



# Foreign Service Journal

MAY 1980

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**Why Bother About Human Rights? by Sandy Vogelgesang  
Kennedy and the Cuban Missile Crisis, by Barton J. Bernstein**

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## Letters

### Copywriting Contest

OUAGADOUGOU chapter of AFSA is titillated by idea that ads in newspapers and journals might be best way of obtaining experienced and competent persons to fill senior foreign affairs positions at home and abroad.

Chapter believes that this endeavor should benefit from creative inputs by FS personnel serving abroad and in Washington. Therefore urge that AFSA sponsor contest for ad-copywriters in our service, with best submissions to be printed in *FSJ*.

Ads should be slanted for specific publications—e.g., *Wall Street Journal*, *Washington Post*, small-town newspaper, ladies fashion daily, *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan*, *American Journal of International Law*, *Mad* magazine, etc.; positions advertised might include, illustratively: ambassador to small Chinese-speaking Southeast Asia island-state; national security adviser, White House; chargé d'affaires in Soviet-occupied central Asian country; principal AID officer in now-hostile Middle East state following major political change which turns country into close US ally after release American captives, etc. Graphics (photos, drawings, etc.) may accompany copy.

Prizes should be awarded for best submissions. We look to Governing Board to come up with aptest rewards.

AFSA/Ouagadougou

### Unilateral Actions

I READ WITH great interest the article by Ambassador Willard Beaulac on Nicaragua in the February edition of the *Journal*.

I address my comments and observations to the following excerpts from the article:

—If Latin America's hope for peace depended on an effective OAS, however, there was little to encourage that hope in mid-1979. . . . The concept of collective security in the OAS Charter and the Rio Treaty, which in theory had replaced unilateral US intervention remained a concept. It was far from being a reality. . . . Should the OAS fail to meet its obligations, the US will be

freed from its own non-intervention commitment. . . . There is another possibility: that the US after much soul searching and with great reluctance, would intervene alone.

While in the Foreign Service, I was intimately involved in the negotiations of a new Rio Treaty. I recall most vividly the grave concerns of the US government lest this important defense treaty of the Western Hemisphere be seriously damaged because of individual Latin American countries unilaterally renewing commercial or diplomatic relations with Cuba, notwithstanding an OAS Rio Treaty Resolution of Foreign Ministers imposing sanctions on that country. This concern for the Rio Treaty was one of the reasons for the US government going along with a so-called "freedom of action" resolution in 1975 in San José, Costa Rica with respect to Cuban sanctions. The United States has ratified the new Rio Treaty (Protocol of San José). The importance of this treaty to Latin America and the United States is evident in these arguments I used in October 1973, which are certainly still valid to this day:

In thirteen applications over the years, the Rio Treaty has served the hemisphere well in dealing with aggression and threats or fears of aggression—whether by one American state against another or whether stemming directly or indirectly from extracontinental sources—as well as in providing good offices in calming disputes that might have led to actual conflicts. Through these applications and through the element of restraint implicit in the mere fact of its existence, the Treaty has been an important element in providing this hemisphere with an exceptional record: that is, only one actual armed conflict between American states since it went into effect, and that conflict was ended in five days by Rio Treaty action of the OAS.

For these reasons the United States looks on the Rio Treaty as one of the principal pillars of the Inter-American System, and we believe it essential to preserve it as an effective collective security and peacekeeping instrument for this hemisphere.

We must reflect most profoundly upon the consequences and fall-out effects of unilateral action by the United States.

It would seem very important to keep in mind the following analysis and comments made by a witness to and participants in a crisis that probably brought the world closest

to World War III and one that occurred in the Western Hemisphere:

We have not always had the support of the Latin American countries in everything we have done. Frequently, our patience has been sorely tried by the opposition of some of the larger South American countries to measures we felt to be in our common interest and worthy of their support. During the Cuban missile crisis, however, when it was an issue of the greatest importance, when the United States was being sorely tried, those countries came unanimously to our support, and that support was essential.

