. The six MPs turned up looking weary but happy. No one had heard of the nonfraternization order in Berlin, it seems, and according to those boys you had to beat the frauleins off with a stick. My engineer and his fireman were back too, I was told. No one knew what had finally become of the train, but no one worried about it. Neither did I. I had accomplished my mission.

A few days later, in early August, 1945, I was on my way to Berlin myself, where, a year later, and in spite of my criminal tendencies, my little lieutenant agreed to marry me.



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## AMOCO CADIZ

from page 21

vessel itself, its crew, its cargo, and its passengers, if any. For the first time, now, too often, shipping accidents are major disasters, affecting mainly those outside the ship. Off Brittany, there have been four big oil tanker spills since *Torrey Canyon*. What would have happened to the Cape Cod area if *Argo Merchant's* oil had blown ashore instead of out to sea is anybody's guess. Like what happened in the Straits of Magellan with *Metula*?

It is possible to claim that with the development of supertankers and the like, admittedly cheaper in direct costs per ton-mile carried than their smaller sisters, the maritime industry has simply shifted a larger share of the total costs—the potentially disastrous indirect costs—to society. Now the question is, do we want it this way? Would increasing some of the direct costs—requiring smaller, safer, better constructed, better manned, more expensive ships—be cheaper over all than paying for all these disasters? Would the costs

not at least be more predictable, visible, and manageable? Or would we rather reorganize the way we deal with these indirect costs? Or both? In what proportion?

The role of national governments is more complex. Citizens still look primarily to the nation-state to represent the national interest, internally as well as internationally. And the nation-state still monopolizes the executive means for watching over that interest. They have done much, in their ports and harbors and within their territorial waters. But the nation-state is carefully hedged in by all of maritime and international law—all of the legal and mental constricts—developed over history. According to the US press, for instance, French Admiral Coulandres, the maritime prefect in Brest, announced with regard to *Amoco Cadiz* that the French Navy had no power, no means, and no reason to intervene. Even if he had been asked for help, there was none at hand. For years, the Navy has been requesting resources for aerial reconnaissance, and two large tugs for the Channel, but it has always

been put off on monetary grounds. This is typical.

Dealing with oil spills involves surveillance, prevention through regulation, inspection and salvage; and, if that fails, response (containment, recovery and disposal). By the time *Amoco Cadiz* came within national jurisdiction, the damage had been done. Technology could not help, puny in the face of raging storms and the sheer amount of oil. But there was no surveillance. *Amoco Cadiz* was not even headed for a French port, in which case she would have been required to report her approach and subject herself to regulation, at some point.

In short, the individual nation-state alone is often no longer a large enough unit to defend its shores against the likes of *Amoco Cadiz*. The three-mile limit, or the seven, or the 12-mile one is just not far enough out for effective preventive measures. And since there is no clean-up technology capable of coping with such a disaster once it occurs, prevention must be the aim. Few if any states have enough

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money to go it alone, anyway.

This does not mean that there is nothing that can be done. It does mean that the affected public must take effective, reasonable means of defending itself, and that it must look elsewhere for help. But where?

International organizations—in this case primarily the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO), a specialized agency of the United Nations—reflect the unquestionably noble view that shipping is a worldwide activity and should be dealt with on the same level. However, this view ignores the fact that the only effective agreement possible in such a broad world organization is that at the level of the lowest common denominator. The requirements of shipping off East Africa are not those in the English Channel, but the lesser East African criteria are what there will be agreement on. On top of all this, international organizations take an unconscionable time to achieve even the little they do. At best, these organizations represent a


long-term investment, the outcome of which is too far off for us always to be able to wait.

In fact, there *are* regional shipping needs, as well as national and worldwide ones. National requirements are being met by the nation-state, worldwide ones by IMCO. But the regional needs are totally ignored, and here the most good can be done with the least expenditure of time, effort and money. All that is required is organization. Appropriate organization.

For the English Channel states, at least, one answer to the regional problem is clear. What they need is a regional Channel Authority with teeth. The executive element of this Authority could be composed of those few states apt to be most affected by tanker (and other) casualties in those waters—Britain, France, Belgium and the Netherlands. The Authority could have full powers to police the Channel and its approaches, up to 200 miles as necessary, to insure safety, employing and coordinating largely existing national assets. It could have authority to institute a posi-

tive vessel traffic management system, requiring reporting, adopting IMCO-sponsored traffic separation schemes and adding others, providing escort and enforcing queuing when called for. It could have authority to regulate and inspect, and it could have full powers to intervene, seize, salvage and, if necessary, conduct a regional spill response. Against the non-cooperative, it could impose necessary sanctions. The expenses of this effort could be shared between the riparian states; costs in any case would be relatively small, compared to what we are paying now. Such a Channel Authority could be organized and operated for many years on the 50 million dollars *Amoco Cadiz* will cost us.

Who would dare complain, after what we have seen? Such a regional authority could be legitimized through adoption by the EEC or NATO, *post facto*, if necessary. This monstrous social problem has to be reduced to acceptable size, and new organizational approaches are necessary aspects of the solution. Or, what?



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**"PROSTITUTION" IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE**

*from page 15*

Communists. This was of course prior to the split between the Soviet Union and China.

Our colleague who was responsible for reporting on Communist matters had widespread contacts with whom he could discuss the rumors, and he conscientiously reported what those contacts said, sometimes endorsing their views to the point of making them his own—or rather, the embassy's own. There was nothing wrong with doing this. In fact, it lent authority to the embassy's assessment that a split among the local Communists was not to be expected in the foreseeable future.

Then one day the unforeseen did happen. A small group of dissidents split off from the Communist Party, issuing a ringing pronouncement. Those of us whose work did not involve following the fortunes of the Communist Party were wondering how the embassy would report this new development. It took a little while—and a rather unexpected form.

