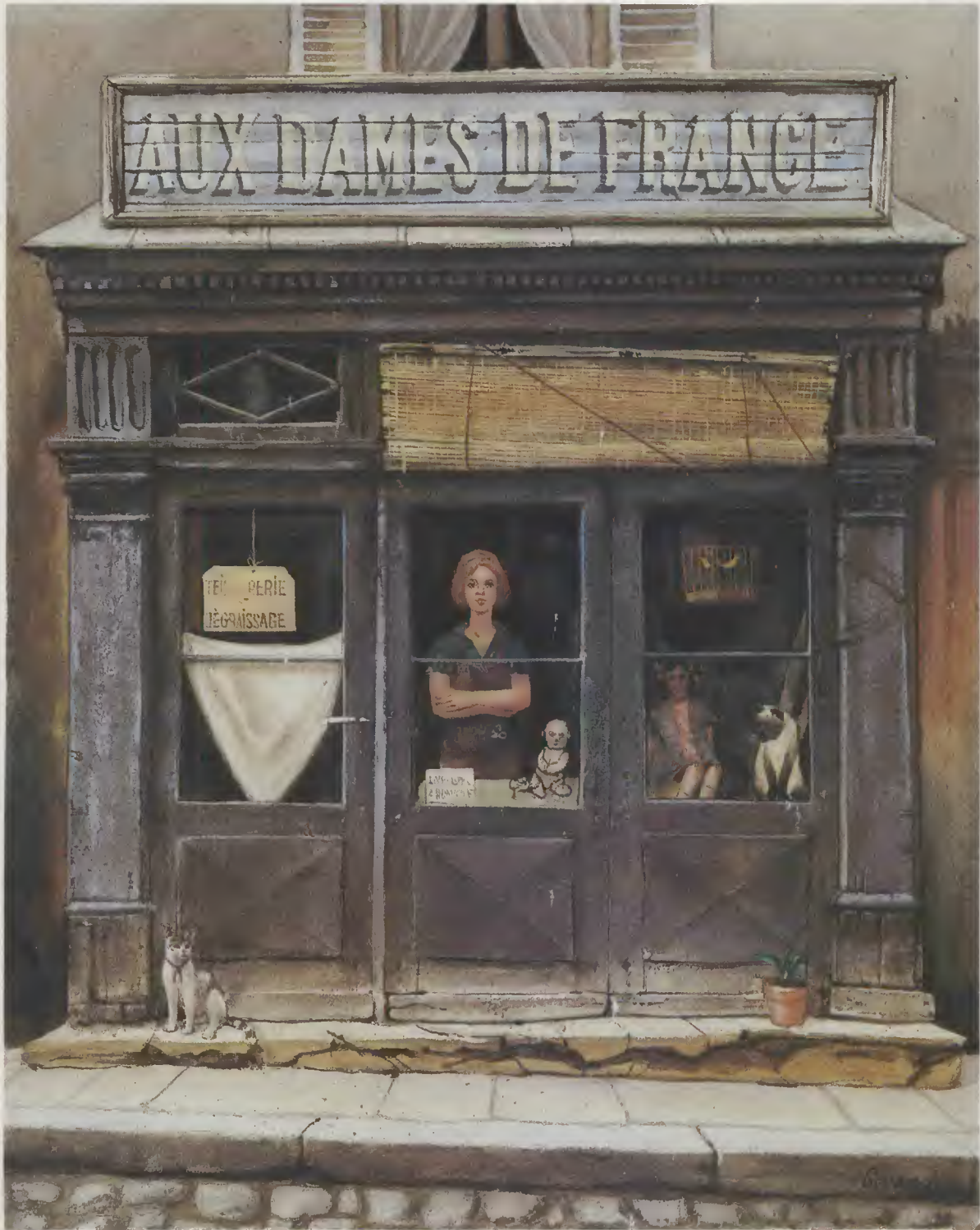


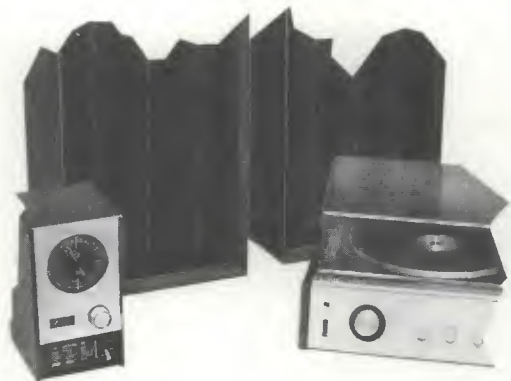
FSJ

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DECEMBER 1979 75 CENTS

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Letters

Crisis Training

HAVING JUST finished a tour as the first FSO assigned to the faculty of the US Coast Guard Academy, I feel obligated to follow Smith Simpson's provocative recounting of the Simas Kudirka incident with a few words about the Coast Guard's institutional response to the perceived ineptness of certain officers at that time.

First, let me express my gratitude and admiration toward the fine men and women of the Coast Guard—a corps not much larger than the Foreign Service. It is beset with geometric increases in responsibilities with only arithmetic growth in resources. Their academy is a fine technical school with a dedicated faculty and devoted body of alumni. That their graduates have the highest rate of retention for full careers of any of the service academies is some indication of their success.

This being said, it must also be acknowledged that any trend toward preparing officers to cope with unprecedented crises such as the Kudirka affair is withering away.

Nine years later, the required "core" courses for all cadets at the Academy include only *one semester* of American government and *one semester* of American history!

When I left the academy, the size of the Cadet Corps was being reduced to save money in the Department of Transportation budget. The infant system of nine major fields was under review for drastic reduction or elimination. As best as I recall, there were only 18 cadets left in the government major and any cadet who wished to switch to government had to make a personal appointment with the academic dean to press his case.

Shifting scenes, I want to add a hearty "Amen" to Smith Simpson's comments on the Foreign Service officer orientation course. I will not speak for others, but I personally had a drastic need to at least read and discuss the controversial opinions being published on the role of state when I entered the Service in 1965. Not until seven years later, when I fell in with a band of agitators and iconoclasts

were my eyes opened to the vital issues—the reasons for our existence and the opportunities for reform.

Smith Simpson's remarks about on-the-job training also reminded me of how much I enjoyed getting back into an academic library while I was at the USCG Academy. It is really criminal that the works coming out of the universities in our country are not *automatically* bought by the dozens for shipment overseas. Neil MacCauley's fine book *The Sandino Affair* was virtually unknown to our officers in Nicaragua when I was there in '73-'74. How many of us in Bangkok will see the articles on Thailand that appear in some half-dozen journals on Asia? Of course, we could each subscribe, but they are expensive and only occasionally have articles right on target for us. Why can't the department or a clipping service see to it that we know what the outside experts are saying? Believe me, there's much more going on in the ivory towers than what appears in *Foreign Affairs* and *Foreign Policy*.

RICHARD H. MILTON
*Counselor of Embassy
for Consular Affairs*

Bangkok

Myopic Nostalgia

RAISE my voice in protest to the myopic nostalgia of W. C. Dawson, "A Question of Numbers," *FSJ*, October 1979.

I doubt if any serious Foreign Service officer has not at some point taken a critical look at the size of his post. However, Dawson's irrelevant allusions to colonial administration and slash and burn approach to the Zairean political section would result in the emasculation of our overseas missions if universally applied.

Dawson seems to be ignorant of current planning processes which begin with the identification of issues, proceed to objectives and lead to the calculation of funds and personnel required. If indeed an operation, organization or mission is oversized a rational examination of objectives and resources required will lead to that conclusion.

We do not live in a "pre-Pearl Harbor world." Neither the US nor anything else is as it was then. Looking at what we were begs the

question. What are we now? What ought we to be? How are we perceived? What can we do about it? How do we get there? These are some of the questions we should be asking.

JACK SIMMONDS
*Public Affairs Officer USICA
Yaounde*

Incumbent Rebels

WHILE INNOCENTLY shuffling through a reading file yesterday, I was shocked to see on a personnel cable the following statement: "The foregoing position is now encumbered by Mark A. Tokola." I was taken aback because to me (and to Noah Webster) the word "encumber" means "to render awkward." I decided to hope that in this case the word was a perverse conjugation of the noun "incumbent."

I do not consider myself a language fanatic. Although I neither use the non-word "prioritize" when I mean "rank" nor the ambiguous word "indicated" when I mean "said," I am willing to associate with people who do. Please let us draw the line, however, at accepting insults just because they have an air of modern management jargon and let us fill, occupy, or hold positions. Anyone in the Department who encumbers his position should be "de-selected," which I understand is what we are supposed to say when we mean fired.

MARK A. TOKOLA
Adana

Issues Extortionists

I WAS very pleased to see and read Joseph V. Montville's article entitled "Congress and the Issues Extortionists" in the September 1979 issue of *FSJ*. To me it points out the highly unfortunate loss of understanding in our country as to why our far sighted forefathers chose a republic, and not a pure democracy, and the differences between the two.

JAMES F. HANKS
Islamabad

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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FORD EXPORT DIVISION

Even to "where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand"

My Well-Traveled Christmas Stocking

JANE BECKMAN

I don't think anybody had any idea it would become a world traveler. That red flannel stocking with the velveteen ribbon around the top and a bell on the toe. Mother made it one Christmas, along with one for each of my brothers and embroidered our initials on so we could tell them apart Christmas morning.

It became, that stocking, just a regular part of those small town American Christmases of my childhood—just like those rows of Christmas lights the city strung up across Main Street and the batches of Aunt Bill's brown candy and the steamed puddings Mother made—like the annual "bathrobe pageant" at the church where I always had to play a shepherd or, in a good year, one of the Wise

Men, and never once got to be Mary or the Angel.

But that November when I was packing to go to West Africa to the Peace Corps and trying to explain to my mother that my meager one hundred pounds of air freight could not accommodate a four-foot collapsible Christmas tree and two boxes of ornaments she was insisting I take along, she went to the attic and brought down my stocking.

And so, since that first overseas Christmas, it has been a lightweight, easily packable portion of Christmas at home.

Chimneys are more or less a rare commodity in tropical Africa and that first Christmas there, as I had not yet settled into a place of my own, the stocking hung attached by a safety pin from the zipper pull of my soft side suitcase. And it was the beginning of the lesson that Christmas, stripped of crowded stores and frosty weather and the regular parade of TV Christmas viewing, is still

Jane Beckman, AID wife, is a freelance writer who has contributed to Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, Baby Talk, the Journal and newspaper Sunday supplements. Copyright © Jane Beckman

Picasso Stayed Here.

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Officers who are now members of the Association may make application by using the amended form including information necessary to satisfy the Underwriter that they are in good health (see section of booklet entitled ENROLLMENT).

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Members who transfer without a break in service from the Foreign Service to another civilian position with the United States Government may continue their policy unchanged as long as they continue such Federal employment and have the same privileges as noted above if they retire on an immediate annuity.

Application forms and Booklet available on request.

Christmas.

By the next Christmas I was settled into a place of my own, and the stocking hung from a little nail tacked into a pathetic old wooden bookcase whose shelves the humidity had hideously warped.

I did have a Christmas tree of sorts, a pineapple plant potted in an old bucket I enameled red, and festooned with gold foil ornaments. Three of us had devised a scheme for making them late one night out of the gold foil that came on the tops of one brand of bottled beer. And since pineapple plants in their centers do the inverse of a conventional Christmas evergreen, the star had to be suspended from the ceiling by a string.

And the little British mission invited us to its carol sing, and we swatted mosquitoes and wiped perspiration from our faces and struggled to sing the familiar words to tunes we had never heard.

The next Christmas I was still in West Africa, but I had married and left the Peace Corps existence. And that year we had a real Christmas tree. An evergreen, suitably bushy, but somewhere about a third of the way up its trunk it ceased to grow upward and began angling off at something like a 45 degree angle. The explanation for this had to do with the effect of the sea breeze. But it did look peculiar, and we finally tied it back to try to make it stand straight. But the nail in the wall gave way one night and sent the ornaments sailing across the room where they crashed upon the terrazzo floor. And that year the stocking hung from a thumbtack on an old rented piano that had spent too many years in the tropics. And Christmas

carols played on it sounded vaguely ragtime.

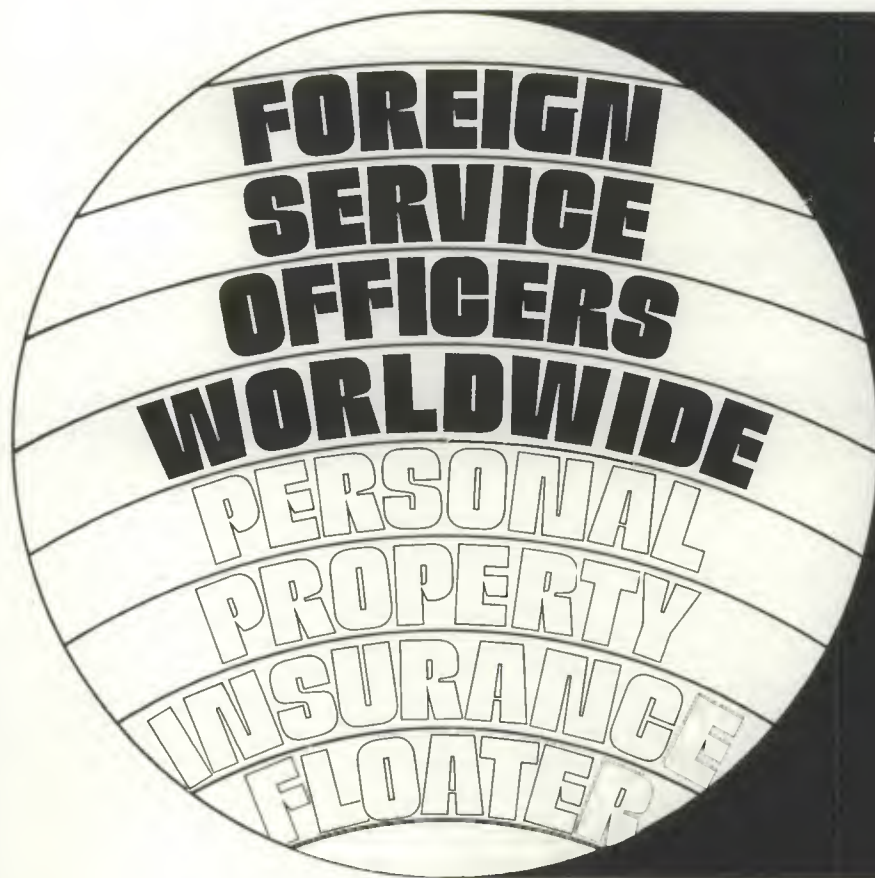
The stocking has hung in a furnished apartment on the banks of the Potomac, a way station between one place and the other. And that year we bought the artificial Christmas tree which has over the past decade become its own Christmas tradition—the season officially opening by our struggling to thrust the now worn branches into the splintered little holes of the trunk, and saying, “Well, it’s the last year for this tree.” And every New Year’s taking down the tree and putting it back in its box, and saying, “Well, it ought to last *one* more year.”

The stocking has hung in India where smiling servants came on Christmas morning and placed garlands of marigolds around our necks, and all day the doorbell rang and we found there people we had never seen before—nor since—who wished us Happy Christmas in such friendly and ecstatic tones it almost seemed worth the *bakshsheesh* you had to give them to propel them on their way.

And at the Christmas pageant Mary rode to Bethlehem on a real donkey and the Wise Men came on real camels. And one family particularly longing for the white Christmases left behind saved frost from inside the freezer for weeks to make snowballs for Christmas Day.

My stocking has hung in that special place, that first home of our own, where the living room held little besides the stocking and the Christmas tree because all the furniture was still sitting in a crate on the dock in Bombay.

From continent to continent, from a thumbtack in the



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side of an old rented piano in Dahomey, now called Benin, to a more conventional mantel in a house in North Africa, the stocking has made its yearly appearance. And there in that Arab land with artificial holly circling the marble pillar between the moorish arches, and entwining the wrought iron grills, on Christmas Eve after the lights were out, a small voice sounded from the bed covers asking for reassurance that Santa really could find Tunisia. And the mixed elation and relief at the sight Christmas morning of three stockings fat with fruit and candy and gifts hanging from the chimney. And not too much time spent on the voiced suspicion that the oranges in the stockings certainly looked as if they came from the tree in the front yard.

That stocking, a portion of those early Christmases at home I carry with me. And the remembrances of Christmases in Africa and India begin to fade back in the distance with the memories of those earlier ones in that dusty little town on the plains. The congregation of that little church has grown smaller now. And the children who gave those Christmas programs have grown up and moved away. The city has acquired new and elaborate decorations for Main Street replacing those strings of simple colored bulbs that delighted us those years ago. Mother still makes candy, but not so much as before. Perhaps we have come to be more conscious of the calories consumed than of its taste. And we may never see again so many of those with whom we shared our overseas Christmases when we were so far from our own families.

But I have my stocking.



A LITTLE ROMANCE

I stole you for that Venice shot,
we never made it together.
Pigeons, bells, gilded domes
what a picture postcard site.

You would have collected the right
sources, Ruskin, Symonds, footnotes,
secrets of the city's past.
We would have made love to the sea

surrounding, with dusk in our eyes.
I would have gathered your image,
memorized Titians and bridges
your way, your mood and the gold view

in its prison forever, would do
on nights when the silence talks.

—Katie Louchheim

A collection of Mrs. Louchheim's poems, The Seeing Glass, has been recently published by Monomoy Press in Washington.

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Foreign Service Journal

THE TESTING AND THE STRENGTH OF THE SERVICE

The president of the Association delivered the address reprinted below in the Diplomatic Lobby of the Department November 9 to an assembly of foreign affairs agency employees and national media while a demonstration by Iranian students was underway on the street outside.