*It was the vote of the Organization of American States that gave a legal basis for the quarantine. Their willingness to follow the leadership of the United States was a heavy and unexpected blow to Khrushchev. It had a major psychological and practical effect on the Russians and changed our position from that of an outlaw acting in violation of international law into a country acting in accordance with twenty allies legally protecting their position.*

—Robert Kennedy,  
*McCalls*, 1968

It was under the Rio Treaty that the OAS action on the quarantine of Cuba was taken.

At a time when governments around the world are expressing their concern over violations of the inviolability of diplomatic staffs and premises, involving principles enshrined in international treaties and obligations, it behooves us likewise to reflect on other treaty instruments such as the Rio Treaty and the OAS Charter, and on the consequences of bypassing, ignoring and violating these treaties through unilateral action.

JOHN W. FORD  
*FSO—Ret.*

Washington

### Ambassadorial Qualifications

I, FOR ONE, am getting exceedingly tired of the mounting debate about "political ambassadors" vs. "Foreign Service ambassadors."

The most important qualifications for ambassadorships are experience and judgment.

Both foreign service and a business or legal career furnish equal opportunities for experience. Many businessmen and lawyers deal in depth not only with their counterparts abroad but also with our embassies abroad, with foreign embassies in this country and with the

(Continued on page 45)

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FORD EXPORT DIVISION

## A Diplomat's Viewpoint

JACK PERRY

An able French ambassador in Washington once said his job would be the best in the world if he could go home every evening at seven. Instead, of course, he had to begin the hardest part of the job then—the social part.

Diplomacy has been and will be a social profession, no matter how ardently many diplomats despise society. I am convinced that most people are by nature shy, and that a love of solitude must be unlearned, by most of us, if we are to be tolerably comfortable in diplomacy.

I often thought, as I suffered through my early national-day receptions and formal dinners as a junior Foreign Service officer, that I would like to read an article telling me "how to survive a reception." This is not that article, but it is meant as a help mainly for the suffering junior officer or junior spouse, and the main way it is meant to help is by saying, "You are not alone. Others are suffering too."

I hurt still when I remember how alone and inadequate and tongue-tied and poorly-dressed and gauche and unimpressive I felt, attending my first diplomatic functions.

(Of course not everyone starts so poorly as I did. At my very first reception—at the Polish embassy in Washington, in 1960—I impressed everyone by going over to the imposing man at the door, thinking he had to be the ambassador, and upon shaking hands warmly, learning that he was the butler, and hailed from Fairfax.) At our first post, Moscow, the gatherings tended to be large and fairly stiff. My natural shyness was not helped by a senior officer who used to sidle up to embassy folk periodically and whisper fiercely, "Circulate!" If he saw us talking to another American, his face would go red and he would glare—until we toddled off in search of some other poor Soviet official who had rather have been talking to somebody of higher rank.

That is one reason the cocktail parties and dinners are difficult especially for junior people—guests had often rather be talking to the ambassador or foreign minister or whatever Personage is in attendance. (I will never forget how Secretary of State Rusk, visiting Moscow in 1963, talked to me and other junior officers with as much interest as he did to Khrushchev—or so he made us feel. Not many are so considerate as Secretary Rusk.)

In fact the principal trick for surviving receptions I discovered was to move up in rank. In my early posts, I felt I was imposing on anyone when I went up to them and started talking. As a DCM or chargé, I found that people tended to seek me out and begin conversations—and it is always easier to respond than to initiate. Actu-

*(Continued on page 37)*

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## WHAT PRICE GLORY?

As this editorial is being written, we are in the midst of preparations for Foreign Service Day 1980. This year, as in so many years in recent memory we have the sad duty of inscribing new names on the plaque in the state department lobby honoring those of our colleagues who have given their lives in the service of their country—even as we continue to pay homage to those who have made and are making other important sacrifices. The day will be even more poignant as we honor our friends, colleagues and loved ones now being held hostage in Iran and Colombia. We do this also with the constant reminder that “but for the grace of God” go any of us—it is, as we are all too well aware, a part of the *service* we devote to our country.