The embassy sent off two telegrams, both drafted by our expert. One of them sketched out the developments of recent weeks, summarized the rumors we had heard, evaluated them, and came to the considered conclusion that a split in the Communist Party was on balance very likely to happen in the near future. The other telegram reported that "as the embassy had predicted" in the referenced telegram—precautions were of course taken to make sure that the latter telegram was sent out a few minutes after the former—the split had now taken place. In a moment of weakness or carelessness the political counselor signed off on the telegram. Satisfied with his labors, our colleague then went home.

I am sorry to report that that colleague became a chief of mission at a very young age; but am glad to report that he also retired at an unusually early age. Whether he was aware of the horse-laughs of his colleagues I do not know, for he always took himself very seriously. Nor do I know whether his vanity and inability to admit error finally

caught up with him. I do know, however, that many of his colleagues predicted that something like that was bound to happen to him sooner or later.

Now the postscript. I have detailed these stories not because I think them typical of the Foreign Service but because they contain warnings. I could write an article of much greater length about officers who have stuck their necks out, who have refused to be involved in dishonorable matters, who called the shots as they saw them, and who saw that the admission of error will increase, rather than decrease, one's credit (and that even if it didn't, it would still be the right thing to do). Fortunately, we have a great number of such officers who are the hope for the future of the Service.

If there is a common element to my stories, it is just that—that courage in the Foreign Service is a necessary quality and that it doesn't show itself just in the willingness to "protest." Often it is displayed in the quiet of someone's office, whether down the line or

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fairly high up in the hierarchy, when an officer decides that as a public servant he (or she) owes his best and most unvarnished opinion to his superiors.

One can argue about the tone, for shrillness is not always a sign of courage, and a message which is phrased dispassionately may sometimes get the point across better than one bathed in neon colors. But if the Foreign Service is to hold its own in competition with others for the highest positions in our diplomacy, it must excel in that quality which Nicolson in his famous book on diplomacy prized above all others: moral integrity.

Incidentally, I do not think it takes a great deal of moral courage nowadays for younger officers to dissent from the opinions of their seniors. The days are long past when this involved penalties—nowadays, with guaranteed minimum periods of service, semi-automatic promotions, grievance procedures, a "dissent channel," and a system whereby the Foreign Service awards prizes for courageous dissent, the very idea of "dis-

sent" has come close to being institutionalized and sanctified. It sometimes takes greater courage, I am inclined to feel, for a younger officer to defend established American policies—courage, that is, in terms of peer group approval and a willingness to be *unpopular* because of what an officer believes is right.

The problem, in other words, isn't down at the bottom, nor is it in the middle. Nor is it, necessarily, at the top. In my experience, it is greatest *near* the top, and it is most dangerous when people who *seem* to be at the top want that final, or next-to-final, "ultimate" reward. We know this also from the military: A brigadier general, however exalted he may seem to lesser ranks, is only waiting for that second star; and a major general is capable of taking horrendous risks, or avoiding even small ones, for the sake of "really making it" by getting his third star.

Fortunately, we have had men with the equivalent of one, two, three and even four stars in the Foreign Service who have shown

remarkable integrity and courage; but unless we make sure that we continue to display those qualities—at the level of senior responsibility, where it counts most—we will have lost one of the arguments in favor of putting professionals rather than amateurs in top positions; for then it will be claimed that amateurs, who aren't bucking for any promotion or preferment, are apt to be more autonomous and thus more courageous.

Lest anyone think that I really believe that political appointees display more courage than career officers in top positions, let me conclude by saying that the argument that politicians "don't have anything to lose" doesn't really go very far. Excessive ambition and cowardice are not unknown among political appointees. Many of us, I am sure, could write up case studies about political appointees who, at the moment of truth, were under constraints of different (and worse) kinds than those that are sometimes found to inhibit forthrightness at the higher levels of the Foreign Service.




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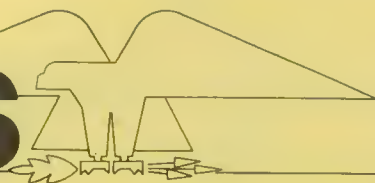
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*This portion of the JOURNAL is the responsibility of the Governing Board of AFSA and is intended to report on employee-management issues, conditions of employment and the policy and administration of AFSA, including its Board, Committees, and Chapters.*

*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. AFSA News Committee, Room 3644, N.S.*

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## DACOR FELLOWSHIPS

The educational program of the DACOR Educational and Welfare Foundation (DEWF) has awarded four fellowships for academic excellence for the 1978-79 academic year.

Deborah C. Diamond received DACOR Fellowship I, in the amount of \$4,000. She is a senior in the School of International Service, American University and plans to continue her emphasis on Asian studies with graduate work at Stanford University.

Thomas S. Windmuller is the recipient of DACOR Fellowship II. He has completed his first year of graduate work at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and plans to continue his graduate work there. Mr. Windmuller appears committed to a Foreign Service career and has taken the Foreign Service Examinations a second time.

Laurence R. Latourette, a 1978 graduate of Stanford, has been named the winner of the S. Pinkney Tuck Memorial DACOR Fellowship, in the amount of \$4,500. He has not decided where to take his graduate work but intends to take the Foreign Service examination at a later date.

Bruce D. Berkowitz, a candidate for a Ph.D. in the Department of Political Science, University of Rochester, received the Frederick L. Thomas Memorial DACOR Fellowship, for \$5,000.

## DISMISSAL OF HARTER CHARGES

In a detailed letter to AFSA, the Department of Labor reports that, following an investigation, it has dismissed all of John J. Harter's charges that various rules and procedures governing the election process had been broken during the 1977 election of the AFSA Governing Board.