Fellow members of the Foreign Service of the United States:

Secretary Vance reminded us yesterday that once again the Foreign Service is being tested in difficult and dangerous ways. For our heroic colleagues in Iran, the test is as difficult as any we have experienced. Many of us have close personal ties to the captives in our embassy. Many of us have endured our own test in locations around the world.

As members of the diplomatic profession and as Americans, we cannot help but cry for action to support our colleagues. But as concerned professionals, we also know that the only effective action possible at this time is quiet and effective diplomacy. Elsewhere in this building and in the White House, every effort is being made to bring that effort to the only successful conclusion we can accept—the safe return of our countrymen to the United States. The solace which the President and the Secretary have extended to the families of these representatives of our country is welcomed by us all.

Those of us present here today and Americans throughout the nation are also being tested—tested to uphold the ideals which are the very sinews of our strength as a nation and tested to demonstrate extraordinary restraint lest we place the safety of our friends and fellow workers in greater peril. We are showing the world today that we will not be provoked into irrational action and that our strength is in our dedication to the most noble of human values and in our professional competence. We urge all Americans to stand with our colleagues in the embassy in Tehran; to demonstrate fortitude and courage to do what is right; to check those emotions which we all feel so strongly at this moment.

The protection of the lives and safety of the individual Americans involved must remain the paramount concern of the United States. We appreciate and support the steps already taken in this regard. We commend the prudence with which the administration is refraining from actions and public statements which could imperil the precarious position in which employees in the Foreign Service find themselves. Until the safety of these Americans is assured, we ask all Americans to be equally prudent in their actions and their public remarks.

At the conclusion of the address, the assembly broke into prolonged applause as a sign of support and appreciation for our colleagues in Tehran.

American Responsibility for the Cambodian Tragedy

JOHN SYLVESTER, JR.

The Fishhook gained its name from the shape of the border as part of Cambodia juts into Vietnam some 65 miles north of Saigon. It was there that the weight of the "secret bombing" fell, and it was near there that most of the US forces were to cross over into Cambodia during the incursion of May and June 1970.

In August of 1969 an Air Force air controller assigned to our advisory team had flown me for the first time along the border by the Fishhook in his light observation plane, pointing out the stream that divided the two countries and the trails that the communist forces used. Bomb craters continued on into the forests on the Cambodian side of the stream. I was not aware that this was secret, nor, of course, that this was to become a major issue.

William Shawcross in his book, *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia*, and in his *Harper's* article based on it, argues that the American involvement in Cambodia was a primary cause of the holocaust that enveloped that country that so long had avoided the warfare that wracked Vietnam. Shawcross, in

his relentlessly accusatory style, aims much of the book at President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger in Washington, and relates the story until its sad climax in 1975. But the foundation of his case is that the secret bombing and the incursion of the US forces in 1970 caused severe damage to Cambodia, and, moreover, drove the North Vietnamese forces deep into Cambodia. He implies that, if the US had not done what it did, North Vietnam probably would not have aided the Khmer communists in a major civil war, and Cambodia would have been spared the tragedy.

This seems to me bad history. Having witnessed the early events of that war, I feel Shawcross has skewed his facts and interpretation to fit his case.

As one of the many Foreign Service officers who, after Vietnamese language training, was assigned to the pacification program, I was from July 1969 until June 1970 in Binh Long, my third post in a Vietnamese province on the Cambodian border. My two earlier ones had been in the Delta, but this province was a slimly populated area up Route 13 from Saigon that was the site of several large French-owned rubber plantations. It was also the site of some of the major battles of the war. As senior advisor I headed a 100-man advisory team, mostly army with a few civilians, working with the Vietnamese province chief in both his

military and civil functions. We also worked closely with the US commands operating in the province, such as the 1st Cavalry Division and 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, as well as the Vietnamese forces.

The communist forces—the 5th, 7th and 9th Divisions—lived over the border in Cambodia. There they would lay out their plans, rehearse, and periodically slip over the border for quick attacks, to retreat back at the end of the battle. In the fall of 1967 the North Vietnamese had struck heavily at Loc Ninh town in the northern part of the province, in retrospect in what seemed a rehearsal for the Tet attacks and an effort to pull the American forces towards the border to uncover Saigon. In the year that I was there there were also some stiff but smaller battles as the North Vietnamese forces came over the border.

It was all too evident that the Cambodian sanctuaries did prevent the US forces from conclusive engagements with the North Vietnamese forces. I shared the sense of futility of trying to fight a war when the enemy could flee nearby for safety. The communists chose the place and time of battle, and our forces spent most of their time beating through the forest for meager results against small communist units infiltrating down closer to the Saigon area. To us on the border, Cambodia did not seem neutral.

Shawcross implies that the secret bombing killed many innocent Cambodians. Most of the secret bombing went into the Fishhook area next to Binh Long and I remain skeptical that there were Cambodian civilians in the areas there that were actually bombed. Shawcross cites US Air Force studies that indicate many Cambodians were in each of various sanctuaries designated for bombing. But the Air Force probably made at best a rough estimate, based on hamlets marked on old maps, for the full areas that were considered the numbered North Vietnamese base areas. From flights I later made over the border, the actual bombing looked as if it had all been conducted close to the Vietnamese border. These were heavily forested areas and had

John Sylvester entered the Foreign Service in 1955, serving in Yokohama, Tokyo, Sapporo and in the offices of Japanese and Thai affairs. In 1967 he started a year of Vietnamese language training and arrived for service in Vietnam in 1968. He is now acting assistant deputy director for research in INR.

probably long been cleared by the communists of civilians.

Both Cambodians and French planters remarked to us during our incursion in 1970 that the local people knew clearly what areas the North Vietnamese forces used and knew they were not allowed to enter there. The penalties of being caught there were severe. The North Vietnamese had a strong sense of security, and were most unlikely to allow Cambodian civilians to live in base areas. Shawcross's implication that the secret bombing produced many civilian Cambodian casualties seems mainly suspicion fueled by dislike of what was done.

Shawcross also exaggerates what happened during the US incursion in May and June of 1970. The US army went over in force largely towards the towns of Memut and Snoul and along the thinly populated border toward the north. They hoped to catch the COSVN command center (which had moved out earlier with its usual mobility), engage major North Vietnamese units (which largely avoided battle), and to destroy major supply bases (which they did).

Shawcross writes, for instance, of the American forces destroying the peaceful town of Snoul. But the town was neither peaceful nor was it leveled by the Americans. In late March, through Stiang Montagnards that sometimes crossed the border, our province chief had received messages from the Cambodian district chief—an army major. In early April, however, the sounds of fighting in the Snoul area could be heard on the Vietnamese side of the border. Tracer fire was seen at night. From what was learned later, the Cambodian patrols had gone out from Snoul to search out the North Vietnamese units. In small engagements the patrols and Cambodian outposts were defeated and finally the small Cambodian army garrison in Snoul was overrun and the district chief killed. The French plantation managers were put under house arrest.

Several weeks later a squadron of the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment entered Snoul, fighting a small, sharp engagement mainly in the town marketplace. The marketplace and some of the buildings around it were destroyed. Press photos showed blackened

ruins and at the time it was reported that Snoul was almost totally destroyed. But Snoul was a sprawling plantation town, and seeing it later on the ground and from helicopters, it was clear that only an eighth of it or so had been destroyed.

Shawcross reports widescale destruction elsewhere by the US forces. But I also saw the only two other towns that the US forces went into: Memut, where the only visible damage was to several of the main plantation buildings from a bombing raid, and Mondulkiri City. There there was no visible damage but the town was completely empty as the inhabitants—in a precursor to what was to happen in Phnom Penh five years

“They were annoyed at the prince for his petty tyrannies, the stagnant economy, and above all, his apparent tolerance for the hated Vietnamese.”

later—had all been driven into the surrounding forests. The only signs of fighting were on a hilltop by the town where the Cambodian garrison had apparently made its last stand against the North Vietnamese forces.

It was far from a scorched earth policy. The American commanders of our forces in Cambodia vigorously combed the forests to find enemy supply depots, but clearly tried to do minimal damage to the civil economy even though it was soon to be abandoned again to the communists.

The extreme example of this constraint they seemed to feel, to my mind, involved the vehicles of the large French rubber plantation at Snoul. The plantation had several dozen heavy trucks for carrying the latex and smoked rubber. But as the American forces started to withdraw from Cambodia in late June, the American commanders intended to leave the trucks and other plantation vehicles as is, probably in order to avoid charges

that they were stripping Cambodia. But it seemed obvious to us that the vehicles would immediately be taken and used by the North Vietnamese forces. We discussed it with our local province chief and the French plantation owners in Loc Ninh on our side of the border, and finally on our own arranged for Vietnamese provincial troops to drive the trucks down to Loc Ninh, where the French later had them driven through Saigon back to Phnom Penh.

The major thrust of Shawcross's argument is that the US actions drove the North Vietnamese deep into Cambodia, thereby setting off the civil war. This seems to me to fail to understand the geography on the border and the motivation of the North Vietnamese.

Certainly the North Vietnamese were pushed some by the US actions, just as COSVN had been pushed earlier within Vietnam up deeper into War Zone C and then finally over into Cambodia itself to escape US bombing and our ranging troops. Units of the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment operated in April very close to the Cambodian border in War Zone C. The North Vietnamese, out of simple prudence, probably had decided well before the day of the US incursion to move away from the border in case the US made the decision to come over.

But this whole area of Cambodia from Memut to the northwest is wild and forested land, except for the several plantations and some small farming. There was no need for the North Vietnamese to retreat far away into the heavily populated areas of Cambodia. There was ample territory—desolate and well covered like they were used to using as base and headquarters areas—available without having to move into the populated areas. Moreover, President Nixon, soon after the incursion began, specified that it was to be shallow and short.

The North Vietnamese had much more substantial reasons for moving into the populated areas of Cambodia than to escape the limited American military moves close to the border. They drove deep into Cambodia in order to:

- acquire an adequate recruiting base for their Khmer allies, for they had already decided to build them

up to take the country;

- secure farmland for the rice to feed themselves and the Khmer communists, since they could no longer obtain adequate food through trade and government cooperation; and

- restrict the Phnom Penh authorities to the minimum enclaves in order to insulate their base areas and supply routes from interference.

It was essentially the breakdown of their arrangements within Cambodia and their own consequent decision to mount a Khmer communist struggle to capture Cambodia—not the US moves—which caused the North Vietnamese to do what they did.

In part unavoidably by its very subject, Shawcross's book tends to overemphasize the American role in the Cambodian war. The root cause of the disaster that befell Cambodia was the ambition of the leaders in Hanoi to establish a communist Indochina guided by themselves. Their first and principal objective was to unify their own country, and they were content to use Cambodia for the meantime as a safe, useful rear area. The struggle in Cambodia unfolded there earlier than they wanted, but they did not shirk the task when they had to confront it. The Americans essentially reacted—often ineffectively—to events controlled by the North Vietnamese and the Cambodians.

Sihanouk was long aware of the danger of Vietnamese imperialism—the arrogance and ambitions of all Vietnamese in regard to Cambodia. Sihanouk knew that his own small army could do little to control the North Vietnamese forces within Cambodia. He hoped to keep the fighting from spreading into Cambodia and let the Americans and communists bleed each other within Vietnam. Thus he proclaimed Cambodian neutralism and quietly allowed the North Vietnamese to use the border areas within Cambodia as long as they did not interfere directly in Cambodian politics. Sihanouk's family and friends and senior Cambodian officers reportedly profited from the transfer of arms shipments through Sihanoukville and the sale of food and goods to the North Vietnamese.

But by 1970 arrangements were breaking down, as Shawcross de-

scribes. Cambodians were becoming increasingly angry over the almost sovereign immunity of the North Vietnamese forces within Cambodia. They were annoyed at the prince for his petty tyrannies, the stagnant economy, and above all his apparent tolerance for the hated Vietnamese. Recognizing the new mood among his countrymen, Sihanouk apparently sanctioned moves to restrict the cooperation with the North Vietnamese. At the beginning of 1970, in his magazine *Le Sangkum*, Sihanouk wrote of the necessity of the American presence in Indochina to fend off the communists from capturing all of Indochina. The North Vietnamese—with excellent intelligence on Cambodia—were well aware and concerned about the ascendancy of the "rightists" and the worsening situation for them within Cambodia.

On March 11 mobs in Phnom Penh sacked the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong embassies. The process of deposing Sihanouk began. On March 13 the Phnom Penh government announced that it had given the North Vietnamese forces until the following Sunday dawn to leave Cambodia. A Cambodian colonel who visited Vietnam in June related to us how, when he went to relay this preposterous order to his North Vietnamese army contacts, it was greeted with a look of incredulity.

It seems that Hanoi quickly decided that it could not work with the new Phnom Penh authorities who showed so little willingness to compromise in their negotiations over the following days with the North Vietnamese and Chinese. These Cambodian leaders instead fired the latent Cambodian hatred of Vietnamese into bloody programs against the resident Vietnamese community. COSVN thus issued orders to its units to mobilize aid for its Khmer allies. In late March Binh Long province received two defectors from the communist province committee—by far the highest level defectors ever received locally. They told us they had surrendered out of disgust at being ordered to commence full-time training of Cambodians—a duty (and a people) they disliked and one which they felt postponed further their goals within Binh Long.

By the beginning of April the North Vietnamese were on the offensive in Cambodia, destroying the Cambodian army and civil presence in most of the northwest. Their units had pressed well into populated areas west of the Chup plantation towards Phnom Penh. When the US forces crossed the border on May 1 the North Vietnamese had already "liberated" a large part of Cambodia.

While they carried the brunt of the fighting in the first part of the Cambodia civil war, the North Vietnamese apparently, as they could, shifted the burden of the combat onto their Khmer allies. Just as in Laos—while retaining ultimate control—they wished their "younger brothers" to do as much of the task as they could.

The point is that the US was not the proximate cause of the Cambodian tragedy. That responsibility lay immediately with the naive Phnom Penh elite who had no understanding of the consequences of deposing Sihanouk, basically with the North Vietnamese leaders who were intent on preserving their Cambodian base, and ultimately with the ruthless idealists who lead the Khmer Rouge. The US participated in the war, and much that we did did not work, as Shawcross details. As the war progressed our bombing caused many civilian casualties through sloppiness and poor intelligence. But the tragedy was not primarily a consequence of our actions.

The US tried to assist the Phnom Penh government to defend itself. Many of its civil and military leaders were unworthy of the sacrifices of its soldiers and people. But, despite its severe failings it was a far more decent regime than the Pol Pot one was to prove itself.

The irony, of course, is that the Khmer Rouge were to turn on the North Vietnamese who had sponsored them. Conflict between Democratic Kampuchea and the Socialist Republic of Vietnam was to open the Third Indochina War. Undoubtedly the leaders in Hanoi later deeply regretted that they had let the Cambodian communists run their own war, as North Vietnam concentrated against South Vietnam. But it had seemed a sensible decision at the time, since then—for Hanoi—Cambodia had just been a sideshow.



"Let us either withdraw from the capitals of the earth, or let us enable our foreign representatives to serve their country abroad on something like equal terms with the rest of the world."—Representative Frank O. Lowden

The Social Organization of the Diplomatic Community 1924-1939

HUGH DE SANTIS

We have a great future before us," wrote career diplomat Joseph Grew in 1924, "and let us not forget that our organization must and will be not only cooperative and efficient, but democratic, representative, patriotic and, above all, wholly and essentially

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American." Wilbur Carr added that "a life service has been created in which each member may devote himself with the highest degree of consecration and the greatest assurance of appropriate reward." Their effusive remarks greeted passage of the Rogers Act, which merged some 630 diplomatic and consular officers into the Foreign Service of the United States. But the propitious future they awaited never came. The optimism and confidence that animated the Foreign Service of the '20s gave way to disillusionment and dejection in the '30s. Professionally and socially alienated by the public and the government, unable to transfer their skills to other occupations in a depression-plagued economy, career officers retreated into their private institutional world. Collectively an enor-

mous out-group unified against the outside environment, on the eve of World War II they languished in a state of diplomatic isolation.

Throughout most of the 19th century, when the United States was safely removed from the vicissitudes of European power politics, and when Washington had yet to formulate a cohesive foreign policy, American diplomats were little more than passive observers of international affairs. In the eyes of the American public, which was far

Generalizations presented here are based on data from a sample of thirty career diplomats who are the subject of the author's book. Source materials include the Biographic Register of the Department of State, minutes of the Board of Review of Foreign Service Personnel, memoirs, diaries, biographies, personal papers, interviews, and secondary sources. The author thanks David Patterson for his helpful suggestions.

more concerned with domestic issues, they were a needless drain on the national treasury, effete "cookie pushers" who had disingenuously fallen prey to the undemocratic ways of the European aristocracy. Of course, diplomats negotiated trade treaties and reported on political and commercial developments abroad, but so did missionaries and naval officers. In the main, their role was largely representational; and even there they left a good deal to be desired. Frequently patronage appointees or the bored scions of the well-connected, they were unschooled in the art of diplomacy. As late as the 1890s, heads of missions could still be found advertising for polo-playing secretaries. All too often incompetent bunglers, they were at times a source of national embarrassment.

Beginning in the 1880s, however, a group of younger officers set out to reform the diplomatic service by creating a body of trained nonpartisan specialists. Given the nation's preeminent interest in commerce and its ingrained suspicion of traditional diplomacy, these "Young Turks" realized that this could only be achieved by fusion with the consular service, which had historically protected the rights of American citizens abroad and promoted trade. So they increasingly publicized their potential contribution to American commerce. Their efforts, which continued into the 20th century, coincided with the public's mood of national expansionism, the American government's development of a policy-oriented rather than incident-oriented diplomacy and the liberal domestic reform movement that sought to redress the socio-economic dislocations wrought by the modernizing forces of industrialization and urbanization. Supported by business groups eager to expand American trade, Social Darwinists, the National Civil Service Reform League, and advocates of a peaceful world order, the labors of the reform movement within the diplomatic corps culminated in the Rogers Act of 1924.