Given the drama and the anguish of sacrifice, it may seem to some crass and petty to raise now issues which are mundane, although necessary: pay and allowances. Indeed, it is with sincere regret that we feel we must divert our attention at all from the high plain of honor and esprit de corps, particularly at this time. Nonetheless, it is our duty to report to you—with anger and a sense of resentment—the administration’s (as given by OMB) assessment of what the Foreign Service is worth to the nation. Very simply, we are not, to that collective bureaucratic mind, worth very much. We are not, they have told us, even worthy of equal pay for equal work with other government employees.

On April Fool’s Day, OMB forwarded the administration’s position on Foreign Service pay to the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee. OMB ignored most of the major points included in the all agency Task Force Study, attempted to depict a six-year-old in-house study as being more valid than a current professional study and, in what to us can only be described as worse than disingenuousness, claimed that the president was eager to provide equitable pay for the Foreign Service and that the Congress should not legislate any pay standards. OMB, in a familiarly paternalistic mode, indicated that it, as the president’s pay agent, would now take care of the problem despite the fact that ten years have gone by since the Federal Pay Comparability Act of 1970.

OMB then went on to characterize its conception of equity (Option IV) and specifically described the Hay Study’s options as “overpaying the Foreign Service.” Their rationale seems to be that: those workaholics in the Foreign Service will continue to honor their commitments, will continue to serve wherever they are needed, there is no real reason to establish a grade structure on a par with those who stay at home in the government’s employ: The Foreign Service will continue to be the best bargain in the federal service.”

But, how true is that? The facts we have before us

suggest that a turning point has been reached and that more and more mid-level officers are “voting with their feet.” In 1979, the resignation rate of mid-level officers was two-thirds higher than the average of the previous decade. In January 1980, for the first time in our history, more successful candidates refused appointments into the Service than accepted them. A representative of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, in a recent radio broadcast, stated that while enrollment and interest in foreign service (spelled lower case) is up, interest in *the* Foreign Service of the United States is at an all-time low.

Under attack abroad, we will not allow ourselves to be destroyed at home. On April 9, all organizations associated with the Foreign Service joined forces to form an unprecedented alliance in response to this OMB assault. The president of the American Foreign Service Association, joined by representatives of the American Federation of Government Employees, gathered together representatives of each of the formal and informal groups dealing with particular interests—September 17, Save Our Staff, Junior Foreign Service Officers Caucus, Thursday Luncheon Group, ASIA-Pacific American Federal Employee Council, Association of American Foreign Service Women, Women’s Action Organizations, 2000+, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Consular Officers Association, Diplomatic Couriers Association, Open Forum Committee on Professional Concerns, Family Liaison office, Diplomatic and Consular Officers Retired, senior officers and AID, ICA and State Standing Committees on this issue. We are applying our combined might to making a stand against the minions of OMB who would deny the United States the resources to conduct an effective foreign policy and to win equal treatment with the rest of the government for the Foreign Service.

Each member and each friend of the Service is being called upon through cables, communiques and direct contact to do his share. We are united. We are articulate. We are right. We can win. The question before us is a simple one. Does a need exist for a corps of government foreign-affairs professionals now and in the years to come? Congress answers that in the proposed Foreign Service Act of 1980: “the scope and complexity of the foreign affairs of the nation have heightened the need for a professional foreign service that will serve the foreign affairs interests of the nation in an integrated fashion and that can provide a resource of qualified personnel for the president, the secretary of state and the agencies concerned with foreign affairs.” There is no credible substitute for the Foreign Service. If one did not already exist it would have to be created.