Shortly after the completion of the July 1977 election, Mr. Harter filed a complaint with the Department of Labor charging AFSA and/or the Department of State with nine different violations of the Labor Management Reporting and Disclosure Act which defines the election process in employee organizations. These included allegations that the Foreign Service Journal had published during the election period several inaccurate, misleading, and malicious items which improperly affected the election. He also alleged that AFSA and the Department of State had individually and jointly acted so as to adversely affect the election efforts of certain candidates. The Labor Department summarized its investigation of each of these charges and found that no violation of the Act had occurred.

## OUTRAGE OF THE DECADE

A Foreign Service employee recently reported to AFSA that he was being disciplined by the Department. Serious actions against him were being threatened.

AFSA responded by helping the employee force the Department to reveal the exact charges being made and to identify the provisions of law which were allegedly violated. To the Department's chagrin and embarrassment, AFSA discovered that the charges were based on the provisions of a statute which the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional almost ten years ago.

Impossible but true. The Department had to acknowledge that it was initiating disciplinary action in 1978 charging an employee for violation of a statute declared unconstitutional in 1969.

**Moral No. 1:** The Department can be fallible.

**Moral No. 2:** AFSA works to protect employee rights.

## JOIN AFSA

## SUGGESTED REORGANIZATION OF F.S. PERSONNEL SYSTEM

The Ottawa Chapter of AFSA has presented a proposal for reorganizing the entire Foreign Service personnel system as a means for solving various current problems such as the low rate of promotions, the imbalance of positions and people, and the officer/staff dichotomy. Concerned by what is seen as a drift toward a breakdown in morale and discipline and the adoption of organizational changes by default, the Ottawa Chapter believes there is need for fundamental, comprehensive change. As a means for promoting the formulation of a concrete plan, the Chapter invites a discussion of the following proposals:

1. Consolidate all employee pay plans (FSO/FSR/FSRU/GSS and GS) in the three Foreign Affairs agencies into one Civil Service type system.

2. Within the new unified system, create an executive level personnel system which will include all personnel and positions classified at the FSO-2 (GS-16) level.

3. Develop procedures whereby employees can be given regular details or excursions to work in the Federal agencies.

4. Replace the present rank-in-person system by a rank-in-position system, similar to the Civil Service. (Ottawa anticipates that this will make it possible for ambitious junior employees to volunteer for assignments to higher ranking positions which are difficult and unsought for by employees of the higher rank.)

5. Restore some measure of assignment discipline by requiring all employees upon appointment to sign a comprehensive employment contract which could be renegotiated at subsequent stages of their careers.

Persons desiring to study and comment on the Ottawa Chapter's proposals in their entirety and to comment on those proposals are encouraged to communicate either with the Ottawa Chapter or with the AFSA Counselor's Office, Room 3644 in New State.

## AFSA's ANNUAL REPORT



Lars H. Hyde, President of the American Foreign Service Association, delivered the annual report of the Association on Friday, June 30, in the Loy Henderson Room at the Department of State. Over 100 AFSA members attended. The text of the report follows.

### Introduction

The American Foreign Service Association continued during the past twelve months to try to represent the interests and views of all of its Members. Inevitably there are differences within the Membership, based on career status and prospects, agency, rank, pay plan and skill code, and ideology, with respect to AFSA policies and priorities. While we cannot always be all things to all Foreign Service people, and must sometimes take positions which some of our Members do not support, we have sought to act in consultation with, in the interest of, and with the support of a majority of Members affected, and to offer something for every Member.

The twelve months which end today have been difficult for the career Foreign Service. We have coped as best we can. We have used every feasible legal means to advance and protect our interests:

- consultations and conferrals with the management of Department of State and the Agency for International Development on personnel policies and working conditions;
- direct dealings with other elements for the Executive Branch, e.g. Treasury, OMB, and the Civil Service Commission;
- public comment on controversial issues such as the Administration's excessive reliance on political appointees

and failure to use the career Service effectively;

- testimony before several committees and subcommittees in both Houses of the Congress, also winning some new benefits in the FY79 State Authorization Bill;
- resort to the courts to protect employee rights, establish the tax-deductibility of home leave expenses, and defend mandatory retirement at age 60 in the Foreign Service.

### Employee Relations

AFSA is both a union and a professional organization. During the past year we have attached top priority to our role as bargaining agent certified to represent Foreign Service employees in the Department of State and the Agency for International Development.

There is considerable interest and controversy within our ranks on whether we would be more effective in this role if we affiliated with a major public-sector union such as the million-member American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). We have established an Ad Hoc Committee which has talked with AFSCME and other public-sector unions and issued a questionnaire to the Membership, with a deadline of today for responses. The Committee will analyze the response and make recommendations to the Board and Membership on how to proceed.

The Foreign Service employee-

management relationship is still governed by Executive Order 11636, which is far from perfect, but is better adapted than the larger government program to the particular situation of the Foreign Service. We would like to see Foreign Service employee rights entrenched in the Foreign Service Act, but we have opposed our inclusion in legislation favored by the civil servant employee unions which would preclude union representation of many, if not most, Foreign Service employees.

### Taxation of Overseas Allowances

Perhaps the most serious threat to the interests of Foreign Service employees of all agencies was that of taxation of overseas allowances. We strongly opposed it in talks with foreign affairs agency management and Treasury, and in testimony before the House Committee on Ways and Means. So did foreign affairs agency management. As a result, no such proposal was included in the Administration's tax reform package. The Congress decided to preserve and extend tax exclusions for the private sector overseas, thus relieving the pressure on similar exclusions for federal employees overseas. Proponents of taxation of overseas allowances have not given up, but their proposals have become less sweeping and absurd.

