

An abstract painting in a style reminiscent of Vincent van Gogh's 'Olympionen', featuring a crowd of figures in a crowd. The figures are rendered with thick, expressive brushstrokes in a palette of warm yellows, oranges, and browns, with some cooler tones of purple and blue. The composition is dense and dynamic, with figures overlapping and moving in various directions. The background is a mix of light and dark tones, creating a sense of depth and movement.

Foreign Service Journal

MARCH 1980 75 CENTS

The Foreign Service and
Presidential Control of Foreign Policy
by Nathaniel Davis

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Cover: Market, Gaborone, Botswana, by Verna Motheral

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Letters

The Case Study

THE "CASE STUDY" of a politically appointed ambassador in your January issue by the anonymous author with the Orwellian pseudonym "Winston Smith" perpetuates the hoary myth that all chiefs of mission who didn't shoulder their way up the FSO ladder have been bumbling dolts frustrating the legitimate ambitions of our skilled and sensitive corps of professional foreign service officers.

Well, I accepted three ambassadorial appointments during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and I met a lot of dedicated, talented men and women and also a fair number of stuffed shirts and damned fools. And the latter included both career people and politicals.

In retrospect and on balance, I'd say the Foreign Service is fortunate to have an infusion of what we then called "non-career professionals" from time to time if only to stir up the bureaucracy, question outdated policies and write messages that don't all start with the classic, self-protecting "while."

Clearly, no one should be appointed who isn't at least as well qualified as the average career ambassador. But that's not too hard. Thinking of some of the "political" ambassadors who were my colleagues from 1961 to 1966—John Bartlow Martin, Ed Reischauer, Phil Kaiser, Lincoln Gordon, Bill Mahoney, Adlai Stevenson, Carl Rowan, Chester Bowles, Jim Loeb, Ken Galbraith, Bill Blair, Bob Good and so many others—I suspect that the officers who served with them would not compare them unfavorably with their career counterparts.

That's why I find the "Winston Smith" article both gratuitous and irresponsible—even if this extraordinary case he describes could be accepted as factual.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD
New Canaan, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Early on in the article at issue, the author remarks "From the very beginning, US administrations have routinely reached outside the ranks of government to appoint private*

citizens of demonstrated ability and often distinguished records to ambassadorial positions. Indeed, until World War II most of our chiefs of mission came from this source. Among contemporary examples of such appointments one can cite Ambassador Mansfield in Tokyo, Ambassador Goheen in New Delhi and Ambassador Wriggins in Colombo, persons whose selection as chiefs of mission even the most career-minded of foreign service professionals can hardly criticize."

More Case Studies

ONE OBSERVATION and one recommendation with respect to the highly important article, "Political Appointee: A Case Study" by Winston Smith in the January issue.

The observation: Some readers may wonder whether it is "loyal" for a DCM to have written so frankly about his chief of mission. Is it not part of the Foreign Service ethos that the Number One must be supported and sustained under all circumstances? In bringing clarity to this question, it may be useful to read what Winston Churchill has written (*Their Finest Hour*, Houghton Mifflin edition, page 15) about being Number One:

The duties and the problems of all persons other than number one are quite different and in many ways more difficult. It is always a misfortune when number two or three has to initiate a dominant plan or policy. He has to consider not only the merits of the policy, but the mind of his chief; not only what to advise, but what is proper for him in his station to advise; not only what to do, but how to get it agreed, and how to get it done. . . . At the top, there are great simplifications. An accepted leader has only to be sure of what is best to do, or at least to have made up his mind about it. The loyalties which centre upon number one are enormous. If he trips, he must be sustained. If he makes mistakes, they must be covered. If he sleeps, he must not be wantonly disturbed. *If he is no good, he must be pole-axed.* But this extreme process cannot be carried out every day; and certainly not in the days just after he has been chosen.

There is, in other words, a higher loyalty than the one owed to a Number One who is "no good." I think it would be unwise and also quite improper to declare open season on every incompetent political appointee ambassador. Neither,

however, do their mistakes have to be shielded from public knowledge indefinitely. And this brings me to my suggestion.

Why not assemble a file of case studies of this kind—of ambassadors whose performance can teach lessons in what to avoid? I do not have in mind creating a "Chamber of Horrors" but a dispassionate examination of acts of omission and commission of chiefs of mission, objectively observed by professionals who are qualified to evaluate what they saw happening before their eyes. Such a file of case studies could teach future practitioners and students of foreign affairs a great deal about the "conduct and misconduct of foreign affairs."

While I would have preferred to see AFSA assemble that file, I can see that this would put our association in an invidious position, for some might suspect that the information was being assembled for "political" purposes. So I offer the dispassionate academic sponsorship of our Institute for this purpose.

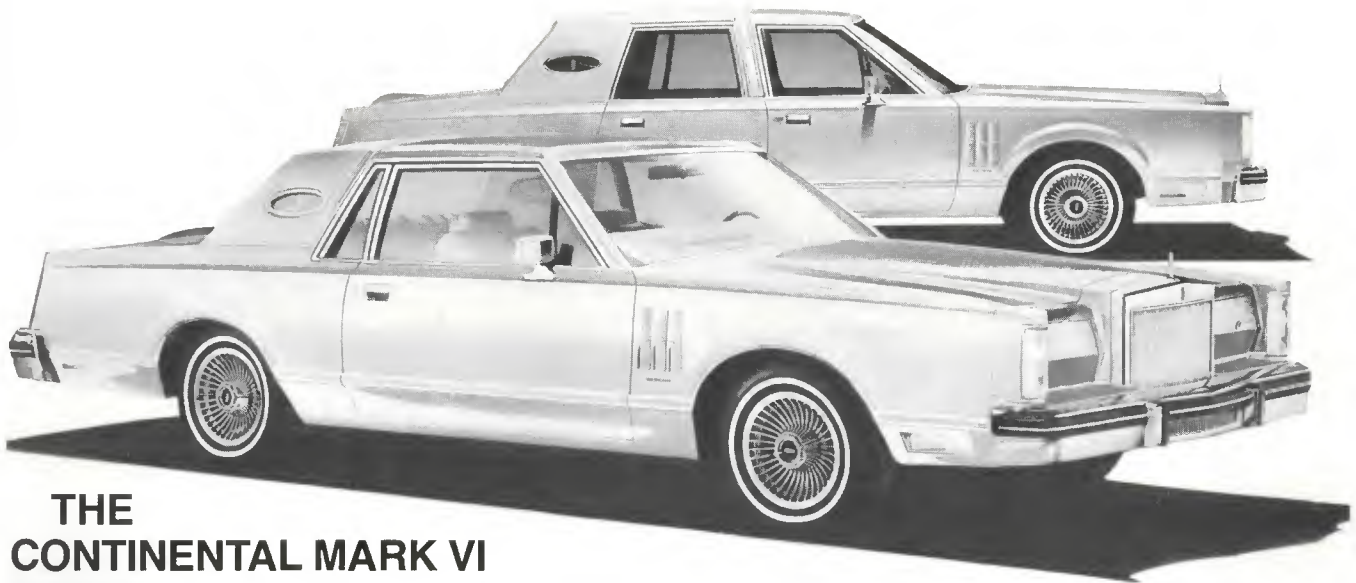
Anyone who has case study material similar to the article, "Political Appointee" in the January issue—*whether it relates to a politically appointed or a career chief of mission*—is invited to send it to the Institute for the Study of Diplomacy, School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20057. We are already assembling material that is designed to teach what makes the performance of some chiefs of mission more effective, or less effective, than that of others. We have *no* bias in favor of career officers, as demonstrated by our publications about great feats of diplomacy performed by Ambassadors David Bruce and Ellsworth Bunker. It is not necessary that the case study material identify the chief of mission by name. While we look for material of this kind primarily for teaching purposes, it is possible that it might eventually also be of use in determining what are the desirable qualifications for appointment as chief of mission.

MARTIN F. HERZ
*Director of Studies
Institute for the
Study of Diplomacy*

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FORD EXPORT DIVISION

Letter from the Ogaden

SEAN KELLY

For the past year, Somali refugees have been pouring across the border from Ethiopia at the appalling rate of more than 1,000 a day. Ethiopia denies this, accusing the Somali government of deliberately inflating the figures. But the exodus is being closely monitored by United Nations refugee officials. UN statistics are available, and the camps are there for anyone to see. When I was in Somalia in November, more than twenty such camps existed—most of them close to the border with Ethiopia. By now, the figure is probably more than thirty—as the total number of refugees, housed in camps, approaches half a million. UN refugee experts say that an additional 500,000 are living outside the camps, having been “absorbed” into the Somali general population.

Why have a million people fled Ethiopia? Many western journalists would like to visit Ethiopia to find out, but they cannot get visas to do so. It is possible to visit Addis Ababa in transit. However, no appointments can be made with Ethiopian government officials during such a stay. In any event, Addis Ababa doesn't seem to be where the problem is. The military action that is causing the flood of

Sean Kelly, FSIO, frequently writes for these pages. He is now stationed in Nairobi with VOA. Previous posts have included Addis Ababa, Mogadishu, Lusaka, Lagos and Bangkok.

refugees takes place far to the south—in Ethiopia's Sidamo, Bale, and Harar provinces.

Bale and Harar, which border directly on Somalia, can be visited clandestinely by journalists. This general area is known as the Ogaden, and it is mostly under the control of the Western Somalia Liberation Front (WSLF)—a guerrilla organization with headquarters in Mogadishu.

There is a bad joke making the rounds in East Africa

“Ironically, it was Tanzania's Julius Nyerere who introduced the OAU resolution that declared the inviolability and integrity of those frontiers inherited from colonial days.”

that the WSLF will guarantee any television network good lighting and excellent camera position for first-rate color footage of their next Ethiopian ambush. Not even much advance notice is required. There are several such ambushes a month—and the Somalis seem to be in a position to set the time and the place.

Sidamo province borders on Kenya, and many of its refugees pass through northeastern Kenya, under cover of darkness, on their way to Somalia. They are, for the most part, not Somalis. In Ethiopia, they are called Gal-

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las, but the people themselves prefer to be called Oromo. There is an active Oromo Liberation Front. The Oromo refugees are accepted into Somalia. Many of them are farmers, and have already been moved into settlement projects along Somalia's Juba river. These agricultural projects, farmed by refugees, have begun raising food for Somalia's burgeoning refugee population.

In visiting the refugee camps, one is struck by the fact that their population consists almost entirely of women and children. When one asks where the men are, the answer is invariably the same:

"Dead."

Or, "He is fighting in the war."

Not much public attention has been paid to the war since the Somali regular forces retreated from the Ogaden in 1978. But the shooting continues, and the conflict has now become a protracted guerrilla struggle across Ethiopia's entire southern frontier. There is no question but what the various liberation fronts are being aided by the Mogadishu government. The Somalis virtually admit this. Just as the Ethiopians now concede the help they are getting from Cuban, East German, and Soviet military forces.

The Ogaden is a sandy wasteland that has been fought over, sporadically, for the past hundred years. One of Africa's earliest nationalists, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah Hassan, fought the British there for more than twenty years. London called him the "Mad Mullah." He warned the British government that the sun was very hot in the Ogaden, and all they could expect from him was war—nothing else.

Later, the Italians fought the Ethiopians in the Ogaden, and then the British fought the Italians. Today, the area is an Ethiopian free fire zone, a vast testing ground for various types of Soviet military equipment, pitted against each other. The Somali guerrillas are equipped with Soviet AK-47 assault rifles, land mines, and anti-tank rockets. They say that they capture all of these from the Soviet-equipped Ethiopian army.

The ambushes occur when the Ethiopians attempt to resupply their forward garrisons. Some of the Ethiopian army outposts in the Ogaden do not have airfields capable of handling transport aircraft—so they have to be

(Continued on page 35)



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THE FOREIGN SERVICE AND PRESIDENTIAL CONTROL OF FOREIGN POLICY

NATHANIEL DAVIS

Adlai Stevenson used to tell the story of the man in the front pew in church who got to his feet and prayed: "Oh Lord, use me! Use me, oh Lord . . . in an advisory capacity!" There are those in the United States Foreign Service who might rise to make the same prayer. Should America's professional diplomats think of themselves as a principal source of policy advice to the president? There are those, in contrast, who think the Service's true role should be a dependable instrument of policy execution. It is a real dilemma. How can America's career diplomats best serve the president in our representative democracy? Where, for the Foreign Service, do integrity and faithfulness intersect?

Laurence H. Silberman addressed these questions in a provocative article in last spring's issue of *Foreign Affairs*.¹ When some colleagues suggested I try to answer it, I was not sure how easy it would be to write a measured and effective response. So much is subjective in these matters. In any case a commentary is presented here.

With respect to the State Department, former Ambassador Silberman's argument may, perhaps, be summarized in the following terms: Within the United States government, there is only one department—the State Department—where professionals normally hold a substantial proportion of the presidential appointments which are made. Foreign Service professionals justify this anomaly through the fiction that "politics

stop at the water's edge." In fact, and contrary to this justification, there are important ideological differences between the Republicans and Democrats in foreign affairs. Moreover, the ambition of professionals for key jobs causes them to regard political appointees as interlopers, and to oppose or sabotage both their superiors and administration policies. Any effective president and administration must, therefore, end the anomaly in order to assert presidential control in our democracy. It should become standard practice, says Ambassador Silberman, that all assistant-secretary-level jobs be filled with political appointees. In those rare cases when a professional is nevertheless chosen, he should be obliged to leave the professional service and become "political," and part of the incumbent administration's team. Such a clearly established rule would relieve the destructive tension caused by the professionals' job hunger, and release their energies for loyal and effective policy implementation.

The first task may be to examine the set of assumptions upon which the foregoing argument appears to

rest and go step-by-step through the rationale. Is the State Department unique in its practice of placing professionals in a considerable proportion of assistant-secretary-level jobs in Washington? It is true that the State Department has more presidential appointees who are career officers than other departments, but the practice is not unique. At the present time there are half a dozen jobs at the assistant secretary level in the Treasury Department, for example, which are filled by professionals; and there are several in Commerce. As for the military services—and Foreign Service officers tend to think of themselves as being in a similar kind of disciplined profession—active duty officers have headed the National Security Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency, and quite a number of other offices requiring presidential appointment. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the chiefs of the services—all presidential appointees—have policy functions and influence equal to that of the most senior professionals at the State Department. There is civilian control at the Pentagon, but it is also true that the secretary of state, his deputy, and three of the four other principal officers of the State Department are political appointees. Of the assistant secretaries at the State Department, two-thirds of the incumbents are presently political appointees.

Does the Foreign Service really justify its eligibility for presidentially appointed jobs with an assertion that there are no substantive differences between the Democratic and Republican parties? Do these professionals really think that

Nathaniel Davis is presently serving as State Department adviser at the Naval War College. From 1973-75 he was director general of the Foreign Service. He has also served at Prague, Florence, Rome, Moscow, the Soviet Desk, Caracas, the Peace Corps, Sofia, the National Security Council Staff, Guatemala, Chile, AF and Bern. This article is a reply to Laurence H. Silberman's article, "Toward Presidential Control of the State Department," in the Spring 1979 issue of Foreign Affairs. Ambassador Davis felt the article deserved a more complete rebuttal than appeared in the letters section of Foreign Affairs.

¹Laurence H. Silberman, "Toward Presidential Control of the State Department," *Foreign Affairs*, Spring 1979, pp. 872-893.

ideology and political conviction should have no impact on foreign policy? Is it true, as Ambassador Silberman suggests, that a clear public articulation of fundamental foreign policy questions "is terribly threatening to the Foreign Service officer because it allows for political resolution of these issues"...? I think the answer is No on all counts. Most professionals in diplomacy understand and accept American democracy better than the foregoing questions imply. The reality of recent administrations' ideological and political differences is so evident that I find it hard to imagine many Foreign Service officers having failed to perceive it.

Ambassador Silberman freely acknowledges that the world's other great democracies appoint professionals to very senior jobs in their foreign ministries. He also agrees that these foreign professionals manage to serve their political masters effectively. I am reminded of Dean Rusk's description of a compliment he once paid to the head of the British Civil Service on the way that service stays away from party politics. The Englishman answered: "Oh no, you have it wrong. The British Civil Service supports one political party at a time."

Then why cannot the European system work here? Ambassador Silberman explains that the separation of powers between Congress and the president makes the European solution impossible in the United States—implying that our senior professionals do not truly regard themselves as part of the executive branch. He later vitiates this argument, however, by saying that the Foreign Service—alone among the bureaucracies—has no constituency and therefore little congressional clout. In any case, British Foreign Office professionals are also subjected to a multitude of pressures from elected representatives of the people, from the press, from public and private institutions, from business and the rest. The United Kingdom and the other great democracies have governmental institutions that are different from ours in some ways, but it is difficult to see why our separation of power makes us uniquely unable to support a professional diplomacy.

How can one get a better handle on the question of whether professionals can serve successive masters in our American system? One way is to look at cases. U. Alexis Johnson served three times as the senior professional in the State Department, the job now called under secretary for political affairs. The first time he served President Kennedy, the second time President Johnson, and the third time President Nixon. I have never heard an allegation from any quarter that politics or party ever marred his loyalty and effectiveness. Charles Bohlen's career spanned the conferences and crises in US-Soviet relations from Yalta until President Nixon's inauguration. Would America really have been served if U. Alexis Johnson's professional career had been terminated in 1961, when he first became deputy under secretary for political affairs, in-

**"Henry Adams noted
that the secretary of
state exists only to
recognize the
existence of a world
which Congress would
rather ignore."**

stead of in 1977? Or Bohlen's in 1951 instead of 1969? It would seriously have affected the nature of the Foreign Service and the quality of American diplomacy if none of our professionals had been able to go on to another suitable assignment when his first assistant-secretary-level Washington job was done. Do we not want the Johnsons and Bohlens to be able to give professional advice and service to both parties?

Some observers believe that professional diplomats can serve in high policy positions in Washington only in those times when America enjoys a national bipartisan consensus—to a degree which is not true today. Others note that some professionals—like William Castle, for example, in Hoover's time—could probably serve only one party effectively in a policy job. All this may be true, although I doubt that the present time is really a uniquely partisan era. Those who

went through McCarthyism and the "Loss of China" might believe that those times were just as "partisan." More importantly, perhaps, American policy in some areas of the world is usually more "politicized" than in others. This has been true of East Asian policy during a number of periods, and it is now true of African policy. This may be an argument for assistant secretaries to deal with highly "political" areas and for professionals in others. Even in so highly sensitive an area as the Middle East, however, A. L. Atherton, Jr. has managed to serve both Henry Kissinger and Cyrus Vance.

On the other side of the coin, the assertion that political appointees are, by the nature of their appointment, extensions of presidential policy and predilection can also be challenged. In light of the historical record, it is a somewhat idealized view. One might take the office of secretary of state. Cordell Hull was so ill-attuned to President Roosevelt's political psyche that the president attempted to run the State Department through Under Secretary Sumner Welles, behind Hull's back. But that consummate tactician, FDR, had appointed Hull for political reasons, and kept him on—for political reasons. William Jennings Bryan was appointed secretary of state because of his standing in the Democratic Party as an opponent of the president, and was a most uncomfortable and incongruent instrument of presidential leadership. Numerous examples could be given of lower-level political appointments made at the State Department which produced the same sort of incompatibility with presidential direction.

In discussing the relationship between professionals, politicians and politics in foreign affairs, one should consider several questions, including these: (1) Foreign Service attitudes toward the State Department's leadership and vice versa; (2) Service attitudes toward presidential direction and the president's confidence in the Service; and (3) Service attitudes toward policy. Then there is the question whether all or any of these attitudes are really determined by the professionals' greed for jobs. It might be appropriate to say a word or two about each of these sets of attitudes.

As for the relationship between the Foreign Service and the secretary of state, Ambassador Silberman correctly notes that Secretary Kissinger promoted a number of "relatively young and capable Foreign Service officers" to high positions. Even so, he does not fully describe the extent to which Secretary Kissinger increasingly turned to professionals in filling assistant-secretary level jobs as his incumbency progressed. At the end of his tenure every regional assistant secretaryship and all but one of the other seven assistant secretaryships were filled by professionals. One is led to wonder whether the secretary didn't find the professionals—with a few exceptions—more reliable instruments than the political appointees they replaced.

There is another reason why professionals tend to displace political appointees as an administration progresses through its tenure in office; and this has been characteristic of all administrations, not just the Nixon-Ford one. It becomes increasingly difficult as time goes on to attract top-notch, experienced non-career people for senior jobs. A new administration, particularly if it succeeds the rival party, can generally find quite a number of highly qualified people willing to sacrifice their time and alternate financial opportunities. During a second term, or at the end of an administration, however, it becomes progressively harder to find equivalent talent.