(See cartoon on page 37)

# Why bother about human rights?

SANDY VOGELGESANG

Promoting human rights never was an easy proposition. The apocalyptic advent of the new decade only underscores the old dilemma: can or should advocacy of human rights be a fundamental part of United States foreign policy?

Jimmy Carter called in 1976 for "fresh faith in the old dream." He wanted to help shape "a just and peaceful world that is truly humane" and thus "make Americans proud again."

What was good politics during the bicentennial may boomerang in the 1980 presidential election. The mood of the country—aroused by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—is mean and malign. We must, according to the opinion polls, bolster US defense and rally to the cry of *Realpolitik*.

The president, riding the tidal shift of public sentiment, has made the greatest comeback since Lazarus. He has done so, however, at some peril. Those opposed to Carter's first flush of fervor for

human rights blame that "moralistic crusade" for many present problems. Advocates of the administration's early policy, on the other hand, bemoan the scuttling of stress on human rights.

Criticism from both camps goes to the core of what should concern US policymakers most: the national interest. It is tempting, in the midst of crisis management, to lose sight of that proverbial bottom line. There is, in short, a need—with the reversion to the Cold War and apparent reversal of some previous priorities of the Carter administration—to restate the case for human rights.

Many of the reasons for concentrating some (though not all) US attention on human rights are clear:

- Violations of human rights constitute a global nightmare. Torture is common official practice. Repression is rampant in over two-thirds of the UN member states and, given increasing popular needs and the declining power of governments to meet them, is apt to grow.

- These violations can and do affect Americans directly. The flood-tide of "illegal aliens" and "boat people" to the United States and seizure of American hostages in Embassy Tehran are just the most dramatic reflections of reaction against human rights violations that hit home.

- The United States has a legal and moral responsibility to pro-

mote human rights. We have legal obligations—spelled out in the UN Charter, Helsinki Final Act, and other international instruments and US domestic legislation—that make us accountable to other nations for our performance on human rights and stress the internationally-endorsed responsibility to further fundamental freedoms abroad. For some, the moral mandate implicit in alleged American values is even more compelling. We do violence to our view of ourselves and the so-called American Dream when we embrace dictators indiscriminately.

There is yet another reason for stressing human rights that may be at the same time least clear—and most important—to many Americans. It is the relationship between protection of human rights and promotion of US national interest. It emerges in several ways.

First, states *are* judged by the company they keep. The United States can restore an image tarnished by past imperialist excess and the Vietnam period by distancing itself as much as possible from oppressive governments. Preliminary returns from the Carter administration's human rights policy do indicate increased respect for the United States on this score. That respect stands out in even sharper relief against the backdrop of Soviet aggression against the proud Afghan people. The challenge now is to capitalize on that contrast—

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*Sandy Vogelgesang is an FSO-2, now serving as special assistant for policy planning in the bureau of European affairs. She has served formerly as a member of the department's policy planning staff and as full-time chairperson of the secretary's open forum.*

*The views expressed here represent those of the author and not those of the Department of State or any other organization.*

*This article is adapted from the forthcoming book entitled American Dream/Global Nightmare: Is the United States Serious about Human Rights? to be published by W. W. Norton in early May 1980.*

not by paying court to Pakistan's General Zia or ignoring serious problems inside countries such as Saudi Arabia—but by effecting a prudent balance between pragmatism and principle.

Second, violations of human rights, while significant in themselves, may be most important as symptoms of deeper problems that affect US security. Dictators sanction torture, not because they *like* pulling out toenails, but because they think such tactics keep opponents quiet and themselves in power. Violations of human rights flag the fact that a government is not working well. Attention to human rights violations can alert the United States to underlying instability and help align Washington with progressive forces for change. Doing so can, in turn, help prevent dangerous outbreaks of anti-Americanism and extensions of influence hostile to US interests.