### Cost-of-Living Adjustments

Meanwhile, the executive branch has decided to remove shelter and utilities from the base for calculation of the cost-of-living allowance (COLA), or post allowance, since employees overseas are provided housing or housing allowance; and at the same time to raise the base for calculation of the allowance from \$20,000 to \$50,000. Some 53 percent of State Foreign Service people stationed overseas receive COLA; of these, 80 percent will be ad-

### AFSA GENERAL FUNDS Receipts and Disbursement Actual FY 78-Proposed FY 79

	FY 78	FY 79
<b>Receipts</b>		
Dues	221,751	252,817
Club Receipts	114,705	125,000
Journal Revenue	50,144	51,000
Reimbursements	48,597	47,000
Prior Use Fund	21,063	
<b>Total Receipts</b>	<b>456,260</b>	<b>475,817</b>
<b>Disbursements:</b>		
Admr. Sal.	150,036	151,368
Club Salaries	53,900	54,395
Club Exp. incl.		
Food, Bev. Tips & Taxes	61,751	69,965
Journal & AFSA		
News	72,851	74,630
Operations	53,626	66,963
Occupancy	49,433	57,195
<b>Total Disbursements</b>	<b>441,597</b>	<b>474,516</b>

versely affected. We are seeking similar information on AID. The hardest hit would be low-salaried employees with many dependents at high-COLA posts. We have warned management of the potential impact on morale, and we are trying to delay the effective date of this change, mitigate its worst effects, and persuade management to use the funds they would save through the change to implement other allowance changes benefiting employees, especially the lowest-paid.

#### *Retirements and Promotions*

The long-overdue executive-level pay increase in February 1977, and the District Court decision (*Bradley v. Vauce*) declaring Foreign Service mandatory retirement at age 60 to be unconstitutional, drastically reduced retirements, and therefore promotions, in all three foreign affairs agencies. Unfortunately, AFGE, through the Thomas Legal Defense Fund which it controls, supported this legal effort to make Foreign Service retirement legislation exactly like that of the Civil Service. AFSA strongly urged management to appeal the decision to the Supreme Court; the Solicitor General did so, and the Court accepted jurisdiction and will hear arguments next fall. AFSA is preparing an *amicus curiae* brief in favor of mandatory retirement at age 60 in the Foreign Service. Meanwhile, a new law abolished mandatory retirement in the Civil Service, with the result that if *Bradley* is affirmed, there may be no mandatory retirement for age in the Foreign Service either. In addition, Congressman Pepper has introduced a bill to the same effect, which we will oppose. At the same time, we have urged management to tighten up the FSO-1 time-in-class limits loosened in 1976 by Deputy Under Secretary Eagleburger, a loosening which further exacerbates the promotion problem.

While awaiting the outcome of the *Bradley* appeal, AFSA has proposed that during FY 1979 Foreign Service retirement annuities for those employees whose salaries were "capped" be calculated on the basis of the highest year rather than the highest three years of salary. It is estimated that up to 200 State Foreign Service people might retire a year earlier, with a resultant improvement of career prospects down the line. Both the House and Senate Committees included the "high-one" in their markups of the State Authorization Bill, and the House has passed the bill in this form. The Senate, bowing to the Administration's veto threats, has removed it. We regard the Administration's position on this legislation as a token of its view toward the career Foreign Service, and we will continue to fight to keep the high-one.

#### *In the Courts*

During the year AFSA defended and enhanced Foreign Service rights and interests by resort to the Courts:

- With the Thomas Legal Defense Fund, we financed the *Hitchcock* case which established the federal tax-deductibility of home leave expenses—a benefit to every Foreign Service person who takes home leave.

- Our Legal Counselor is preparing, as indicated above, an *amicus curiae* brief for the Supreme Court in support of mandatory retirement at age 60. (*Vauce v. Bradley*).

- We defended the right of AFSA Members to control their Governing Board through the recall process, against a suit (*Hemenway v. AFSA*) brought in the District Court for the District of Columbia by a former AFSA President and others. The Court dismissed the suit; the plaintiff has appealed to the Court of Appeals.

Our support of the *Hitchcock* case and most of that for the *Hemenway* case was financed from contributions to the AFSA Legal Defense Fund, which was established as a separate account within the General Fund. We established a separate AFSA Legal Defense Fund as a non-profit corporation under the laws of the District of Columbia, and sought tax-exempt status for it, but the IRS turned us down, and we have dissolved the corporation, to which no assets were ever turned over. We will continue to maintain the Fund as a separate account within our General Fund, but contributions to it unfortunately cannot be tax-deductible. We will consider on a case-by-case basis which causes to support, and how such support should be financed.

#### *Diplomatic Privileges and Immunities*

Diplomatic privileges and immunities have been another focus of our concern. We have persuaded the Department to establish a committee to collect information about cases in which Foreign Service employees abroad are forced, contrary to international conventions, to pay local customs duties and taxes. Meanwhile, we have proposed and supported legislation which would strengthen the Administration's hand in demanding reciprocal treatment from other governments, enable Foreign Service dependents to accept employment overseas, and require our government to reimburse Foreign Service employees now for such customs duties and taxes.

#### *Extraordinary Dangers*

We have continued to press for more effective protection from terrorist attack and other extraordinary dangers for Foreign Service employees overseas through:

- strengthened security measures

against an increased level of threat;

- a more flexible policy directed toward the preservation of life in hostage situations;

- stronger US government opposition, backed by legislative sanctions, against terrorists and governments which harbor, support, or release them;

- with respect to Soviet microwave bombardment of our Moscow Embassy, we have pushed the Department to install instruments for continuous reading of microwave radiation levels, conclude expeditiously the Johns Hopkins University study on the long-term effects of such low-level radiation, establish a data base for microwave radiation at the site of our new Moscow Embassy, and we continue to press the Soviets to terminate the radiation.

#### *Members' Interests*

Other interagency employee benefit issues on which we are working include:

- revision of weight limitations on shipment of effects, and of allowances for temporary lodging during transfer, as recommended by the Interagency Committee on Overseas Allowances;

- per diem for dependents accompanying employees on TDY;

- payment of allowances for emergency visitation travel to an overseas location as well as to the US.