Ambassador Silberman complains that Dr. Kissinger's subordinates, while loyal to him, "had little attachment or loyalty to the Republican administration or to the president," and were not "conspicuous" in the presidential campaign of 1976. This evokes shades of the "positive loyalty" said to have been desired in government in 1952-53 and 1972-73. Is there not also a little of the "spoils system" in this idea? Moreover, this reproach implies that professionals should look behind the relationship between the president and his secretary of state. Is this not asking the Foreign Service to insert itself too deeply into the political process?

As for the second relationship under discussion—between the Foreign Service and the pres-

ident—it might also be useful to look at perceptions in both directions. Ambassador Silberman states that President Nixon had Dr. Kissinger bypass Secretary Rogers and the State Department in connection with the opening to China and in other issues because he didn't trust the Foreign Service. Perhaps. It is certainly true that presidents have not always been enthusiastic about the professionals. In fact, most of the world's men of power—ranging from Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt to Adolph Hitler—have scorned diplomats as a class; and they have occasionally paid a price later, when the diplomats' judgments on occasion proved right.

Ambassador Silberman suggests that it has been the Service's attitude toward presidential direction that has caused and formed presidential attitudes. This is probably not true. Presidents tend to like people they know, people who are physically close, and people with whom they are comfortable as human beings. Professionals in a governmental department do not often have the contact necessary to win this kind of trust. Moreover, the danger of leaks, those long few blocks between Pennsylvania Avenue and Foggy Bottom, the "beached whale" appearance of a great bureaucracy, the "bowl of jelly"—all these aspects are part of the difficulty. But the problem long antedates the Foreign Service. The first Congress after 1787 renamed the "foreign affairs" office of the Confederation the "State Department"—to give it something to do after diplomacy, it was hoped, withered away. Henry Adams noted that the secretary of state exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore. There is something intrinsic in the tension between America's political leadership and the foreign affairs professionals.

As for the Foreign Service officers' real attitudes toward presidential leadership, I believe that Service loyalty and psychological identification with the presidency are strong—for both good and a few less noble reasons. For the diplomatic professional, as for all Americans, the White House remains the focus of deep attachment. A Foreign Service officer

tends to be proud of his presidential appointment to the career service and even more proud of a presidential appointment to a high-level job. He tends to regard himself—and do his best to represent himself—as the president's man in the bureaucratic wars with other agencies which have strong constituencies and resultant power. The presidency is the mast to which he wishes and tries to nail his flag.

As for the third relationship under discussion—Service attitudes toward policy—Ambassador Silberman seems to think that job hunger is the determinant of a Foreign Service officer's policy view. We are living in the age of "worst construction" of the motives of every man in public office, and this penchant is increased by the inherent difficulty of crawling into a human being's head and sorting out his impulses. I am reminded of a professor I had once, Ruhl Bartlett, who put the problem in better perspective. He said he had "no confidence in psychological explanations of human motives, for 'who can point as with a wand and say what portion of the river of my mind came from yon fountain?'"

I doubt that there are many knowledgeable observers who would argue that ambition for titles and ranks is the driving motivation in most professional diplomats' judgments and perceptions of policy. I do not deny that there is ambition among Foreign Service officers. There is even ambition to influence policy in directions the professional believes right. Jobs and offices are not empty vessels which are coveted merely for perquisites and external trappings. They are, at their best, opportunities to influence policy in constructive ways. The substance is at the heart of things.

This is why Ambassador Silberman's proposed solution misdiagnoses the problem. Politicizing a score of jobs in Washington would simply change the boundary line at which the professional hopes to project his policy insights and achieve influence. This hope will not be quenched by establishing a rigid ceiling of jobs denied to him.

If the cause of the trouble were really the professionals' ambition for office, influence and power, one should demand the politicization of the entire foreign policy apparatus.

If one doubts that a professional in the State Department can and will carry out politically established policies, the assault on professionalism in diplomacy is fundamental.

Former Ambassador Silberman has a second set of proposals, which relate to ambassadorial appointments abroad. His solution here would parallel his prescription for appointments in Washington, in the sense that he would make the number of jobs available to the professionals predictable and immutable. He would establish a quota of 15 to 20 key ambassadorships reserved for political appointees. These would be truly "policy-level" embassies. The remaining hundred-odd ambassadorships would be downgraded to become appointments of the secretary of state rather than the president, thereby "depoliticizing" them. One would get around the requirements for presidential appointment and Senate confirmation of ambassadors, stipulated in Article II 2(2) of the Constitution, by relying on a Foreign Service officer's presidential appointment and Senate confirmation as a career officer to cover any subsequent ambassadorial post. The psychological rationale would also be the same as for State Department jobs. Once the available fruits of office were clearly defined, and the forbidden ones identified beyond appeal, competitive professional ambition, jealousy and the sense of political usurpation would subside; and political ambassadors and professional colleagues would get along better.

In commenting on these proposals, it may be useful to proceed from the immediate practical aspects to the broader issues. Actually, limiting political appointments to ambassadorships to a fixed quota of 15 or 20 has a certain ironic attraction for a professional, even if the "remainder" available to the professionals are the less important posts. More serious trouble comes, however, when one tries to figure out which 15 or 20 posts are politically important enough to be regarded as policy jobs. Still worse, how does one predict which embassies will fit this category two or three years from now?

Has Nicaragua been among the

truly "important" places in the 1979-1980 period? It is a small country; but the local influence of the United States is great, and the policy issues and hazards are large. The importance of an effective ambassador on the scene may prove to have been greater there than in larger countries with stable institutions and relationships. What about our relations with England? They are supremely important, but conducted through so many channels—including our president's lifting the phone—that the magnitude of the ambassador's policy function would be disputed. Will Tehran be among our 15-20 most important posts two or three years from now? It is a brave man who will claim he can designate a specific list of ambassadorships which will be in the top tier of policy-related and crisis

“One would have to say that these multifarious views and declarations of FDR’s political appointees reflected those strong personalities’ convictions more often than they projected the president’s strategy.”

situations in the middle future. On the other hand, it hardly seems practical to shuffle around the crucial ambassadorships from month to month to assure political appointees in the key places. Besides, this would in itself, destroy much of the certitude-of-denial on which the psychological efficacy of the plan is supposed to depend.

A word or two might be said about the second half of the proposal—the downgrading of most ambassadorships to cabinet-level appointments. Ambassador Silberman mentions the possible negative effects of second-class ambassadorships on host-country sensibilities, but then dismisses the problem. He does not mention the possible negative reaction of the United States Senate, which might be considerable. As for the legal

and constitutional difficulties in creating two categories of ambassadorial appointments, and removing the "lower" level from the constitutional requirement of Senate advice and consent, these seem greater than Ambassador Silberman appears to recognize.

To pass from the practical to the more general level, Ambassador Silberman asserts that the distinction between foreign policy formulation and execution should be the divide between political appointees and professionals. Such a clear distinction cannot be made, however, when it comes to an ambassador in the field. Conceivably one could define all ambassadorships abroad as falling within the area of execution, as against senior policy jobs in Washington. If the system works right, however, policy is shaped through a dialogue between our embassies and the home office.

There is another problem in putting ambassadorships abroad in professional hands, by and large, and putting Washington jobs in political hands. This practice would tend to deny firsthand, in-depth experience to Washington's policy councils and return, at the top level, to the situation existing before the Wriston reforms, when Foreign Service officers seldom came home and Department of State officers tended not to go abroad.

As regards ambassadorial appointments, the case-by-analogy to other great states' practice is even more clearly in favor of a professional diplomacy than in the matter of foreign office jobs. The nations of Western Europe and the world's other democratic states appoint ambassadors of career almost without exception. The Communist states are also moving in that direction.

As in the case of State Department appointments, the issues may perhaps be illuminated by real cases. Take Llewellyn Thompson. His most celebrated accomplishments were his contribution to the Trieste settlement, the Austrian State Treaty, and his two periods of service as ambassador to Moscow. In the Trieste negotiations he served in jobs below the rank of a presidential appointee—in a crucial negotiation which one might suspect would fall in the category of

"politically important matters" which Ambassador Silberman would reserve for political appointees. Thompson was appointed ambassador to Austria by President Truman about four months before the elections of 1952. President Eisenhower kept Ambassador Thompson on in Vienna, and all the evidence indicates that he served the Democratic and Republican administrations with equal success. The Austrian State Treaty was an immense nonpartisan diplomatic success for America and for Europe. President Eisenhower sent Ambassador Thompson to Moscow; President Kennedy retained him there; and that five-year tour was a model in the history of American diplomacy. After a period of subsequent distinguished service at the most senior policy level in the State Department, Ambassador Thompson was sent back to Moscow by Lyndon Johnson. Should that career never have come about, because professionals cannot be trusted in our democracy with truly important tasks?

Turning to the other side of the coin—that is, the claimed advantages political ambassadors bring to the president and nation—it is by no means certain that the appointment of close presidential intimates has tended to turn out well. Such ambassadors have often found themselves frustrated, and caused frustration, when they have tried to harness their personal relationship with the president to their diplomatic purposes. Moreover, they have not been very consistent in projecting the president's inclinations, and their fortunes have sometimes not been closely tied in practice to those of the administration. In any case, political ambassadors are usually appointed for a wide variety of reasons other than close friendship with the president—even when large political contributions have not been a factor.

As for the claimed psychological benefits of assured job denial in defusing the professionals' ambitions, it might be worth pointing out that other agencies in the foreign affairs field such as AID and ICA have been virtually excluded from ambassadorships until quite recently without the envisaged beneficial effects in terms of image, presidential and public confidence, or monastic

selflessness in the ranks. One cannot legislate personal and substantive self-abnegation.

After the foregoing discussion of appointments in Washington and ambassadorships abroad, it may be useful to turn to what seems to be the central issue-of-principle raised by former Ambassador Silberman. Should the diplomatic professional be an unquestioning vehicle of "full support" to his political masters or should he embody free-thinking judgment and conviction, either publicly projected or privately expressed? How do integrity and an independent mind fit together with subordination and discipline? This is a profound dilemma, and many thoughtful observers have manifested ambivalence about the matter. A Foreign Service officer who represents himself and his own conviction alone, either in Washington or abroad, is by that very act undermining his claim to be a professional instrument of his constituted political masters. (One should also note that a politically-appointed ambassador cannot be a free agent either.) On the other hand, practically nobody wants a senior diplomat to be without penetrating judgment, moral courage and a sense of principle. Practically nobody would advocate the idea that the ideal professional should be like a disposable, waxed-cardboard carton into which one can pour content and substance at will.

Ambassador Silberman uses a number of examples to expose the issue; and appears to fault the professionals on both sides of the ledger. He cites the case of Ambassador William E. Dodd as an example where a political appointee took an admirable moral stand against Hitler, and contrasts this with the prevailing attitudes in the Foreign Service of the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s which he says were to be sympathetic, to some degree, to "dominant trends," such as "accommodation with fascism." One can readily agree that Dodd's stand was admirable. There were other political ambassadors of Franklin Roosevelt, however, who took considerably different positions. One would have to say that these multifarious views and declarations of FDR's political appointees reflected those strong personalities'

convictions more often than they projected the president's strategy. Among senior Foreign Service officers, there were those who, like George S. Messersmith, saw clearly what Hitler and Nazism stood for, and others of whom the profession can be less proud.

Ambassador Silberman goes on to discuss American policy toward the Soviet Union. Loy Henderson was expelled from his Eastern European specialization in the later 1930s, essentially for opposing the perceptions of the USSR quintessentially represented by a political ambassador, Joseph E. Davies. It was Davies who lauded the purge trials after attendance in person, who described Stalin's "kind and gentle" brown eyes, and who noted that "a child would like to sit in his lap and a dog would sidle up to him."² Like William Dodd, Loy Henderson did stand for principle.

Then there was the episode of Patrick Hurley and the China hands. In discussing this case, Ambassador Silberman appears to suggest that Hurley's action of "ignoring—indeed, of persecuting—the old China hands" can be partly explained, and perhaps partly forgiven, because an earlier unrelated set of recommendations by Hurley on policy toward Iran was wrongfully buried by the State Department's hierarchy. Hurley was the US ambassador who characterized the Chinese Communists as like Oklahoma Republicans, with guns, and went on to say: "The Communists are not in fact Communists, they are striving for democratic principles," attempting to achieve a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people."³

Where does all this leave us? Most of these historical cases are complicated, ambiguous and difficult to judge fairly. For each political appointee who took a moral stand, one could probably find a professional; and for each who ducked one, a counterpart might be found. Neither professional appointment nor political appoint-

² Joseph E. Davies, *Mission to Moscow*, (New York, Simon and Schuster, 1941), p. 357.

³ Russell D. Buhite, *Patrick J. Hurley and American Foreign Policy* (Ithaca Cornell U. Press, 1973), p. 201.

ment guarantees courage. Whether they be political appointees or professionals, I dare to hope that our national leaders may want men and women of standing, strength and character to represent us—people in Moscow, for example, like Averell Harriman and Charles Bohlen. I also hope they want professionals of the sort of inner-motivated integrity which will inevitably find expressions in a policy view—not gray, faceless shadows of implementation. Martin Luther said it: "Heaven is not for geese."

After touching on the central dilemma between courage and integrity on one side and discipline and subordination on the other, Ambassador Silberman presents a kind of essay on the congenital weaknesses of the professional American diplomat. These include over-identification with the host country's interest; debilitating caution; insensitivity and resistance to change; lack of initiative and command; and ignorance of American life and politics.

There is no question that there are professionals who desire to avoid "unpopularity with the nation or group of nations in which the officer specializes."⁴ Clientism is undeniably a diplomatic disease. Sometimes the effort not to rock the local boat can also be at the expense of a "vigorous defense of American interests."⁵ In this connection I am reminded of the poem about the worm swallowed by the robin in Don Marquis's *Archy and Mehitabel* who, once in the robin's stomach, experiences "the insidious process of assimilation" as his personal identity and individuality melt away, and comes "to think like a robin and not like a worm." Perhaps this characterizes the professional more than the political appointee—but I doubt it. I suspect that for every assimilated professional ambassador there is an example of a political ambassador, like Earl E. T. Smith in Batista's Cuba, who was said, at least, to have succumbed to clientism.

If not clientism, a bit of discretion in denouncing one's hosts is sometimes not a bad thing. Even the vigorous public defense of American interests can become

counterproductive. Heaven knows, Ambassador Spruille Braden defended our values in Argentina, almost to the point of becoming Juan Domingo Peron's domestic challenger in that country's presidential campaign of 1945. But US ambassadors do not generally win elections in foreign countries; and Peron was highly successful in stirring his people's emotions against "American interventionism" and the Colossus of the North. We have been living with the results in Buenos Aires for over a generation.

An ambassador can become so emotional and tilted—either for or against the host country—as to become ineffective. This kind of "total tilt" has occurred more often, I believe, among political appointees than among professionals.

"One should remember that American envoys in the 1870s may have had the freedom of action which comes of poor communications; but they also had rather less to do. What they—or America—said and thought was rather marginal to the world's great affairs of state."

Do the professionals instinctively choose caution and fudge? There may be a grain of truth in the old adage that there are old diplomats, and there are bold diplomats, but there are no old, bold diplomats. Arthur Schlesinger called Foreign Service officers people "for whom the risks always outweigh the opportunities." Even my old boss, Chip Bohlen, conceded that he often hedged, "as careful diplomats do," in his reporting to Washington. Nevertheless, when we contemplate Vietnam, the Bay of Pigs and certain other episodes, caution may not seem all bad. Neither caution nor boldness is a substitute for judgment, nor the exclusive preserve of either type of appointee.

Complimenting the professionals on patience, Ambassador Silber-

man goes on to link this quality with insensitivity to change. Is it really true that a patient person is less perceptive to change? There is no logical connection. Lyndon Johnson once said: "While the lightning is crackling, and the thunder rolling,—the grass is growing." The alert professional, who has been there before, should be at least as able as the political appointee, who has just flown in, to note subtle changes in the contours of the garden—or the growth of poisonous plants in the jungle. But there is a related question. Does the professional viscerally preserve an "intellectual and psychological investment in past policy,"⁶ which translates itself into the "comfortableness of continuity?" In this regard, one might look at the history of US China policy in the 1950s. The political assistant secretary, Walter Robertson, was the bastion of "continuity" in those times—not the professionals of the Foreign Service. It was politics which sustained that unchanging China policy for so long. Besides, the transfer of a professional assistant secretary or ambassador can at least ensure a new look at things.

Ambassador Silberman suggests that senior diplomats lack initiative, decisiveness and the executive sense, in part at least because they have had limited opportunity to develop these traits as they carried people's briefcases as junior officers. I am not convinced, however, that junior Foreign Service officers really do have less opportunity for seasoning and responsibility than civil servants, junior management trainees, or junior attorneys in a law office. These comparisons are treacherous. There is some "donkey work" in every profession, of course. Moreover, the accountability of official US government servants does foster checks and restraints. This is part of the fact that the nation's business is important, and officials' actions can have a profound impact on the welfare of US citizens, corporations and institutions operating around the world.

Ambassador Silberman asserts that "advances in transportation and communications have crased much discretion that ambassadors were once called upon to exer-

⁴ Silberman, op. cit. p. 883.

⁵ Ibid. p. 883.

⁶ Ibid., p. 888.

cise." It is true that instantaneous communications facilitate consultation and referral to Washington. But somebody still has to try to understand the world and advise his government wisely. *Somebody* still has to establish trustworthy contacts and relationships, exert influence, act intelligently, and carry on the essential business of diplomacy. We have also seen, more than once in Tehran and Kabul in recent times, that a radio or telegraphic link to Washington is not all that is required in diplomacy and foreign affairs. One should remember that American envoys in the 1870s may have had the freedom of action which comes of poor communications; but they also had rather less to do. What they—or America—said and thought was rather marginal to the world's great affairs of state. The quantum jump in America's role and responsibilities has probably increased the demands made on a US ambassador more radically than the advances in communication have reduced his discretion.

As for knowledge of America, Ambassador Silberman sets up a dichotomy between the professional's knowledge of the world and the non-careerist's "comparative advantage in understanding the United States, particularly if he or she comes to a post with a broad background in government economics or scholarship." This might have been valid a few decades ago, when Foreign Service officers spent twenty years abroad without coming home, waiting for American newspapers to be brought by packet. But Foreign Service officers spend half their time in America now, struggling with our political process—writ large and seen at close range. Professional assistant secretaries must deal with an emergent and vigilant Congress, testify frequently, talk to the press and public interest groups, and accept political and domestic exposure which is greater than that ever experienced by the investment banker or real estate man who becomes a political appointee.

One added thought might be worth considering. Why is it that some of the most perceptive writing about America has come from the pens of foreigners? One need only mention de Tocqueville,

Burke and Bryce. Perhaps the phenomenon is related to the opportunity to perceive differences. A perceptive diplomatic professional has an extraordinary opportunity in his lifetime to compare and appreciate a variety of cultures—including our own. "Being in touch," in the deepest political and psychological sense, is an exercise of the mind and spirit, and the "cross-cultural-exposure" given to a diplomat can provide a real chance for insight and understanding.

It might be useful at this point to pass from the foregoing discussion of weaknesses reputedly endemic to the diplomatic profession to a brief examination of the positive qualifications the career diplomat may bring to his trade. This could be the launching point for an interminable essay, of course, and many have been written. The most perceptive of them acknowledge that one is dealing with intangibles. Adlai Stevenson, as always, put the problem well:

What a man "knows at fifty that he did not know at twenty" boils down to something like this: The knowledge he has acquired with age is not the knowledge of formulas, or forms of words, but of people, places, actions—a knowledge not gained by words but by touch, sight, sound, victories, failures, sleeplessness, devotion, love—the human experiences and emotions of this earth and of oneself and other men; and, perhaps, too, a little faith, and a little reverence for things you cannot see.⁷

Does this simply call for maturity, in diplomacy as in other great enterprises? Perhaps, but one can hope for a little more. Practice and experience are believed to help in every other line of work. Why not diplomacy? Muscles are built by exercise, and the qualities of mind a good diplomat needs are also built that way.

As noted above, Ambassador Silberman generously acknowledges that "career diplomats are trained to patience, whereas amateurs often blunder by seeking to accomplish too much during their relatively short tenure." The Goddess of Success—a lady of doubtful virtue and reliability—does hold out considerable temptation to a

political appointee, for whom an ambassadorship may represent his only chance to leave a modest moment in the public life of his country. In contrast, the professional is there to do the best possible job under the circumstances, whatever the circumstances may be. He must expect to be sent on occasion into situations where success and public applause are not in the cards. He must console himself with the conviction that there will be tomorrows, for his country and for him, if he performs faithfully and effectively. One must confess in honesty, however, that the contrast described here is real only so long as the profession is administered in such a way as to secure the advantages of continuity of tenure, broad experience, and the confidence that the professional who performs well will be upheld. A professional diplomat's single and relatively brief ambassadorship may also turn out to be his only brush with minor immortality, and Foreign Service practice seems to be moving in the direction of "one-shot ambassadorships" followed by retirement. So the distinction may be fading.