If the Foreign Service of the interwar years demographically presented less of an aristocratic appearance than its pre-World War I predecessor, it was far more elite than the present-day institution. Its

social composition was still largely that of native-born, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, Eastern, upper-middle-class to upper-class Americans. They were the sons of professionals or businessmen rather than small merchants, farmers or blue-collar workers. While a preponderance of service newcomers after 1924 attended public secondary schools, many were privately educated. A disproportionate number matriculated at private universities, particularly in the East, and notably Harvard, Yale and Princeton; and a significant number studied abroad. Preparation for the Foreign Service examination favored the well-to-do, who enrolled at expensive Washington "cramming schools." Diplomats who entered the service during the '20s and '30s, as one veteran careerist put it, "were more or less of the same cloth." Withal, there are indications that Catholics and Jews, while not denied admission to the service, may have been handicapped in their careers. During a meeting of the Foreign Service Personnel Board in December 1924, for example, Joseph Grew questioned whether H. F. Arthur Schoenfeld should be considered for chief of mission, noting that Schoenfeld, who gave his religion as Episcopalian, "is probably of the Jewish race and that fact might affect his service at certain posts." G. Howland Shaw wrote in 1937 that he felt personally attacked by Wilbur Carr, who reminded him that, among other things, his Catholic faith would have to be taken into consideration.

In addition to its objectives of "democratizing" the diplomatic corps and fostering the merit principle rather than patronage in the dispensation of government jobs, the Rogers Act also sought to professionalize the service. While considerable strides were taken to achieve this aim, it was not completely successful. For one thing, the Foreign Service, unlike the medical or legal professions, was not institutionally autonomous. Then, as today, it was the hierarchical authority structure of the State Department that exerted social control. For another, it depended on historians, political scientists, geographers, and students of international law to provide its body of knowledge. Diplomats

themselves differed over what constituted a professional. To the self-defined "generalists," the professional diplomat was the man of experience who had developed the qualities of judgment, discretion and prudence. Younger officers trained as Soviet, Near Eastern or Far Eastern "experts" perceived their craft more as a science than an art. They relied less on intuition and more on objective analysis for their views of international behavior. Because of their formalized training, experts tended to form cliques, which, as John Paton Davies has noted, were closed to those careerists who specialized in the same geographic area. Experts considered themselves superior to their nonspecialized colleagues, rather as an elite within an elite. Contending that specialization limited the Foreign Service officer's

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usefulness, generalists, for their part, reaffirmed their attachment to a more traditionally defined, and in their view superior, identity.

Their internal differences notwithstanding, career officers responded enthusiastically to their responsibilities as professional diplomats. As Grew explained in February 1926, a "new order" had been established in international affairs. Henceforth, the nation's commercial interests abroad would be protected by "a new generation of red-blooded young Americans, straight-thinking, clear-speaking men, whose watchword is 'service' and whose high conception of integrity, sincerity and patriotism is steadily raising the standards of effectiveness of the honorable profession they follow." J. Theodore Marriner compared the modern diplomat to a physician, a "healer" who strove to befriend foreign peoples and cultivate cooperative relations. Foreign Service officers served not just the United States, Secretary of State Charles Evans

Hughes pointed out, but the "whole human family."

As these comments indicate, the occupational roles career diplomats were called upon to play combined traditional values with a new ethos. Clearly trade promotion and equality of commercial opportunity had directed the course of American foreign policy since the founding of the republic. Adherents to a liberal-capitalist worldview, 19-century Americans, like the British, believed that trade relations should be divorced from politics in international as well as domestic affairs. The active promotion of harmonious relations among nations, however, espoused most ardently by Woodrow Wilson, was a relatively recent objective. According to Wilsonian ideology, which defined the national interest in liberal-internationalist terms, the United States had a mission to export to other countries the same Lockean blueprint from which the American nation was formed. It was the function of the diplomat, as an expert in statecraft and as an agent in an immutable, rational-historic process in which *Realpolitik* would give way to a world order of peace and harmony, to Americanize the international system.

To learn their roles as professional diplomats and, in so doing, to become familiar with the goals of American foreign policy, new recruits were to receive a year-long course at the Foreign Service School, which was established under the Rogers Act. Coursework in history, international law and geography was intended to supplement their undergraduate education. As it turned out, however, the importunate need to alleviate manpower shortages in the field reduced the term of study to several weeks or, at most, a few months and shifted the focus of the lectures to administrative and procedural matters—visas, notariats, issuances of bills of health—with which the individual would be immediately confronted upon arrival at his post.

Despite these constraints, senior diplomats and State Department officials presented occasional lectures to impress newcomers with the nature and importance of their duties. Their remarks simultaneously strengthened the group's

common social identity, its shared undertaking and its sense of belonging. Grew, Carr and others who led the movement to professionalize the service reminded junior officers of their responsibilities to make the new service work. They encouraged them to develop an esprit de corps, to take pride in their work and to remain attentive to the sensibilities of Congress and the public. No less stress was placed on career opportunities within the service for ambitious young men, "if they make it pay."

The *American Foreign Service Journal*, which succeeded the *American Consular Bulletin*, reinforced group attachments and shared social values. The publication's stated purpose was "to add to the understanding of the tasks and surroundings of the Foreign Service, to maintain and enlarge the acquaintance with one another of widely scattered colleagues and to preserve and increase the zeal of the officers in the Foreign Service for the protection and promotion of American interests." While its breezy, gossip-style format hardly presented the appearance of a professional journal, it served a useful purpose. Commentary on the comings and goings of Foreign Service officers—notice of births, deaths, transfers and promotions—symbolically lessened the physical distances which separated colleagues and reinforced organizational cohesion. Pieces on the evolution of American diplomacy and on developments in the diplomatic corps of other countries helped to cement the diplomat's professional identity; and articles of local color such as coverage of the World Series strengthened national connections.

Editors and senior officers also used the pages of the journal to stress the importance of the diplomat's role. Modern diplomacy must be wrested from the provincialism of the past, wrote DeWitt Poole, a career officer with considerable experience in Russia. As the globe continued to shrink and as American political and economic contacts grew, he averred, the value of the diplomat-expert would far outweigh that of the high-IQ generalist. "The time is past," a colleague declared, "when the problem of major diplomatic importance was that of gaining the ear of the king's mistress or in as-

certaining to whom he had transferred his affections." Another careerist pointed out that "more and more today the great discoveries are coming from the laboratories of the leading industrial concerns and universities, where many scientists have collaborated on new discoveries and where no one person can lay claim to the whole achievement. So in diplomacy, the laboratory has come to prevail."

But the most important way in which younger members of the service learned their roles was by interacting with experienced diplomats. This took on added significance in the field where newcomers were daily exposed to the social and intellectual influence of senior officers through a formal hierarchy of work relations. At the head of the organization was the chief of mission; he determined field assignments, established the reporting style and reviewed the performance of subordinates. Moreover, he and other senior diplomats attached to the mission presented a standard on which younger Foreign Service officers modeled their professional identity.

In spite of this formal organizational structure, there existed at the same time a pattern of informal interaction among diplomats. This was due to the isolated nature of the diplomatic post and its compact size. During the period from 1924 to 1946, the Foreign Service only numbered some 650 to 800 people. Actually, the social character of the field mission was reminiscent of communal relations in traditional, small-town America. Diplomats established intimate personal relations with one another that extended beyond their professional association. As a consequence, they shared similar values, role definitions and a common social language. "At the average diplomatic mission or consulate," observed a British diplomat, "one is on close terms with most, if not all, of the other members of the staff, and there is, especially at small posts, the atmosphere of a large family." Social interaction between "families" was also common. And the more isolated the diplomatic community—physically, socially or politically—the more likely it was to form close ties with other foreign missions. Diplomats posted in

Moscow during the 1930s, for example, developed relationships of "such strong personal sympathy and so much mutual trust that they lasted even beyond the war and its aftermath."

Career officers in the department enjoyed an equally warm and rewarding atmosphere. An air of "old-world courtesy" prevailed which fostered personalized relationships. From the coding clerks to high department officials, all were regarded as "fellow members of the departmental family." The department was akin to one's "home town" in which diplomats returning from field assignments were warmly welcomed by their Foreign Service colleagues.

Veteran careerists, both in the department and the field, conveyed to newcomers a sense of pride in the emergence of the United States as an international power. Illustrative of this nationalistic attitude was the speech delivered by John H. Bruins in Singapore on July 4, 1929. Although 153 years old today, he exclaimed, "it is only since the Spanish-American War, a mere three decades ago that our country has taken its present place among the colonial powers of the world." Encouraged by new inventions like electricity, air travel, synthetic goods, and the beauty of modern American architecture, Bruins predicted that the "possibilities of the United States are only beginning to be realized." At the same time, like other Americans of their generation, the pre-Rogers Act diplomats adhered to the goals, if not the means, of Wilsonian internationalism. While they maintained that international bodies and the effect of public opinion held little sway in a world based on competitive national interests, they were hardly apologists for European power politics. Quite the contrary, they subscribed wholeheartedly to the Wilsonian ideals of peace, prosperity and the rule of law. They lauded their government's desire to promote harmonious relations among nations for which, as Bruins noted, "we may also take pride in our national idealism. Surely the present seems but a turning point into a new and more marvelous future." And who, he rejoiced, was in a better position to understand and guide American aspirations than the group of

"cosmopolites" living outside the United States. Descendants of an old-line, nativist elite, they felt especially equipped, by virtue of their background and education, to transmit these ideals to a benighted world. Indeed, they perceived themselves as apostles, both as Americans and as elites, of a new day; and they proudly spread the word.

Social attitudes and the prescribed norms of diplomatic behavior exhibited the same mixture of old and new values as the roles into which careerists were socialized. On one hand, the Foreign Service officer was heralded an expert, a professional in foreign affairs. After all, as Sec-

"The presentation of a cultured appearance was less critical in the backward and undeveloped regions of the world such as Asia and Latin America."

retary of State Hughes had stated, the "days of intrigue to support dynastic ambitions [and] to promote the immediate concerns of ruling houses" were gone. The New Diplomacy was not based on "the divining of the intent of monarchs [or] the mere discovery and thwarting of intrigues," but on "the understanding of peoples." On the other hand, he was expected, as his untrained predecessor had been, to follow loyally the directives of the State Department. His task was to implement the nation's foreign policy, not to analyze, question or challenge it. While lower-level officers might disagree with the thinking of senior diplomats or the department, one did not lightly take issue with those of superior rank and status. Indeed, individuals who did not conform to the expectations of the mission chief might not find themselves on the next promotion list. In short,

the hierarchical structure of the diplomatic post inhibited intellectual competition among its members. Since opposition to prevailing attitudes entailed the potential loss of a promotion as well as the emotional support of the community, dissidents were unlikely to receive social approval. Thus the individual's and the group's perceptions of reality tended to coincide.

Senior careerists also taught younger officers correct diplomatic style. To deal effectively with sophisticated diplomats abroad, Grew explained in an address to the Foreign Service class of 1926, one had to present a cultured and courteous appearance, what the French diplomat Jules Cambon called "une certaine habitude du monde." A proper command of English was absolutely essential. The varieties of diplomatic etiquette, including cookie-pushing and tea-serving, did no one any harm, so stated the *American Foreign Service Journal*. Indeed, diplomatic style was no less important at a formal dinner or cocktail party than at the foreign ministry. Breaches of etiquette could have repercussions damaging to America's international relations, not to mention an individual's chances for promotion. In addition, indiscreet indulgence in wine and women was similarly viewed disapprovingly. Sometimes it provoked reproach from the chief of mission or other senior officers; occasionally, it led to an individual's transfer.

Decorum was especially important in the elegant capitals of Western Europe, which enjoyed the most prominent social standing among American diplomats. Junior officers were advised to emulate the standards of diplomatic style set by European models, especially the British. The presentation of a cultured appearance was less critical in the backward and undeveloped regions of the world such as Asia and Latin America. Attitudes toward these climes revealed marked ethnocentric biases. The February 1925 issue of the *American Foreign Service Journal*, as an example, carried a piece of doggerel extolling "The Chinese Boy," who awakened, dressed, nursed, even suffered the diplomat's abuse, who affectionately snatched food and cigarettes and

who was most missed when the officer was on holiday.

The diplomats' cultural image of Soviet Russia and the Slavic lands of Eastern Europe, notwithstanding the institutional emphasis on understanding peoples, mirrored the ethnocentric and racial prejudices that permeated American society during the early years of the 20th century, particularly urban, nativist, upper-middle-class American society. Reared in this social milieu, career diplomats carried with them a stereotype of southern and eastern European immigrants as dirty, unruly, inferior, and uncivilized peoples who had vulgarized American social, political

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and moral life. The immigration restriction act of 1924, Harold Shantz told the American Women's Club of Toronto early the following year, assured “the continued progressive development of a thoroughly united country and a homogeneous American race.” Non-Anglo-Saxon types, he pointed out, unfamiliar with the English language and liberal institutions, were simply unassimilable into the fabric of American society.

Considering the fanfare that greeted the new professionalized service, it was hardly remarkable that career diplomats looked forward to certain social and personal rewards. Not only were they repeatedly reminded of the abundant cultural, intellectual and career opportunities that awaited them, but as Hughes soothingly intoned, they also “had the inspiration and the satisfaction of the assurance that the nature and importance of their service are appreciated at home.” But careerists soon discovered that they had a negligible impact on the nation's foreign policy; that the acclaimed importance of their service was neither appreciated by the American public nor its elected officials. The more the chasm between social expectation and

reality widened, the more demoralized they became.

Morale within the Foreign Service began to decline in the late 1920s as diplomats came to realize that their function was essentially to observe, report and, “‘above all,’” Charles Bohlen recalled, “‘Don't get involved.’” Conditions worsened in the '30s. The emergence of political authoritarianism, military expansionism and world autarchy mocked the Foreign Service officer's ostensible role of apostle of liberal-internationalist principles. Shocked by the destabilizing and destructive tendencies of foreign states, the American government and public attempted to barricade themselves behind the facade of neutrality legislation. As a consequence, the professional diplomat, expert so-called, was reduced to the status of his 19th-century predecessor, for the most part a “clerk at the end of a wire.” His purpose, as defined by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, was to provide accurate and impartial information, protect the lives and property of Americans in foreign countries and carry out the department's instructions. “We were merely foreign observers,” Elbridge Durbrow remarked. Although Hull did not oppose a “fair interpretation” of what one observed, few diplomats would characterize the field reporting during the interwar years as interpretive.

To make matters worse, a wave of noncareer attachés flooded the ranks of the service in 1939, following the Commerce and Agriculture Departments' disbandment of their foreign installations. Foreign Service officers complained to no avail that the transferees had neither the preparation nor the commitment to a diplomatic career. The establishment of the division of cultural affairs in 1938 and the subsequent wartime transfer of cultural attachés into the service was seen by careerists as a further infringement of their professional status. George Messersmith, assistant secretary of state for administration and former minister to Vienna, contended that cultural attachés merely duplicated tasks already performed by diplomats. As he superciliously reminded the head of the cultural affairs division, the Foreign Service represented “the best there is in

our culture and tradition.”

The diminution of the diplomat's professional status was further aggravated by the public's untoward view of his social utility. The issue that reignited public resentment of the diplomatic elite was the interchangeability of officers in consular and diplomatic assignments. Based on their interpretation of the Rogers Act, consular officers anticipated the frequent interchange of officers between the two branches; diplomats, however, fearful of losing their organizational distinctiveness, argued that interchangeability was to be exercised judiciously. They maintained separate membership on the Foreign Service Personnel Board and rigidly adhered to different performance appraisal policies than the consular service. As a result, diplomatic vacancies tended to be filled by diplomats. Moreover, because there were more vacancies in the diplomatic branch, the number of promotions greatly surpassed those of the consular service. At a meeting of the personnel board in March 1927, then Undersecretary of State Grew asserted that the single list of promotions desired by consular officials would be superfluous since efficiency was the major criterion for advancement. Furthermore, he argued, it would be unfair to diplomatic officers, who were markedly superior to consular people.

Because most consular officers felt that fusion would eventually take place, they initially tolerated the separate but unequal attitude of the diplomatic branch. But by 1926, their patience having grown thin, they began to criticize openly the favoritism demonstrated by diplomatic representatives on the personnel board. Their reaction, along with the outcry across the nation that it set loose, led to a congressional investigation in 1927. While the press and public vigorously backed the inquiry to limit the power of men of wealth and influence, diplomats scornfully referred to it as “the senatorial inquisition.” Perturbed by a Senate proposal to require a definite period of service for all officers in the consular branch, Arthur Bliss Lane sardonically called the measure “a five-year penal servitude.”

Despite the objections of diplomats, Congress passed a bill in 1931 which restricted their influ-

ence over promotions and reaffirmed the concept of a combined service. With the issuance of dual commissions from that time forward, the interchangeability of Foreign Service officers became the rule rather than the exception. Still, relations between consular and diplomatic representatives remained "neither close nor cordial." As an illustration, the ceremonial practice of having third secretaries of embassy take precedence over consuls general at international functions persisted into the 1930s as a symbolic reminder of the consular service's second-class status. For some diplomats the leveling effect of interchangeability was a bitter pill to swallow. By giving the same rewards to "second-

snobbish, and flawlessly groomed, cultivated in the social graces and backward in social thought, Dunn is the pattern of the career man who has long dominated the Foreign Service."