#### *Grievances*

Apart from consultations on these issues of general personnel policy, the two Counselors in AFSA's office in Room 3644 devote substantial portions of their time to grievance counseling. They have helped many Foreign Service employees in State, AID, and ICA. For example, they persuaded the Grievance Board and the Department to restore retroactively the names of two employees improperly removed from promotion lists; got the State Department to increase an inadequate education allowance, and intervened in several cases of overly harsh disciplinary penalties. They also handle many less serious cases, including ones which never rise to the level of a grievance, in person or by mail or telegram, with discretion and privacy.

#### *Employee Relations Budget*

In the coming fiscal year, we propose to spend about \$58,000 on employee relations. This includes essentially the salaries of three employees in the Office of the Counselor and of Redtops, and some additional administrative costs. It does not include the cost of the *AFSA News*, or additional administrative support costs which we must bear to maintain the democratic and fiscal standards required of us under Executive Order 11636; nor does it take into account the value of the facilities avail-

able to us because of our status as exclusive employee representative.

#### *State Activities*

The Standing Committee on Department of State Affairs, or State Standing Committee, handled State Foreign Service personnel policy issues for AFSA. The Committee normally meets on Mondays at 12:30 in the AFSA Counselor's Office, Room 3644, New State. Apart from the annual consultations over selection board precepts and membership, the Association:

- reached agreement with management on procedures for changes in skill codes and cones which offer better career opportunities for, in particular, staff corps people with excursion tour experiences;
- reached agreement on implementation of the Career Candidate Program and on precepts for the Commissioning and Tenure Board;
- reached agreement on fair but somewhat tougher precepts for selection-out for substandard performance;
- helped to persuade management to provide more promotions for secretaries and communicators this year than it had originally thought possible;

We are currently:

- working to improve Foreign Service compensation by opposing the Pell Amendment which would ban premium pay for FSOs;
- following closely the reclassification of Foreign Service positions which looks as if it will substantiate current staff corps job classifications;
- advocating better comparability for Foreign Service with Civil Service salaries; persuading the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to recommend a Department study of compensation and staffing; and seeking pay for standby and "on-call" duty;
- seeking legislation enabling the Department to hire Foreign Service dependents in certain positions overseas;
- consulting with management, the Board of the Foreign Service and our own Membership on the proposed affirmative action program to make sure that it conforms to the Constitution and law, promotes true equality of opportunity, and protects the interests of persons already in the Foreign Service;
- continually monitoring and nagging management about the excessive number of political appointees.

Our State Membership is the largest of AFSA's constituencies. About one-third of those eligible are Members—more than half of the FSO Corps, but only about one-fifth of the employees in the other Foreign Service pay plans are AFSA Members. Membership has

dropped by about 300 from 3,317 to 2,890 in the twelve months ending in mid-June. The State constituency is also the most fractious. There are organized groups representing cones, pay plans, junior officers, and ethnic and sex groups—every meaning has a movement all its own. AFSA has maintained open communication channels with these groups and drawn on their energy and expertise, while seeking to make it clear that no one has to join a special interest group to get our attention. Unfortunately, some groups have sought to bypass AFSA and take their case directly to senior management officials, and some employees appear to believe that they can influence AFSA policies on the cheap, through these special interest groups, without actually joining and supporting the Association. Senior management officials have not always resisted the temptation to bypass AFSA and deal directly with these employees. Such actions tend to undermine the role of AFSA as the exclusive employee representative; to weaken our bargaining power on behalf of all State Foreign Service people; and to make management, rather than the democratically elected employee representative, the real arbiter of the aspirations of the Foreign Service. While continuing to foster democracy in our internal deliberations, AFSA must oppose any actions which have the effect of weakening the power of the exclusive employee representative position to which State Foreign Service employees elected AFSA. That power is the only real protection for the interests of the career Foreign Service, and for the right of the Service to co-determine the personnel policies and working conditions under which it works.

We are pleased with the broad-based interest shown by the active participation in AFSA of so many employees, and we will continue to build on this strength in our dealings with management.

#### *AID Activities*

Led by the AID Standing Committee, which meets Wednesdays at noon in the AFSA Counselor's Office, AFSA submitted testimony to the House International Relations Committee and Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the "Humphrey Bill" and other legislation to reorganize foreign assistance. Unfortunately, the Administration bungled the opportunity offered by the Humphrey Bill to regenerate Congressional and public support for foreign assistance, and as we write the current foreign assistance legislation faces big cuts just as it has in previous years.

In consultations with management, the Committee adopted a strong, hard line, criticizing senior officials both

face-to-face and publicly over their penchant for abusing career employees. In recent months the rhetoric of these senior officials has taken a turn for the better.

Continual pressure has forced AID management to scale down its "mini-RIF" plans from almost 250 down to 8 employees, but AFSA will not consider its efforts to be successful unless no one is RIFed. Meanwhile, after four years of negotiations, we have agreed with AID management of RIF procedures which include a revision of position AOSCs from six to four digits; assignment of skill codes based on overall record of experience, education and training rather than just current position; and worldwide assignment rights, never before available in AID.

We have also:

- persuaded management to grant to 89 employees involved in the 1975 evacuation from Vietnam the awards for which they had been recommended;
- helped to persuade AID to adopt Flexitime beginning this summer;
- negotiated a new COAR form with space indicating what action has been taken by AID Washington;
- negotiated a new foreign language study agreement which permits an employee at the highest step of class to carry a hard language incentive increase over upon the next subsequent promotion, and enables spouses to take language lessons;
- negotiated stronger safeguards for promotion lists;
- submitted to the AID Auditor General information, now being investigated, on the possible illegal use of contractors;
- with the Women's Action Organization, drafted and circulated a questionnaire to all AID FSS employees regarding the first two FSS Career Management programs, and used the responses in offering views on the next FSS upward mobility program. AFSA is currently negotiating the third such program.

• commented on the current EEO plan, and participated on the EEO Oversight Board.