Part of "professionalism" is the unexciting fact that diplomats are trained to take care. If they are real professionals, they report accurately, represent their country's positions faithfully and carry out instructions. One of the famous examples of well-intentioned amateurism was the conduct of Japan's ambassador to the United States, Nomura Kichisaburo, during the crucial months of negotiation prior to December 7, 1941. Nomura failed for almost a month even to send Cordell Hull's crucial Four Point proposal of April, 1941, to Tokyo, misrepresented its status when he did send it, and misled his superiors by describing the Draft Understanding discussed between Hull and Nomura at the same time as an American offering when it was actually drafted unofficially by both Japanese and Americans and was not wholly acceptable to the American government. On various other occasions he made significant proposals without authorization, failed to make proposals he was instructed to put forward, failed to report American positions, and

(Continued on page 38)

⁷Adlai E. Stevenson, *What I Think* (New York, Harper and Brothers, 1956), p. 174.



Street riot in Cairo, just prior to the revolution.

Black Saturday: The Burning of Cairo

J. WESLEY ADAMS

Those of us who lived through the event knew it as Black Saturday. Some will remember it as "the day that Shepherd's burned." Most readers will have long forgotten it, their memories dimmed by three wars which followed in the Middle East, by Vietnam and by current happenings in Iran. The burning of Cairo, on January 26, 1952, was, however, unique in its trauma, a watershed in modern Egyptian history, if not in that of the whole Middle East.

The fires began shortly before noon. By nightfall the center of Cairo was a glowing inferno. Not only was Shepherd's Hotel, perhaps the most fashionable hostelry in the whole of the old British empire, a crumbling hulk; some 450 other establishments were burned out. Included were department

stores, banks, movie houses, liquor stores, dozens of foreign business houses, night clubs and many smaller shops. A dozen foreigners and an unknown number of Egyptians were killed. Martial law and a curfew were imposed. The government of Nahas Pasha fell. King Farouk himself was to be exiled in exactly six months.

Black Saturday was triggered by events in the Suez Canal Zone two days earlier. It had its roots in Egyptian hostility to the British military presence in the Canal Zone, authorized by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, and also to the British role in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan as the effective administrator of the area, through its Sudan service, under the Condominium Agreement of 1899. This hostility had surfaced shortly after World War II and was later articulated in the slogan, "Evacuation and Unity of the Nile Valley."

In the first months of 1951 we in the American embassy heard rumors that "trouble was brewing." By mid-year the students were

marching, and by late summer trolley cars, buses and automobiles were being toppled and burned. To avoid mob entrapment all of us became adept at scanning a street before entering.

Crowd frenzy peaked in riots which surrounded the unilateral denunciation by the Egyptian government in mid-October of both the Canal and Sudan treaties. Plate glass windows in the TWA office were smashed. Graffiti on walls and buildings proclaimed: "Get out, you dirty British!" Rioters penetrated Shepherd's Hotel. Perhaps fearing that mob fervor was directed not solely at the British—corruption of the Farouk regime was openly alleged and the Wafdist Government was a constant object of cartoon satire—the government ordered an end to demonstrations; but not before a dozen Egyptians had been killed. A police cordon was thrown around an area four blocks square, fronting on the Nile corniche, which contained the British and American embassies, the Semiramis Hotel

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Photographs by Jack Grover

and the Fulbright and UN offices.

At this point elements of religious fanaticism and general xenophobia began to surface. Inventive militants painted out the English letters on auto licenses, leaving only the Arabic. Merchants, fearing reprisals, did the same with their neon and other signs. Rumor spread that the gates and apartments of foreigners were being marked in anticipation of a day of reckoning.

Because my wife, Frances, was director of the Fulbright program in Egypt, we were provided a special insight into developments on campus. Fulbright professors, reporting disruptions and cancellation of classes, were particularly unhappy. Fulbright students, a part of the campus scene, were told of bombs and grenades being hand-crafted in university labs. Some of these same students, habitués of bazaar coffee shops, where they sought improvement of their Arabic, commented on the absence of hostility towards Americans, surprising in view of the Egyptian resentment of our hasty recognition and subsequent support of Israel. Some of their colleagues had even escaped angry confrontation on buses and elsewhere by asserting, "I am an American" (as distinct from British). Even so, most Americans were skittish about the angry mood they perceived. My wife had herself been surprised by a mob which had surged out from the Soviet embassy, near our home, following a demonstration of fraternal solidarity in front of that embassy. With our young son, Danny, she had sought safety in a side alley.

During January the Cairo press carried daily stories of "happenings" in the Suez Canal Zone. There, Egyptian "guerrillas"—in civilian garb but believed to include soldiers detailed from the Egyptian army—were constantly harassing British troops, with casualties mounting on both sides.

On Friday morning, January 25, I was in Ambassador Jefferson Caffery's outer office when the British ambassador, Sir Ralph ("Rafe") Stevenson, appeared and was ushered into Caffery's office. Later we learned that Sir Ralph had come to report on "developments" in the Canal Zone the previous day. In pursuit of Egyptian guerrillas Brit-

ish troops had corralled a large group in an isolated structure. They had given the Egyptians 24 hours in which to surrender—or else. The guerrillas, according to later Egyptian reports, had telephoned the minister of interior in Cairo, Serag eddin Pasha, inquiring what to do next. "Stand fast," he reportedly replied. They did and upon expiry of the ultimatum some 40 were killed when the British leveled the building.

Cairo newspapers of January 25 gave no hint of these events but the next day the lid was off. Headlines screamed news of the "massacre." Alarmed at the headlines, I phoned our dentist to call off a 10 a.m. appointment at his midtown office for my older son, Tommy. At the moment, he had said, all was quiet

"Coming off the Kasr el Nil bridge, we were waved down by a soldier who pushed his pistol in my face, his hand shaking."

downtown; but he agreed that caution was in order.

At about 11 a.m. our Egyptian employees reported that fires had started downtown, about a mile northeast of the embassy. Soon we all observed black smoke billowing into the sky. I phoned my wife at her Fulbright office a block away. She had already heard the news and was about to drive to the Museum of Modern Art, several blocks toward town, to collect two works of art we had purchased at a show which had closed the previous night. This she did, although, as it turned out, the museum was not touched. An auto showroom across the street was put to the torch.

During the rest of the morning an atmosphere of "no panic" prevailed in the embassy. Perhaps we reasoned that the fires—whose nature and extent we did not then truly comprehend—were just another in the chain of events we had, until then, successfully weathered. Carrying on till normal closing time—2 p.m. on a

Saturday—we filtered out into largely deserted streets—the embassy police guard had vanished—and headed for our respective homes. Only Ambassador Caffery, a few senior officials and the marine guards remained.

Late that afternoon Ambassador Caffery was to demonstrate both his courage and his renowned professionalism when he drove across town to call on King Farouk in Abdin Palace and to counsel him to call out the army to stop the burning. By about 5:30 p.m. first elements of the army stationed in barracks near Heliopolis, northeast of the city, arrived in midtown Cairo. The delay in their despatch was occasioned, according to subsequent gossip, by Farouk's concern that their loyalty be ensured. Unfortunately, they arrived just too late to prevent the destruction of the Smith Book Store, British-owned, largest in the Middle East.

Every officer and employee of the American embassy on that day will have a different story to tell of ensuing events. We had ourselves scheduled a musical evening for that day, one in a series of record concerts we had put on for friends, Egyptian and Western, who liked classical music. It was to be a Mozart program in honor of Mozart's birthday (on January 27). Although doubtful that anyone would come, we proceeded with plans for the concert, I myself scouring neighboring back alley stalls, still open, for last-minute supplies.

From time to time we joined other residents on the roof of our apartment, the Horus House in Zamalek on Gezira Island, to watch the progress of the fire across the river on the east bank. Paul and Willa Parker were fellow residents. Our regional treasury attaché, Paul was in Tehran that day. Other residents included Clark Davis, American engineer who directed construction of the Suez fertilizer plant, and Samia Gamal, then the most famous of Egyptian "belly" dancers, recently married to "Shep" King, scion of the famous King Ranch family of Texas. We had had drinks with them on New Year's day and he would subsequently book her on a tour of American night clubs. They were later divorced.

Assured by phone that the con-



Egyptian government forces out to quell rioters.

cert was still "on," some twenty guests filtered in throughout the evening, the first to arrive being the bearded artist, Sagini, an Egyptian of Italian antecedents whose two pieces my wife had that morning rescued from the museum. He had walked through the burning city and north across the Fuad al Awal bridge to our home.

The concert over, Frances and I drove several of our guests home and then proceeded to follow Alfred Haddad, our Lebanese protocol officer, to his home in Garden City, near our embassy. Coming off the Kasr el Nil bridge, we were waved down by a soldier who pushed his pistol in my face, his hand shaking. Fortunately, Alfred, observing what had happened, stopped his car and shouted to the soldier, confirming that we were all right, that we were Americans! Lowering his pistol, the soldier waved us on. We turned around and sped home.

Sunday we all stayed close to home, fraternizing with neighbors and exchanging stories with newsmen and businessmen who had ventured into the city. "Thank God the army remained loyal," was the general consensus. With a nearby British colleague we listened to an hourly broadcast from his embassy reporting on missing British citizens. Martial law had been imposed late Saturday, followed by a 5 o'clock curfew which was only gradually relaxed over succeeding weeks. During early curfew days

dinner or party guests occasionally overnighted with their hosts.

Monday it was back to our embassy, now guarded by soldiers, their machine guns sweeping the gate. In mid-morning, hearing from an American businessman that it was "all right" to go into town, Frances and I set out to see the wreckage. Only after we had left did the ambassador direct that embassy personnel stay out of downtown for a few days.

Most shocking to see were the remains of the old Sheppard's, colorful oasis for generations of travelers to upper Egypt and the Far East. No more would its palm-studded lobby and colonnaded corridors be filled with the bustle of Nubian and Sudanese servants, garbed in red tarboosh, gold braid and flowing robes. From across the street we saw not even the shell of a building. Grotesquely, the archway of the main entrance still stood, its inscription, Sheppard's Hotel, seeming to taunt the arsonists. Otherwise, only two of three of the transverse brick walls remained upright, a hall carpet dangling from one and flapping gently in the breeze. The stone and masonry building had completely collapsed, incinerated in the heat of the gasoline-fed flames.

Rumor had it that several hotel guests had been killed, but this was never confirmed. Guests Ernie Hill, then of the *Chicago Daily News* and his wife, Terry, escaped out the front entrance; as did the

wife of a Fulbright agricultural expert, he being that day out in the country. All their clothing and money, left in their room, was lost. Friends donated emergency clothing for them. Some luncheon guests, including our engineer friend, Clark Davis, had escaped into the back garden, scaling the back wall when night fell.

After Sheppard's we wandered the nearby streets to observe the complete gutting of the big department stores, two of the fashionable Swiss-owned Groppi restaurants and the Barclay's Bank, a stone and masonry building whose roof had collapsed into its spacious lobby, causing several deaths. In the Turf Club, another citadel of empire, eleven persons were burned to death, including our colleague, the deputy Canadian trade commissioner, who had gone there for lunch. Some club members and guests had escaped out back windows. Others, seeking to flee the front entrance, were driven back into the building by the mob to subsequent death. Rioters had placed the club's canary, in its cage, atop a pile of furniture and burned the lot.

During our walk we learned how gasoline had been used to fuel the fires. Commandeered gasoline trucks were driven through the city, their contents drawn into buckets and sloshed under the steel shutters of shops, normally brought down as a protection against riot. One match did the rest. Some imaginative store owners saved their shops by throwing coins into the street, distracting the arsonists.

While the burnings demonstrated the mindless fury of a mob run amok (making us forever fearful of mobs—anybody's mob) they also revealed the breadth and depth of hatreds abroad in the city. These included the British, other foreigners, the rich, the Farouk regime, and "sin, sex and debauchery" as represented in the cinemas, liquor stores and the Badia night club, a noted belly dance hall, the first establishment put to the torch.

Subsequent government investigation failed to reveal—at least publicly—any organized planning of events. Few were tried or punished. The fact that the commandeered tank trucks were conveniently available suggested an

(Continued on page 37)

"The heroes, the saints and sages—they are those who face the world alone."—Norman Douglas

AN EPITAPH FOR ALI

FRED GODSEY

We buried Ali on a gentle hillside in the Old Cemetery in Budapest, Hungary on a misty autumn day in 1947. So far as I know, his grave is marked only by a simple stone slab bearing his real name and the dates:

LUNSUD J. GOODE
Born 1893
Died Oct. 13, 1947

It's not an appropriate epitaph for a hero. Of course Ali would be the first to scoff at such a claim, for he was a modest man.

Ali was a black man. He grew up in the slums of Boston, where his parents died when he was about ten years old. He never knew exactly when or where he was born. He learned to fight in the streets and alleys and in his early youth became a boxer. He never made the Big Time because he was too short and had no professional training, but he made a living of sorts in the early years of his manhood by fighting preliminary bouts along the East Coast.

Sometime in the 1920s, Ali went to Europe with a couple of fighters

to stage exhibition bouts. The venture failed, however, and he was stranded in Paris without enough money for food. He decided to give up boxing for some other branch of show business.

He met a Hungarian promoter in Paris who was putting together a traveling vaudeville show. Ali couldn't sing or act, but as a boy he had danced in the streets of Boston for coins, so he was signed on and billed as a famous American tap dancer. As he once told me, his act was never a real threat to Fred Astaire, but he could do a fairly good buck-and-wing.

The troupe opened in Budapest. The show was a failure; the theater canceled the contract, and the promoter disappeared without paying. This was in 1930. America was still deep in the big depression, and Ali decided to stay on in Budapest and look for a job unconnected with show business.

In those days, a black person was a rarity in Budapest, and racial discrimination against negroes did not exist in Hungary. On the contrary, Ali's color landed him a job on his very first try. His new employer, the owner of a cafe, believed for several years that Ali was a Moor from Morocco.

Hungarians have an abiding, unshakable belief, learned in the cradle and certified by the great cafes in Budapest: A good cup of coffee,

of perfect flavor, delicate body and superb aroma, must be brewed by a dark-skinned native of Turkey, Morocco or other exotic land. Any coffee house having such a man was assured of an elite clientele. So it was that Ali became the coffee brewer and server in the most popular cafe and bar on Vaci Street in Budapest.

Of course the management could never permit him to be called Lunsud Goode, so he was given an embroidered vest, a red fez, complete with tassel, and a new name, Ali—a name shared with the adopted son of Mohammed and all of the professional coffee servers in Hungary. But there was only one American Ali in Budapest.

Ali was quick to learn, and he soon became a bartender, in addition to his coffee duties. He also learned Hungarian and eventually married a Hungarian girl. He was well-known in Budapest and, as the years passed, worked in many different bars, night clubs and cafes. Shortly before World War II, he became the chief bartender and coffee man in the Bristol, one of Budapest's finest hotels.

We reopened the American consulate in Budapest in the summer of 1945 amid the debris left by the second World War. I was a young consular officer assigned to issue passports and repatriate those American citizens who had been trapped by the war in Hungary and who wished to return to the United States. Ali was one of my first customers. He and his wife—they had no children—had spent the war years in an internment camp in Budapest. He was about 52 years old, and his wife a few years younger, when I met them in 1945. He still had his old American passport, and the consular files verified his story and his claim to American citizenship. I gave him a new passport and explained that we could issue a visa to his wife when they were ready to leave for the USA.

After the war, Hungary was occupied and controlled completely by the Russian military, and the communist party was already beginning plans in 1945 to take over the government. Almost every day crowds marched past the consulate carrying red flags and banners reading, "Down with America! Death to Truman! Long Live Stalin!"

Fred Godsey was in the Foreign Service from 1942-1951 and served in Budapest from 1945-50. He now lives at Vogelsberg 15, 7591 Obersasbach, West Germany.

Russian soldiers were murdering, raping and looting nightly in Budapest.

I urged Ali to hasten his departure for the United States before a communist government was formed which would have the power to prevent his wife, as a Hungarian citizen, from leaving the country. But he said that his life savings had been stolen when Russian soldiers had looted his apartment. He had reopened the bar and cafe of the Bristol and wanted to get some money together for living expenses while he looked for a job in the United States. He had no known relatives and had decided to go to New Orleans.

The summer passed, and each month of 1946 saw a gradual strengthening of the communist rule in Hungary. I received frequent visits from Ali at the consulate or saw him occasionally at his bar. Each time he would flash a wide grin and say, "Just a few more weeks now, Mr. Consul! Just a few more weeks and we'll be ready to go."

By mid-1947, the communist campaign of terror had reached a new peak. The secret police and the Russians in Hungary were arresting and murdering suspected "enemies of the people" in Budapest prisons. No Hungarian family was immune to the midnight knock on the door which could mean death or deportation to the Soviet Union for slave labor. The huge communist concentration camps around Budapest were being filled with people, many of whom had just two years before been liberated from the Nazi camps in Germany and Poland.

All of the professions, trades and labor groups in Hungary fell under the rigid control of the communist party—a control which eventually included Ali's profession. A trade syndicate of bar and coffee house employees was formed, and Ali had to join or lose his job.

He continued to delay his departure for the US.

I knew that Ali was in trouble the moment he stepped into my office. It was a cool October morning, but there were drops of sweat on his forehead. He was wearing his little white American sailor hat,

which he always wore when not on duty at his bar, and he tried hard to look unworried.

"Mr. Consul, I had a visit last night from some people. They want to make trouble for me. They want me to march in a communist parade tomorrow afternoon. Can you get me and my wife out of here? We'd like to go as soon as possible."

The communist union had sent a delegation to request Ali to be on hand the next day at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He was expected to march through the main streets of Budapest at the forefront of a mammoth communist parade. Moreover, he would be carrying a large red-lettered sign. The sign

"There was no way we could get Ali's wife on a plane or out of Hungary so quickly. She would need an exit permit from the communist government."

would read, "Death to Truman! Down with America! Long Live Stalin!"

As a well-known American in Budapest, Ali's participation in such a denunciation of his country would be a great coup for communist propaganda.

"I told them that I'd let them know by noon tomorrow," he said. "Of course they made it clear that if I say no, they will never let my wife leave Hungary—they will put her in a concentration camp."

I immediately checked with the consular officer in charge of visas. There was no way we could get Ali's wife on a plane or out of Hungary so quickly. She would need an exit permit from the communist government.

When I relayed this piece of bad news to Ali, tears came to his eyes. He brushed them away with the back of his hand and stood up. "Well, Mr. Consul, what should I do?" he asked.

Whether he was afraid of what

my answer would be, or whether he suddenly realized that it was a question which only he could answer, I shall never know. Before I could speak, he turned toward the door and said, "Well, maybe I can work something out."

That was the last time I saw Ali.

The next morning, about 11 o'clock, Ali's wife came to the consulate and told me that he was dead. He had taken a few pills during the night for chest pains. A few minutes later he had died—of a heart attack. A doctor had already signed the death certificate, she said.


"I didn't know that Ali suffered from heart trouble," I told her, after expressing my sympathy and assuring her that the consulate would assist in arranging a funeral service.

She blinked back her tears, handed me a small bottle and looked straight into my eyes. "These are the pills like Lunsud took," she said. "I didn't show them to the doctor. Lunsud took several of them. It was a heart attack."

"Of course," I said quickly, as I saw the red skull and cross bones on the little bottle. "Of course, it was a heart attack."

And it is so recorded officially in the records of the American consulate in Budapest.

The communist parade that afternoon was about like most of them are. The same old monotonous, stupid drivel. Nothing special. Ali's funeral was supposed to be a simple one, as he had no religious affiliation. But as the coffin was being carried by a few friends to the grave, a group of Hungarian gypsies suddenly appeared. They carried their musical instruments and followed the coffin all the way to the open grave—playing slow, mournful, beautiful gypsy music. They had come, uninvited but most welcome, to give Ali a rare honor in his last rest. They considered him as one of their own.

A few months after the funeral, we sent Ali's widow to the United States to live with friends in the midwest. How she got out of communist Hungary in those difficult days is not important now. We simply carried out Ali's wishes. 

"This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,—” —Emily Dickinson

The Letter

JANIS BENSON

"Mom!"

"Susie! Honey, is everything all right?" What a shock to hear her voice. A long-distance call from Brussels.

"Yes, Mom. Everything's great. The baby hasn't come yet and I'm fine. But I miss you. Mom, please be here when it comes. It's going to be soon, I know. Billy came early and it was so nice to have you with me. Can you come?"

"Susie, darling, you're not next door any more. I mean, Brussels is a little far from Virginia."