Through the pages of the *American Foreign Service Journal* and popular magazines, diplomats defended themselves against their detractors. They emphasized the drudgery of diplomatic life, their overworked conditions and their economic hardships. Unlike the public stereotype of the Foreign Service officer as a member of the Social Register and a model of fashion who knew more about bridge and fine wines than international affairs, the modern diplomat, they pleaded, was typically middle

prompted clearly impaired their economic security. The combined impact of pay cuts, the dollar devaluation, reduced housing allowances, and the suspension of promotions, post allotments and representational allowances shriveled the salaries of Foreign Service officers by as much as 75 percent in some cases. Those who managed to weather the storm did so cheerlessly. Loy Henderson lamented that he was forced to live on an income roughly equal to that which he had earned ten years earlier. W. Perry George complained that the "drastic" and "irrational" economic cutbacks reflected the "deplorable lack of continuity in the government's policy toward the Foreign Service which can only aggravate [and] accentuate the feeling of acute insecurity and further undermine the morale of entire personnel." Berry informed the department that he saw little point in retaining his service affiliation without the expectation of a promotion. Indicative of the diplomat's reaction to the austerity measures, a cartoon in the April 1934 issue of the *American Foreign Service Journal* showed a line of men with placards bearing the acronyms of familiar New Deal programs queued up at the US Treasury. At the end of the line stood a tattered little careerist in a bruised derby with an SOS tag affixed to his sleeve. Although diplomats began to receive some relief in 1935 as salaries were restored and housing allowances raised, their demands for increased representational allowances, home leaves and an improved promotion system persisted throughout the decade and beyond.

Even more damaging to the diplomats' morale than public condemnation and economic uncertainty was the lack of support, either real or symbolic, from the Roosevelt administration. Vice President Henry Wallace confided to his diary in 1942 that "the State Department is probably the weakest department in our entire government." Although "there have been a great many fine devoted servants in the State Department," he allowed, "the percentage of career diplomats with little to commend them aside from a wealthy background is altogether

(Continued on page 44)

"Roosevelt considered career diplomats 'fossilized bureaucrats,' frivolous dilettantes and reactionaries."

rate men," Burton Berry groaned, the more ambitious and capable officers would be forced to leave the service. Others, however, like Schoenfeld, simply resigned themselves to what appeared to them "the vogue."

Resolution of the dispute between the two branches of the Foreign Service only temporarily blunted domestic criticism of the diplomat. A new assault was mounted in the '30s. Caught up in the throes of the depression, the public considered it sheer prodigality to contribute to the economic support of clerks with aristocratic pretensions. Some Americans even suspected the diplomat of harboring totalitarian proclivities. The managing editor of *The Nation* excoriated the diplomatic elite within the State Department for their attachment to Victorian diplomacy, their boarding-school, Ivy-League cast and their clerico-fascist sympathies toward Italy and Spain. He saved his most fulsome language for James Clement Dunn, chief of the division of Western European affairs. A favorite whipping boy of American liberals for his support of Franco, Dunn was portrayed as one of the most "politically unenlightened and socially reactionary men" in the department. "Rich,

class, of moderate means and a Midwesterner with a degree from a Midwestern university. If the Foreign Service appealed mainly to the wealthy, asserted one careerist, it was precisely because American diplomats did not enjoy the same career opportunities and remuneration as their counterparts from even second- and third-rate powers.

Sometimes careerists took the offensive against their critics. They attacked the public's failure to appreciate the complexities of international affairs, criticized its indifference to foreign relations and scoffed at the popular notion of diplomacy as deceitful, dishonest and trivial. One diplomat wrote anonymously in *Foreign Affairs* that Americans embraced an unrealistically optimistic view of world affairs. The dignity of the individual, equality of commercial opportunity in foreign markets and the legal resolution of international grievances, however valid to the United States, he argued, were no longer viable objectives for many governments in the totalitarian world of the 1930s.

While the depression did not force diplomats into the bread lines as it did many of their countrymen, the federal retrenchment program it



Up the Karakoram Highway to Hunza

ARTHUR LEZIN

It's not the kind of road for a Sunday spin. For one thing, it's 500 miles long from Islamabad, capital of Pakistan, to Sinkiang Province in China and gas stations are few and far between. For another, since the road was opened to foreigners a few months ago, written permission is required from the Pakistan Ministry of Interior. And finally, as if the mountains are getting even, massive slides are common. With

For the past seventeen years Arthur Lezin has served in AID missions in Guatemala, Chile, Uruguay, Colombia and Pakistan. While in Islamabad he and his wife and three teen age children traveled extensively—often on foot—in the remote Northern tribal areas of the country.

luck, they'll miss you and a bulldozer will appear before too long to clear the way.

The Karakoram Highway (KKH) has opened up northern areas in Pakistan which previously had access to the outside world only by footpath or jeep, and then for only three months a year. The road is bounded on the west and northwest by Afghanistan and Russia, China on the north, and Indian Kashmir (or occupied territory as the maps say here) on the east.

This is not exactly great plains terrain; there are thirty peaks over 24,000 feet high in the region. For the past two decades the Pakistan Army Corps of Engineers—with a sizeable contingent of Chinese engineers, geologists and road

workers—blasted through rock and contended with mud slides in the summer, avalanches in the winter, and shifting glaciers at any time. Not the least of their problems were extremes in temperature and altitude—from 2500 to 15,400 feet above sea level.

For much of the way the road follows the Indus River, the headwaters of which are in Tibet. There are 24 bridges and many are adorned with Chinese lions. At least one bridge had to be rebuilt after a shifting glacier buried it under 60 feet of silt. No one knows—or will say—how many workers were killed, but given the landscape there must have been many deaths. When Pakistan President Zia visited China in December, 1977, he referred to the

human cost of the construction:

I take this opportunity of paying tribute to the dedication of the Chinese workers, many of whom have sacrificed their precious lives while engaged in the construction of this monument of Sino-Pakistan friendship.

The possibility of traveling on the KKH, combined with the lure of seeing Hunza—famous thousands of years ago as a stopping point on the silk caravan route between Europe, Asia Minor and China—proved irresistible. My family and I piled into a station wagon early one morning in April with intentions of getting to Karimabad, ancient capital of Hunza, and beyond, if possible. Every spare inch of the car was used for sleeping bags, food and water. We were prepared.

The first overnight stop was in Besham, several mud huts with tin roofs perched on the side of a mountain. We spent the night in a rest house run by the Kohistan Development Board, an agency re-



sponsible for road building, reforestation, and housing construction in this part of the country. We had drinks overlooking the Indus as the sun went down and discreetly

asked two government officials who happened to be passing through if they would care to join us. (Discreetly because prohibition is rigidly enforced; the Koran, like driving, doesn't mix with alcohol). They declined but each told us later he was dying to slake his thirst but afraid of what the other would think.

Up at five the next morning for the hardest part of the journey, about 10 hours to Gilgit, the northernmost Pakistan city on the KKH. An hour or so later we arrived at a police checkpoint and handed over our official passports and confirmed reservations in the Pakistan Tourist Development Corporation bungalow in Gilgit. It was immediately apparent that the officer on duty took his responsibility of protecting the KKH from dangerous foreign influences seriously. He was completely unimpressed with our documentation and wanted to know "Where is your permission from the Ministry of Interior?" "No permission, no passage" was his unwavering position.

"Can we phone the ministry from here?"

"No phone," he said.

We turned around and drove back to the Besham rest house thinking unspeakable thoughts about Pakistani officialdom. Fortunately there was a phone in Besham, it worked, and we were able to get through to the embassy in Islamabad. "Sit tight," we were ad-





vised, "and somehow we'll straighten things out." Four hours later we were still without permission and seriously considering returning home.

Provisionally, a senior Kohistan official appeared, made a few calls to equally senior army officers, and we were on our way. Our "friend" at the barrier, chafing at having been overruled, said "You'll never make it pass the next checkpoint." I must admit this caused some apprehension among the more timid in our ranks, but, as it happened, there were no more barriers until we reached the end of the line for foreigners north of Hunza.

We now were on the Karakoram proper. As the paved road wound through and over pass after pass, one could only marvel at the lack of vegetation and people. The dry barren landscape covered with rocks of all sizes was not a hospitable environment for man or beast.

Rounding a sharp curve we were forced to brake to avoid hitting the last of a long line of Bedford trucks. A slide had obliterated thirty or forty yards of what used to be the road and an army maintenance

crew, complete with bulldozer, was furiously attempting to clear the way. After half an hour or so the largest boulders were sent crashing down the cliff and we made our way gingerly across a makeshift track on the slide.

For most of the time we were in sight of the Indus, muddy green and turbulent. As the sun began to set the hills took on different shades of purple, offset occasionally by huge snow-capped peaks in the background. We drove the last two hours before reaching Gilgit in moonlight—our headlights the only sign of life in that vast expanse of mountains.

Once in Gilgit, a town of 20,000 people, we found the Pakistan Tourism Development Corporation motel, the Chinar Inn, without difficulty. The double rooms are spacious, with overhead fans, clean and comfortable, \$15 a night. The staff couldn't have been friendlier, even when we asked for dishes for the food we had brought. A few days later we did sample the dining room and found the Pakistani delicacies (for example, slivers of beef marinated and broiled over an

open fire) tasty and cheap.

The next morning we mulled over the possibilities. There are fascinating places to visit within two or three hours drive (with names like Gupis, Yasin and Phandar) but they require a jeep. The going rate for a four-wheel-drive vehicle is \$.60 a mile, \$13.50 a day. We counted our rapidly diminishing supply of rupees and decided to go to Hunza with our own car for the day—70 miles away—on the KKH.

Gilgit and Hunza have a violent and turbulent past. Warring with each other and with Chinese, British and Indian troops, sent at different times to pacify them, ruled by potentates who thought nothing of murdering fathers or brothers to consolidate their power, it is only in the last 50 years or so that some semblance of central government control has been brought to bear.

As we headed north, Great Power struggles and family homicides didn't fit in with the beautiful day and ever-changing scenery. The road parallels the

(continued on page 45)

Association News

MORE ON TRADE REORGANIZATION

On November 8, the House of Representatives voted not to disapprove the president's reorganization Plan No. 3 of September 25 to restructure the government's international trade functions. It is not known whether the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee (Ribicoff) will also vote on the plan or, as is more likely, simply permit the required 60 days to expire, allowing the Plan automatically to come into effect.

AFSA culminated its efforts to oppose the Plan in the House by telephoning all 435 offices to express our strong opposition and urge that the members vote against the Plan. We concluded our appeal by saying that, while we would support a well thought-out and comprehensive reorganization, we believe that this Plan is an ill-conceived political compromise which would not achieve the desired results. To our knowledge, AFSA continues to be the only organization that has spoken out publicly in opposition to the administration on this issue.

Meanwhile, the department recently has concluded several memoranda of understanding with STR. One gives a Deputy STR in Geneva responsibility, under the direction of the USTR, for "all areas where such responsibilities are conferred on the latter by law or by the president," while stating the US Representative to Geneva will be responsible "for all other areas which have been under his review at the US Mission to date." A second memorandum deals with matters of direct investment policy. It concludes, "In carrying out its lead responsibility with respect to bilateral and multilateral investment matters, USTR will work in close cooperation with the Department of State in determining negotiating arrangements which shall include USTR-State co-chairmanships where such arrangements are appropriate because of significant foreign policy considerations."

The Department of Commerce is working hard to establish its

Foreign Commercial Service by January 1, 1980. On October 22, Secretary Kreps sent a cable to all posts urging E/C officers to continue to seek Commercial assignments, stating that, "FSOs with strong E/C credentials will have an opportunity to apply for transfer directly to the FCS and I hope many of you will consider this." Likewise, State is busy determining which 162 FSO positions in 65 countries are to be transferred and exactly how many FSN positions (between 450 and 500) also will be lost. In addition, Commerce and State have not yet resolved the question of what specific responsibilities will be assumed by the new FCS—whether these would be limited to export promotion or be more broadly defined, perhaps to include MTN reporting.

There have been a number of meetings in the department to give E/C officers a chance to hear and question seventh floor officials. Director-General Barnes met with a group of EB officers and on November 2 the deputy secretary talked with 20 selected officers who expressed a number of concerns focusing on the damaging impact on the effective conduct of our foreign policy which will result from this trade reorganization. Unfortunately, some senior department officials still do not seem to be aware of the serious and wide implications for the department as well as for the Foreign Service.

An AFSA group, headed by State Standing Committee President de Rouville, also met with representatives of Management in October for a briefing on where we go from here. After being informed that it was still "too early" to begin preparing for the transfer of 162 positions to Commerce, on October 25 AFSA submitted a memo to Mr. Read listing a number of specific concerns such as employment conditions for E/C officers choosing to remain in State and how State proposes to deal with the problems created overseas by the transfer of FSO and FSN positions. AFSA urged that a group be formed im-

mediately to examine these issues and offered to participate in this effort. We have not yet received a reply.

ARE HOME LEAVE EXPENSES TAX DEDUCTIBLE?

The Department of State *News Letter* for October and several other publications have announced as "news" a recent decision by the US Tax Court in Washington D.C. that home leave expenses are not deductible as a business expense when completing income tax returns. The Tax Court reached this conclusion despite earlier decisions in the Fourth and Ninth Circuit Courts holding that such expenses are deductible (Hitchcock and Stratton cases). The IRS strongly opposes these two favorable decisions and is making every effort to have those decisions nullified even though it chose not to appeal either to the Supreme Court. The IRS strategy has been to challenge any tax return filed outside the Fourth and Ninth Circuits which includes a claimed deduction for home leave expenses. Several such cases are now at the Tax Court level and the Tax Courts have consistently found in favor of the IRS.

AFSA, in cooperation with the Thomas Legal Defense Fund, continues to support the Hitchcock and Stratton decisions. We are now studying the Tax Court decisions in the several cases with a view toward lending our support for an appeal to a higher court. We expect to announce shortly how we intend to proceed in this regard.

Pending the outcome of these appeals, persons claiming home leave expenses as tax deductions should take care to file their returns with the IRS regional office in the Fourth and Ninth Circuits as appropriate to their place of permanent domicile, rather than with the IRS International Service Office in Philadelphia. If a return is challenged, the taxpayer should not agree to any IRS proposal that consideration of the return be transferred to another IRS office outside of the Fourth and Ninth Circuits.

UPDATE ON RETIREMENT

With only a few weeks remaining in the first session of the 96th Congress, the prospect for retaining the semi-annual cost of living adjustment (COLA) applicable to federal annuities appears to be good. While the final congressional budget resolution for fiscal year 1980 assumed a reduction to one COLA per year, any change in the present formula would require specific legislation by the Congress and so far no bill to accomplish this has been introduced. Thus retention of the present COLA formula through this fiscal year seems likely, but unless the present inflationary rate is reduced significantly in the months ahead, we may expect that renewed efforts will be launched during fiscal year 1981 to limit the COLA to once a year.

Meanwhile two important studies of retirement issues are underway. One is being conducted by the president's Commission on Pension Policy under the direction of C. Peter McColough, chairman of the Xerox Corporation. This is a wide-ranging survey of the retirement, survivor, and disability programs now existing in the United States, encompassing those at the federal, state, and local government levels as well as in the private sector. The commission has a two year charter ending in 1981 and it can be expected to cover a lot of territory, including a consideration of the basic question, "What is an adequate retirement income level?"

The second study—and one of more immediate significance to members of AFSA—is the Universal Social Security Coverage Study being undertaken in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare under a mandate contained in Section 311 of the Social Security Amendments of 1977. This group is scheduled to make its report to the HEW secretary in December of this year, with the secretary in turn submitting a series of recommendations to the president and the Congress. Recent information indicates however, that the Study Group may request an extension of its report deadline until sometime in the Spring of 1980.

The HEW Study Group intends to provide the policy and decision

makers with information about how compulsory Social Security coverage would affect existing non-covered retirement programs and the people working under them; how the retirement benefits and their financing compare between Social Security covered and non-covered employment; and how the implementation of universal Social Security coverage might be accomplished, with an analysis of the costs, benefits, and legal ramifications involved. In statements and releases issued thus far, the Study Group has indicated that it has no intention of making a judgment as to whether mandatory and universal Social Security coverage is a desirable objective. In any event, this can only be decided by the president and the Congress.

Meanwhile AFSA has affiliated with a coalition of more than twenty other federal employee organizations to oppose any possible merger or integration of the federal retirement systems with Social Security. Known as the Fund for Assuring an Independent Retirement (FAIR), one of the coalition's first actions was to commission an independent study by a prominent actuarial firm to assess the impact of universal coverage on the taxpayer, on the public retirement trust funds, and on the future financing of Social Security. This actuarial analysis will provide AFSA and the other coalition organizations with the authoritative data necessary to evaluate all proposals for a basic realignment of the federal government's retirement programs, including the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability System.

The growing numbers of Americans reaching retirement age, and the escalating cost of our public and private retirement programs when measured against our country's unsettled and disquieting economic outlook virtually guarantee that our nation's retirement systems will undergo intensive review and evaluation in the near future.

AFSA is determined that the interests and concerns of the Foreign Service will be accorded full consideration throughout this process.

SY CONCERNS

Responding to queries from officers in the field, AFSA has initiated a series of meeting with the Office of Security to discuss management practices which have developed over time in both Washington and the field. AFSA would welcome additional views from security officers on current management-employee relations in SY.

NEW COA BOARD

The Consular Officers Association elected an Executive Board in October. It consists of:

President Terry Kleinkauf
Vice-President John Hotchner
Secretary Mary Ann Meysenburg
Treasurer/

Membership Micaela Cella
AFSA Liaison Brian McNamara
Packet Editors Brooke Holmes and
Jay Rini

In addition, Wes Parsons has been appointed Alternate AFSA Liaison.

Re-elected annually, the Broad is responsible for promoting the general professional interests of consular officers.

HOLIDAY BALL

The annual Holiday Ball for Foreign Service and diplomatic young people will be held Thursday, the 27th of December, 1979, under the sponsorship of the Association of American Foreign Service Women, The Hospitality and Information Service (THIS) and the World Bank.