Southern Africa is an example of this phenomenon. Past US alignment with white supremacist forces against the black majority—while the Soviets were providing arms and military training for outlawed black nationalists—helped give an unnecessary toehold in southern Africa to the USSR, led to tragic bloodletting within Zimbabwe-Rhodesia and the Republic of South Africa, and heightened regional tension, as government troops and guerrillas traded retaliatory strikes across borders.

Third, the fundamental error—for which sensitivity to what lies behind human rights violations provides insight—is to lose sight of long-term US national interest for the sake of short-term advantage. *Inter-state* stability derives, in large measure, from *intra-state* stability. Although oppression can impose a stability of sorts—that is why dictatorial regimes have been seen traditionally as “good for business”—often it cannot. Does short-run preoccupation with stability or a narrow reading of national security ignore present realities and prevent longer-term access to strategic real estate, vital resources, or the next generation of leaders? At what price, for example, does the United States accommodate Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos?

Events in Iran suggest the danger of overdoing a marriage of convenience, where the long-range benefit is more apparent than real, and of overlooking what is really happening in the country concerned. The United States helped return Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi to power in 1953 and set up his secret police. US actions in the 1970s served primarily to compound earlier misperceptions and mistakes. Much of the new wealth from oil went, not to the poor but to the rich, and not for assuring equitable economic growth but for buying elaborate weapons systems. Throughout most of the last decade, officials of the United States government ignored the shortcomings of the shah because of the value placed on Iran's strategic po-

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“ ‘It is not clear,’ as one senior political appointee in the Carter administration said, ‘that getting on the ayatollah's bandwagon would have gotten us off his death-list.’ ”

---

sition next to the Soviet Union, its oil, and its willingness to buy US arms. Those sales served the dual purposes of shoring up the US balance of payments and making the shah the guardian of the Persian Gulf.

Senior officials during both the Nixon-Ford years and the first two years of the Carter Administration knew little about what was simmering above and below the surface in Iran. There was an unspoken and self-imposed policy of not contacting opponents to the shah, lest he be offended. Officers at the US embassy in Tehran who questioned restrictions on contacts with opposition leaders or the Islamic establishment were told that critical information might be leaked and distorted by the shah's enemies. Those signs of trouble that US officials in Washington did detect,

such as the reports of torture by the Iranian secret police publicized in congressional hearings and the press, they chose, for the most part, to ignore. Two tendencies grew and reinforced each other in the process: the inclination to view Iran through the shah's imperial periscope and the propensity to equate US interests with those of the Pahlavi dynasty. Thus, on the eve of the year that the shah was to fall from power, President Carter, while in Tehran, called Iran “an island of stability.” There was order, he said, toasting the shah, because of the “love of your people for you.”

Many critics of the Carter administration were to blame the president's human rights policy for pushing the shah from power. Although Carter's expressed support for human rights did lead many in Iran to believe that the shah could no longer count on full US support and thus did give increased courage to his opponents, that shift in American policy was not the critical factor in the shah's downfall. The shah toppled from the Peacock Throne primarily because of his own hubris. With mounting economic mismanagement and corruption and no meaningful political outlet for cultural dislocation and economic grievances, he could not contain widespread and growing condemnation of his repressive rule. The answer, then, to the question “Who lost Iran?” is not Jimmy Carter, but the shah himself.

The answer to who lost because US policymakers backed a loser may well be the American people. In the aftermath of the shah's departure, there was concern about abandoned weaponry and sophisticated equipment, decreased means to verify SALT II, reduced supplies of oil, and increased uncertainty along what National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski calls the “arc of crisis” extending from Turkey to the Persian Gulf. There was predictably bitter anti-Americanism which surged to the surface with the seizure of the US embassy in late 1979 and the ensuing crisis.

Such events underscore a fundamental question: is US national interest best served by the *Realpolitik* espoused by Henry

(Continued on page 44)

# KENNEDY AND THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

President John F. Kennedy has been variously praised and blamed for his handling of the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962. For most, it was his great triumph. For critics, however, it was an unnecessary crisis, or dangerously mishandled, or both: Kennedy should either have acceded to the Soviet missiles in Cuba, or at least first tried private diplomacy before moving to the quarantine.