"Mom, it's a hop, skip and jump. You've traveled enough before, heaven knows. Come on!"

"Well, darling, I don't know. I'm on the church planning committee, you know. We're right in the middle of organizing our spring fair—program, rummage sale, all that sort of thing. Then, I go to the hospital twice a week to help out. And, anyway, Dad couldn't possibly get away."

"Mom, I'd love to see Dad, too, but right now I want YOU, you

know? Come on. It's been almost a year and I miss you. Dave and I were talking last night and he said 'get her to come. Call her up'—so I did."

"Susie, this call must be costing you a fortune. I'll think about it, honey. Really I will. But if I did come it couldn't possibly be till next month. Really, I'm so committed here." She laughed. "You'd think we were still in the Foreign Service."

There was a pause. Then Sue said, "OK, Mom. Think it over. But sometimes you just have to throw caution to the wind and act on impulse. Sometimes you put things off till it's too late."

"I'll think about it, honey. I really will. Give my love to Dave and little Billy."

"Bye, Mom. . ."

Peter and Mary Trevor were retired Foreign Service. The years of living abroad and traveling long distances were behind them. They'd raised three children who were now gone their separate ways. Mike and Sue married, and Johnny a senior in college. Sue had married a Foreign Service officer herself and was living in Brussels. The Trevors saw their sons fairly often but hadn't seen Sue since she moved to Belgium. Mary smiled as she went to her desk. She would write dear,

impetuous Susie, tell her how wonderful it was to hear her voice, but, really, just pick up and fly to Europe? My goodness, she was up to HERE in commitments. And with Peter serving on the faculty at the university. . . Come without him, Susie had said. She couldn't do that!

"Where's that notepaper? Oh, heavens. . ." She searched through the desk drawer. "I have to straighten up this mess. Oh!" At the back of the drawer she found an envelope. Slowly she took it out and read the address:

*Mr. and Mrs. Peter Trevor
Rosengatan 5
Stockholm, Sweden*

Dated June 10, 1962, the letter had been from her parents and written just before they had set off on vacation. She turned the envelope over. She had used it to write a list on all those years ago:

*dentist
buy yarn and bag, pattern
laundry*

Her hands, still holding the letter, dropped to her lap. Eighteen years ago, but she remembered clearly.

Everything was ready for the birthday party. The long pine table was set with gay "Happy Birthday" paper plates and napkins. There was a long blue runner in the center of the table with dancing boys and girls in Swedish costumes printed on it. The birthday cake, in the shape of a castle, stood on the runner.

Mary stepped back and admired the effect. It wasn't to be a big party since Johnny was only two. The guests would be her other children, Mike and Sue, Peter and herself, and a Swedish couple they'd often gone sailing with. She looked happily around the big dining room. The clear June afternoon sunshine streamed in through the long windows. They had been right to choose red curtains and rug to set off the modern Scandinavian pine furniture.

They had lived in the apartment almost three years. Peter had given up teaching at the University of Minnesota and joined the Foreign Service. Economic officer in Stockholm was his first post, and they both loved it. At first they had been hesitant about living in an apartment in downtown Stock-

Janis Benson, who wrote "The Burgundy Canal by Small Boat" in the Journal for October, 1977, is a Foreign Service wife who has accompanied her husband on assignments in Stockholm, Paris, The Hague and now Nairobi.

holm, but it had proved a wonderful location. They had settled in, had a baby, got a *barn flicka* to help with the children, bought a boat, and managed to candle and torch their way through the long, dark winters.

Mary heard Kristina laughing and talking to the children as she got them tidied up for the party. Leif and Anne-Britt Jansson would come at 5:30. She hoped Peter would be able to get away from the embassy on time so dinner could be served at 6:00. After the birthday cake, the children would go to their rooms with Kristina and the adults would plan a weekend boat trip. That would be fun. Leif and Anne-Britt were good company

“On the plane Mary was grateful for Kristina who kept Johnny with her the whole flight. She wished the plane flew faster. She couldn’t get there fast enough.”

and their children liked playing with each other. The sea charts were lying in the living room, ready to be pored over after dinner. Little Johnny at two was already a good sailor. He’d even fallen overboard once in a peaceful harbor and had paddled around on his back looking like a fat orange turtle in his thick life-vest. Mike, who was six, and Susie, five, both liked boats.

At 5:30 on the dot the buzzer sounded from downstairs in the lobby. Mary pressed the button.

“Hej! Come on up!”

It would be the Janssons. True Swedes, they always arrived punctually. Too bad Peter hadn’t made it home early. Darn him.

It was a good hour before he put in his appearance, and Mary was a little miffed. No one else seemed to mind, though, and the children were having fun with five-year-old Margarit Jansson.

“Oh, well,” sighed Mary, kissed Peter and said, “OK. Everybody’s

hungry! Let’s go to the table.”

The party was a success. Johnny had a happy birthday and got himself completely covered with cake icing to the delight of the other children. Afterwards the grown-ups went to the living room to organize the weekend. At 9 o’clock, with the summer sky still bright over the city, Leif and Anne-Britt left, carrying a tired little Margarit. Kristina took the children and tucked them into bed. Mary did the dishes and Peter helped. He seemed oddly quiet. When everything was in order, he took Mary’s hand.

“Mary, let’s sit down a minute.”

“Just let me kiss the kids good night, first,” she said.

“Let it go, Mary. Please.”

An odd disquiet filled her. Something was wrong, but what? Peter had been his charming self during the party. He’d planned the boat trip as if everything were perfectly normal. Now he was different. Subdued and very serious.

They sat together on the sofa. She saw the church tower and tiled roof tops etched against the luminous sky. The clock on the mantel struck 10:00.

“Mary, I got a call today. From Washington. Your uncle called the department. There’s been an accident. Your mother and father . . . were in an accident.”

Mary went cold. “Peter. How are they? Oh, Pete!” and her hand clutched her throat.

His face was grave. He held her hand very tightly. “They’re dead, Mary. Your mother was killed instantly. Your father died a few hours later in the hospital.”

She heard the clock ticking softly as the brass pendulum swung to and fro. It had kept steady time for her father when he was a boy. It had stood on the ledge in the kitchen of his boyhood home. It continued its steady swing. Her father was NOT dead. Her mother was NOT dead. Impossible!

Three years before she had left Minnesota where she had spent two weeks with her parents, and joined Peter in Washington. They had seen her off at the airport. Her mother had cried and hugged her two grandchildren. Her father had got on the plane with them and carefully tucked little Sue and Mike into their seatbelts. That had been the last time she’d seen either of

them. They had all been looking forward to the first home leave in August. Now . . . Mom and Dad, in their early 60s. Dead. Both of them. The clock ticked on and Mary wept for a long, long time.

Finally Peter said, “Darling, I’ve arranged to take home leave in two days. I’ve booked our flight and everything is taken care of. Can we be ready?”

“Yes, we’ll be ready.” The tears were over for the moment. “You’d better call the Janssons, and we have things to decide. I’ve got to make a list.” She went to the desk and on a used envelope wrote:

dentist

buy yarn and bag, pattern

laundry

arrange Kristina

black hat

pack (toys, black dress)

“Shall we take Kristina?” asked Peter.

“I don’t know. It might be a good idea. I might not have much time to think about the children. Yes. Let’s ask her now.”

The next morning Mary had a dentist appointment at 9 o’clock. Kristina had been asked if she would like to go with them and had called her family in Husqvarna. They said all right. Mary finished at the dentist, then went to the yarn shop and bought a crochet pattern she had seen to make a suit for Sue. She had been admiring a sewing bag in the *hemslojd* shop and went there to buy it for the trip. Her mind was working very clearly as she methodically went down her list. Black hat. She found a small-brimmed cotton knit hat that would be easy to pack. She knew she was not expected to wear black but it was necessary to herself. She bought a few color books and crayons and a bag of plastic soldiers to slip into her carry-on bag to keep the children entertained during the flight.

When she got home it was almost noon. Anne-Britt was in the kitchen giving the children their lunch. Peter had taken Kristina to the embassy for a visa and a vaccination. As yet Mary hadn’t told the children why they were leaving. She would save that for the plane. Mike and Sue might remember their grandparents, but three years is a long time in the life of a small child. Sad—sad. Loving grandpar-

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THE AGONY IN TEHRAN CONTINUES

As this issue of the *Journal* goes to press fifty of our colleagues have spent more than 100 days as the prisoners of a gang of militant revolutionaries in Tehran. Hopes for their safe and early release fluctuate from day to day, depending upon which TV newscast one happens to be viewing. Nevertheless their prospects of returning home appear to be steadily improving so at this writing there may be grounds for thinking that it's at least possible that our captive associates and friends may be reunited with their families by the time this copy of the *Journal* reaches you, the reader.

The one bright shaft of sunshine illuminating an otherwise gloomy international horizon was the brave and daring action of our Canadian neighbors in making possible the escape from Iran of six of our people. If there is any humor at all to be found in the entire hos-

tage saga it had to be when the so-called Foreign Minister of Iran denounced the action of our Canadian friends as being in violation of international law.

Now, as we await the return of the rest of our colleagues, we must reflect on the prospect of this kind of thing happening again somewhere else. Today it seems that we in the Foreign Service face new dimensions of personal danger. To be sure, Foreign Service life has always entailed certain risks. The 121 names on the AFSA memorial plaque in the Diplomatic Lobby of the Department bear testimony to that fact. But as the days of captivity lengthen for our colleagues, our thoughts should move to ways to counter such extreme hardship in the future, while our hearts and prayers remain with them in Tehran.

FOR SURE, SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT

We are pleased to note that after negotiating and pressuring for more than a year on the full range of issues connected with the new Foreign Service Act, we saw major changes which we have long advocated incorporated into the bill at a February 7 joint mark-up session of the Fascell and Schroeder subcommittees of the House International Relations and the Post Office and Civil Service Committees. Our most important victory was in the subcommittees' legislation of full pay parity at option 1, the highest level substantiated by the Hay Associates study, but which had been stalled by OMB for some time. The amendment, introduced by former FSO Jim Leach (Iowa) will raise pay as follows: O/R/RU-3 and FSS-1 equal to GS-15; O/R/RU-4 and FSS-2, equal to GS-14; O/R/RU-5 and FSS-3 equal to GS-13; O/R/RU-6 and FSS-4 equal to GS-11; O/R/RU-7 and FSS-5 equal to GS-9; O/R/RU-8 and FSS-6 equal to GS-7. The Leach amendment also provides for 14 steps in each class, important new bonus for Staff Corps personnel. A "grandfathering" provision will protect against pay losses. Personnel at the O/R/RU-6 and FSS-4 level after 6 months would be reviewed for promotion into a new class equivalent to GS-12.

Both subcommittees adopted most of AFSA's other recommendations pertaining to first 3-1/2 chapters of the bill marked up. AFSA has lobbied staff and members intensively to ensure that they fully appreciate our con-

cerns. The two subcommittees also adopted a long-standing AFSA proposal when it approved language stating that the "position of chief of mission should normally be accorded to career members of the Service, though circumstances will warrant the appointment, from time to time, of qualified persons from without the career. Contributions to political campaigns should not be a factor in the appointment of an individual as a chief of mission."

Additionally, even before bill went to mark-up, the executive branch acceded to the AFSA demand to provide standby pay alleviating the burden for many, especially Staff Corps and Communicators, who are often under the functional equivalent of house arrest. Similarly, AFSA pressure has brought the department to formally press for lifting the restriction on post hardship differential.

This was only the first mark-up session at subcommittee level in the House and sustained work will be required as the remaining twelve chapters of the bill are marked up, reported to full committees and sent to the floor of the House. Parallel action on the Senate side, where so far the foreign relations committee has exclusive jurisdiction, will only be slightly less arduous, and conference action compromising likely House-Senate difference will be almost inevitable. The entire process may well run into the fall.

Association News

UPDATE ON THE HOSTAGE SITUATION

As this is written, the hostage situation drags on with little change in the conditions the hostages face, although the impact of the ordeal on these brave officers undoubtedly increases with the passage of time. While there appear to be hopeful signs, there still is no real prospect of their early release.

When faced with the initial crisis, AFSA took a series of actions responding to the critical situation in which fellow foreign service personnel found themselves. Posts have already been notified of many of these actions, but here is a recapitulation:

1. AFSA called a general employee meeting in New State on the day Iranian students marched in protest. Ken Bleakley spoke to a large assemblage in the lobby of the Diplomatic Entrance.

2. AFSA wrote a letter to President Carter, urging restraint in dealing with the Iranian situation, and copies were sent to all presidential candidates. This letter emphasized that getting the hostages safely out was the primary consideration and that careless statements might only inflame passions and jeopardize lives. In general, public figures have acted in accordance with AFSA's recommendation.

3. AFSA supported the families of the hostages in the holding of an interfaith service at the National Cathedral. AFSA informed posts around the world of this event, and urged that chapters sponsor similar religious observances.

4. AFSA supported an open air ceremony at the Lincoln Memorial which was attended by several thousand people. Statements were made by State department and other public officials. Music was provided by the Marine Corps Band.

5. AFSA wrote letters to 150 leading corporate and membership organizations urging support for the campaign to free the hostages.

6. AFSA sponsored a luncheon at the Foreign Service Club on February 5 at which approximately fifty of the hostages' family mem-

bers were invited guests.

7. AFSA prepared a leather-bound album transmitting on behalf of the Foreign Service an expression of our deep gratitude to the people and the government of Canada for their role in enabling six of our number to evade capture in Tehran and eventually to escape from Iran. The album was signed by the six individuals involved, by Secretary Vance, by the family members of the remaining hostages, and by almost 2,000 persons in the Department.

8. AFSA Headquarters has distributed thousands of bumper stickers saying "Free the Hostages" with the assistance of banks and credit unions, and they have been accepted by the public with enthusiasm.

9. Many other actions by individual Board members and AFSA collectively could be cited. One cable from Munich congratulated us, and we appreciate it. It reads as follows: "Ken Bleakley and AFSA/W doing splendid job in the crisis. Keep up the good work." While the Board is doing its best, its members are also keenly aware that there is much more we could and should do.

Perhaps the main story however is what the AFSA chapters have done in posts around the world. This was summarized in the February 1980 issue of the *Journal*. The round-up of actions reported from 36 posts indicated religious services were held in 18 countries, expressions of support by national leadership in 11 countries, major publicity generated in 10 countries, messages to the Iranian Government from seven, expressions of sympathy to the hostage families from five, recommendations for a tougher stand from seven, and reasoned expressions of support for United States policy from five. A number of posts which reported were not included in the round-up simply because the messages were received late. Other posts probably failed to fully inform Washington. In any case the record, however incomplete, is impressive.

As mentioned above, at this writing the hostages are still being held in Tehran. The United States government cannot take military action to obtain their release without seriously endangering their lives. The United States can undertake diplomatic actions to make the Iranians pay for their transgressions but if such actions are to be really effective, they must be supported worldwide. The United States in fact is enjoying an unprecedented measure of worldwide support, and that support is the best hope the hostages have. Therefore, any initiatives that build such support and mutual understanding on the basis of the hostage situation are still to be encouraged. Reporting on such local initiatives and expression of support at posts around the world continues to be most welcome.

DIPLOMATIC PASSPORTS FOR AID

The department's bureau of consular affairs is to be commended for the longstanding review of the criteria under which diplomatic passports are issued. As a result of the bureau's recommendations, and with effect from November 28, 1979, certain categories of AID as well as other foreign affairs agency personnel are entitled to diplomatic passports in place of the official passports previously issued to them. As regards AID employees, all AID Foreign Service personnel (officers and staff) and their dependents have this entitlement if they are serving abroad. Second, all AID Foreign Service personnel serving in AID/W, but whose work requires overseas travel on official business, can be issued diplomatic passports. Last, AID non-Foreign Service personnel, Grades GS-14 and above, who are required to travel abroad on official business, are also entitled to diplomatic passports. For further information, AID personnel serving overseas should refer to State cable 000757 of January 2, 1980. AID personnel serving in Washington are directed to the *Department Notice* dated January 7.

WITH FRIENDS LIKE JODY...

Dear Mr. Powell:

According to an account by Jeremiah O'Leary in the *Washington Star*, February 6, 1980, you stated, in defense of Muhammed Ali, the following: "He's been very positive over there. . . He's not going to deal with questions the way somebody in the Foreign Service for thirty years would. That's why he's so effective."

We understand your statement to mean that 30 years of dedicated professional service renders one incompetent to serve the national interest and fully expect that the public will interpret your statement in exactly that way. Such gratuitous and unjustified calumny dishonors our heroic dead and insults the many thousands of Foreign Service men and women who, over the years, have walked in harm's way in the service of the United States.

At this very moment, Foreign Service officers remain prisoners in Iran. Scant weeks ago our people risked immolation in Islamabad and, in May, on Foreign Service Day, it will once again be our sad duty to add names to the plaque which honors the men and women of the Service who have died in the service of the nation. We have never expected special praise, medals or emoluments for our efforts. Indeed, we have never received any. We do, however, have

every right to expect that the administration which we so loyally and competently serve will not stab us in the back.

The crisis of today will, inevitably, pass and equally inevitably, new ones will arise. At that time as in all times past, the president and the nation will look to its Foreign Service professionals as the only credible source of objective analysis and guidance in the foreign affairs field. To ensure that such a corps of dedicated professionals continues to exist demands, at a minimum, that the Foreign Service not be used as a "whipping boy."

In short, you owe us an apology.

KENNETH W. BLEAKLEY

President

*American Foreign
Service Association*

In light of the continuing tragedy in Tehran, we offer an ironic footnote for Mr. Powell's consideration. In keeping with the Foreign Service tradition of informed judgment and professional assessment, Bruce Laingen, our chargé in Tehran, correctly predicted the consequences of admitting the shah to the United States for medical treatment. Subsequently Mr. Laingen and 49 other Americans have had considerably more time than the rest of us to reflect on how different the US position in Southwest Asia might be today had his advice been heeded.

IDCA UPDATE (?)

In the five months of its existence IDCA's performance has been something less than spectacular. The field has not been hearing much about IDCA, and one is led to speculate whether IDCA has heard much about the field. Take, for example, the matter of IDCA staffing: of the twenty-one (AID-funded) appointments to date, only one Foreign Service officer has been included (most of the others being "outside hires"). Readers may be assured, however, that there has been no shortage of high-level Administratively-Determined (AD) appointments, with eight appointees currently pulling down salaries of AD-15 and above. As far as IDCA's substantive activities are concerned, the familiar rustle of

new studies, papers, and procedures evoke a sense of *déjà vu* for anyone having experienced previous changes in AID's administration, and one wonders whether this fledgling bureaucracy has any genuine rationale for its existence. It is interesting to speculate on what alternative development activities—either through AID or experienced and reputable voluntary agencies—could have been financed in place of IDCA's administrative budget. The AID Standing Committee will doggedly, albeit perplexedly, continue its enquiry into what IDCA can possibly be doing (or not doing). Stay tuned for the next installment of—"Armchairs in Space!"

REPORT ON ICA

The USICA Standing Committee headed by Fred Shaver January 17 met with AFSA President Ken Bleakley and counsel Sue Holick for an intensive luncheon discussion designed to make AFSA more meaningful to USICA personnel.

The main topic of the discussion was the Foreign Service reform legislation but it also provided an opportunity for the Standing Committee to sensitize the AFSA Board to problems of the people in the Agency.

As one Standing Committee member put it, the danger to USICA within a proposed unified or uniform Foreign Service will be similar to that faced by Mexico versus the US. "State Department is big and it does not think about us, but we think about us," he said.

Another member observed that it is difficult to sell AFSA to USICA officers, because AFSA is perceived as a "company union."

Still another problem with a single Foreign Service, pointed out a luncheon-meeting participant, is that by the very nature of its work, USICA has greater need to get an officer back from the field—for home leave or R & R in the US—than does the Department.

Bleakley noted that AFSA had suggested some 80 changes in the bill, taking into consideration specific AFSA concerns. But he also made the point that a single Foreign Service would have a better clout in Congress and that it would be in a better position to demonstrate distinctions between its needs and the needs of the Civil Service.

There was a general agreement that more frequent sessions between the AFSA Board and USICA personnel are advantageous. Bleakley, Shaver and counsel Holick also agreed to look into the legal possibilities of disseminating news about the work of AFSA in USICA to show, as one of those present put it, "what you do for us."