As in years past, the Ball will take place in the Thomas Jefferson Room at the Department of State and will start at 9 P.M., lasting until midnight. All children of AAFSW members from 15 to 22, will be invited again this year. If they choose they can be included in dinner parties to be organized before the Ball. Invitations should be received by the young people before Thanksgiving. The Ball was extremely popular last year, partly due to the excellent band, so do respond promptly before the December 14th deadline. For further information please call Linda Jacobsen at 362-2239 after 6 P.M., or Laurene Hemily at 965-3729.

NEW LEGAL COUNSELOR



The AFSA Governing Board is pleased to announce that it has hired a new legal counselor, Susan Holik, to help strengthen the Association's capabilities to better represent the interests of the association and its members. Her responsibilities will include advising the Board on employee-management relations under Executive Order 11636, assisting and representing employees with grievances, and participating in Congressional relations activities of the Association.

Ms. Holik was selected by the Board from a group of over 40 persons who had applied for this position. Having graduated with honors from the George Washington Law School, Ms. Holik has an excellent background in labor law. In addition to previous work experience with a private Washington law firm, she was formerly employed in the office of the General Counsel of the Retail Clerks International Union. She has also worked on the Hill as a Congressional Intern and in state and local political campaigns.

"MORE WITH LESS"

The prescriptions of the ingenious Herrick report have been bought, at least in part, by AID management. It now appears that field missions will be doing at least some of their programming based on this management-by-numbers approach, reminiscent of the Murphy days. It is hoped that once the real consequences of this eye-catching but simplistic approach become evident to top management, they will reassess their commitment to it.

AID PROMOTION PANELS

An early October cable to the field informed employees that AID management had decided to cancel the special promotion panels for auditors. AFSA was much relieved by this decision, which came after extensive discussion. AID Standing Committee representatives attended the panel briefings, and came away with the clear understanding that there would be more promotions this year than recent years.

"SEPTEMBER 17"

The SEPTEMBER 17 organization has recently written to AFSA expressing serious reservations over how the Hay Associates study on pay comparability might be implemented. SEPTEMBER 17 believes that none of the options currently under serious consideration adequately address staff corps pay concerns. AFSA is well aware of SEPTEMBER 17 concerns and remains committed to the policy of pay comparability for all FS employees at all ranks.

AID STAFF CORPS

We continue our efforts to obtain a better deal for the staff corps; promotions, positions and responsibility. So far we have found management at the highest levels to staff corps problems but lethargic at all other levels. AID staff members are leaving in increasing numbers for other foreign affairs agencies which have a more enlightened policy toward their staff personnel.

AID's UNFAIR PRACTICE

The agency continues to hire from the outside even though there are qualified personnel inside who can fill jobs. AFSA's AID standing committee has reminded management of this in forceful terms on several occasions and will continue to pursue inequitable outside hiring assiduously. We believe this is particularly unfair to the IDIs, many of whom are as qualified as the new hired who happened to enter AID through "the old boy network" rather than through the established IDI route.

NEW STATE REP: MATT DALEY



On the resignation of State Rep Eva Kim from the AFSA Governing Board, the Board unanimously selected Matt Daley to fill the vacancy as State Representative. An AFSA member since 1976, Matt has been active in AFSA affairs and a member of the State Standing Committee. He is a Past-President of JFSOC. Now assigned to ACDA as a political officer, he had previously served in the Finance Center.

AFSA/AAFSW SCHOLARSHIPS

Materials for the 1980-1981 AFSA Merit Awards and Financial Aid programs for dependent children of American Foreign Service Personnel are ready for distribution. All students graduating from high school in 1980, interested in entering the merit awards program and 1980-1981 undergraduate students interested in applying for a financial aid grant from the AFSA Scholarship Fund should write to:

AFSA Scholarship Programs
2101 E Street, N.W.

Washington, D.C. 20037.

The deadline for completion for the materials is February 15, 1980.

ELECTIONS COMMITTEE

A typographical error in the November issue resulted in an erroneous picture of the vote on the referendum for a dues increase. The actual vote was 1374 in favor of a dues increase; 1043 against.

In anticipation of a quiet 1980, the AFSA Elections Committee is giving up P. O. Box 57061 at the West End Post Office, Washington, D.C. 20037. Henceforth all mail should be addressed to the committee at AFSA, 2101 E street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

REMARKS BY H.G. TORBERT,
JR. AT THE AAFSW BOOK FAIR

I am delighted that Leslie Dorman and Dawn Jones had the idea of organizing a brief occasion at the beginning of the Book Fair to emphasize what all this hard work so many of you do every year is all about. I am equally delighted to be able to see in person Miss Elizabeth Kiss, whom you will meet in a few minutes, as a representative of the 22 successful candidates for a Merit Scholarship. We reviewed the records of about 110 candidates. I read them all, and, as far as I am concerned, every one of them deserved a prize, but we had to make some hard choices. The 22 are all certifiably outstanding. Elizabeth Kiss is fully representative of their demonstrated achievement in using the superior talents that God gave them and their parents helped to foster.

The Merit Scholarships are, perhaps, a manifestation of the elitist tendencies of the Foreign Service—tendencies which I applaud and hope will always continue. I believe that an elitism based on brains, ability and training is an essential component of a successful democratic system. But we also make an even larger financial commitment to another historic concept of American democracy. This is that it should be possible for every American to receive, if he has the capacity, enough education to enable him or her to enter fully into productive citizenship. In today's complex society, this usually means post-secondary education. About 80 percent of the funds now administered by the Education Committee go to provide Financial Aid Grants to qualified Foreign Service children who might otherwise be unable to attend a university.

The Education Committee, of which I have the good luck to be Chairman, consists of two representatives of AAFSW and one of each election constituency of AFSA. We are fortunate to have available the wisdom of our veteran educational adviser, Clarke Slade who generously gives his time as an unpaid consultant. We have the indispensable administrative and technical services of Lee Midthun of the AFSA professional staff. (That means she does practically all

the work.) For selecting the Merit Scholars, we create four screening subcommittees, drawing on a wide segment of AFSA and AAFSW membership. For the rest, the Committee establishes general guidelines, leaning heavily on the College Scholarship Service and the College Entrance Examination Board precepts; approves awards determined under those precepts; considers special cases; and helps keep the Foreign Service Club out of bankruptcy by buying our own lunches there during our monthly meetings. There are few more rewarding jobs to be done, but it is a considerable sacrifice of time by the busy, active professionals and housewives who are members.

The same can be said in spades for the hard work of all the volunteers who have made this Book Fair such a successful institution. What you do, in addition to the other activities you support, pays for about 60 percent of our Merit Awards and at least 40 percent of our total cash resources. Similar efforts are made by women in Berlin, Bonn, Frankfurt, London and Vienna. Thank all of you, and please keep it up!

I am now happy to introduce Dawn Jones, AAFSW Education Liaison Person, and one of our hardest working committee members.

**AID AUTHORITY
OBEY AMENDMENT**

By the time this goes to press, the Hill will have our comments on the recent position designation exercise. We hope to enter into dialogue with appropriate persons shortly to redress some of the inequities which resulted from this exercise. Inter alia, we are concerned that most of the high level policy jobs in the agency have been retained as GS. While 62% of the GS-13 jobs were redesignated as Foreign Service, only 33% of GS-17, 39% of GS-16 and 42% of GS-15 jobs were redesignated Foreign Service. It is apparently management's view that the 10% restriction on appointment of non-FSRs to Washington FS positions does not apply to ADs. AFSA disagrees strongly with this position.

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GSA General Services Administration

"The only security of all is in a free press."—Thomas Jefferson

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

EDWARD DEVOL

Pete Pendergast came home in his usual Sunday afternoon condition: slightly tired, very sweaty, and looking forward to quiet domestic rewards for having performed an official chore. His regular participation in the ambassador's weekly tennis foursome was a duty neither to be shirked nor enjoyed. The ambassador was an awkwardly aggressive player who freely expressed scorn for poor shots by a partner who was also his subordinate. The undulating asphalt court behind his official residence was surrounded by trees that not only raised the humidity to an uncomfortable level, but also overhung the alley on one side, causing a lob of more than modest altitude to drop like a shot partridge.

Casting from his mind the memory of the ambassador's cries of "Hit under the trees, Pendergast, not into them," Pete parked his car and entered the yellow stucco house for which the rent considerably exceeded his monthly housing allowance, because no other house had been available in a neighborhood deemed suitable for an American diplomat. He shivered slightly at the effect of the airconditioning on his sweaty skin. It was a brief and welcome discomfort. The rest of the day belonged to him. A long shower, a long drink or two, a leisurely supper. Maybe he would take Sarah to the movie at the

American Club.

"Hello," he called. "I'm back from the weekly sporting event."

"I'm in the kitchen. I have a surprise for you."

"Good," he said dutifully. Sarah was a persistent experimenter in the kitchen. She was currently working her way through "Exotic Dishes of San Ramon," the collection of local recipes assembled by AWOS, the American Women of San Ramon. He leaned his tennis racket against the wall beneath Sarah's great-grandmother's painting of several bulbous sheep standing in a meadow.

Sarah bustled into the living room. "Have a good game?"

"I hate that picture," Pete said. "The grass looks like brown croquet wickets."

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying that. I like it."

"Family loyalty is a wonderful thing." He sat down and took off his tennis shoes. "The game was no worse than usual. What's the surprise?"

"Well," she said with a bright and teasing smile. "There are actually two. The first is that we're having steak and fries for dinner."

"Nothing native? No heartweed flavoring, no goat curd and brambleberry sauce?"

"Plain old steak."

"That's a surprise I don't mind."

"The other one is the best. I hate to say it this way but guess who's coming to dinner."

Pete's enthusiasm for steak and fries vanished along with his hopes for a quiet evening without distraction. "I assumed nobody was," he said stiffly.

"Nobody was until an hour ago.

Then he telephoned from the hotel and I invited him."

That meant it was an old acquaintance who had come to San Ramon as a tourist. An official visitor would have been preceded by a telegram requesting an official car from the airport and a reservation at a hotel commensurate with his rank. The charms of San Ramon were limited but American travelers had become more numerous since the opening of the gambling casino in the new hotel on the Isle of Heroes.

"All right," he sighed. "Who is it?"

"You'll never guess."

"Of course I won't guess."

Sarah elevated her chin in triumph. "Hank Whittier."

It was no acquaintance of his, he thought, moodily wondering if another of Sarah's old boy friends was about to appear. Such a person and his wife and two boisterous children had shown up while they were stationed in Lima two years ago. "Which Hank Whittier?" he said irritably.

"How many are there? This is the real one, the columnist. He called the embassy and asked for the press officer and they gave him our number."

A wave of alarm swept over Pete. "He's coming here for dinner? That Hank Whittier?"

"He certainly is. He said he would really look forward to a home-cooked American meal."

The Hank Whittier, the columnist before whom all Washington trembled, the dogged investigator of governmental corruption and inefficiency, the man whose savage columns had led to the indictment

Edward Devol, a former USIA Foreign Service officer and editor now free-lancing in the Washington area, disavows any resemblance between Hank Whittier and the columnist who once threw the Devol household into confusion.

of Senator Veer, the sudden resignation of Secretary Pottle, the president's brother-in-law, and the early retirement of numerous division chiefs and second secretaries.

"My God, Sarah, don't you know what that man is like?"

She sagged a little. "I thought you'd be pleased. He sounded like an interesting person. And he's all alone here. He said his wife doesn't like to travel."

"He's so interesting they call him the Destroyer."

"But we don't have anything to hide."

"There's always something that has to be hidden from a Hank Whittier. Did he say what he wanted?"

"Why does he have to want anything? And don't look at me like that. I only invited him to have a meal."

"Hank Whittier always wants something." Pete did not recall that he had ever shown interest in San Ramon, but he had tipsters everywhere. One of his special skills was exposing incompetence or perfidy in obscure US government offices which his competitors did not deign to notice.

Had a disgruntled embassy employee told him about the darkly handsome woman who was seen with the ambassador at the Isle of Heroes while his wife was visiting her mother in Kansas City? Her political connections were obscure, and therefore suspicious. Or maybe one of Whittier's spies had mentioned the 50,000 copies of the embassy pamphlet on the history of US-San Ramonian friendship which had to be burned because the printer had put the name of the Liberator under a photograph of his rival and mortal enemy in the Great Revolution of 1887.

It could even be something alarmingly ordinary. When Hank Whittier began to dig, pleasant little bureaucratic customs sometimes turned out to be illegal.

"The man wrecks people," Pete said. "He ruins careers. A man like that doesn't take trips for fun."

"Well, I don't care about that. I invited him to dinner and he's coming."

Pete shrank from the abyss of an evening with Hank Whittier. It was unthinkable to sit at the table with him without a witness present, and Sarah was not suitable for the role.

"What time did you tell him to come ruin my Sunday evening?"

"I told him six-thirty and I think you're overreacting to a disgusting degree."

"It could mean someone's job," he said grimly. He went to the telephone and dialed the number of his boss, Archie Mimms.

"Archie, we have a problem. Hank Whittier is in town. I have no idea why. He called my house and Sarah invited him to dinner."

"The Destroyer? Good Lord. What did she do that for? Doesn't she read the papers?"

"I admit she made a mistake but it's done."

"It certainly is. My, my. Hank Whittier himself. Did he say what he's looking for?"

"It could be anything. The fact that there hasn't been a serious

" 'No matter,' Whittier said expansively. 'My readers aren't disturbed these days by the sexual predilections of a mere ambassador.' "

public scandal out of the embassy in years might make a man like him curious."

"You don't suppose he heard about the ambassador's friend?"

"Or that pamphlet."

"Hmm," Archie said thoughtfully. "Yes, he'd probably emphasize the cost instead of realizing it was actually a wise precaution. They never seem to appreciate the tough decisions we're called upon to make all the time."

"The question is, what do we do about him?"

"Stone wall him, Pete. That's the only thing in situations like this."

"But I'm the one whose wife invited him to dinner."

"I see what you mean. I don't envy you, having to spend an evening with Hank Whittier."

"Look, Archie. I can't possibly spend an evening with him without an official witness."

"A natural reaction, perfectly

natural. The man is a menace. Maybe Sarah's presence will discourage him from poking his nose into too many areas of official business."

"You have to come, too, Archie."

"I don't see how I can, Pete. Emma is on that weekend study tour of the Liberator's mountain retreat with the AWOS ladies and I have the kids here and it's the maid's day off. My advice is don't say anything he can quote."

In desperation Pete proposed that for the good of the service Whittier be told a constructive lie. Sarah would telephone his hotel—after all, she had gotten them into this—and say that her husband, unknown to her, had previously accepted an invitation to dinner at his boss's house and would Mr. Whittier object to having dinner there instead. Sarah would bring the steak and fries and cook the dinner.

Archie's reaction to this sensible plan was to explain earnestly that the house was a mess from three kids without a mother or a maid to keep them in line; he had a lot of paper work to get through tonight; and Sarah would have trouble finding the necessary utensils in a strange kitchen.

It was necessary to appeal to his other strong instincts. "Archie, it's for the good of the service." Silence at the other end of the line. "You have more experience in dealing with the press than I do. I might give something away that your experience would know how to conceal. Between us we can keep him from learning much at all."

Archie cleared his throat. "You could tell him you're sick."

"A man like that would probably want to know who my doctor is."

"Well," Archie said in a voice sagging under the weight of duty, "All right. For the good of the service."

Hank Whittier sat in Archie's favorite chair and sipped his club soda. "You foreign service people do like that tax-free whisky." His appearance was mild, almost nondescript, but his eyes were keen and his voice, though soft, was edged with the steel of certitude.

"Well," Archie said, nervously fondling his glass of scotch and wa-

ter. "Somebody said it was like Mount Everest."

"What?"

"It's consumed because it's there," Pete said helpfully. "You know, George Mallory."

"I do know. Mountain expeditions are a waste of money. Still, Mallory led a clean life, at least as far as the public record shows."

From upstairs there came several falsetto cries and the sound of heavy objects falling. Whittier jerked his head upward, as if to pierce the ceiling with his sharp investigatory gaze and locate the source of the disturbance.

"The children," Archie said. "They're rather high-spirited."

"Evidently. I assume they have a mother."

"Oh, yes, She's at the Liberator's mountain retreat with a study group."

"Study group." Hank Whittier frowned at the phrase so often used to conceal a boondoggle. "No public money involved, I trust."

"Strictly private funds," Pete said.

"Good. Pendergast, I know you have a wife because I saw her when I first arrived but I haven't seen her since."

"She's getting dinner ready." From the kitchen came the sound of pots and pans clashing like discordant cymbals.

"Sarah and Pete took pity on me," Archie said. "I'm not much of a hand at cooking and they offered to fix dinner."

This was not quite the explanation Sarah had reluctantly offered on the phone for the change of plans. Pete said quickly, "Sarah didn't know I had offered."

"I was told it was a prior invitation."

"I guess she didn't understand exactly how it came about," Pete said lamely.

"Lack of communication," Archie said. "It's one of the pitfalls of marriage."

"Not my marriage," Whittier said. "We have perfect communication. She understands what I want before I tell her."

More cries and thuds from upstairs. Whittier pointed at the ceiling. "Are they going to eat with us?"

"Oh, no," Archie said. "They've already had their peanut butter sandwiches."

The famous columnist nodded in apparent gratification. "It's been my experience that foreign service children tend to be spoiled by the servants."

"Do you have children?" Pete said.

"Not a one. Children are all right but I've observed that they take more time than I can spare. Hostages to fortune. That's what Bacon called them and it can be demonstrated that he was right."

Whittier's Olympian observations were tantalizing, like arcane clues in a scavenger hunt, but he had said nothing to indicate what examples of official inefficiency or corruption he intended to expose in San Ramon. Pete watched his boss fidget in his chair. Archie's voice had taken on the high pitch with which he reacted to criticism by the ambassador. Whatever they had done wrong, Pete thought, let it be brought out without further delay. "What brings you to San Ramon, Mr. Whittier?"