We are working on:

- agreement that AID employees can use the Foreign Service Lounge in New State;
- promotion thaw for FSS personnel;
- the preparation of views incorporating those from Members in Washington and the field on career counseling, an executive assignment system, FS backstopping, FS conversion criteria.

As of mid-June our AID Membership is 796, including 707 FSRs and 89 FSSs, about 40 percent of the AID Foreign Service. This is down marginally from June 1977's 810, but up from last December's 773, despite the dues increase.

## ICA Activities

The untimely death of elected USIA Representative Janet Ruben was not only a personal tragedy for all of us on the Governing Board, as well as her other friends, but also a great loss for AFSA in what was to become the International Communication Agency. Her contributions toward the debate within AFSA on such issues as the reorganization of public diplomacy and affirmative action were particularly valuable to the Association and the Foreign Service as a whole. AFSA is planning an annual Janet Ruben Memorial Lecture which will keep alive her spirit of concern about professionalism in the Foreign Service and keen interest in public diplomacy.

AFSA contributed to the debate within the Administration and in the Congress and the public regarding the reorganization of public diplomacy. Our testimony before the House Government Operations Committee and the Senate Government Affairs Committee was drawn upon heavily in questioning Administration witnesses, and some of the amendments we recommended were accepted.

The reorganization took effect on April Fool's Day of this year. Both the President and Director Reinhardt said it was the creation of a new agency with a new mission, but USIA/ICA management officials and AFGE claimed it was really nothing more than the absorption of State's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs into USIA under a new name—and thus AFGE, exclusive employee representative at USIA, absorbed the CU employees in the existing unit. While the Employee-Management Relations Commission agreed with this view as a legal matter, the EMRC also agreed with AFSA in our point that AFGE's immunity from challenge has clearly expired.

While unable to consult with management on personnel policies, AFSA/ICA acts as a "shadow government" on issues such as the shortcomings in the current open assignments system, and influences AFSA positions which affect the entire Foreign Service. ICA AFSA Members remain eligible for grievance counseling, as well as the professional and service activities described below.

During the twelve months ending in mid-June, AFSA's ICA Membership (not counting FSOs and FSSs on detail from State) declined from 307 to 249. The priority for the next year is to increase membership and activism in preparation for an eventual challenge to AFGE for the right to represent the Foreign Service employees of ICA.

## Professional Affairs

While AFSA has always been interested in Foreign Service profes-

sionalism, there has been widespread interest in re-emphasizing our traditional professional role. Accordingly, the Governing Board established a Committee on Professional Affairs with broad terms of reference. The Committee has:

- relaunched AFSA's luncheon speaker's program which thus far has featured Deputy Under Secretary Read and Administrator Gilligan, with more to come;

- developed a smaller luncheon series in connection with the Department's Scholar-Diplomat program;

- considered the feasibility of developing a statement of the uniqueness of the Foreign Service as a career and on a Foreign Service code of ethics;

- begun to prepare testimony for AFSA's appearance in the McGovern subcommittee's hearings in August on "State Department Organization and Role."

The Presidential Appointments Committee has continued to monitor appointments during the year. The career/non-career ratio has been maintained at approximately 75 percent career to 25 percent non-career. This represents a small improvement over the record of previous administrations which have generally had about a 2 to 1 career to non-career ratio. Last September we opposed a non-career nomination to the Bahamas, but have otherwise felt that the few non-career nominees during the past year have met the minimum qualifications.

Meanwhile, we have continued to urge that the Presidential Advisory Board on Ambassadorial Appointments contain more former ambassadors, whether career or non-career, so that its deliberations and recommendations will be informed by experience as well as representativity. The President did appoint former Ambassador Laise to fill a vacancy on the Advisory Board, but thus far has been otherwise unwilling to accept our suggestions that in the coming year the Administration will see fit to structure the Board in a more professional manner.

AFSA continues to sponsor the annual Herter, Rivkin and Harriman Awards for intellectual courage, including creative dissent. Apart from the prizes, the cost of this effort is supported by the tax-deductible AFSA Funds. Last December the principal guest speaker was National Security Adviser Brzezinski, and introductory remarks by the AFSA President attracted widespread press attention.

With the Department and Diplomatic and Consular Officers Retired (DACOR), AFSA co-sponsored the annual Foreign Service Day on May 19. We participated in the decision to award the Foreign Service Cup to Am-

bassador Bunker, took part in the panel discussions, and held a brunch the next day at the Foreign Service Club at which Ambassador Jack McFall's new book *Tales of the Foreign Service* was presented.

For present and future Retired Members, we tried to persuade management to grant former employees access to material in the archives which they generated during their careers, for use in writing or speaking about their experience. The Department has so far refused, preferring to limit access to former ambassadors and assistant secretaries.

## Foreign Service Journal

The *FSJ* goes to all Members and Associates, to additional subscribers, and to a list of people, in the Congress and elsewhere, with whom AFSA wishes to communicate regularly. The Editorial Board and the Editor ran the day-to-day affairs of the *FSJ*, but *AFSA News* continues to be the responsibility of the Governing Board. In FY 1979 we anticipate that the *FSJ* will have revenue shortfall (including \$5 per year per Member and Associate) of \$11,614 below the direct costs of publishing. The addition of the indirect or shared costs of operations and occupancy would increase the deficit to \$32,000.

## Foreign Service Club

The Club is accessible to Members and Associates and their guests for lunch on workdays, and for special occasions. It is expected to meet its direct costs this coming year, but when indirect costs are added, its deficit is projected at \$40,000.

## Scholarship Fund

The AFSA Scholarship Fund, nourished by the many (tax-deductible) contributions of Members over the past 17 years, has grown from \$89,000 in 1961 to \$641,082 in 1978. Income from the fund's capital investments, contributions from the profits of the Book Fair run by the Association of American Foreign Service women (AAFSW), and current contributions from Members were used to provide a total of \$57,475 for 104 scholarships to Foreign Service dependents in FY 78-84 on the basis of need, and 20 on merit. The Governing Board intends to calibrate the annual level of scholarships and of contributions to the FSECC (see below) so that the corpus of the Fund grows at least a little bit.