JOIN AFSA
(OR ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO JOIN)

AID POSITION ON 1979 F.S. ACT

Notwithstanding the professed desire of the administrator, AID is far from becoming the "best agency in town." In a decision more reminiscent of the Triangle Garment Factory than modern late twentieth century organization, AID management is opposing certain provisions of the draft Foreign Assistance Act which would better working conditions for AID Foreign Service personnel. The AFSA/AID Standing Committee supports the proposed Act and has made three specific proposals for inclusion in the Act to strengthen the career concept of a qualified Foreign Service. (1) *Commissioning*: After thirty years of the agency's existence it is not unreasonable for AID's Foreign Service employees to want their conditions of service regularized, along the lines which have benefited their colleagues in State and ICA (USIA) for many years. Commissioning, as provided in the draft Act, would allow AID Foreign Service employees a measure of equality with their other Foreign Service peers, provide certain financial benefits, and eliminate their vulnerability to RIF. Foreign Service personnel would not, of course, enjoy the same security as their GS colleagues in respect of tenure, since the Act provides for selection-out on the basis of time-in-class or unsatisfactory service; but at least the jeopardy posed by RIF would be eliminated. The AID Standing Committee takes the position that all Foreign Service officers with skills likely to be in continual demand would be commissioned; this would include generalists as well as technicians (and generalists-cum-specialists).

Readers may be surprised to note that AID management has opposed commissioning, chiefly on the basis of its administrative and management implications and the administrative workload likely to be entailed (e.g. determining criteria for entrance examinations, etc.) The AID Standing Committee believes that the twenty months which the Act makes available for initiating procedures would provide sufficient time to devise a well-thought-out commissioning system. The committee is disap-

pointed at management's negative reaction, and will continue lobbying strenuously in support of the Act.

(2) *Restricting AD Appointments to GS Positions*: Management wants to be able to make Administratively-Determined appointments with respect to Foreign Service as well as GS-designated jobs in AID/W—something which the Standing Committee feels would be contrary to the intent of the Obey Amendment. AFSA/AID has proposed alternative language in the draft Act which would restrict AD appointments to GS-designated jobs, and believes that it has a strong legal case. It may even prove necessary to resort to legal action in order to protect Foreign Service positions in AID/W.

(3) *Restricting 631(b) Appointments to the Senior Foreign Service*: AFSA believes that this proposal would protect the agency's professional integrity to some extent, by closing another door on those underqualified political appointees who have been streaking into the agency in recent years. Under the AFSA proposal, Section 631(b) appointees would be restricted to the 5% of Senior Foreign Service set aside for that purpose. Readers will not be surprised to learn that AID management opposes the AFSA language, since this would, *inter alia*, prevent management from making political appointments at the FSR-3 level. AFSA continues to argue that management is not making effective use of its existing manpower, and that many present FSR-3s and lower grades can perform as well or *better* than outside hires and political appointees, if they are given the opportunity to do so. The AFSA/AID language would also serve to protect a number of higher-level jobs for which a large group of qualified FSR-1s and FSR-2s are available.

MAXIFLEX

AID management has rejected the maxiflex proposal previously endorsed by the AID working group, despite the overwhelming support for the proposal by AID employees. To be perfectly fair to management, this was a complex issue which entailed determining how AID/W could best support its

people in the field. The decision to maintain the five-day week for all AID/W employees does not hide the fact, however, that manpower resources are not well managed, and that it is unlikely to make little difference to the field whether all AID/W support staff maintain a five-day week or whether some work a longer four-day week. It is doubtful whether adoption of "flexitime" will be found to have reduced AID/W productivity; and it certainly could be beneficial to employee morale. The AID Standing Committee argued that maxiflex would promote morale without adversely affecting individual productivity, and we are sorry that we lost out on this round. Perhaps, when maxiflex has been adopted by more federal agencies and its effects become better known, we will be in a position to re-introduce this proposal.

CORRECTION

In Willard L. Beaulac's article, "Nicaragua," in the February *Journal*, a typographical error on page 37 changed the sense of Ambassador Beaulac's remarks. The passage should read:

"Joining with Latin American countries in such an enterprise would meet with strong criticism (and also with high praise) in the United States as well as in many other countries, not only because of doctrinaire opposition to American intervention but because, given the *scarcity* of practicing democracies in Latin America, some governments that might be willing to cooperate have already been the objects of as much, and in some cases more, criticism for violations of human rights than the Somoza regime has been. . ."

The substitution in typesetting of *security* for *scarcity* was the error.

A MESSAGE TO AFGE:

Please check your records. The United States Information Agency was recently reorganized and renamed, and is now commonly referred to as the "United States International Communication (no "s") Agency."

Your February 1, 1980 "message to the Foreign Service" (nice term, that) is wrong on other counts, too. But at least get the name right.

And tell Ken Blaylock. He hasn't gotten the word either.

PAY PARITY AMENDMENT DRAFT BY MR. LEACH OF IOWA
(Technical Revisions Will Follow)

Section 421. The Foreign Service Schedule.

(a) There shall be ten classes of salary rates as prescribed by this section for members of the Service who are citizens of the United States and for whom other salary rates are not provided by this chapter. The president shall adjust the rates of the Foreign Service schedule at the same time and by corresponding percentages as he adjusts the rates of the General Schedule described in Section 5104 of Title 5, United States Code. When adjusting the Foreign Service Schedule, the president shall preserve the relationships established by this section among the various rates of the Foreign Service

Schedule and between these rates and the rates of the General Schedule. Pay shall not be paid at any rate prescribed by or pursuant to this section that exceeds the rate of basic pay for level V of the Executive Schedule established by subchapter II, Chapter 53, Title 5 of the United States Code.

(b) Each Foreign Service class will have 14 pay steps. The first ten steps of the FS classes shall be identical to the ten steps of the GS Schedule for the grades linked as follows: FS-1 with GS-15; FS-2 with GS-14; FS-3 with GS-13; FS-4 with GS-12; FS-5 with GS-11; FS-6 with GS-9; FS-7 with GS-7; FS-8 with GS-6; FS-9 with GS-5; and FS-10 with GS-4. The ten classes of

the Foreign Service Schedule shall have 14 steps each. The step increases for steps after step 10 for each FS class shall be equal to the average amount of the other step increases in each of the respective classes.

(c) For purposes of transition to a ten class schedule, all persons employed as of the date of enactment who hold the personal ranks listed below will be converted as follows:

FSO/R/RU-3 and FSS-1 to FS-1
FSO/R/RU-4 and FSS-2 to FS-2
FSO/R/RU-5 and FSS-3 to FS-3
FSO/R/RU-6 and FSS-4 to FS-5
FSO/R/RU-7 and FSS-5 to FS-6
FSO/R/RU-8 and FSS-6 to FS-7
FSS-7 to FS-8
FSS-8 to FS-9
FSS-9 and FSS-10 to FS-10

(d) Within six months of the date of enactment of this Act, all persons employed as of the date of enactment who hold the ranks of FSO-6, FSR-6, FSRU-6, and FSS-4, and who have been accorded career status, shall be considered by a Foreign Service Selection Board for promotion to the rank of FS-4 on the basis of merit and the needs of the Service.

(e) The secretary shall insure that appropriate weight is given in the systematic classification of Foreign Service positions to job factors relating to service abroad and to compensation practices followed by private American entities with respect to their American citizen employees overseas.

AFSA CONTINUES INQUIRY

Readers of the article concerning treatment of an USAID/Islamabad secretary in the February issue of the *Journal* (p. 28) will be interested to have the following information provided by AID Management, which was not available when the last issue went to press. This is contained in a letter to the Chairman of the AID Standing Committees, and has been edited, with names and references to specific cable numbers deleted:

We would like you to know that all of us are most impressed with the professional manner in which our Foreign Service colleagues in Pakistan and their dependents conducted themselves during the recent crisis. They acted in the highest traditions of our service and are to be commended. In particular, we are impressed with Ms. X [name deleted] who, on Nov. 22, 1979, after already going through a harrowing and traumatic experience, elected to remain at Post to assist the Mission Director along with a number of other officers.

On December 3, 1979, approximately two weeks after the initial incident, AID/W received a cable [number deleted] proposing AID/W consultation of Mission personnel, including Ms. X. The proposal appeared to be conditioned on the availability of a TDY secretary to cover in her absence. As none was available, AID/W notified USAID/Pakistan on December 7, 1979 . . . that Ms. X's travel was not authorized.

It should be noted, however, that in a telephone conversation on December 5 between the Asia Bureau [title of officer deleted] . . . and [USAID/

Pakistan] . . . , the [former] . . . advised that the proposal was being favorably considered, but there would be a problem concerning secretarial services as no ready TDY replacement was available. It was agreed that some alternative arrangement would be devised by the Mission Director to allow Ms. X to visit the US . . . This information was given to Ms. X at the time the AID/W cable was received in Islamabad. The Mission Director assured Ms. X that if she desired visitation, it would be granted and secretarial needs would be met in some other manner. Ms. X indicated that visitation did not appear necessary at that time.

After two weeks had passed and the press of work had reduced [sic], Ms. X requested that TDY be considered, and leave as an evacuee was granted by the Mission Director.

We would like to address generally the actions which you urge the Agency to take: First, we believe that the entire Mission acted in an exemplary manner, and, accordingly, we are reviewing the extent of both individual and group contributions. Secondly, review of the total circumstances surrounding the travel request for Ms. X does not indicate "gross mistreatment" by any individual. At best, such supposition is only speculative . . .

In sum we know that the past few months have been particularly stressful for many of our Foreign Service colleagues, not only in Pakistan but elsewhere. We will continue to make every effort to respond to their needs in a prompt and compassionate manner . . .

AFSA will be pursuing its inquiries on this matter in collaboration with AID Management.

NEW TREASURER

On January 4, 1980, Larry Ingram was nominated and approved by the Governing Board to assume the duties of treasurer, to replace Dale Coleman who resigned from AID. Ingram has been with AID since 1966 and has served in Bolivia, Guatemala, Panama and Colombia. He is currently assigned to AID's auditor general staff in Washington.

Ingram was born in 1937, a graduate of the University of Kansas and has done graduate work in the Washington area. He is a certified public accountant and a member of several professional societies. Ingram is married to the former Gladys Soavedra of LaPaz and they have three children.

Chargé Prentiss Gilbert,
the Nazis, the Jews,
and the American Embassy

BERLIN 1937-1939

J. B. Donnelly

When Prentiss Bailey Gilbert collapsed at his desk in late February 1939, he had headed the American embassy in Berlin more than half of the months since his appointment as counselor in mid-1937. At first, Gilbert tried to deal rationally with the Nazi regime and its allegedly legal campaign against the Jews. By the end, in the aftermath of Crystal Night, Gilbert was working day and night to help the Jews and to watch for war. Then he himself fell victim to Adolf Hitler's terroristic diplomacy. Generally overlooked in four decades of the closest scrutiny of the record of American relations with the Nazis during the diplomatic prelude to the Holocaust, he was mourned at the

time as one of the first casualties of the second World War.

Gilbert took an unusual path to Berlin. Immediately after graduating at 15 from a Rochester, New York, high school in 1898, he took part in the Philippine campaign at the side of his father, a sometime regular army officer, federal official, and classics instructor. He took bachelor's degrees at the University of Rochester (Philosophy, Class of 1905) and at Yale (English, Class of 1907). A few years' work for a mining company financed Gilbert's "retirement" at the time of life when he thought he could best enjoy it. From 1910 to 1916 he wandered around the world, working as a barber in a Nicaraguan

port, beachcombing in the South Seas, recuperating at Edith Cavell's Belgian sanatorium on the eve of the German invasion, catching a glimpse of the Mexican Revolution. Gilbert returned to Rochester in 1916, got an M.A. in English, and established the university's extension school. Medically barred from overseas duty, Gilbert ran a military intelligence office in Washington from 1917 to 1919. There he met his wife, Charlotte Gilder, a War Department translator, and got a State Department invitation to set up its postwar system of information gathering and evaluation.

Gilbert's operation, a forerunner of the national intelligence estimates of the Cold War period, did not last, but his hard work led in 1925 to his assignment as assistant (often acting) director of the influential division of western European affairs. Success in various minor transactions with the League of Nations during the '20s prompted his appointment in 1930 to head a crypto-embassy in Geneva. For the next seven years, Gilbert handled the day-to-day relations with the league though, to appease the isolationists, his rank was merely consul. In October 1931, he became the only American ever to sit with the Council of the League of Nations, as part of Secretary of State Henry Stimson's futile effort to end the Manchurian crisis. His handling of politically touchy league issues and his renowned training of young Foreign Service officers made his transfer to Berlin in August 1937 popular with diplomatists and journalists alike.

Gilbert's tasks were to steady the ambassador and to improve the embassy reports. Since 1933 the ambassador had been Professor William Dodd, of the University of Chicago. A Wilsonian Democrat who had received his Ph.D. at Leipzig before the Great War, Dodd had become so anti-Nazi that he and the regime were now barely in touch. Finally, Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Under Secretary Sumner Welles staved off a public German protest by confidentially promising an early replacement.

Doctor Dodd was in the United States talking against Hitler when the new counselor arrived in Berlin August 4, 1937. So Gilbert quickly

Dr. Donnelly has taught at Washington and Jefferson College since 1969 after service as an Air Force intelligence officer, Baltimore Sun reporter and book reviewer, government aide and college administrator. He has degrees from Johns Hopkins (English literature), Georgetown (political science) and the University of Virginia (history). Currently working on aspects of the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 and the San Francisco Conference of 1945, he and his wife (visiting

lecturer in political science at Chatham College) live with their two daughters in Washington, Pennsylvania.

This essay is based exclusively on interviews and correspondence with veterans of interwar diplomacy and journalism; on cables, dispatches, letters and diaries deposited in the National Archives and the manuscript collections of various libraries and on published collections of American, British and German diplomatic papers.

became chargé for the first of two critical periods before his death. Fifty-three, he seemed to be in good health. He was slightly under six feet tall, weighed 180, was stoop-shouldered because he habitually kept at least one hand in his pocket, had a strong-jawed profile with sad-looking eyes, and a full shock of light hair. Charlotte, much younger, had a universally pleasing personality, a handsome appearance, and was fluent in French and German. The childless Gilberts were close to the leading American foreign correspondents in Europe, men and women who had covered Geneva when the stories were there and who now helped Gilbert to become oriented to Berlin and its headlines. Gilbert further had the help of a veteran consular network and three young Geneva alumni who, like the newspapermen, had preceded Gilbert to Berlin: Foreign Service officers James Riddleberger, Jacob Beam, and Henry Leverich.

The new chargé would soon need all the support he could get from the press and from his staff because the dean of the Berlin diplomatic corps, French Ambassador André François-Poncet, and, predictably, the new British Ambassador Sir Nevile Henderson, wanted to accept Hitler's invitation to lead the corps to Nuremberg in early September 1937 for the annual Nazi Party rally. Hitler, perhaps less hated in the West that fall than before or subsequently, promised that during the corps' brief visit he would deliver a non-controversial speech in his capacity as head of state. Additionally, while diplomatic attendance at previous Nuremberg rallies had signified Nazi support, Hitler announced that this year members of the corps would be welcome regardless of political viewpoint.

Ambassador Dodd protested to President Franklin D. Roosevelt and to the press. The State Department ostensibly left the choice up to Gilbert who, after lengthy discussions with Ferdinand Mayer, the outgoing counselor, decided to go along with the rest and accept Hitler's invitation. He did not respond until the last moment in order to give Washington every opportunity to pull him out. But, hearing nothing from President Roosevelt and interpreting silence



Press Release, February 25

The Department of State regrets to announce the sudden death at nine o'clock last night, at his post, of Mr. Prentiss B. Gilbert, the American Chargé d'Affaires ad interim at Berlin.

The Secretary of State today made the following statement:

"I am deeply grieved at the death of Mr. Prentiss B. Gilbert, the Chargé d'Affaires ad interim of the American Embassy in Berlin. For twenty years Mr. Gilbert had been a highly valued member of the Department of State and the Foreign Service. In all of his assignments, he rendered outstanding service to his Government. In his untimely death, our Foreign Service has lost one of its most distinguished officers and our Government a loyal and efficient public servant."

The American Ambassador to Germany, Mr. Hugh Wilson, made the following statement:

"I am indescribably shocked to hear of the death of Prentiss B. Gilbert. We have been closely associated in our work for more than a decade both in Geneva and Berlin.

"He was a man of genuine ability, a really acute observer, of high intelligence, and deeply impressed with the satisfaction and responsibility of a life of public service. We shall miss him badly."

These tributes to Prentiss Gilbert appeared in the April, 1939, American Foreign Service Journal.

as support, the department's leaders ignored Dodd and others and let Gilbert go: "better a chargé than an ambassador" was their maxim.

Gilbert felt he had been forced to follow the influential French and British ambassadors to Nuremberg, but he did believe that an invitation by the head of state to a reputedly official occasion could not be declined if relations were to remain intact. He believed that diplomats should maintain good contacts with those in power until the moment of war. He knew that dur-

ing the rally the real government of Germany would be in Nuremberg and not in the Foreign Office showcase in Berlin. A year later, neither the department nor the public objected to the Nuremberg appearance of Ambassador Hugh Wilson, who likened the Nazi get-together to a kind of college reunion. One of Gilbert's successors, Chargé Alexander Kirk, would have attended in September 1939 had Hitler not called off the show. Gilbert had to weather a brief outcry from home but he was strongly supported by the American newsmen in Berlin. They featured the last-minute timing of his acceptance and downplayed his low-keyed appearance in Nuremberg. (Hitler's speech was, for him, relatively apolitical. Gilbert stayed in the background or on the diplomatic train, spending most of the few hours there with an old friend, the Chinese envoy.)

Soon, the British and French ambassadors were consulting Gilbert about another matter of protocol and high politics: how to treat Italian dictator Benito Mussolini's three-day visit to Berlin in late September. Sympathetic embassies flew their flags during the entire visit, as if Mussolini were head of state. Anti-fascists, of course, wanted the democracies to ignore the extravaganza altogether. Gilbert split the difference and the other non-fascist embassies followed: according to custom, he raised the American flag the middle day, for Hitler had declared it a national holiday.

Frau Bella Fromm, an anti-Nazi columnist for the prominent Ullstein press and warm admirer of Dodd, later wrote that Gilbert's two compromises with the regime had made him the subject of "amused comment" in Berlin. If so, Gilbert and his aides and press friends were unaware. He did notice that German officials, despite pleasing him by objecting to his late acceptance of Hitler's bidding, were now more approachable. Gilbert decided to capitalize on this situation during his remaining days as chargé by seeking a showdown interview with Hermann Goering.

Hitler's cohort was at the peak of his popularity, especially with those who wanted Goering to replace Hitler or, at least to curb his

excesses. Gilbert planned to be blunt with Goering, having already observed that the Nazis respected nothing more than blunt frankness. He was going to focus attention on the crude activities of the American Nazi movement. Goering would be told that only a few thousand Americans out of the total population sympathized with Hitler's regime, whereas most Americans were becoming increasingly alienated by the Bundist uproar. Gilbert would warn Goering that the United States could turn completely against Germany, as in 1917. Gilbert did get to caution his old friend, the Italian ambassador, about the excesses of Mussolini's supporters in the States. But he never found out how Goering might react to Gilbert's indictment of Germany's American policy. Dodd returned for two months and retired on December 29, 1937. Chargé again for more than two months, Gilbert had his hands full with the question of Dodd's successor. Hugh Gibson, a prominent career ambassador, turned down the Berlin post just before Gilbert was to process his papers at the German Foreign Office. Then, to Gilbert's initial disappointment, Hugh Wilson, another veteran Foreign Service officer, was confirmed.

Wilson, minister to Switzerland for many years, had been Gilbert's nominal superior at Geneva. The main reason they had not got along well there was that Gilbert did not fit smoothly into what Wilson called a "pretty good club," the Foreign Service. Only the fourth departmental officer transferred into the tightly-guarded service, Gilbert had a Yale degree but no social distinctions and no private income, and had the added disadvantage of having been often and highly praised by Drew Pearson and other critics of American foreign policy at the expense of Wilson and his friends.

Wilson and Gilbert nonetheless worked together well in Berlin after the ambassador's takeover in March 1938 until his departure in mid-November to report to Roosevelt in the wake of Crystal Night. This latest of the world shocks of 1938, the Nazis' coordinated lynching and arrest of Jews and destruction of their synagogues and other property throughout

Germany on November 10, 1938, altered the tone of diplomacy in Berlin, as the record of Gilbert's final months illustrated.