Archie clutched his glass with both hands. "Whatever it is, you can be assured we will do everything in our power to rectify it."

Whittier nodded gravely, like a judge hearing a felon offer restitution in exchange for a shorter sentence. "I don't travel without a reason, naturally. There was one little thing in San Ramon. I snooped around a bit this afternoon and found it pretty much as I had expected. Of course, there are more important matters to look into at other posts I'll be visiting."

"One little thing," Archie said nervously. "In San Ramon."

"That's right. I wanted to get away from Washington for a while, rather than send one of my staffers. I didn't send word I was coming because I never tip my hand."

"And what little thing is it?" Archie said.

Whittier smiled obscurely. "I can only allot today to San Ramon. When I telephoned the embassy and learned that the ambassador was going to the Isle of Heroes after his tennis match, I thought it might be useful to chat with you people."

"I'm sure everything can be worked out," Archie said.

"Perhaps. I assume you know that your ambassador has a woman in San Ramon."

Archie spilled scotch and water

on his sleeve. Pete hoped his own shudder was not evident. "That's a curious statement," he said.

"There's nothing curious about facts, Pendergast. The man has had a woman at every post he's been in for years."

"Really now!" Archie gasped.

"Really. It's sad but true."

Sarah came into the room, an apron around her waist, her hair falling down her forehead. Her face bore a persecuted expression Pete knew well. "I can't find the potato masher."

Pete tried to prolong the fortunate interruption. "What happened to the french fries?"

"I can't find anything to fry them in."

"I prefer mashed, anyhow," Whittier said.

"That's nice," Sarah said, with less respect than he was probably accustomed to.

"Potato masher," Archie said absently, as if Sarah had asked for a magnetometer or spectograph or other tool of an esoteric trade. "Let's see. The kids sometimes use it as a grenade. Because of the name, you know. All those World War Two Nazi movies."

Whittier said, "I exposed two Nazi war criminals in Arkansas a few months ago."

Sarah sat down and glared at the father of the potato masher thieves. "If you want your dinner you'll have to go up there and get it." Archie trudged reluctantly upstairs.

"Would you like another glass of soda?" Pete asked.

"No more. Not too much of anything, that's my motto. Mrs. Pendergast, I'm sure you know about the ambassador's lady friend."

Sarah gave Pete a wifely look of pained tolerance for the needs of the service. "I have no idea what you mean, Mr. Whittier."

"Pendergast, your wife is well trained."

"I wouldn't put it quite like that."

"I'm not trained," Sarah said. "I'm only the cook."

"No matter," Whittier said expansively. "My readers aren't disturbed these days by the sexual predilections of a mere ambassador."

Archie reappeared, holding the potato masher delicately between thumb and forefinger. It was an unattractive shade of green. "One of

them threw it at his brother and it fell into the finger paint. I'm afraid it needs washing." Sarah muttered under her breath and took the potato masher to the kitchen.

"Mimms, I was telling the Pendergasts I'm not really interested in the ambassador's women. If it were the vice president or the chairman of the joint chiefs I might be able to make something of it."

Archie said primly, wiping his fingers on his handkerchief, "I must emphasize that in no way did we confirm that rumor about the ambassador."

"No," Whittier went on, "sex doesn't disturb people as much as it used to. Personally, I consider that an unfortunate lapse in public sensitivity. What they're really interested in is how public funds are spent."

"We all are," Pete said.

"One of our major responsibilities," Archie said.

"And you do spend your share of it here in San Ramon."

"We spend what is allocated," Archie said. "And under strict controls."

"Of course. What were the strict controls, Mimms, on the two hundred thousand copies of the pamphlet you ordered burned?"

Pete said automatically, "Fifty thousand." When Archie began to cough in a curious manner he realized he had committed the public relations error of stating the truth without being compelled to. "Maybe I was thinking of something else."

"You burned two pamphlets?"

"I didn't say that."

"Mimms, you haven't said anything."

"Cough," Archie said feebly, pointing to his throat. "Postnasal drip. Bad climate for it, you know."

"Unfortunate," Whittier said. "Now, my information is that you destroyed the pamphlet because incompetent proof reading failed to detect that it identified a photograph of the foreign minister as Rutherford B. Hayes and vice versa."

Archie grasped the opportunity quickly. "There was no such error. We published no pamphlet with photographs of either the foreign minister or Rutherford B. Hayes. Right, Pete?"

Pete busied himself with

straightening the stack of magazines on the coffee table.

"Well?" Whittier said.

Pete said in a strained mumble, "There wouldn't be any reason to use a photo of Rutherford B. Hayes. The San Ramonians never heard of him."

"Are you saying my sources are wrong?"

"There could have been a misunderstanding," Archie said. "Failure of communication or something. It happens in the best of organizations."

"Not in mine. If my people make mistakes they're out." Whittier cast his keen investigatory gaze on Pete. "You said fifty thousand. Fifty thousand what?"

Sarah's announcement that dinner was ready diverted the Destroyer from his assault on the citadel of equivocation. He bent

"Whittier sucked a tooth with a faint whistling sound. 'I wonder what the man's appeal is. All those women in all those posts.'"

over his plate with the solemnity of a skilled trencherman, rapidly devouring his steak, mashed potatoes and baby carrots. He declined to sample the California Chardonnay which Archie had set out as proof that this foreign service post knew how to buy American. "I take no alcohol of any kind," he said between mouthfuls. "In my business you need a clear head."

Sarah, who was eating very little of the meal she had so reluctantly prepared, said dourly, "I can't think with a clear head," and poured herself another glass of wine.

Pete knew she was only peevish, but Whittier evidently deduced that she had been tipping in the kitchen. "Mrs. Pendergast, that is the alcohol speaking. An ounce of pure spirits kills forty-six thousand brain cells."

"That many?" Sarah said. "Imagine."

He regarded her with mournful concern. "My wife has not touched alcohol for four years."

"I think that's admirable," Sarah said.

The three men emptied their plates with unusual speed, Whittier by sheer efficiency, his two official sources in somewhat slovenly eagerness to cut short the tête-à-tête with their dangerous guest. "Come on, Sarah," Pete said. "I'll help you clear the table and wash up."

"No, no," Archie said, "You've done enough. I'll do it while you chat with Mr. Whittier."

He and Pete began to gather plates and knives and forks.

Sarah said sweetly, "I wouldn't dream of stealing either of you away from our guest."

"It's perfectly all right," Pete said.

"I don't mind at all," Archie said, snatching up a butter plate toward which Pete had extended his hand.

Sarah's sly persistence prevailed. Archie and Pete went morosely into the living room with Whittier. "Well," Archie said, breathing deeply, "You strike me as a man who believes in early to bed and early to rise, Mr. Whittier."

"That's correct. Most of those old sayings have a lot of truth in them. Time is money. He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing. Never a good war or a bad peace. All Ben Franklin, of course."

Pete, falling into the spirit of quotation, said, "Good old Ben. Never leave till tomorrow and so forth. Penny wise, pound foolish."

"Not Franklin," Whittier said authoritatively. "The penny one is Robert Burton. Anatomy of Melancholy."

"Sorry."

"However, your reference to foolishness brings me back to your pamphlet. A pamphlet was destroyed; I will not believe otherwise."

Archie threw a despairing glance at Pete, as if imploring him to devise an explanation that satisfied the requirements of truth as well as expediency. "But . . ." he began.

"But what did it cost?" Whittier continued blandly. "A few thousand? My readers would not

react to such a pittance. It's been my experience that nothing less than around fifteen million causes serious irritation. In the aggregate, that is. A number of smaller examples that add up to fifteen million can do the job if corruption is mixed with waste."

"Nothing like that here," Pete said.

"Never," Archie said. "It couldn't happen. My part of the embassy budget is only a million and a half."

"A million four hundred and fifty-seven thousand," Whittier said casually.

Pete was growing tired of Whittier's omniscience. It was like a damp fog that obscured the landscape. "There must be something you don't know about us."

"Certainly. But you don't know what it is that I don't know."

Archie yawned and stretched, stealing a glance at his watch as his wrist emerged from his cuff. "Almost eight o'clock. The AWOS ladies' plane is due in an hour."

Whittier sucked a tooth with a faint whistling sound. "I wonder what the man's appeal is. All those women in all those posts."

Archie said reproachfully, "You said you didn't care about that."

"And I don't. I spoke only out of personal curiosity, which I never allow to interfere with business. Speaking of business, I ought to get back to the hotel. I have a big day tomorrow."

Archie sprang to his feet. "I'll call my driver. He can be here in a few minutes."

Whittier watched him scurry out of the room. "At my next stop I have a really impressive amount of squandered public funds to look into." He beamed with anticipation.

"That must be stimulating," Pete said.

"And they don't know I'm coming, of course."

Pete winced in sympathy for the embassy staff at Whittier's next stop. The comradely thing to do would be to send a telegram of warning. "Which post is that?"

"I told you I never tip my hand, Pendergast."

Archie reappeared. "He's on his way. It's been darn nice having you here, Mr. Whittier. Too bad you have to leave so early."

Pete was as eager as his boss not

to prolong their exposure to Hank Whittier's investigatory talents, but they still did not know what acts of official incompetence or malfeasance had led him to San Ramon. He had referred to one little thing. If he departed without their learning what it was, their ignorance would be like a bomb waiting to be exploded by an official cable from Washington demanding rebuttal of outrageous accusations in his column.

"Before you leave," he said, "how about telling us what it was that brought you to San Ramon? We're entitled to some advance warning."

"You think so, do you?"

"Well," Archie said, his eyes clouded by reluctance to delay Whittier's departure.

Whittier seemed to ponder how much he ought to reveal. "Let's say I came here about sard."

"What?"

"Sard. Also known as carnelian."

"I don't think I know them," Archie said. "Those don't sound like San Ramonian names."

"Rocks," Pete said dully. "He's telling us he came here about some kind of rocks."

"Gem stones," Whittier said. "I wouldn't waste my time on rocks."

Archie stared at him in bewildered apprehension. "We didn't do anything involving gems."

"Do you think I don't know that? You probably don't even know that only a few blocks from your office there's a shop with the best selection in this part of the world. I'll be leaving San Ramon with the prettiest hunk of sard you ever saw. He tried to sell me some second rate jasper but I let him know I was no amateur."

"And that's all?" Pete said. "That's why you came here?"

"When I travel I don't waste any motion, Pendergast. I knew about that piece of sard and now I've got it."

"Jesus Christ," Pete said.

Archie's face shone with enthusiastic relief. "I think that's fascinating."

"I'm thinking of moving into the precious stones. There's not much in the way of semi-precious I don't have, either in quantity or quality."

"I'll bet," Pete said.

"And so you came here and found your sard," Archie said hap-

pily. "I knew there was some simple explanation. We may make an occasional small mistake, being human you know, but I knew we hadn't done anything out of line."

"You burned that pamphlet."

Archie hesitated, then said stoutly, "As you said, that was a minor matter."

The headlights of a car flashed across the front windows. They walked to the door. "You know," Whittier said, "I learn quite a bit just by talking to people on a social basis. Sometimes they confirm what my sources have said without knowing they've given anything away."

"I could tell you don't miss much," Archie said.

Pete thought he knew what was coming. "And what did we give away?"

"Why, I'm sure there was nothing," Archie said, opening the door to the dark and sultry night.

The famous columnist moved his keen eyes from Archie to Pete and back again. "You think not?"

Archie's face twitched with alarm at the suggestion that Whittier might have breached the wall of discretion after all and was carrying away mysterious knowledge of unknown capacity to do harm. "If there was, for God's sake tell us, man."

"He's not going to," Pete said angrily. "Isn't that right, Whittier?"

The man known as the Destroyer, before whom all Washington trembled, gave a pleased little laugh. "Thanks for the meal," he said, running nimbly down the steps to Archie's official car.

The tail lights disappeared down the hill.


Archie said in a strangled tone: "What the devil could it be?"

"Maybe nothing. Maybe something. We'll have to wait and read about it in the papers."

"I knew you should have called him back and told him you were sick."

"He probably would have called you next."

"That's the trouble with them," Archie moaned. "They won't let you alone."

They went into the house. Archie slammed the door. "Goddamn it," he said with the passion of unrecognized virtue. "I hate not knowing what I've done wrong." 

"What we need are fewer politicians turned diplomats and more diplomats turned statesmen."

THE ARROGANCE OF SHOWBIZ DIPLOMACY

Representative Jim Leach of Iowa served as a Foreign Service officer from 1968 to 1972 with assignments to the Department, ACDA and the Director of OEO. He was active with AFSA and was responsible for an early AFSA study on Foreign Service pay comparability.

Elected to the House in 1976 and 1978, he has continued his active interest in foreign policy and the Foreign Service. Mr. Leach is the ranking minority member of the In-

ternational Trade Subcommittee of the Banking Committee and of the Civil Service Subcommittee. The latter Subcommittee has held extensive hearings with the International Operations Subcommittee of the Foreign Affairs Committee on the Foreign Service Act of 1979.

Mr. Leach's interest in the Foreign Service goes well beyond personnel and administrative topics, as the following article, written for newspapers in his home district, amply illustrates.

Several months ago, George Ball, the highly respected former undersecretary of state, wrote an article in the *Washington Post* in which he described current trends in the conduct of American foreign policy as "showbiz diplomacy."

Referring to Henry Kissinger's famous practice of shuttle diplomacy in the Middle East in 1973 and 1974, Ball spoke of the world being "entertained by America's 'miracle worker' flying like Superman between Middle Eastern capitals, while press and television breathlessly reported" his every move.

And in recent months, Ball noted, we have seen two examples of "the Prima Donna as Diplomat"

as Andrew Young and Robert Strauss publicly displayed their disdain for accepted diplomatic practice.

Young's service as American ambassador to the United Nations was hallmarked by frequent indiscreet public remarks. At the time of his resignation in August, Young admitted he had deliberately misled the secretary of state on his meeting with the PLO observer to the United Nations. Young said he hadn't lied: "I just didn't tell the whole truth." Diplomatic truth, Young implied, has no bearing to real truth; nor to administration loyalty.

Young's meeting had been in direct contravention of long-standing

US policy not to hold political discussions with PLO officials. His actions reflected the frustrations of a politician turned diplomat. They are not unique.

As President Carter's special envoy for Middle East negotiations, Robert Strauss confided to reporters aboard his aircraft last August that he had been assigned a "Mission Impossible." Strauss let it be known that he had opposed the instructions for his visits to Egypt and Israel but had been overruled by the president on the advice of the secretary of state and the national security advisor.

If he was unhappy with policy, Strauss, like Young, should have resigned rather than so severely undercutting the authority of the president and the secretary of state. Amateurish efforts to undertake personal diplomacy perplex other governments, leaving them to wonder not only who is in charge of our foreign policy but sometimes in doubt as to what our foreign policy is.

American national interests are better protected when diplomacy is institutionalized with the Department of State and the secretary of state preeminent in managing foreign policy. There is an inherent danger when our diplomatic activities are fragmented among several foreign policy spokesmen and special interests.

There have been too many examples in recent years of special envoys and the president's national security assistant working independently of the Department of State. Reflecting on his experience



Jim Leach

as one who worked the system both ways, Henry Kissinger recently acknowledged before a House Subcommittee hearing on the proposed Foreign Service Act of 1979, that there are dangers in the Department of State not having full authority in foreign affairs. He testified that negotiators should be under the direction of the secretary of state and that the national security assistant should act as a "traffic cop" for the president and "not as somebody that foreign governments perceive as a rival source of influence."

With today's rapid communications and jet travel, we have forgotten the virtues of traditional diplomatic negotiations. Experienced diplomats can often mediate, maneuver and negotiate with considerably more success than a high level political envoy. A traditional diplomat can work away from the glare of media attention and devote the time necessary to troublesome negotiations outside the confines of press deadlines. He or she can quietly propose initiatives, which if turned down, can serve as a constructive basis for later agreement.

Personalized diplomacy, on the other hand, too easily lends itself to a high stakes response if it fails. Like poker players whose bluff was called, Kissinger and Nixon were psychologically forced to escalate the war in Vietnam in a costly effort to force the North Vietnamese to complete negotiations.

Unfortunately, instead of utilizing quiet diplomatic tools, we have in recent years too often engaged the prestige of the president or one of his principal advisors in meetings with foreign leaders when the results of negotiations were far from certain. In the process, our ambassadors have been turned into mere messengers and social secretaries for visiting dignitaries. The in-depth knowledge of the country, its language and leaders, that they and their career staffs possess has been overshadowed by the influence of domestic politicians and pressure groups and the egos of political personalities whose sense of self-esteem and concern for electoral survival carries greater weight than the national interest.

A case in point is the recent Cuban crisis. Incompletely evaluated intelligence relating to Soviet activities in Cuba was peremptorily

released by a senator floundering on his reelection campaign. President Carter mistakenly personalized as well as legitimized the issue, and in failing to cause the Soviets to back down, produced a diplomatic debacle. Suddenly the score on Soviet-US confrontations on Cuba was evened out—John Kennedy-1; Nikita Khrushchev-0; Leonid Brezhnev-1; Jimmy Carter-0. The US preeminence in the Caribbean has effectively been undercut by weak leadership, not by any substantive change in power relations.

The personalizing of diplomacy contributes to the politicization of foreign policy. It exacerbates the

"While he still defends his shuttle diplomacy in the Middle East, even Kissinger now claims he is against the overuse of this technique."

tendency for senators and congressmen—as well as non-elected leaders like Jesse Jackson—to think they are ambassadors, and for politicians to act out diplomatic drama before nationwide television audiences.