## Foreign Service Educational and Counseling Center (FSECC)

The FSECC was created five years ago as a pilot project funded equally by AFSA and the AAFSW through the Scholarship Fund (see above), and led

by a Governing Committee composed of six members, three appointed by each organization. Its purpose is to provide counseling services and educational information for the foreign affairs community. In the 22 months since Bernice Munsey became its Director, the FSECC has provided services to almost 500 clients. Of those responding to a follow-up questionnaire, more than 70 percent indicated they were very satisfied with the quality, and more than 90 percent with the promptness, of FSECC's response. Half thought FSECC should provide career counseling for spouses, and almost that many supported its initiating job development and employment agency services for spouses and dependents, in the D.C. area.

#### *Insurance*

AFSA continues to offer an insurance plan which offers coverage for household effects while Members are stationed overseas, and in transit. The plan is designed to fill most of the gaps in the protection to which Members are entitled under the Military Personnel and Civilian Employees Claims Act. Rates are the lowest encountered for such insurance. The plans offer unrestricted coverage for loss due to theft, regardless of whether it was service-connected; a simple "honor system" claims process, and compensation at current replacement value. The AFSA Insurance Committee is negotiating with the underwriters to further improve this coverage by dovetailing it more closely to the Claims Act, and is also negotiating for a plan to offer new supplemental life insurance, and possibly a worldwide fleet auto insurance plan.

#### *Retired Membership*

Former members of the Foreign Service are eligible for full AFSA Membership, and about 1,800 have been members during the past year. Retired Members do not benefit from AFSA's employee relations activities, but have full political rights within AFSA and can participate in the professional activities and benefit from the services described in this report.

#### *Associates*

Associates—there are currently more than 400—are American citizens who are not eligible for Membership, but are interested in foreign affairs. They do not have political rights within the Association, but can participate in its professional activities and benefit from its services. We made a special appeal to Members of the Foreign Service Public Members Association to join AFSA, and we are considering appeals to other groups who might benefit themselves, and AFSA, from access to

the Club, and who might be supportive in obtaining public and Congressional understanding for the importance of the career Foreign Service.

#### *Internal Affairs*

During the year the Governing Board appointed an Ad Hoc Committee on Revision of the Bylaws, which has floated in the *FSJ* a series of proposed amendments which it may suggest that the Governing Board formally propose to the Membership. Comments from Members are due by July 15, and the Board hopes to complete the work by the end of its term.

The Board has tried to maintain and improve its internal communication with Members and Chapters. We appointed an Ad Hoc Committee on Chapters, increased the number of telegrams to the field, developed a magazine-style weekly or bi-weekly telegram and communication within the Washington Membership, and have asked the membership's advice on many issues. We are not satisfied, and will concentrate on improving communication in Washington.

Two former Foreign Service Inspectors, Ambassador Edward Clark and former Deputy Assistant Secretary for Budget and Finance Joseph Donelan, conducted a survey of AFSA's internal operations in late May and early June. The survey contains a number of recommendations which we are studying carefully.

We have included a questionnaire on AFSA's performance with our Membership renewal letters, to give ourselves a continuing referendum on how we're doing.

#### *The General Fund*

During the fiscal year ending today, the AFSA Membership approved by a 4-1 proportion of those voting, the first increase in Membership dues since 1971. The increase took effect in January, and has improved AFSA's financial position. Expenditures and revenue in our general fund were approximately in balance. But declines in Membership—especially among State FSS Members, where dues were raised the most—have prevented us from expanding our programs as we had hoped.

The fiscal year 1979 general fund budget is in balance at \$475,000. It assumes a continuation of the current level of membership, and of current services, except that we are budgeting \$6,300 for repair of the roof of the AFSA headquarters building, and \$11,000 for the Governing Board election next spring and a vote on the bylaws revisions. It does not include any salary increases, but the Board plans to review our financial position in September with a view toward providing such increases when the Foreign

Service salary increase goes into effect in October.

As indicated above, the budget anticipates that the Club will meet its direct costs from revenues, and that the *FSJ* will fall about \$12,000 short of doing so. When indirect costs of operations and occupancy are apportioned, these deficits are projected to increase to \$40,000 and \$32,000 respectively. (During the audit this summer we will review the formula for pro-rating these costs among our activities.) To a large extent these shared costs are a function of AFSA's ownership of the headquarters building at 2101 E Street, an asset of ever-increasing value on which we have a 5 percent mortgage expiring in 1992. We will try during the coming year to improve the contributions to our balance of the Club and *Journal*, consider strengthening our employee relations performance by internal reallocation of duties, or negotiations with management, alternate use of the building, and asking for authority, as a last resort, to sell the building. We need to take into account not only the direct costs and revenues of our various activities, but the possible impact of their termination on membership dues revenues. Closing the Club or downgrading the *Journal* could, for example, reduce associated and Retired Membership; reducing employee relations efforts would certainly threaten Membership among staff corps and others who are Members of AFSA primarily for that reason.

While we may be able to make marginal improvements here and there, we cannot in the short run significantly improve our performance, especially in employee relations, unless we can increase our dues revenue through increases in Membership. We are now launching a membership drive aimed at increasing our Membership to 7,000—up just over 900—over next year, with emphasis on the months preceding the beginning of the Governing Board election campaign.

#### *Conclusion*

We would like to close this report by thanking our staff at AFSA headquarters and in the Office of the Counselor; Committee Chairpersons and Members; Keypersons and Chapter Representatives and Officers; who have contributed so much over the past year, often of their spare time, to AFSA activities. The usual summer transfer season has created a number of gaps in this network, and we need Members to volunteer to fill them. We also want to thank Members and Associates for your continued support, and urge you to help AFSA to maintain and improve its efforts as the only true representative of the interests and views of the career Foreign Service.