While still a young man, Gilbert had quit his family's church to protest discrimination against immigrants. From the beginning of his Berlin days, Gilbert criticized the Nazi campaign against the Jews. But while first chargé he discussed the subject with the objectivity he had been sent to Berlin to provide because the embassy was confronted with legal rather than lethal situations. In letters to the department and in conversations with friendly newsmen, he pointed out that the United States might dislike Germany's anti-Semitic laws (designed, he said, "to make Jewish life as difficult as possible") but could not abolish them. He confidentially advised Washington that some of the American Jews affected by one or another of the Nazis' pettier measures were technically in the wrong. American consuls in various parts of Germany knew this in 1937, Gilbert said, but sent their cases to the Berlin embassy for higher level protests with one or both of two motives: (1) they pitied the Jewish victims of any Nazi action whatsoever; (2) they wanted to protect their own careers from eventual stateside criticism by invariably taking the most anti-German stance possible. Gilbert fortunately was aided by Raymond H. Geist, an old hand who had helped to rebuild Austria after the Great War. They appeared at the Foreign Office in one Jewish emigration tax case despite their belief that, however unjust the law, part of their underlying case was weak. Gilbert also made representations for a Jewish-American news agency despite his knowledge (which he kept secret from the Nazis) that the agency head had violated both German law and an agreement among Berlin foreign correspondents by putting Berlin datelines on stories covered there but actually filed in London.

When he became chargé again in the wake of Crystal Night, he was still saddled with much of the 1937 routine, for a substantial part of the Nazi oppression of the Jews remained legalistic, though of course more and more grotesquely so. Ever since Gilbert arrived in

Europe he had corresponded with one of his successors as head of the Western European desk in Washington, Jay Pierrepont Moffat, in personal letters which were designed to supplement the formal cables and dispatches. From November 1938 on, Gilbert's letters to Moffat, an epitome of the Foreign Service Old Guard, became more and more anguished to the point of exhaustion.

Berlin's leaders vied with each other by the day to issue anti-Jewish decrees, all supposedly in retaliation for the murder of a German embassy aide in Paris in early November 1938 by a totally distraught Jewish refugee youth. After each proclamation, Gilbert would promptly lodge a carefully worded statement: the United States "assumed" that American Jews were exempted from the latest restriction. A file he kept of legalistic outrages grew until early in January 1939 Gilbert announced to the department that he was going to lodge a formal protest with the German Foreign Office unless blocked by Washington. Sumner Welles quickly provided him with a stern departmental note to deliver, but Gilbert ended up more depressed than before. The chargé was instructed to declare that the Nazis' racial and religious persecutions were "alien to our principles of life and conduct." By emphasizing the word "principles" while discussing his presentation with a newspaper friend, Gilbert was showing his sense of irony. And, as he feared, Gilbert got from the Foreign Office a pointed lecture on anti-Semitic and anti-black practices in the United States.

The one time Gilbert ever got to see Goering while chargé also came in January 1939 during the futile international mercy mission headed by the prominent American attorney, George Rublee. Goering and other so-called Nazi "moderates" briefly appeared to offer through Rublee an escape for some of Germany's Jews in exchange for ransom terms which were escalated at every twist in the Byzantine negotiations. Rublee was allowed to think he was making headway until his unofficial contact with the Nazi hierarchy, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, was dismissed. Gilbert was pessimistic throughout the grim pro-

(Continued on page 42)

Book Essay

Too Much, Too Soon

MARTIN F. HERZ

WHITE HOUSE YEARS by Henry Kissinger. Little, Brown & Company, \$22.50.

On February 14, 1969, shortly after being appointed the president's special assistant for national security affairs, Henry Kissinger attended an official reception at the Soviet embassy in honor of Georgi Arbatov, head of the Soviet institute that specializes on the study of the United States.

(Let us stop here for just a moment. The Soviet Union has an official institute analyzing the United States of America, headed by a man who has become a specialist in explaining America to the Russian leadership and in arguing the Soviet case in terms that are most effective with Americans. The United States has no similar institute studying the Soviet Union. End of digression.)

"I said hello to Arbatov, mingled a bit," Kissinger reports, "and was beginning to beat my retreat when a junior Soviet official tugged at my sleeve. He asked whether I could spare a few moments for his chief." Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin had not hosted the affair because he was in his apartment, suffering from the flu.

Receiving Kissinger in a dressing gown, Dobrynin during that first meeting established an easy personal relationship, talking in terms of history and broad philosophy and finding a receptive listener. He told Kissinger that he had been in Washington since 1962 and had experienced many crises. Throughout, he had maintained a relationship of personal confidence with the senior officials; he hoped to do the same with the new administration, whatever the fluctuations of official relations. He stated that great opportunities had been lost in Soviet-American affairs, especially between 1959 and 1963. He had been head of the American division of the Soviet Foreign Ministry during that period, and he knew that Khrushchev had seriously wanted an accommodation with the United States. The chance had been lost then; we must not, Dobrynin said,

lose the opportunities at hand today.

Since this was an informal and unscheduled meeting, Kissinger had not prepared himself for it. However, he had the advantage of being a historian, and of having made a detailed study of Soviet-American relations well before being appointed to his new position.

"I told Dobrynin that the Nixon administration was prepared to relax tension on the basis of reciprocity," he reports having responded. "But we did not believe that these tensions were due to misunderstandings. They arose from real causes, which had to be dealt with if real progress were to be made. Dobrynin's mention of the 1959-1963 period as a lost opportunity, I pointed out, was bound to sound strange to American ears. That was, after all, the time of two Berlin ultimatums, Khrushchev's brutal behavior toward Kennedy in Vienna, the Cuban missile crisis, and the Soviet Union's unilateral breach of the moratorium on nuclear testing. If the Soviet leaders sought an accommodation with the new administration by these methods, crises would be unavoidable; more 'opportunities' would be lost."

Dobrynin smiled, Kissinger reports, and conceded that not all mistakes had been on the American side.

As one reads the record of this little episode, one cannot help wondering how many of our secretaries of state—or even senior Foreign Service officers—could have thought quickly enough back to the period of six to ten years before and identified the crises and other key developments which had a direct bearing on what Dobrynin was trying to tell Kissinger. First conclusion from reading the first volume of Kissinger's memoirs: It pays to know history.

The second conclusion is that this is not, unfortunately, the book into which Kissinger has poured his accumulated wisdom about the period which he recalls. Presumably another book will do that at a later time. *White House Years* is an invaluable record, a compendious interpretive chronicle, an indispensable reference work, a fascinating bill of particulars against his critics, a plausible exposition of

some of Kissinger's exploits, and it contains occasional sidelights that will be especially poignant to members of the Foreign Service who have lived through those periods—but it is more chronicle than history, more narrative than philosophy. It goes without saying that nevertheless it is must reading for every practitioner of foreign affairs.

Let us return to the Kissinger-Dobrynin colloquies. The personal connection of course became an important element in American-Russian relations, to the detriment of the line of communication that led through the American ambassador in Moscow. This was viewed by Kissinger as a great advantage. On a number of occasions, for instance, he handed the Soviet ambassador the "talking points" that had been drafted for approval by President Nixon, showing even the handwritten amendments the president had made. "This," he writes, "had the advantage of avoiding misunderstanding while authenticating that I was speaking for the president. Dobrynin took copious notes, stopping now and again to ask for an explanation."

The procedure had the disadvantage, however, that the American position was conveyed to Moscow through the intermediary of one more Russian, who presented American views in a Russian manner, whereas the American ambassador in Moscow would have presented them in an American manner. It is true, of course, that the American ambassador would not have had the benefit of showing the Soviet Foreign Minister a talking paper signed and amended by the president, but it would have been easy for what he was saying to be authenticated by the White House in any supporting conversations in Washington. It is curious that this procedural aspect—giving the Soviet ambassador a virtual monopoly on the presentation of American points of view to the Soviet government—does not find discussion in the Kissinger book. Perhaps he was never willing to face the fact that there could be a question about the procedure.

The special relationship made it easier, in any event, for negotiations to be conducted through a special channel with Dobrynin

even while "official" negotiations elsewhere were bypassed or superseded, for instance in the case of SALT I and the negotiation of the quadripartite agreement on Berlin. Others have written differently on some important technical aspects of the private SALT I negotiations which bypassed our delegation, but the Kissinger memoirs appear to have most of the essentials—including the embarrassment to our negotiators when they thought they achieved a "breakthrough" in Vienna, only to be reined in by Kissinger because he thought that the Soviets had, in the private negotiating channel, conceded more.

On May 11 I had a rather blunt conversation with Dobrynin. The Soviets, I said, might think they could play off our two channels against each other; and indeed, we might have some difficulty convincing the agencies that what Dobrynin had already conceded was in fact achievable. But he could not doubt that sooner or later the president's tenacity and my control of the bureaucratic machinery would get matters to where we wanted them. The price, I told him, would be loss of confidence in the seriousness of a private, direct channel. The president's anger at what he could only construe as a deliberate maneuver to deprive him of credit would be massive. I demanded an answer to our proposal of April 26 within forty-eight hours. Otherwise we would shift the whole subject into official channels. We would do the same with the Berlin negotiations. On May 12 Dobrynin brought the answer. The Soviet Union dropped its insistence on the NCA system.

There seems little doubt that both the private and the official channel could have been more effective if Kissinger and Nixon had not been so suspicious of their subordinates and so fearful that they might be given a share of credit for success. As for Kissinger's private negotiation with Dobrynin on Salt I, this reader is left with some doubt if the same could not have

been accomplished by Smith and Nitze in Vienna if they had had the full backing of the White House.* At any rate, it is noteworthy that according to this record, a warning issued on May 11 resulted in a positive response through Dobrynin on May 12. It is quite certain that the delegation in Vienna could not have received such quick responses from its Soviet counterparts.

One does not have to love Kissinger to find his book enormously illuminating about the policy process, enlightening about his views and opinions, and brilliant in its argumentation on certain issues. That it is controversial goes without saying—that is all to the good if the controversy is about the merits of his arguments.

On the other hand, one cannot expect the people whose positions he ridicules or rebuts to come out cheering for the author. Barbara Tuchman, for instance, who cannot forgive him Vietnam, termed the book "all record, no assessment." This is not justified. There is no other aspect of the Nixon foreign policy that is assessed in such detail as the Vietnam war and negotiations. Perhaps it is not surprising that James Reston, also in the *New York Times*, being unable to argue with Kissinger in detail on Cambodia, confined himself to the comment that the author's explanations of the administration's Cambodia policy "cannot convince even his friends." It would have been more accurate to say that Kissinger has made it much more difficult to maintain some arguments and that, consequently, his critics are now better off couching their disagreements in very general terms.

This is especially true of the arguments made by William Shawcross in his book *Sideshow*, which Kissinger absolutely demolishes. (Oddly enough, the *New York*

Times found it newsworthy to report in detail that Kissinger had amended his book in order to answer Shawcross, but did not find it necessary to report the actual facts and arguments adduced in dealing with the charges of the British journalistic inquisitor.) I found this one of the strongest parts of the book, and entirely convincing—though of course entirely unpopular. It is too soon for issues of this kind to be adjudicated.

As someone who was involved, although only peripherally, in some of the dramatic episodes recounted in the book, I found especially interesting the account of Kissinger's battles with the bureaucracy, particularly state, during the Indo-Pakistani war of 1971. The "tilt" in favor of Pakistan is explained in terms that I wish we had been given during the crisis—that the United States had good reason to believe that India, unless restrained, was not content with destroying the link between East Bengal and Pakistan, but was determined to destroy West Pakistan as well.

We are told here how President Nixon, "beside himself over press stories that senior US diplomats were opposing the president's 'anti-Indian bias,' called in the principal officials of the WSAG [Washington Special Action Group]. He told them that while he did not insist on the State Department's being loyal to the president, it should be loyal to the United States." It was one of the emotional comments Nixon later regretted, Kissinger recalls: "The department was being loyal to the United States by its lights; it happened to disagree with the president's policy and it was following the guidelines of its secretary. As I told Alex Johnson, cables with instructions to Keating [then the American ambassador to India] to

*Kissinger argues [p. 816] that if an agreement confined to ABMs had been known to exist, pressure to sign it would have become overwhelming; whereas, due to the private channel he was able to obtain an agreement to limit ABMs and ICBMs simultaneously. But he reports that when the Soviets circumvented the private channel and proposed an agreement for ABMs alone in Vienna (which they said would be "followed by a freeze on ICBMs to be discussed after the ABM agreement was concluded," p.

817), this did become publicly known and there was media and congressional pressure to accept what Kissinger knew to be less than he could get from the Russians. He did not publicly reveal the state of the "private" negotiations, so that the administration was under the very pressure that he claimed to see as overwhelming—and the White House of course did not yield to that pressure. As Kissinger correctly points out [p. 812], the Soviets were "sufficiently wary of what was considered as Nixon's 'unpredictability'—

which was really his way of forcing an issue—not to gamble on a seeming domestic discomfiture whose thin base in America Dobrynin, for one, understood better than many of our critics" [emphasis added]. Kissinger cannot have it both ways—the pressure could not have been "irresistible" or "overwhelming" if the Soviets knew perfectly well that the president would not yield to it because it was so "thinly based." The secretary sometimes tries to prove too much.

criticize New Delhi took days to be drafted and cleared; cables to Islamabad criticizing Pakistan were miraculously dispatched in two hours."

What we did not know was that on December 10, Kissinger read to the Soviet chargé d'affaires "the aide-mémoire of November 5, 1962, in which the United States promises assistance to Pakistan in case of *Indian* aggression. I warned him that we would honor this pledge." Was it a bluff? Having attended one of the WSAG meetings at the time, all I can recall is that it seemed to me and other State Department representatives totally implausible that the United States would intervene.

Did the Soviet Union believe that the United States might intervene to save West Pakistan? "Our weakness on the ground forced us to play a bold game," Kissinger writes. "When the weak act with restraint it encourages further pressures and brings home to their opponents the strength of their position. I had no illusion about our assets; but sometimes in situations of great peril leaders must make boldness substitute for assets. 'We are running a tremendous bluff in a situation in which we are holding no cards,' I told Haldeman on December 11, pleading with him to get the president for once to insist on some discipline in our government." And what if the bluff had been called?

When Mrs. Gandhi finally offered an unconditional cease-fire in the West, Kissinger remarked that there was "no doubt in my mind that it was a reluctant decision resulting from Soviet pressure, which in turn grew out of American insistence, including the fleet movement and the willingness to risk the summit. This knowledge stood us in good stead when Vietnam exploded four months later. It was also Chou En-lai's judgment, as he later told Bhutto, that we had saved West Pakistan. The crisis was over. We had avoided the worst—which is sometimes the maximum statesmen can achieve."

I am deliberately choosing the Indo-Pakistan war of 1971 to quote some points made by Kissinger which might appear less plausible when cited in the context of Vietnam. Looking back on the moralistic arguments of his critics, who

had championed India's case because of Pakistani repression in East Bengal, Kissinger writes—with relevance also to many other situations:

If shortsighted and repressive domestic policies are used to justify foreign military intervention, the international order will soon be deprived of all restraints. In the name of morality we were lambasted for having supported the losing side and offended the winner—an interesting 'moral' argument, not to mention that, historically, prudence and equilibrium usually suggest siding with the weaker to deter the stronger. After three years of harassment for insufficient dedication to peace, we were now challenged by one liberal columnist with the mind-boggling argument that war could not always be considered an evil because sometimes it was the instrument of change. . . .

There is in America an idealistic tradition that sees foreign policy as a contest between evil and good. There is a pragmatic tradition that seeks to solve 'problems' as they arise. There is a legalistic tradition that treats international issues as juridical cases. There is no geopolitical tradition. All the strands of our international experience ran counter to what we were trying to accomplish on the subcontinent in the autumn of 1971.

Kissinger's "geopolitical" approach is essentially the same as the balance of power policy. As I have written on another occasion, it is entirely misguided to associate him with Metternich, because of the book he has written about that statesman. If there is any nineteenth century European statesman on whom Kissinger's approach might seem to be patterned, it is not Metternich but Castlereagh.

A theme running through the various chapters of *White House Years* is the plaint that the president, again and again, proved powerless against the prejudices of the entrenched bureaucracy, which is seen—contrary to the stereotype so often depicted by liberals—as quintessentially liberal. This comes through in discussions of Vietnam, also Cuba, and rather vividly in connection with Cambodia.

Prince Sihanouk was overthrown on March 13, 1970. Contrary to the views of critics like William Shawcross (or Anthony Lewis), the administration did not react with alac-

rity in giving assistance to the new republican regime. On March 19, according to Kissinger, the president sent him a note: "I want Helms to develop and implement a plan for maximum assistance to pro-US elements in Cambodia." Haig [Kissinger's deputy] handed this to Helms on March 22, and a meeting was set up on March 23. On April 1—over two weeks after the coup—the president ordered a CIA station to be established in Phnom Penh, over the objections of the State Department.

By April 16, fifteen days after a direct presidential order, neither CIA officer nor communicator nor equipment had yet moved. While Nixon hated giving direct orders, he could be brutal if sufficiently aroused. He called in Helms, his deputy General Cushman, Haig, and me . . . to register his outrage at the procrastination and defiance of his instruction. As a sign of his displeasure, no State Department representative was invited to the meeting. Nixon gave a twenty-four hour deadline for introducing a CIA officer and communicator. He added a vindictive slap at state. Since state had protested that the small size of our embassy was one of the obstacles, Nixon ordered one State Department official to leave Phnom Penh to make room.

"Once again," Kissinger recalls, "we beheld one of the wonders of the modern state, the relative inability of leaders to dominate their bureaucracy or to cut short its powers of endless exegesis. The twenty-four hour period was consumed in further dithering. It was a full week before another presidential explosion finally brought results." The reduction of embassy personnel was never implemented because events overtook the presidential directive.

In the intervening period, not only did *no* American arms or supplies flow to the Lon Nol government, but the United States government painfully arrived only at the interim decision to supply captured Communist rifles to the embattled Cambodians who by that time had been under relentless Vietnamese Communist attack for a month. The news of that decision leaked to the *New York Times*, which ran the story under the byline of William Beecher. "Nixon exploded. Leaks infuriated him in the best of circumstances; this one seemed to him a clear attempt by the bureaucracy to generate con-

gressional and public pressures against any assistance to Cambodia. To make matters worse, at about the same moment Nixon found out that the signal equipment and CIA representative that he had ordered to Phnom Penh on April 1 and again on April 16 had still not been sent.

He flew into a monumental rage. On the night of April 23 he must have called me at least ten times—three times at the house of Senator Fulbright, where I was meeting informally with members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. As was his habit when extremely agitated he would bark an order and immediately hang up the phone. He wanted our chargé, Rives, relieved immediately; he ordered Marshall Green fired; on second thought his deputy Bill Sullivan was to be transferred as well; an Air Force plane with CIA personnel aboard should be dispatched to Phnom Penh immediately; everybody with access to the cable should be given a lie-detector test: a general was to be appointed immediately to take charge of Cambodia.

"In these circumstances," writes Kissinger, "it was usually prudent not to argue and to wait twenty-four hours to see on which of these orders Nixon would insist after he calmed down. As it turned out, he came back to none of them." While the story is interesting in its own right, it also has considerable historical significance; for it shows, in microcosm, how far removed the United States was from the posture ascribed to it by some of its critics—of eager anticipation of Prince Sihanouk's downfall and alacrity in giving assistance to those who had ejected him. To the contrary, *White House Years* shows that after Sihanouk's downfall the White House was for a time still casting about for ways to restore the status quo; but the North Vietnamese military action against Cambodia made that impossible.

The book suffers from the fact that 1,521 pages of high-quality paper were bound into one volume. It should be have been issued boxed, in two volumes. The paperback version should be easier to read. But whether in hard or soft cover, it belongs on the bookshelf of every member of the Foreign Service. Nobody has written more revealingly about our recent history.



Bookshelf

Shoot-on-Sight War

HITLER VS ROOSEVELT: *The Undeclared Naval War*, by Thomas A. Bailey and Paul B. Ryan. *The Free Press*, \$12.95.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was an aristocrat, a Harvard graduate, a member of the Eastern Establishment, and a master politician. He had been assistant secretary of the navy during World War I and was quite familiar with the larger world outside the United States.

Following France's defeat in June, 1940, an overwhelming majority of Americans wanted to help Britain survive and defeat Hitler. But a majority also were unwilling to send "our boys" to fight a "foreign war." Roosevelt managed to satisfy them on both scores. While the country remained officially neutral he led them through the destroyers-for-bases deal, lend-lease, naval protection to vessels that were carrying lend-lease supplies to Europe, and finally to a shoot-on-sight but still undeclared war against Hitler's navy.

Nor did American boys have to fight a foreign war. Japan's surprise attack on Pearl Harbor made the war that was already going on very much an American war. Montana's Senator Burton K. Wheeler, a die-hard isolationist, concluded that "the only thing now to do is to lick hell out of them," and even Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*, which had revealed secret United States war plans to an incredulous world, climbed on the wagon.

Through the long undeclared war Roosevelt gained his objectives in part through deception: at times revealing less than the truth; at times telling more than the truth. He was less than candid concerning the battle between the US destroyer *Greer* and the German submarine U-652, in which the American vessel was unwittingly more the aggressor than the submarine was. But the *Greer* incident, as Roosevelt related it in his "rattlesnake" fireside chat, gave him the support he needed to em-

bark on the shoot-on-sight war that Hitler had to tolerate because by then he was bogged down in Russia's vastness and was no more anxious than Roosevelt himself to engage in an all-out declared war.