The ultimate practitioner of personal diplomacy has probably been Henry Kissinger. His clandestine visits to Peking, Moscow and Paris were at times arranged without the knowledge of either the State Department or our diplomats on the scene. The highly publicized disengagement agreements he helped negotiate between Israel and Egypt required twelve trips to the Middle East and resulted in very substantial American monetary, military and political commitments to both countries at little cost to either.

While he still defends his shuttle diplomacy in the Middle East, even Kissinger now claims he is against overuse of this technique. In his recent House Subcommittee testimony, Kissinger acknowledged that not all problems lend themselves to the win-or-lose demands of personalized diplomacy. As a general proposition, he stated that

high officials should not travel unless sure of the outcome of their trip. Kissinger described shuttle diplomacy as risky because the prestige of a senior American official and the United States is at stake and "if you fail at it, you have produced a major setback."

One of the reasons, it seems to me, for such visible involvement of our political leaders in international negotiations comes from the desire of presidents and their principal representatives to leave their personal mark on international affairs. Richard Nixon so wanted to end our isolation from Mainland China that he ordered Kissinger to Peking without consulting our most important Asian ally, Japan. Jimmy Carter properly placed peace in the Middle East at the top of his foreign policy agenda, but with enormous naiveté originally demanded a single comprehensive solution, with the Soviets allowed to play a principal role at the bargaining table. And in a rush to recognize Mainland China, he forgot to give notification of intent to Taiwan, thus shaking the confidence of a long-time ally.

While personal presidential involvement in foreign policy has sometimes benefited American interests, this has not always been the case. The scurry to fill up a chapter in the history books with personal "firsts" often dictates short-term solutions to complex issues which require protracted efforts to resolve. Witness the original euphoria that greeted the results of Jimmy Carter's Camp David Accords. Little indication was given that a single tentative agreement was not likely to end centuries of religious and political discord.

At a time when the predominant role of the United States in the world is so desperately being challenged, America needs more than ever to have a strong, well understood diplomacy.

Diplomacy, like politics, is the art of the possible. But what is possible depends on the quality of our diplomatic techniques as well as our diplomats.

What we need are fewer politicians turned diplomats and more diplomats turned statesmen. The limits of power must not be accentuated by the arrogance of leadership.





Magician Jonathan Steigman, son of Meryl Steigman, first VP of AAFSW, performs for an appreciative audience.



Stamp corner at the Bookfair with Mary Lyne, chairperson, standing at center.

BOOKFAIR 79



Left to right, Lesley Dorman, president, AAFSW, Gay Vance, honorary president, AAFSW and Elizabeth Kiss, Merit Award winner. Below and at right, scenes at the Bookfair.

Preliminary figures indicate that BOOKFAIR 79 will come close to equalling the record profit made last year by BOOKFAIR 78. We do know for sure that lots of customers, aided by lots of Volunteers, bought lots of books, stamps, records and art objects. Collectors' Corner, under Naomi Brown, accounted for a large share of the sales.

BOOKFAIR 79 opened Friday, October 12, with Family Night, ably organized by Harriet Galbraith. She arranged to have movies for the youngsters, along with Mr. Jonathan (Steigman), the magician, and Mr. Hudnall, the clown with the balloons. The cafeteria remained open until 8:30 p.m. so families could have supper between bouts of shopping. And, as usual, the halls echoed to the





Dolly Barger, chairperson of the Art Corner, with Mary Hodge, assistant chairperson, during a rare slow period.

sound of happy reunions as old friends found each other after long separations.

Before everyone became too engrossed in book buying Lesley Dorman, AAFSW President, presented a small gift to Elizabeth Kiss, representing all Merit Scholarship winners. Elizabeth, a freshman at Davidson College, has the highest SAT scores of any applicant. Ambassador Horace G. Torbert, Jr., Chairman of the AFSA Scholarship Committee, also spoke briefly.

By the time BOOKFAIR closed on Saturday, October 20, approximately 200 volunteers had been involved, some for only a few hours, others nearly every day. They kept the shelves stocked and in order, checked books for customers off in search of more to buy, assisted in



Jacqueline Floyd, in charge of language books, with assistant Katia de Jarnette.

Collectors' Corner and Art Corner, and found themselves answering dozens of questions. Betty Haselton's corps of cashiers took in the thousands of dollars which will go to the Scholarship Fund and those community projects in the District of Columbia which are aided by AAFSW.

For the first time in its nineteen years BOOKFAIR had the advantage of a regular Book Room Supervisor throughout the year. Marlen Neumann organized the work so that more books were processed with less confusion than in the past. Molly Beyer will now assume responsibility as Book Room Supervisor. Molly has worked there regularly and has also been Volunteer Chairperson for the past two years.

Also for the first time an attempt



was made to record attendance and it was discovered that on most days more than 1000 people came.

In an attempt to move books, spot sales were announced at intervals throughout the week, unopened boxes were sold for \$2 each, and prices in all categories were reduced. But the most popular sale of all occurred on the final day, when Collectors' Corner gave a 20% discount and customers in the main area were invited to "buy all the books you can carry in a bag for \$2.00."

The BOOKFAIR 79 Committee wishes to thank all those in the Department who helped with the arrangements, especially Visual Services and General Services, whose personnel provided signs, posters, material and strong backs to help set up and dismantle the shelves.



A Diplomat's Viewpoint

JACK PERRY

As I write, we are getting ready to leave, in a little over a month, for assignment overseas.

I sit at the familiar desk, in the living room of our familiar home in Arlington, and I look out the window at the familiar view, and I feel a familiar coldness take my heart.

This will be our fourth move in five years; our eleventh assignment in the Service; our fifth posting abroad; Betsy's twenty-sixth lifetime move (she being an army daughter with the misfortune to marry a diplomat).

The coldness in my heart comes first of all because I know the many, many things to be done before we set foot in our new abode in Bulgaria. I know all too well the psychic toll, the dislocation, the money spent and never recoverable, the pulling up of roots by the whole family, the myriad new janglings of the nerve-ends involved in packing, hanging pictures, learning how to buy milk in Sofia, learning new faces—and so on.

But I am, after all, a professional wanderer, a gypsy of career, and with God's help and Betsy's, I will make this move.

Still the coldness remains on my heart, and it has a vaster look than moving. It is the look of the unknown. It is not knowing how long we will be gone, or where we will go next, whether retirement or a graceful new assignment awaits, whether I will ever sit at this desk, in this room, with this view, again.

Wait, I tell myself. You are not chilled inside because of moving, or even because of the Foreign Service. You are not afraid of Bulgaria, or what might come after. You are simply afraid of the future, and all mortals share that fear. It

does not take assignment abroad to make the future fearsome.

Perhaps, I reply, but there is something about continuity, about staying in one place, about settled habits of life, that pushes shadows back and makes mortality more tolerable. The curse of the diplomatic life is that it strips your defenses—those defenses of habit and routine and accepted patterns of thought—and puts you face to face with the unsettling, unanswerable questions. If I leave this desk, this room, this town, I must enter a new place filled with discomforting new thoughts.

Continuing this inner dialogue, I reach back for comfort and assurance to the lessons of my childhood. I try to look this monster of the Unknown in the face and recognize in it all those neighborly fears we all grew up with, and all endure to the end. I tell myself that if the Foreign Service puts me face to face with the need to get through the day, then it is doing me a great service. Open eyes cannot be a curse, even if the light hurts.

I remember the hymn we sang when I was growing up, in which God tells the wayfarer:

In every condition,
In sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale,
And abounding in wealth,
At home, and abroad,
On the land, on the sea:
As thy days shall demand
Shall thy strength ever be.

Now there is a great triteness to the idea of living each day at a time, whether in Arlington or Sofia. One cannot say it fresh. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Or the eternal vision of Horace, *carpe diem*, "Pluck the day." It has been said too often, and each person must learn it for himself.

Yet as I sit here, somewhat afraid, facing the future—facing those terrible packing crates and worse—I sense dimly that it is better to face what may be coming than to try to hide from it. The Foreign Service grips my head, and turns my eyes on whatever life I am capable of seeing. I am glad for that, even while it hurts.

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Book Notes

Coup or Counter Coup in Iran

The November *Foreign Service Journal* contained two reviews of *Counter Coup: The Struggle for the Control of Iran* (McGraw Hill 1979), the book in which Kermit Roosevelt describes the events leading up to the overthrow of Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh, prime minister of Iran, in 1953. At the time the reviews appeared, Iran was again the center of crisis and the sudden disappearance of the book was submerged in the takeover of the embassy and the fate of the hostages.

It now appears that any reader whose appetite for inside information about how we got into the present mess was whetted by the reviews will have to ferret out one of the two hundred advance copies still in existence. The rest of the first printing of 7500 has been withdrawn from sale by the publisher, shredded and irrevocably expunged. The reasons are somehow

emblematic of the whole US involvement in Iran—a tangle of false assumptions, deception and overconfidence. Here are the facts as we know them.

In late 1952 the CIA began to conspire with a few supporters of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi to unseat the elderly and erratic Dr. Mossadegh and replace him with a nominee of the shah's own choosing. The action was originally undertaken at the behest of the British who were seeking to revoke the nationalization a few months earlier of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (AIOC). But the plot soon developed a CIA life of its own after the new Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, the new Director of Central Intelligence, Allen Dulles, and others in the Eisenhower administration became convinced that Dr. Mossadegh was about to drag his country into the Soviet orbit. Kermit Roosevelt was put in charge of the operation and the book purports to be a first-hand and accurate account of how he successfully accomplished his mission. (The title, incidentally is sup-

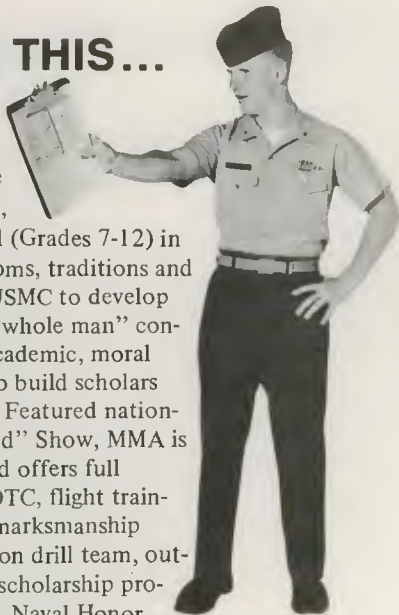
posed to emphasize the reactive nature of the undertaking—restoration of the shah to the Peacock throne from which he was being pushed by his demented old mentor. Since the shah was at no time deposed—except by his own incontinent flight during the crisis—this caption is misleading at best.)

In recounting the active participation of the British in both planning and executing the operation, the author included under disguised names several of their more important agents. These were not however designated as such but rather represented throughout to be executives of AIOC, a company now merged into the larger multinational entity of British Petroleum (BP). Upon reading an advance copy of *Counter Coup* the management of BP became understandably disturbed: a history of assisting the CIA to overthrow governments does not provide their exploration teams and resident representatives in the Third World with glowing credentials, especially if blatantly untrue. The company

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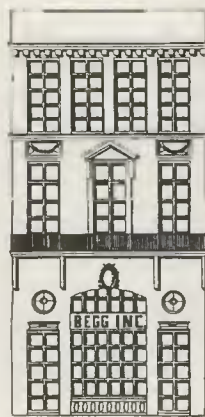
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threatened suit and McGraw Hill, with worldwide bank balances from the sale of its textbooks and other publications, hastily called back all traceable copies.

Author and publisher have promised to re-issue *Counter Coup* in revised form in the spring. But they now face something of a dilemma. The first version occasioned the British Foreign Office a certain amount of embarrassment by mentioning Sir Patrick Dean and other officials by name or function as having collaborated with Allen Dulles, General Bedell Smith, and other CIA personalities in the early phase of the operation. If the author now substitutes British intelligence for AIOC wherever that identification appears he will compound official British involvement and run the risk of provoking official British denials. On the other hand if he weakens the text with further euphemisms and false identities he will destroy whatever flavor of authenticity remains. Either way, credibility will suffer.

Apart from these problems, the book would be improved by infor-

mation and insights from other sources. The perspectives of the author were limited throughout the operation. He spent most of his clandestine visits to Iran in hiding. He admittedly knew little or no Farsi. There is no indication that he has since made any systematic effort to check his recollection or fill out gaps by interviews with surviving American and Iranian participants, even if necessarily limited to persons resident in Europe or America. Some form of corroboration would seem essential in this case, since a careful reading of the book reveals that in fact Mr. Roosevelt did nothing more than provide the shah and the Iranian ringleaders with about \$100,000 in local currency and assurances of American moral support. Execution of the plot—which boiled down to the dismissal of Dr. Mossadegh by the shah and the appointment of a more compliant successor—was an Iranian action throughout.

Perhaps the next version will also reflect more credit on the CIA and the Eisenhower administra-

tion, though the facts are difficult to get around. The last version gave no really satisfactory rationale for this covert intervention in Iranian affairs. The reconstructed dialogues of the internal deliberations of the US government reveal not a shred of serious evaluation of either the Iranian situation or the long-term interests of the United States, and often border on the frivolous. There is no reference to any imminent Soviet threat, and in fact the author jocularly speculates that, apart from the Tudeh party, the number of actual Soviet agents in Iran was no larger than the half-dozen Americans. To the extent that Dr. Mossadegh is depicted in other than caricature, he emerges as nationalist to the core and right wing to boot. The picture unconsciously conveyed by the author of the Iranian conspirators is one of appalling mediocrity—not a well-respected Iranian political figure or professional man in the lot, only rich merchant's sons and palace generals.

The United States is now reaping the whirlwind from the CIA's little

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"money" ways . . .*



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caper. We got a quarter-century respite from the storm of Islamic nationalism, but the explosion when it came was all the more violent. In our indiscriminate support of the shah we once again demonstrated our inability to discriminate between friendly relations in the correct diplomatic sense and effusive embrace of a local despot. But at least we can console ourselves that the next edition of *Counter Coup* will be out in time to help us while away the hours in the spring gas lines.

CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.

Bookshelf

Solution for Memoirs

RÜCKBLENDE (FLASHBACKS), by Wilhelm G. Grewe. Frankfurt, Propylaen Verlag, DM 68.

Ambassadors ought not to write memoirs unless they are entertaining, so that they may serve as suitable reading material for the beach or airplanes, or unless they provide important new material for dip-

lomatic historians. Unfortunately, Ambassador Grewe's 800-page memoirs meet neither of these criteria. On the contrary, their defensiveness provides a good case for changing the State Department's practice of permitting only former ambassadors access to their files and denying access to senior officials of the Department.

Ambassador Grewe, a former international law professor, served as the Federal Republic's Ambassador to Washington (1957-62), NATO (1962-71) and Tokyo (1971-76) and also published a standard history of post-war German foreign policy in 1965.

Old German hands will be particularly interested in the detailed accounts of Grewe's role in the ill-fated MLF (multilateral force) and the return of the German war assets negotiations. In both situations Grewe made misjudgments. In the former he misjudged the mood of the Congress and in the latter his legalistic reports to Bonn laid the basis for an all or nothing negotiating stance with the result that no agreement was achieved, in either

negotiation.

Grewe's legalistic and generally tough approach to East-West negotiations also resulted in his celebrated sudden transfer from Washington in May 1962. Characteristically, he defensively denies any lack of rapport with President Kennedy and his staff and blames his recall on Adenauer's petulance. Yet the humorlessness and the vanity of these memoirs tend to vindicate Adenauer's judgment that he was not a suitable emissary to Kennedy's Camelot.

Despite Grewe's view of the role of ambassadors as policy-maker, the multiplicity of both governmental and private German-American contacts at all levels chronicled here make it obvious that the role of an ambassador has changed. It may be that long tenure in top ambassadorial posts encourages the writing of lengthy, self-serving memoirs. My solution to this would be to limit diplomats to only one major ambassadorship, after which they would be eligible for early retirement.

—CHARLES R. FOSTER

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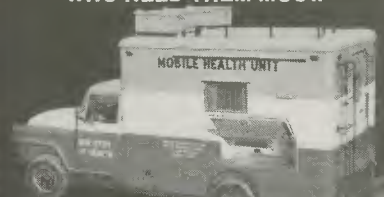
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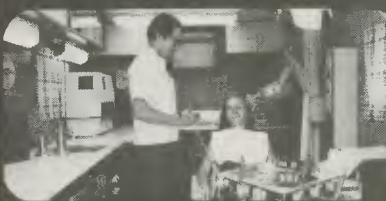
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Still A Strange Case

A TISSUE OF LIES: NIXON V. HISS, by Morton Levitt and Michael Levitt. McGraw-Hill, \$14.95

The strange case of Alger Hiss will simply not fade away. Partly because it bears all the earmarks of a Dreyfus Case, and partly because the early career of Richard Nixon was inextricably bound up in it, the prosecution of Alger Hiss engaged the sympathies of a generation.

Hiss was tried and convicted of perjury—specifically for telling a congressional committee that, after a certain date, he had had no contact with an ex-communist agent named Whittaker Chambers, later a talented and well-known editor of *Time*. However, the real reason for his relentless pursuit by the right-wing was that he was suspected of being a communist sympathizer during his years in the Department.

Despite Hiss's conviction and an accumulation of controversial evidence indicating that Hiss had indeed removed classified papers from the department and kept up continuing and inexplicable associations with members of the communist underground, it has always

been an article of faith in the corpus of liberal political theology that Hiss was framed. The FBI may well have reconstructed the crucial typewriter, and Hiss would probably not be convicted today on the type of evidence presented. Moreover, the sentence handed out was absurdly out of proportion to the specific offense of perjury. None of this settles the question whether Chambers told the truth when he swore under oath that Hiss had been a Communist agent.