## HEMENWAY SUIT DISMISSED

The federal Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia issued a decision at the end of June dismissing John D. Hemenway's \$100,000 law suit against AFSA. The decision was based on Mr. Hemenway's failure to prosecute his appeal.

## FSJ SPECIAL SERVICES

In order to be of maximum assistance to AFSA members and *Journal* readers we are accepting these listings until the 15th of each month for publication in the issue dated the following month. The rate is 40¢ per word, less 2% for payment in advance, minimum 10 words. Mail copy for advertisement and check to: Classified Ads, *Foreign Service Journal*, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

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WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, Dept. FSJ, 340 East 52nd Street, N.Y.C. 10022.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for an out-of-print book, perhaps I can find it. Dean Chamberlin, FSIO-retired, Book Cellar, Freeport, Maine 04032.

### EDUCATION

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### REAL ESTATE

LOUDOUN, CLARKE COUNTIES & WEST VIRGINIA. For commuter, retirement or investment. Personal service: Contact Bill Carey, McDaniel-Kent Realty, Purcellville, Virginia 22132. Tel. (703) 338-7611.

## Foreign Service People

### Marriage

**Garverich-Baltz.** Donna L. Garverich, FSS, AID/Ethiopia, was married to Lt. Col. (USAF Ret.) Dickey L. Baltz on June 17, in San Diego, California.

### Deaths

**Herron.** Francis W. Herron, FSO-retired, died on April 26. Mr. Herron joined the Foreign Service in 1946 and served at Buenos Aires, Quito, San Salvador, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Puerto La Cruz and Caracas. He then became special adviser in the Office of Inter-oceanic Canal Negotiations before retiring in 1970. He received the Superior Honor Award that year. He is survived by his wife, Ellen, 1239 S. Oakcrest Road, Arlington, Virginia 22202.

**Lafoon.** Sidney K. Lafoon, FSO-retired, died on June 14 in Ocean Reef, Florida. Mr. Lafoon entered the Foreign Service in 1927 and served in Bogota, Baghdad and at several posts in China. During 1944 and 1945 he was the Department of State representative on the Swedish liner *Gripsholm* during its historic crossings bringing Americans back to the United States. He then served in Montevideo, Budapest and as Consul General in Bermuda before his retirement in 1960. Mr. Lafoon is survived by his wife, Margaret, of B-11 Carysfort Road, Key Largo, Florida, two daughters, Mrs. Sydney L. Nazario, Napa, California and Mrs. Louise L. Greene, Fitzwilliam, N.H. and a sister, Mrs. Ruth Lafoon Brown of Alberta, Virginia.

**Macaulay.** Robert E. Macaulay, FSR-retired, died on May 2, in Honolulu. Mr. Macaulay, a motion picture production officer, entered on duty with the Department of State in 1949 and in 1953 transferred to USIA. He served at Bangkok, Mexico City, Bombay and Hong Kong before his retirement in 1965. In 1957 he won the Cannes and Edinburgh film festivals for a documentary, "Thai Buddhist Customs." He is survived by his wife, Florence, 1509 Kalaniwai Place, Honolulu, Hawaii 96821, and a sister, Marjorie Norton, Marblehead, Mass.

**McClelland.** Marjorie Miles McClelland, wife of Ambassador-retired Roswell D. McClelland, died on June 12 in New Lisbon, New York. Mrs. McClelland accompanied her husband on his various foreign assignments throughout his career, to Bern, Madrid, Dakar, Salisbury, Athens and Niamey, where he was Ambassador to the Republic of Niger from 1970-73. Since his retirement in 1973 they have lived in the

country outside New Lisbon, New York 13415 (P. O. Box 27). In addition to her husband, Mrs. McClelland is survived by two sons, Barry and Kirk, two daughters, Alice and Caroline, a grandson, a brother and two sisters.

**Putnam.** Jane Putnam, FSS, died on May 23, in Joliet, Illinois. Ms. Putnam joined the Foreign Service in 1954 and served in Moscow, Rome, London, Stockholm and Paris, and as protocol clerk in the Office of the Chief of Protocol in Washington. She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Norene McAllister, 416 Earl St., Joliet, Ill. 60436, and Nell Coonrod, Downers Grove, Ill.

**Sharp.** Ellanor Longstreth Sharp, mother of FSO-retired Frederick Dent Sharp, III, 335 N. Pitt St., Alexandria, Va. 22314, died on May 30 in McLean, Virginia. Mrs. Sharp and her late husband were closely associated with the Foreign Service when Colonel Sharp was posted to Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Spain and Japan, during the period 1932-48.

### ACTIVITIES & AWARDS

**Mary Baldwin Byrd,** daughter of FSO and Mrs. Pratt Byrd, graduated with Distinction from Swarthmore College in May. Ms. Byrd received her BA in a special major in English and psychology, with a concentration in theater, and will continue her work in theater with the Circle in the Square Repertory Group in New York.

**Robert A. Bauer,** a retired USIA foreign service officer was awarded a State Department citation for his contribution over decades towards the achievement of US educational and cultural objectives.

The Tribute of Appreciation reads: "To Dr. Robert Albert Bauer for sustained contributions as an American Specialist, significantly building human foundations of peace between other nations and the United States of America."

Bauer, who retired in 1972, joined the faculty of Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio. Recently, he was appointed executive director of the American University Public Policy Symposium. He continues to serve as representative of the Organization for International Economic Relations, Vienna, Austria, in the US, and at the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations and as accredited US correspondent for the organization's *West Ost Journal*.

He is the editor of *The United States in World Affairs-Leadership, Partnership or Disengagement?* and of *The Interaction of Economics and Foreign Policy*, both published in 1975 by the University Press of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.

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