Professor Bailey, one of our most eminent diplomatic historians, and Captain Ryan, a former deputy historian of the Navy Department, are also the authors of *The Lusitania Disaster*, the much-praised volume that unravelled the mystery of that tragedy of World War I. In preparing the present book they used a great amount of material, including recently declassified British documents, the log of the U-652, and the recollections of US naval officers, that earlier writers may not have had access to. Captain Ryan was himself a World War II submariner. He was at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese struck.

An honest and timely book, *Hitler vs Roosevelt* thrills and entertains while it also educates. For serious students of World War II and of the continuing struggle between democracy and totalitarianism, it is required reading. For all of us it is a fascinating and rewarding story.

—WILLARD L. BEAULAC

Just Desert

SINAI: *The Great and Terrible Wilderness*, by Burton Bernstein. *Viking Press*, \$13.95.

Burton Bernstein, a staff writer for the *New Yorker*, made four trips through the Israeli-occupied Sinai peninsula in 1978, in the company of an Israeli guide. This book recounts his experiences with the Bedouins, the monks at St. Catherine's Monastery, the IDF, the UN peace-keeping forces, and the US Sinai Field Mission. As travel writing, *Sinai* is readable and sometimes entertaining. The black and white plates—many from archives—are adequate; the line maps are less detailed than some of us would like. Politically, the book is pro-Israeli, and the introductory chapter on the geography and history of the peninsula is weak and uneven. Old NEA hands will enjoy encountering Ray Hunt in that "instant Texas town" that is the base camp of the SFM.

—MICHAEL A. G. MICHAUD

Toward Armed Truce

PRESENT DANGER: *Towards a Foreign Policy*, by Robert Conquest. Hoover Institution Press.

To Winston Churchill, Russia was a riddle inside an enigma wrapped in a mystery. Not so to Robert Conquest, who has a straightforward and uncomplicated view of the motives and intentions of the Soviet Union. Conquest believes the Soviets are a state managed by ideologues bent on dominating the world, who are not prepared "to accept a continuance of the Western democratic order."

The *Present Danger* arises from the Soviet military build-up and "a policy of advance on the world front" while in the West "a cycle of appeasement has set in." Conquest exhorts the West to reverse these trends (his specific proposals tend to be truisms) and, for the long haul, proposes a grand confederation under the leadership of the United States and Britain (Conquest is British). He suggests that the best we can hope for with the Soviet Union is an armed truce.

—DAVID LINEBAUGH

The Middle East

PATTERNS OF POLITICAL LEADERSHIP: *Lebanon, Israel, Egypt*, by R. Hrair Dekmejian. State University of New York Press, \$20.00.

This book is an excellent, scholarly study of political elites in three Middle Eastern countries: Lebanon, Israel and Egypt. These elites reflect in the first case sectarian democracy, in the second a "new society," and in the third a charismatic setting. It is invaluable for any student of the Middle East who seeks a deeper insight into the leadership, both past and present, in these three important states.

A surprisingly large number of the political figures in this 1975 study are still in business. While the tables and diagrams with which the book abounds may be overwhelming—and perhaps better suited for a doctoral dissertation—there is an amazing amount of interesting (and usually relevant) information in the text. This book should be a standard reference for years to come. The book's bibliography is first-rate, a useful tool for any scholar wishing to pursue these areas even more thoroughly.

—JAMES H. BAHTI

JOHN WINCHESTER MACDONALD III 1955-1979

Jackie MacDonald knew the wonders of God and man. He hiked in the Alps of the Principality of Liechtenstein, ventured to the forbidden city of Harar, and explored the coral reef of the Indian Ocean. He prayed in Notre Dame de Paris and in Father Felix's chapel in the sahel of Northern Somalia. He had lunch in Andorra. He sailed the Atlantic on the SS *United States*, and walked the gangplanks of a Persian dhow in the Gulf of Aden. He saw Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" off the Guinean coast. He drove his prized Yamaha 500 from Florida to Maine and back. He knew the beaches of the northern and southern Mediterranean coast, both sides of the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Indian Ocean. He climbed to the Acropolis and explored the Caves of Hercules. He knew the sunset of the Sahara and from Cayuga Heights, far above Cayuga's waters. He experienced the passion and anguish of love.

Jackie, 24-year-old son of FSO John W. MacDonald, Jr., died in Tangier on December 10, 1979, asphyxiated, along with his dog Gaston, by a faulty butagaz water heater: an accident all Foreign Service families dread. He had planned a Christmas vacation in Geneva with Noelle and his brothers Ted and Tim, where his father is political counselor.

Born on March 22, 1955, in Ithaca, New York, Jackie wandered the earth like a former king of Ithaca and led the restless life that, today, only Foreign Service children know. He grew up in Ithaca, Zurich, Nice, Paris, Washington, Tangier, Tripoli, Hargeisa, Nairobi, Mogadiscio, Tunis, Tangier again, Conakry, Sarasota and finally, for the third time, Tangier—whence he left for another world.

Jackie studied at American Overseas Schools in Tripoli, Mogadiscio and Tangier. He was caned by British school masters, and rapped on the knuckles by French nuns. He had gone through the loneliness and self-discipline of Calvert correspondence courses when *no* schools were available. He learned to read and count in French before he knew English. He learned the Arabic of the Tangier

Medina, the French of the Sorbonne, and was studying Spanish in Tangier when he died.

During his uncompleted university career, he studied medieval literature at the State University of New York, the Institut Catholique of Paris, the Sorbonne, and New College in Sarasota. He was putting the final touches to a dissertation on Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. He was accepted for further study at the Universities of Pau and Perpignan, but had not decided where he would go.

A classicist and a medievalist, inspired by two truly great teachers—headmaster Joseph McPhillips and English professor George Staples of the American School of Tangier—Jackie loved equally the language of Chaucer and W. S. Gilbert and the language of Molière and Beckett. He loved music too—from Bach to Led Zeppelin. He was an accomplished guitarist and harmonica player.

Jackie loved the theater and the theatrical. Tangerines remember him for his 1973 performance in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. In that year too—his greatest—he won the Headmaster's Prize as a senior in Tangier.

Jackie was a dedicated teacher. He started his first full-time job in September 1979, a French teacher and a member of the distinguished faculty of the American School of Tangier—the greatest of American Overseas Schools. He had always yearned for respectability, and he died a respectable man.

Baptized by the Reverend John S. Maloney at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Ithaca on April 10, 1955, he was buried on December 16, 1979, by Père Jean-Bernard Hébert, Curé of the Church of Notre Dame of the Assumption in Tangier. He rests in a grave overlooking the hills of Tangier, which he had called—in a letter to a girl named "Flo" he wrote a few days before his death but never mailed—"the closest to a hometown I have ever known."

Like all of us, Jackie has long been "Waiting for Godot." Before many of us, he has found Him. In the 1960s, he always signed his letters: Peace, Jackie. Thus, peace, Jackie, and à Dieu.

JOHN W. MACDONALD, JR.

resupplied by truck. The roads in the Ogaden, particularly in the south and east, are mostly controlled by the Somalis. One can travel 600 kilometers through the region without seeing any evidence of an Ethiopian government presence—no schools, health clinics, or police stations. "The Ethiopians stay locked up in the towns," say the Somali guerillas, "Because—when they come out—we shoot them."

Each Somali ambush inevitably provokes an Ethiopian reprisal, from the air. Usually it is a livestock watering area, where there are normally Somalis gathered with their herds. The Ethiopians bomb and strafe, using MIGs and American-built F-5 fighter-bombers. The Somalis say they fear the F-5s the most, because they carry more bombs, and are usually piloted by Ethiopians willing to take greater risks than the Cubans flying the MIGs.

Some napalm has been used by the Ethiopian air force. Its effect on a small African village can be devastatingly total. In November, several Western journalists were shown the remains of a place called Baku Dawo. There was nothing left but a blackened grove of thorn trees—scorched beyond any hope of life. Everything else was ashes.

Napalming Baku Dawo was an Ethiopian reprisal—one for the which Somalis have since undoubtedly scored their own revenge. Each act thus becomes another link in an expanding chain of violence that neither side seems capable of breaking. The conflict develops its own momentum: grinding onwards, killing more people, and creating more refugees.

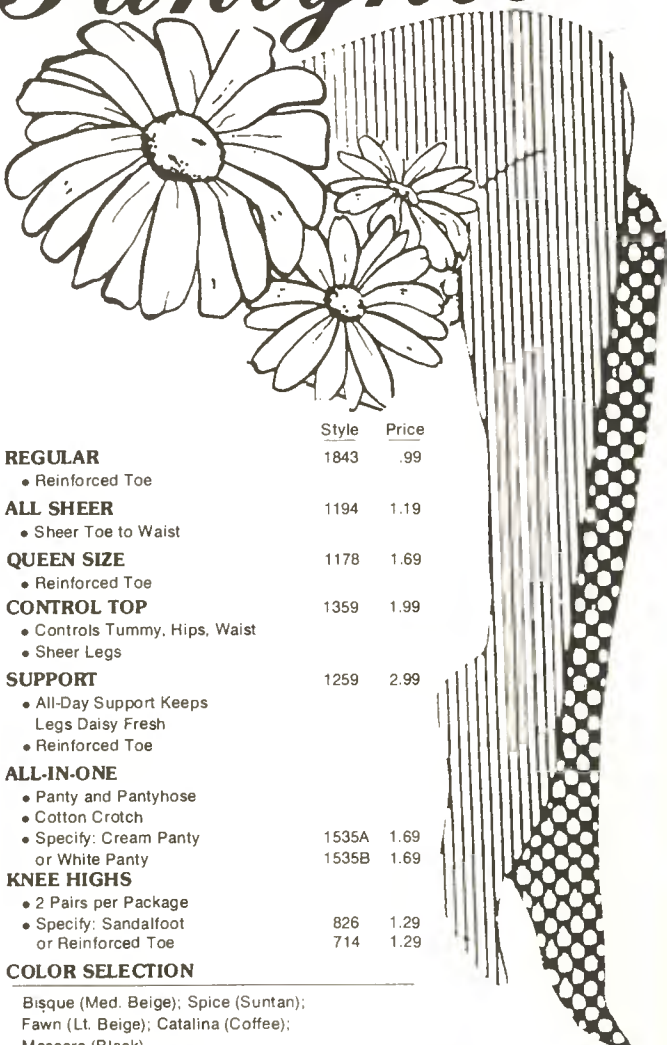
Ethiopia's claim to the Ogaden is based on military conquest, backed up by subsequent treaties with Britain, France and Italy. The Organization of African Unity, headquartered in Addis Ababa, has given further support to this claim by agreeing to accept all of Africa's pre-independence borders—even though they were mostly drawn up by the colonial powers. Ironically, it was Tanzania's Julius Nyerere who introduced the OAU resolution that declared the inviolability and integrity of those frontiers inherited from colonial days. "Africa's borders are so absurd," he said, "they must be considered sacrosanct." More recently, of course, he sent Tanzania's army across Uganda's border and overthrew Idi Amin. He has not said much since about the inviolability of Africa's frontiers.

Somalia frankly considers Ethiopia to have been a colonial power, an active participant in the nineteenth century scramble for territory on the Horn of Africa. Mogadishu points to Emperor Menelik's treaties with Britain, France and Italy as proof of this. But where the Europeans have long since permitted self-determination in their former colonies, Ethiopia allows no such right in the Ogaden.

To do so would be to invite the process of self-determination in Eritrea, where Ethiopia's stakes are far greater. Addis Ababa, supported by its Cuban, East German, and Soviet allies, is desperately trying to hold on to the empire created by Menelik and his successor, Emperor Haile Selassie. As Marina and David Ottaway point out—in *Ethiopia, Empire in Revolution**—it has

*Ethiopia, Empire in Revolution, by Marina and David Ottaway. Africana Publishing Company, \$22.50 (hardcover, \$12.50 (paperback)

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proven to be a hard fight. And one that is not yet over, by any means.

The Ottaways lived through the beginning years of the Ethiopian revolution—Marina as a lecturer at Addis Ababa University, and David as African correspondent for the *Washington Post*. By early 1977, they realized that work on their book would have to stop, and they began smuggling their notes and unfinished chapters out of Ethiopia to avoid having them confiscated.

Later that same year, Ethiopia's military government ordered all Western correspondents out of the country within 48 hours. The book had to be completed in Europe. "Thus," write the Ottaways, "we were able to span in our analysis a little more than the first three years of the revolution. We hope our work will be of help to those who in the future will be studying the revolution of Ethiopia with the advantage of a broader time perspective."


There seems little question about that. The Ottaways' book is, at this stage, vital to an understanding of how the Mengistu Haile Mariam regime got to where it is today. Unfortunately, the book doesn't provide much insight as to where the regime is going. But revolutions are notoriously difficult to forecast, and it is clear that Ethiopia's political transformation is far from complete.

One reviewer—an economics professor—found the Ottaways "prone to journalistic generalizations." I don't agree. If anything, their work reads like a third-year university textbook—with little relief for any but the most determined reader. At \$22.00 for the hard-cover, and

\$12.00 for the paperback, most readers will have to be determined.

By contrast, Professor Tom Farer's *War Clouds on the Horn of Africa*** pulls the reader gently all the way through to the final chapter. It is witty, enjoyable-to-read, and very thorough. It actually goes well with the Ottaway book. Although it does not delve as deeply into the shadowy complexities of palace intrigue in Addis Ababa, it does cast the New Ethiopia against the background of events elsewhere on the Horn of Africa, notably in Eritrea and the Ogaden. Furthermore, it discusses the Horn within the context of current US-Soviet relations—and even suggests some policy options for Washington planners.


But let the reader beware. Professor Farer's work was first published as a paper-back in 1976. Three years later, the Carnegie Endowment brought the book out in hardcover as a "Second, Revised Edition." There is a whole new chapter on the Ogaden war, and a lot of necessary updating in the section on US-Soviet relations. Look for the later edition. It's worth the extra six dollars.

As for the one million Somali refugees, neither book offers any realistic solution for what is happening in Southern Ethiopia today—let alone the problem in Eritrea. "Thus far," writes Professor Farer, "Mengistu and his allies offer their Somali and Eritrean opponents nothing but war or submission." 

***War Clouds on the Horn of Africa: the Widening Storm*, by Tom J. Farer. Second, Revised Edition. Carnegie Endowment, \$10.00

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BLACK SATURDAY

from page 17

element of planning. The fine hand both of communists and of the Moslem brotherhood was suspected; but no certain findings were reached.

Whether or not events were orchestrated in advance and, if so, by whom, two facts emerged from the maelstrom: One, Britain's days in the Canal Zone and in the Sudan were limited. British troops departed the Zone in June, 1956. The Sudan became fully independent on January 1, 1956. And two, King Farouk had been dealt a mortal blow. He would bring in a new government—that of Ali Maher Pasha; but the army was disgusted and prepared to remove him.

We ourselves were transferred to New Delhi, and departed Cairo June 2 on home leave, having been privileged to witness the end of an era, of monarchy gone awry. On our arrival in Cairo we had been told how Farouk, fond of motor cars, had raced an American by de-

sert road from Cairo to Alexandria and, losing, had directed his victor's departure from Egypt. A similar fate befell a junior officer who had made advances to one of Farouk's favorites.

Every important restaurant in Egypt, we learned, had one table permanently reserved for the king, should he chance to show up. Imagine our surprise one night to be seated at a table next to Farouk, his companion the lovely French singer, Annie Berrier. Farouk's imported lady friends, it seems, were well supplied with jewels; but it was said that these had to be surrendered upon departure from the country.

It was during our Egyptian sojourn that Farouk picked out for his wife the young girl Narriman Sadek. She had been shopping one day in anticipation of her marriage to an Egyptian commoner. Spotting her, Farouk had said: "I'll have that."

We attended the announcement of their engagement made at a garden party at Zafaran Palace on February 13, 1951, the king's birth-

day. As always at such afternoon affairs, male dress was cutaway with top hat. The wedding took place on May 6, followed two days later by a white-tie soirée at Abdin Palace. Farouk himself "received," giving us all a powerful handshake. The bride was not present because, it was explained, "she had not yet been presented to all the women of the diplomatic corps." Dinner was brought on a gold, jewel-studded service with table settings to match. For entertainment the Spanish dancers, Antonio and Rosario, had been specially imported.

In person Farouk was considerably more impressive than in photos. Too bad, we thought, he had not chosen to exercise the intelligence and wisdom ascribed to him during his early years on the throne.

After Black Saturday we never saw Farouk again. Deposed on July 23, 1952, he departed Alexandria by yacht on July 26 for Italy and exile. General Naguib had stepped onto center stage. Gamal Abdel Nasser was waiting in the wings.

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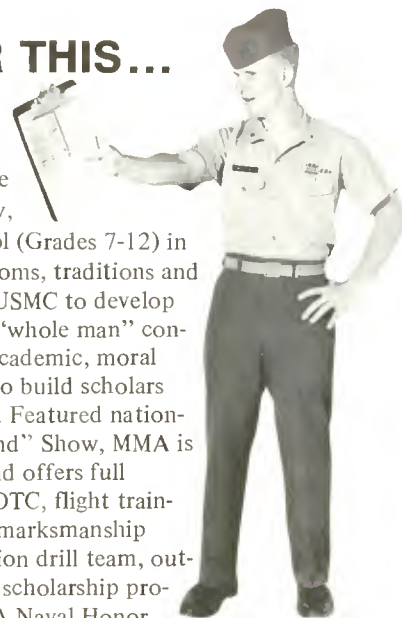
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THE FOREIGN SERVICE AND PRESIDENTIAL CONTROL OF FOREIGN POLICY

from page 14

conducted important negotiations in English, alone, without a command of the language sufficient to ensure that he fully understood what was being told him. Whether this tragedy of errors was pivotal in the slide toward war is hard to say. But amateurism did not help.

Even though it is hard to prove, most diplomatic professionals and most practitioners in the field believe that there is a corpus of techniques, professional skills and knowledge that does undergird something that constitutes a profession—and that these professional attributes can contribute to effectiveness anywhere in the world. To put the thing in terms of personalities, there would be a difference between Llewellyn Thompson and Maxwell Gluck in any country. The Foreign Service Institute has made various efforts over the years to organize this professional training—with some suc-

cess; but firsthand experience and seasoning are probably crucial.

Moving toward the specific, there are readily identifiable qualifications for effectiveness in a particular country. Ambassador Silberman says Foreign Service professionals "need background and knowledge of the host country—including usually the host country's language as well as broad training in political theory, economics and history." That is a pretty good definition, even going so far as to imply a desirable balance between the breadth of experience that prevents parochialism and the depth of knowledge that can bring insight. A well-planned and varied Foreign Service experience should be able to furnish both kinds of opportunity.

So far as language facility is concerned, I have seen more than enough ambassadors wandering around diplomatic receptions with interpreters, and curtaining themselves off from a country's life and society. To take an example in Washington, it is hard for me to imagine Ambassador Dobrynin

-serving his country with the effectiveness he so clearly has without knowing English. Can one visualize Ambassador Ghorbal of Egypt or Ambassador Evron of Israel operating effectively through interpreters? Diplomacy is a profession of communication and understanding, and it continues to dumfound me how low a priority language proficiency is sometimes given in US ambassadorial selections. The people who really count in almost every society—and working political leaders in particular—almost never have had time to perfect their English.

If ability to relate to a local situation depends, as it surely does, on depth of experience and language, the practical fact is that these qualities are more likely to be found among career officers than among political appointees. This is not always so, of course. David Bruce and Ellsworth Bunker had depth of experience to match that of any career officer; and Edwin Reischauer and Teodoro Moscoso had language skills and local expertise to do the same. All these men

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were professionals in a sense no career officer would dispute.

Ambassador Silberman pointedly notes that career professionals "by no means always" bring deep knowledge and language proficiency to their posts. He is right, of course. Only about one out of six of our ambassadors in Europe arrived at their posts with previous professional service in that country or area and a knowledge of that language—even though more than half of our European ambassadors are career officers. The equivalent figure for Asia is about a quarter.

The reasons and imperatives that bear on this phenomenon may be worth trying to describe—and not merely as an answer to criticisms leveled at the Foreign Service. Inevitably, the considerations that have to be taken into account cut in various ways. There are many factors involved, some genuinely admirable, some necessary for an effective diplomatic establishment, and some merely understandable.