A few years ago a lawyer named Allen Weinstein wrote a book called *Perjury* in which he came to the reluctant conclusion that not only was Hiss indeed an ex-communist, but was guilty as charged. Now comes a father-and-son team—Dr. Morton Levitt and Michael Levitt—who have painstakingly set out to demolish the evidentiary train by which Mr. Weinstein reached his tentative verdict. One important point they make is that Hiss seemed to go out of his way to draw congressional fire, in an attempt to make his prosecutors look foolish. But all they succeed in proving is that Hiss

may have been convicted on the basis of flimsy and perhaps fabricated evidence—not that he was innocent of the larger charge of having served a foreign master while in a position of trust.

—CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.
Heart of Indo-China

A TURNING WHEEL, by Robert Shaplen. Random House, \$15.

This may turn out to be the last full-length book on East Asia by old Asian hand Robert Shaplen, who returned to the United States in 1978 after 34 years of covering the massive process of change which he has witnessed in the Far East since the closing phases of World War II. He terms this latest book kaleidoscopic, and well he might, as he discusses the high points of the political, economic, and social history of Indo-China, Thailand, Burma, Malaysia, Singapore, the Philippines, Indonesia, Korea, and Japan in 381 pages. (China was left out as being too big a subject to compress.) Any one of these countries could reasonably have absorbed a book of equal length. As in other books by Bob Shaplen, the text is well-written,

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well-researched, and there is plenty of food for thought and reflection. *A Turning Wheel* (his metaphor for the continuing revolutionary process in East Asia) is an excellent book for those new to the area and a highly valuable reference for the old hands who want dates, facts, and names presented correctly. There are a few flaws: Cambodian specialist David Chandler is called an Australian (he is American and an ex-FSO, though he teaches at Monash University near Melbourne); Thai reserves of natural gas are stated to be about four trillion thermal units (should be four trillion cubic feet); Burma is stated to have received four American helicopters for anti-narcotics programs (Burma has received 18, including two replacements.).

Indo-China took the heart out of Bob Shaplen, as well it might have. He always thought the American effort in South Vietnam would fail, and it did. But at least this Indo-China specialist doubts that this had to be. In human affairs few things are truly inevitable.

—THOMAS F. CONLON

"Take It Away"

THE OLD PATAGONIAN EXPRESS, by Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin, \$11.95.

Paul Theroux's previous travel book, *The Great Railway Bazaar*, was a big success. And so, having "nothing better to do," he wrote a sequel, this time describing a journey by train from New York to Patagonia.

The Old Patagonian Express has been intensively promoted: numerous book reviews, and interviews with Theroux in the *Washington Post* and the *Washington Star*. And some of the passages in the book are scintillating: a riotous soccer match between Mexico and El Salvador; the regimented life of the Panama Canal "Zonian"; and an oh-so-literary conversation with Jorge Luis Borges, the Argentine writer.

But even Theroux can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. From his train window, Theroux saw and recorded how the other 90 percent live in Latin America. Discomfort followed discomfort along a long trail of distress and poverty.

Theroux describes many people, many sights, and many countries that he apparently really didn't like. The reader can be glad that it was Theroux who took this trip—and wrote this book.

—DAVID LINEBAUGH

Warp and Woof

THE TEXTILE WRANGLE: *Conflict in Japanese-American Relations, 1969-1971*, by I. M. Destler, Haruhiro Fukui, Hideo Sato. Cornell University Press. \$19.50.

The Nixon administration had two big problems with Japan - on what basis to return Okinawa to Japanese control and how to limit Japanese textile imports into the United States. This readable book by a group of Brookings experts, who have done several studies on relations with Japan, tells us all we need to know - and perhaps more - about the textile issue and draws the moral from the tale that Nixon made a mistake by linking it with Okinawa and pressing Prime Minister Sato for more than he could deliver, thus causing bad feelings on both sides. The book is a first-class study of foreign economic policy, a



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field that pundits enter upon too rarely.

An intriguing aspect of the book, especially to one who was working on Japanese affairs at the time, is its discussion of Dr. Kissinger's deal with a secret emissary from Sato on textile imports. Kissinger's memoirs now tell us that he and the emissary also made a deal on what their two principals should say publicly about the removal of American nuclear weapons from Okinawa. We kept our part of the deal, Japan got Okinawa back nuclear-free, but the Japanese reneged on textiles, and it took two more agonizing years before a textile agreement was reached.

The identity of the Japanese emissary is not revealed in the Brookings study or the Kissinger memoirs. One wonders if the Deep Throat syndrome of stalking behind unnamed and mysterious sources may now be permeating serious historical analyses. Kissinger calls the textile bargaining "a case of low comedy, frustration, and near fiasco." It certainly damaged relations with Japan, and one can con-

fidently say in retrospect that a more bureaucratic and less clandestine approach would have avoided a lot of this grief.

—RICHARD B. FINN

A Village in China

THE FIELD OF LIFE AND DEATH AND TALES OF HULAN RIVER, by Hsiao Hung. Indiana University Press, \$14.95.

The Field of Life and Death was seen in 1935 as an attack on Japanese imperialism in China. Yet, it is even more a realistic depiction of the lives of Chinese peasants, brutalized by poverty and enslaved by a rigid, patriarchal system. Setting: a Manchurian rural village in the 1930s; Cast: rapacious landlords, brutal husbands and finally Japanese invaders.

Tales of Hulan River (1940) expands upon the peasants' plight and the women's oppression. It centers upon the barbaric treatment of the twelve-year-old child bride, married to the youngest son of a rich local family.

"Her subjects are rural, her eye withering and feminist and not terribly forgiving. . . (S)arcastically, biliously, (she) presents the hell of village life." (*Kirkus Reviews*, 4/15/79).

Professors Howard Goldblatt and Ellen Yeung of San Francisco State University convey, in their creative, sensitive translations, the felicity of Hsiao Hung's style and the vividness of her descriptions:

"The mountain snow blown by the wind seemed to want to bury this little house near the hill. The trees howled; the wind and snow swooped down on the little house. A wind-swept tree on the hillside toppled over. The winter moon, fearful of being shattered by all that pandemonium, retreated to the edge of the sky."

What Hsiao Hung wrote, before her death at 30, was not so much two short novels as an unorthodox autobiography—in keeping with her lonely, tragic life. In her words, ". . . (F)or those whose lives are at Heaven's mercy, who hasn't experienced Heaven's wrath?"

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

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A Good, If Losing, Cause

ANNALS OF AN ABIDING LIBERAL, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, \$12.95.

Professor Galbraith is on his way to becoming a kind of Isaac Asimov of economics. He is not, perhaps, in sight of Asimov's total of over 200 books—the work under review is only the 20th title in his list of works—but he is not slowing down either. Where it will all end, God knows. For certainly he must already have another 20 or 30 other books similar to this one in varying stages of completion—further collections of miscellaneous pieces originally appearing in such diverse publications as *Playboy*, *Esquire*, and *The Journal of Economic Issues*.

There is not much a reviewer can say about books of this kind. One is either already persuaded, as I am, that the author is on target and fighting in a good, if losing cause. Or one never will be persuaded. Since readers of the *Foreign Service Journal* are rather more likely, I expect, to be among the unpersuaded—Professor Galbraith, al-

though an AFSA member, calls himself a socialist, and this must be enough to make his views deeply suspect—let me at least recommend his *Annals of an Abiding Liberal* as agreeable bedtime reading. The chapters are short, his writing is as agreeable as ever, and the range of topics wide enough to offer something for every taste.

But reviewers must also be critical, so let me add a couple of marginal qualifications to an otherwise uncritically complimentary treatment of our author's oeuvre. First, I would encourage him to stop being so polite to his enemies. It is all to the good that he makes hurtful observations from time to time about the chairmen of Arco and Exxon, of ITT and General Motors. But surely, considering the elevated economic and social circles he travels in, Professor Galbraith could pick up and pass on to us rather more really damaging material about the doings of such people than he has so far given us.

And finally, I would welcome more light on the Galbraith persona itself. We hunger to know more

about the inner Galbraith. Can we not have a little Boswellian detail about his uncertainties and doubts, if any? We would not want his name to live on only in histories of political economy. For our author is a peculiarly interesting man of our time—a kind of late 20th century jet set Veblen unaccountably as smoothly at home in an embassy residence as in a strategy session of the Americans for Democratic Action, in the ski lodges at Gstaad as in the faculty rooms at Cambridge. The story of how he has managed it, and at what cost, might persuade generations of new readers of the enduring justness of his views long after his contemporaries are mostly forgotten. And this is something we know he would be glad to carry off!

—THOMAS A. DONOVAN

"Moreover, if a man be advanced largely at once, there will not only be little room left for his further promotion, but that little room will seem less when measured upon the scale to which his ambition will now expand itself; for he who has once advanced by a stride will not be content to advance afterwards by steps. Public servants, like race horses, should be well fed with reward, but not to fatness."—Henry Taylor, THE STATESMAN

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SOCIAL ORGANIZATION OF THE DIPLOMATIC COMMUNITY

from page 19

too high." For his part, Roosevelt displayed an almost contemptuous indifference to the State Department and the Foreign Service. He considered career diplomats "fossilized bureaucrats," frivolous dilettantes and reactionaries. According to one careerist, Roosevelt believed that the road to minister or ambassador could be traveled by anyone who remained loyal to the service, offended no one and exercised a reasonable degree of sobriety at public functions.

Of course, Secretary of State Hull was not unsympathetic to the grievances of the service. Unfortunately, he could offer little more than understanding. In the first place, his energies were almost totally invested in programs to promote international trade. In addition, he was by nature a procrastinator and disliked involvement in controversial issues. More importantly, Hull had little influence on Roosevelt. Indeed, he was not

shown the crucial Lend-Lease bill, which provided wartime aid to Great Britain, until four hours prior to its introduction in Congress. Having been bypassed by Roosevelt in favor of Undersecretary Sumner Welles and presidential advisor Harry Hopkins, on at least one occasion, he seriously considered resigning his office.

Although Roosevelt sustained the trend to appoint chiefs of mission from the ranks of career diplomats, he continued to save the most important European posts—London, Paris, Rome, Berlin—as political plums for worthy campaign contributors and political friends, a practice careerists feared would destroy the service. And the professionals he did appoint had little role to play in the conduct of foreign affairs, since he preferred to rely on hand-picked emissaries to deal with important foreign-policy questions. "[Roosevelt] had little or no understanding for a disciplined hierarchical organization," George Kennan explained. "He had a highly personal view of diplomacy, imported from his

domestic political triumphs. His approach to foreign policy was basically histrionic, with the American political public as his audience. Foreign Service officers were of little use to him in this respect."

As demoralized as they were, it is not surprising that a number of diplomats quit the service. However, the overwhelming majority did not leave. This was due partly to the strength of their career commitment, but more importantly to the supportive ties of the diplomatic community, which eased their frustrations, anxieties and disappointments. But the more accustomed diplomats became to their lives of self-imposed exile, the more they felt estranged from their own country. Still, despite their feelings of cultural disconnectedness, it was comforting for them to know that their colleagues understood and shared their misfortunes. In a way, noted one careerist, Foreign Service officers secretly enjoyed their martyrdom, and rather derived a masochistic pleasure from it.



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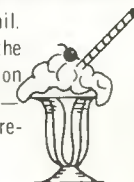
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UP THE KARAKORAM HIGHWAY TO HUNZA

from page 22

Hunza River, which flows into the Indus south of Gilgit. Every square foot of arable land ascending from the river is terraced and planted with fruit trees—apricot, cherry, peach and mulberry. Above the irrigated orchards the arid and rocky foothills merge into snow-covered giants. Turning a bend in the road we were overwhelmed by one particular peak. According to the map it must have been Rakaposhi (25,550 feet).

The mountain reminded me of George Scott Robertson, appointed at the age of 24 in 1895 as surgeon to the British agent in Gilgit. The agency was established to counter Russian interest in Hunza. When the agent was wounded in one of the tribal wars so common to the area, Robertson took over. He later lived for a year in the wilds of eastern Afghanistan, learned the dialects and vividly described a way of life previously unknown to Westerners. On his first view of

Rakaposhi:

Beyond this again were the dark mountain ranges of the gloomy Gilgit region, divided by equally somber ravines, while the eternal snows of the lovely Rakhpushi, calm and brooding, with a single cloud pennon streaming from its solitary peak, completed a background of surpassing beauty.

We abandoned the car a mile or two from Karimabad because only a jeep could navigate on the path which zigzagged up the mountain. We walked. Children watching goats and sheep on the steep hillside rushed over to have a better look at us. There wasn't much to see on top—a few stalls selling vegetables with plots of wheat and apricot trees covering all the usable land. We said hello to a farmer who, with his wife and son, was working in a field.

"How old are you?" he wanted to know. We discussed all of our ages and how much younger everyone looked than one would suppose. Hunza is famous for the longevity of its natives due, according to one theory, to the water or the apricots.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century the valley was famous as the home of brigands and kidnapers. Important guests invited by the mir, or semi-feudal potentate, often received—it is said—a present of a man or boy kidnapped from a neighboring valley. They then could be sold for a sheep or pelt.

In 1889 a British agent reached Hunza with only five Gurkha troops. He admonished the mir, "The Queen of England was naturally very angry at her subjects being raided and has sent me to see their chief and come to some arrangement with him by which they could be stopped."

No attempt was made to exchange us for a sheepskin and we continued north on the Karakoram. A few miles down the road we were stopped by a barrier manned by a single soldier. A sign left no room for argument: "No foreigners allowed beyond this point." China was only 30 miles away but it could have been 3,000. Someday, when the road is open all the way, we'll have to come back and check on the price of Mao caps in Sinkiang.

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SECOND CAREER

Margaret P. Hays, who retired from the Foreign Service in 1964, has a long list of activities since that date. After doing social science research at American University for a year and a half, she returned to her home town of Gainesville, Texas. Since then she has been active with the Cooke County Heritage Society, helping to develop a county historical museum. In addition she served as director of the Cooke County Mental Health Center from 1972 until 1978. Ms. Hays was one of three Distinguished Alumni honored at a North Texas State University banquet in October.

Foreign Service People

Deaths

Handley. William J. Handley, retired ambassador, died on November 4 in Portland, Oregon. Mr. Handley entered on duty with the State Department in 1944 and joined the Foreign Service in 1945, serving at Cairo, Istanbul, and New Delhi before transferring to USIA in 1953. He served as ambassador to Mali from 1961 to 1964, and as ambassador to Turkey from 1969 to 1973. Mr. Handley was made Career Minister in 1973. His last assignment before his retirement in 1974 was as senior adviser to the

secretary of international narcotics matters. At the time of his death he was visiting professor of international relations and ambassador-in-residence at Lewis and Clark College. He is survived by his wife, Loretta.

Hinton. Miren de Aretxabala Hinton, wife of FSO Deane R. Hinton, died on November 6 in Washington. She served with her husband in Washington, Kinshasa and the US Mission to the European Community at Brussels. Mrs. Hinton leaves in addition to her husband, of 2737 Devonshire Place, N.W., Washington, D. C. 2008, five children, Pedro, Guillerme, Amaya Miren, Maria Luisa and Juan Jose. She is also survived by her father, Don Pedro de Aretxabala, and a brother, Don Kepa de Aretxabala, both of Santiago Chile, and by a sister, Begonia Yaeger, wife of the AID director to Peru. Memorial contributions may be made to the American Cancer Society.

Rogers. Dulcie Mary Rogers, wife of FSO-retired Jordan Thomas Rogers, died by drowning on October 13 at Chesapeake Beach, Maryland. Born in London, Mrs. Rogers served as a volunteer ambulance driver in the Battle of Britain in 1940. Later, as a member of the WRAF, she monitored German Luftwaffe pilot radio conversations, reporting these to the British Air Command for tracking. She accompanied her first husband, Malcolm J. T. Nicholson, then an officer in the British diplomatic service, to assignments in Belgium, Hungary, the United States and Spain. Upon marriage to her surviving husband in 1977, she returned to the United States. In addition to her husband of 148 Old Ford Drive, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011, she is survived by three children, Marian Nicholson of London, Hilary Nicholson of Kingston, Jamaica, and Patricia Parsons of Lisle, Illinois, a brother and four stepdaughters.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The *Journal's* editorial in December, 1954 on "The Davies Case" said in part:

"So long, therefore, as the Executive Order on 'Security' leads to this intermingling of standards bearing on the old problem of competence with those pertaining to the problem of communist subversion, everyone is a potential security risk and thus a potential candidate for humiliating public disgrace."

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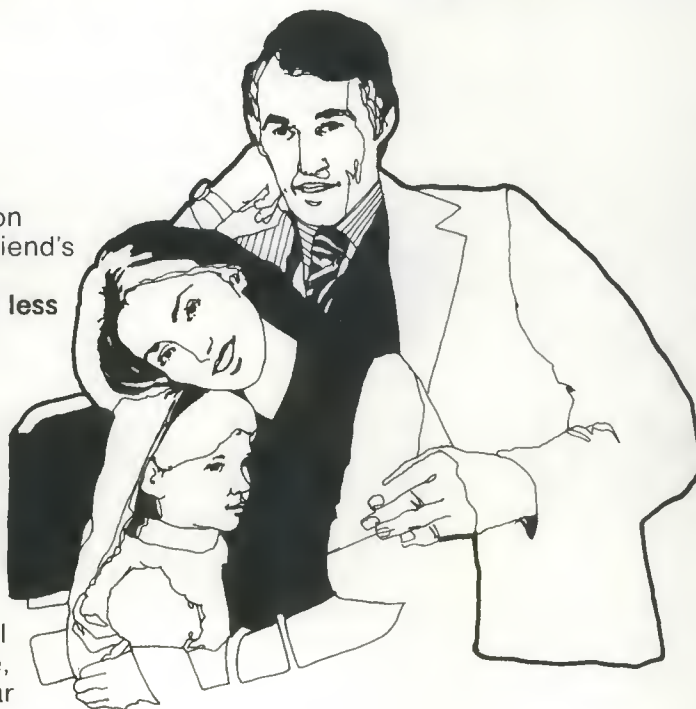
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