Why are some career appointees

selected to go to posts where they are not qualified in terms of language and area expertise? There are a variety of reasons. One example might be a career ambassador who is a brilliant administrative specialist. It was not his fault that access to language and area training in his formative years foundered on lack of budgetary and policy support. Another career ambassador may be assigned to a place where he has no experience because of Affirmative Action. That problem too, has its roots in the past. Other US government agencies involved in foreign affairs, such as commerce, agriculture and labor—and powerful constituencies such as the AFL-CIO—have interests and sometimes protégés within the Foreign Service, for whom suitable Foreign Service posts are found on occasion. Then there is the inevitable soupçon of the politics-of-acquaintance that affects career appointments too. The "wild card" of a political appointment to a post held by a professional may also have a cascading effect on professional appoint-

ments and the language-and-area expertise the appointees bring to them.

There are other complications and competing values. A professional service is a living organism. Institutional loyalty should flow in both directions. An admirable ambassador may be expelled from his post as a result of an international crisis, and a worthy organization does not let such events become totally destructive. The Latin Americans sometimes use a particular Spanish word about people. They say a person is *quemado*—consumed, or burnt up. We have burned up a lot of diplomats in the past thirty years. We have forced the departure from the profession of a worrisome number of our best Foreign Service officers. Whenever such a person leaves the service of his country before his time, American diplomacy is weakened in substance and in reputation, quite apart from the millions of dollars spent on the individual's education and career development. Too often, the emotion of the managers has been simple relief that

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One must recognize that most decisions come down to a weighing of priorities, and this is particularly true in the inexorable process of choice inherent in making senior appointments. The balance is delicate. A few bad choices can importantly affect perceptions and morale, and play hob with an organization. Many good and necessary purposes can also be served through the appointment process; but nothing comes free.

Great and distinguished political appointments can enhance American diplomacy, just as poor ones impoverish it. It is invidious to judge our diplomats simply by categorizing them. What is ultimately important is not the parceling out of posts in Washington and abroad between career and political appointees according to some pre-ordained formula. It is competence. Quality is more important than label. In human beings there is no real substitute for character, scope and, ultimately, greatness. In

organization one should strive to create the conditions that foster these qualities and ensure their employment. In the ordering of our priorities, the maximizing of effectiveness—personally and organizationally—should have first place.

In the future we shall be more dependent on good diplomacy than in the past for our success and safety. Troubles with oil, the dollar and our domestic economic concerns will make it progressively harder to "throw money" at our foreign problems, and solve or alleviate them through generosity, aid or economic power. So far as the instruments of coercion are concerned, we are squirming under imposed and self-imposed limitations. The employment of nuclear weapons, limited conventional war, covert military action, counter-insurgency, surrogates-in-arms—all these expedients seem to have taken on a bad name, for us, at least for a season. So we search for credible means of showing our strength, and wonder whether credibility is sustainable without a risk

of actually fighting. Historically, great nations have turned to skillful diplomacy when victorious war was not a ready option. Metternich used diplomacy (and the availability of an Austrian princess) to hold off Napoleon in his years of military grandeur. After the Franco-Prussian war it was French diplomacy and ambassadorial brilliance (aided by the kaiser's fecklessness) which ended France's isolation and transformed the political map of Europe. We are not in such straits yet, but we have need of wise policy, skillful diplomacy and an effective Foreign Service in the years immediately ahead. Dean Rusk said recently that the solution to our current predicament may have to come in a kind of bundle of political-diplomatic military expedients, like a bundle of sticks, deriving strength through mutual reinforcement. The idea is an old one, going back to the Romans (more felicitously, perhaps, than more recent adaptations). In any case, we cannot afford knowingly to substitute reeds for sticks in our diplomacy any more.



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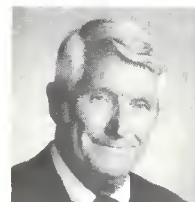
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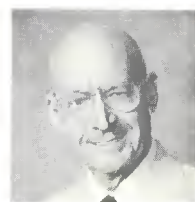
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THE LETTER

from page 21

ents perhaps not even remembered. They had never seen Johnny. She cried again, long and quietly. Then she packed, trying to keep her mind empty, until at last everything was ready. A few friends telephoned to express sympathy. She was surprised that she could stay calm.

The next morning at the airport the DCM and his wife saw them off. "Be happy in the memory of the good things you shared," said Lucy Devin and gave Mary a hug. The children were very excited. Going back to the States. Wow!

On the plane Mary was grateful for Kristina who kept Johnny with her the whole flight. She wished the plane flew faster. She couldn't get there fast enough.

She took Mike and Sue with her and said, "Do you know why we're going home so suddenly?"

"No, but it's fun," said Mike.

"Mike, do you remember Grandma and Grandpa Miller?"

"Yea—well, maybe. I think so.

They send us presents and stuff. Are we gonna see them?"

"Children, the reason we're going home is to see them for the last time. They're dead, you see. They were killed in an automobile accident."

Mike and Sue said, "Oh." Sue cried, probably because she sensed the sorrow in her mother and it worried her. Mike was quiet a long time.

At last he said, "They've gone to Jesus, huh?"

"Yes, Mikie."

"Does Jesus have a beard?"

"Yes."

"Does God have a beard?"

"I don't know, darling."

"I hope they went to God, then," said Mike. "Beards are scratchy."

There were tears in Mary's eyes. It was years ago, but she could still remember the sorrow and the suffocating grief. She could remember meeting her aunt at the airport, and her brother who had seen the accident. Remember going to the mortuary and seeing her par-


ents. The children had been taken, too, but were bewildered and frightened. Maybe it hadn't been a good idea, she didn't know. But it had been important to her that the children see them. Important that everyone say "Goodbye." The funeral, the family gathering afterwards, the weeks that followed had all been seen and felt and lived clearly and fully. Somehow death brought life more sharply into focus.

She looked once more at the wrinkled envelope. She thought about Sue. OF COURSE she would go to Brussels. Peter would want her to. Obligations which has seemed so demanding could be delegated. The essential thing now was to be with Sue when her child was born. She wasn't going to miss a grandchild! She was happy, but there was no time to lose. If she could pack for five in a few hours that time, she could pack for one in an afternoon.

She went to the phone to call Sue and tell her that she would arrive on the morning plane. She couldn't get there fast enough.



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BERLIN, 1937-1939

from page 29

ceedings, but at this juncture he gave the Rublee mission a momentary diplomatic boost by meticulously posing to the Foreign Office questions about renewing the talks. Goering decided to answer by continuing the charade; he appointed another figurehead negotiator who then procrastinated until events overtook the well-meaning efforts of Rublee and his humane group.

On top of everything else, Gilbert had to oversee the complicated move of the embassy and the consulate general into consolidated quarters. Bureaucratically demanding in normal times and places—and Gilbert had a long history of impatience with red tape—the move was further plagued by the fact that Gilbert was deliberately shorthanding himself. If 1938 had been an exhausting year, Gilbert believed 1939 would probably be worse. So, during the end-of-year holidays he spared every man he could—extending stateside leaves and arrival dates of new personnel

as well as emptying the premises whenever possible. At one point, he and James Riddleberger, the future director of the Foreign Service, were holding the office alone.

He poured out his feelings at the turn of the year in lengthy letters to Moffat and, occasionally, to Hugh Wilson, now back in America awaiting FDR's next move. As in many previous crises, Gilbert asked for clues about American policy. Wilson replied that no one knew and added that Gilbert should shorten his traditionally lengthy reports by avoiding speculation. Gilbert fortunately ignored that advice; the correspondence however does reveal an ultimate reconciliation of the two, Wilson of the Old Guard, Gilbert, the mentor of many of the postwar ambassadors of America's new global policy.

Whatever he knew or suspected of fundamental attitudes about Jews in the State Department, Gilbert now described the reign of terror in Berlin which was the prelude to the Final Solution. In fact, in one of many reports he sent of Nazi attacks on Eleanor Roosevelt and

other Americans, he quoted a Nazi journal's boast that Crystal Night was the "introduction . . . to final solution" of the Jewish question. He described diplomatic gatherings where the representatives of the democracies huddled angrily by themselves and lowered their voices only when they knew Nazi satraps could overhear their protests. He frankly described times when he himself momentarily lost composure. Responding once to a Nazi who was threatening him with the likelihood that Hitler would break off diplomatic relations with Washington, Gilbert pretended to have reason to believe that Washington might well sever ties with Berlin first. Gilbert had found "a damned wholesome thing to say" to the arrogant Nazi. On another occasion, Gilbert got pleasure out of startling a group of German generals with his eyewitness accounts of the Philippine campaign. Gilbert had never forgotten the Army's use of water tortures during the interrogation of Emilio Aguinaldo's guerrillas. He told the officers that they might think their soldiers were

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tough. But the Americans "had the initiative and character to leave their homes and go to a new country," and if the army once got going it would make the Germans "look like lilies."

Formally recording his "painful impression" that the "general trend is for the lot of Jews in Germany to grow progressively worse," Gilbert worried about the safety of the embassy's Jewish personnel and the morale of the consuls all over Germany who were reporting anti-Semitic violence and lines of panicked Jews forming each dawn at their offices. He sent all applications for visas to Washington as fast as he could and backed a consul's plea for temporary visas as an "urgent emergency measure." He made a point of interviewing personally as many of the would-be émigrés as he could. When these "desperately unfortunate" people appeared "directly before one's eyes," Gilbert and his aides could think of nothing but getting "help directly and immediately" to them.

With this objective, Gilbert re-

ported that substantial numbers of Germans were ashamed by the pogroms, including a top German scientist who said he told Hitler so and with Goering's encouragement. Even Gestapo agents were among those known to be sheltering and feeding the persecuted. His clandestine meetings with Jews and other opponents of the regime and with men who claimed frequent contact with Hitler himself, led him to explain that often, on their advice, he tempered his protests. If stated harshly, Gilbert said, the protest (especially when accompanied by anti-Nazi demonstrations and boycotts abroad) often inspired further reprisals at Jewish expense. If the American position were stated blandly enough to avoid arousing the Nazi overseers in the Foreign Office, however, then "naturally just and humane" anti-Nazis there "who really want to be helpful" would quietly do what they could to soften the consequences of the latest decree not only for American Jews but for all targets of the campaign. Gilbert pleaded with Washington to bear

with him:

I do not wish the department in any way to get the impression that I am a weak fellow who is sending soft notes or that I in any way whatever condone the dreadful things which are happening. I trust indeed that I do not have to assure you on such a point. . . .

In addition to these harrowing duties (and hearing from Hugh Wilson about *rising* anti-Semitism at home), Gilbert continued his lengthy analyses of German foreign and domestic policy. He reminded Washington of what he had said earlier: that he was accredited to the "wrong government," the Foreign Office, that the Nazis ran the real government, and that ultimately Hitler was the only man who made any difference whatever. Gilbert's strategy:

I do not like pin-pricking. I think we should be exceedingly correct in all our relations with this pope and that we should maintain even a punctilious attitude and then be *exceeding firm* when the occasion demands.

In his last batch of long dispatches in early 1939 he warned that Hitler would "most certainly" turn against Poland, could "easily re-

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verse" his anti-Stalin policy, and would, if he chose, move "unexpectedly" and "explosively" on either the foreign or domestic front to rectify his difficult economic situation.

Gilbert would not find out how well he guessed about 1939. While counselor, he had continued a lifelong hobby by sailing on nearby lakes. Now boating and weekly poker games with American reporters had to be cancelled. Perhaps Gilbert would get the chance to take a walk with his old friend, John Whitaker, of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. But their views of the Nazis were so bitter that to control their tempers they would each address an imaginary companion, "McGonicle," whenever describing the latest atrocity. To add to the stress, Gilbert had never shaken the effects of an old army legacy: he had almost died of the bubonic plague and elephantiasis in the Philippines. Although he did not limp, he had to bandage his swollen right leg each morning and had to rest periodically in hospitals, most recently in early November 1938.

Several packs of cigarettes a day did not help. He suffered a near-collapse in January 1939. Gilbert forced himself back to his desk, but a Foreign Office doctor mistakenly punctured an artery in his diseased leg. The wound would not heal, but he would not rest. He fainted at his desk during the afternoon of February 24, 1939, before he could sign two long dispatches he had just finished. He died of a coronary at 9 o'clock at night, aged 55.

A "pall" fell over Berlin's diplomatic and journalistic colony. Condolences were paid by an old Geneva friend, Baron Constantine von Neurath, the recently ousted foreign minister who would be imprisoned at Nuremberg for his wartime figurehead administration of Czechoslovakia. In Washington, where FDR was reading the work of Gilbert, the reporter Hull called unexcelled in the Foreign Service, the secretary and Wilson appeared genuinely griefstricken. He was eulogized in the New York *Times* and other major papers.

Weeks before he died, Gilbert had written two Geneva friends

that he hoped one day to return to the league city to do what little he could for peace. His experience in Berlin, he wrote, had reinforced his preference for "reality however small to unreality however pretentious." He was buried in Geneva on March 3, 1939.

Gilbert had not averted war: he did not delay the Holocaust. In fact, he became a victim of what the last American reporter to leave Germany in 1941, Howard K. Smith, called the "Berlin Blues." But at a time and place of unparalleled wickedness, Gilbert performed his futile tasks with a compassion which unforgettably impressed contemporary diplomatists and reporters.

After innumerable delays, some choice liquor Gilbert had acquired in the '20s from a bootlegger friend arrived in Berlin just in time to be drunk in his memory by the old poker gang. One of them, the *Trib's* John Whitaker, looking back later, called Gilbert and the legendary Webb Miller, of the Associated Press, the first two casualties of the second World War.



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Education as PR?

THE SHIFT of commercial officers to the Department of Commerce has generated almost a wave of self-pity within certain ranks of the Department of State. The event might also suggest the need for some searching self-examination—not merely in the department but in other foreign affairs agencies like USICA.

Would any clear-thinking person, for example, dispute the statement that diplomacy and trade promotion are two distinct functions, requiring different kinds of organizational support and temperaments from their practitioners? Is it truly adult—or fair—to scapegoat Under Secretary Ben Read and the director general for a reform long advocated by senatorial heavyweights like Abraham Ribicoff and other champions of strengthened government backing for US foreign traders?

The same reflections are suggested by the creation of the Department of Education. The new cabinet-level agency provides for the first time a credible focal point for international educational and cultural affairs—and for cultural affairs officers, a Foreign Service category traditionally even more acutely disadvantaged than commercial officers. For would any one soberly maintain that education should be treated as a branch of public relations, as its emplacement in USICA implies?

In the meanwhile, USICA will be the scene of a continuing series of delaying tactics—not only the ploy of replacing cultural officers with “program officers” but “centrality of purpose” and similar bureaucratic pieties.

All of course intended to protect turf rather than serve administrative logic.

Even the inevitable must wait its day!

ROBERT BROWN

Silver Spring

A Request

WOULD YOU be so kind as to include the following brief note either as a filler, a reader exchange item, or perhaps in your letters section:

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Reducing Official Iranians

I'M ENCLOSING a self-explanatory clipping, from the *Seattle Times* of January 6, dealt with the status of the Iranian diplomats in this country who were to have left on December 19. The reporter quoted a State Department spokesman as saying that “21 [Iranian diplomats] have departed or will leave within 30 days, 26 have adjusted their status or requested permission to do so.” This story takes away a good deal of the comfort I have derived from the president’s apparently wise, balanced and judicious handling of a bizarre situation involving unique difficulties.

I don’t know whether the department is trying to cover up a bungled operation or whether it is trying to hide something which there is good reason to keep from the media. Whatever the explanation, it does not make me proud of the old alma mater. There’s no excuse for bungling an operation announced with headline eclat by the president, and if unforeseeable security factors have appeared, a plausible cover story should have been ready.

When I read this story I’m flooded with supplementary thoughts and questions. What did the president, or those who proposed the December 12 announcement to him, have in mind? An ephemeral expression of concern intended to impress the Iranians? A hastily confected bone to be tossed to an insistent press and aroused public opinion? Maintenance of the momentum of our pressure by a series of carefully timed actions leading to formal breaking of relations? The first two objectives have flimsy validity but the last seems logical. A nation in which control is as diffused as it is in Iran and

whose “government” condones a continuing gross breach of one of the few universally accepted tenets of international law, hardly qualifies for recognition under our or world standards.

If the withdrawal of recognition approach was behind the December 12 action why hasn’t it been followed up? In any event why wasn’t the announced action itself carried out? It took the department 22 days, instead of the announced 5, to reduce the accredited people working in the various Iranian foreign service offices in the US to the permitted 35 and to identify them. Furthermore, there’s no assurance that the list “we have now received” represents the actual situation. And the Immigration Service seems to have little or no idea of the present status of those whose employment in these offices may have terminated.

One may agree with the Christian ethic of turning the other cheek but, thinking of the hostages in Tehran, one wonders whether implementing this ethic by talking tough but carrying a little stick is a fruitful policy, no matter we are confronting Russians, Iranians or Upper Garbonians.

As the department spokesman says, we do live in a democratic country but this story is about official Iranians in the US enjoying the special privileges which that status carries, in startling contrast to the situation of our official representatives in Iran. If we want to impress Iran with our unhappiness over this situation is there any reason why we should allow such an official Iranian to remain here after his official status is terminated, simply because he wants to sell a house or not take his children out of school before the term ends? Or, if he has a valid basis for adjusting his status, is it “undemocratic” to require him to leave the country until this adjustment is considered and acted upon in accordance with usual procedure?

JAMES K. PENFIELD

Longbranch, Washington

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

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Foreign Service People

Birth

Macfarlane. A son, Matthew Alan, born to FSOs Lewis and Ann Macfarlane on January 2, in Washington.

Deaths

Amory. James Franklin Amory, FSO-retired, died on November 30 in France. Mr. Amory entered the Foreign Service in 1948 and served at Bombay, Helsinki, Paris, Bern, Frankfurt and Bonn before his retirement in 1971. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jeanne C. Amory, of Plum Tree Cottage, Manor Street, Dittisham, South Devon TQ6 OEX, England.

Barker. Clifford O. Barker, FSO-retired, died on November 23, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Mr. Barker joined the Department of State in 1923 and the Foreign Service in 1956. He served at Manila and Vienna before his retirement in 1961. He is survived by his wife, Mabel J., of 2031 NE 56th Court, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33308.

Cox. Mildred Cox, wife of FSSO-retired Earl Blake Cox, died on November 29 in Washington. Mrs. Cox accompanied her husband on his several assignments in West Germany and Greece. In addition to her husband of Kenwood House, Apt. 208, 5100 Dorset Avenue, Chevy Chase, Md. 20015, Mrs. Cox is survived by a son, Donald Servin of Waitsfield, Vt., a daughter, Frances Ann Whittaker of Bellevue, Washington, a sister and six grandchildren.

Lilienfield. Henry J. Lilienfield, FSO-retired, died on January 7 in Washington. Mr. Lilienfield joined the State Department in 1951 and the Foreign Service in 1955, serving at Bonn, Frankfurt, Munich and London before his retirement in 1966. Since his retirement he had been active in civic and community affairs in Howard County. He is survived by his wife; the former Lee Markman, 8657 Reservoir Road, Fulton, Maryland 20759, two sons, Dr. Lawrence Lilienfield of Bethesda and Gerald of Gaithersburg, a daughter, Barbara Balter of Baltimore, a sister, 12 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Ludden. Raymond P. Ludden, FSO-retired, died on December 12,

at South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Mr. Ludden entered the Foreign Service in 1931 and served at Liverpool, then Tsinan and various other posts in China, including as consul general in Canton, until 1949. He then served at Dublin, Brussels, Paris, and Dusseldorf before his retirement in 1962. He is survived by his wife, Mayre, of 30 Captain Nickerson Road, South Yarmouth, Mass. 02664 and a son, Rockwell P. Ludden.

COVER ARTIST

Verna Motheral, wife of Joe R. Motheral, AID-retired, has exhibited at the World Bank, Texas Fine Arts Association, Cultural Arts Center, Karachi, and the Korean Information Center in Seoul. Before retirement in 1972, the Motherals served in Manila, Iran, Seoul and Kabul.

CLUB ART EXHIBIT

The walls of the Foreign Service Club are currently graced with the watercolors of Stephanie Kung Stryker, wife of Jerry Stryker, now retired from the Foreign Service. Mrs. Stryker's exhibit consists of both traditional Chinese paintings and semi-abstracts with a Chinese flavor, all beautifully framed by her husband. She held two exhibitions in Singapore where she lived from 1974-8 and exhibited two dozen paintings in W & J Sloane's "Salute to China" last December. One of her traditional paintings appeared on the March 1979 *Journal* cover. The exhibit runs through March.

SCHOLARSHIP NEWS

The Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship for the academic year 1979-1980 has been awarded to Diana Hooper. Miss Hooper, the daughter of the late Peter Hooper, Jr., is a student of art and design at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y.

FOREIGN SERVICE DAY

Foreign Service Day, 1980, is scheduled for May 2 and AFSA plans its usual post/FS Day brunch for May 3. Further details will be supplied as soon as they are available.

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