Critics often dwell on Kennedy's response to the Soviet demand of Saturday, October 27th, for American withdrawal of missiles from Turkey. He seemed publicly to reject the Soviet proposal. But did he? Some defenders have claimed that the president actually struck a private bargain and acceded to the Soviet terms. Critics, on the other hand, have either denied that there was an agreement, or have stressed that it was dangerously loose. When the Soviets were looking for a way out of the crisis, why, critics ask, did Kennedy refuse to accept the Turkey-Cuba trade publicly? Was not Kennedy guilty of brink-

manship? What would Kennedy have done if Khrushchev had not retreated and accepted public humiliation?

New evidence reveals that Kennedy was partly responsible for installing the missiles in Turkey, and that he and some advisers, from the early days of the crisis, were privately more flexible than memoirists or critics acknowledged. The new evidence establishes that Kennedy privately offered a hedged promise on the 27th to withdraw the Jupiters in the future. Unfortunately, these documents do not resolve the lingering problems: What would Kennedy have done if Khrushchev had insisted on a public pledge? Would Kennedy have yielded and risked weakening his credibility? Or invaded Cuba?

## Who Put the Missiles in Turkey?

In 1957, the Eisenhower administration decided to arrange to send missiles to Europe. Most NATO allies, fearful of antagonizing the Soviet Union and inflaming domestic opposition, rejected the missiles. Only Italy and Turkey accepted them.

The agreement with Turkey, completed in October 1959, provided for 15 Jupiters, intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs). The missiles would be owned by Turkey; the nuclear warheads would be owned by America and in the custody of its forces; the weapons could be

launched only on the order of the Supreme Allied Commander-Europe (an American) on the approval of both the American and Turkish governments; and the sites would be manned by soldiers of both nations. It was, in principle, a dual-veto system.

What would happen if only one nation decided to launch the missiles? How would the complex legal and custodial arrangements actually operate? Could American troops stop the Turkish government, or even panicky Turkish troops, from acting unilaterally? Such questions undoubtedly added to the fears of the Soviet Union, for the missiles would be close to the border.

The Jupiters were "soft," liquid-fuel IRBMs, taking hours to fire, quite inaccurate, very vulnerable, and hence only useful militarily for a first strike, and thus provocative. The skin of the Jupiter was so thin that a sniper's bullet could puncture it and render it inoperable. "In the event of hostilities, assuming that NATO will not strike the first blow," a then-secret congressional report warned, "the USSR with its ballistic missile capability logically could be expected to take out these bases on the first attack, which undoubtedly would be a surprise attack." Put bluntly, the Jupiters would draw, not deter, an attack.

Why then did various Turkish governments, both before and after the coup of 1960, want these

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weapons? They added prestige, emphasized Turkey's key role in NATO, and exaggerated the warmth of relations with a great power, the United States. The missiles were political assets.

Unlike the Eisenhower planners and the Turkish leaders, President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara worried about the provocative nature of these weapons. As a result, according to some memoirists, Kennedy actually ordered removal of the Jupiters, and, thus, was shocked to learn during the Cuban missile crisis that they were still in Turkey.

Such recollections are misleading. Well before the crisis, Kennedy knew the Jupiters were in Turkey. In fact, his administration, not Ike's, had actually installed these weapons in late 1961 to fulfill the 1959 agreement. And Kennedy never ordered their removal before the missile crisis.

On June 22, 1961, George C. McGhee, of the State Department, reported to McGeorge Bundy, the president's special assistant for national security, "that action should not be taken to cancel *projected* deployment of IRBMs to Turkey." This conclusion was "based primarily," McGhee explained, "on the view that, in the aftermath of Khrushchev's hard posture at Vienna, cancellation . . . might seem a weakness." America's credibility and the president's prestige required doing what the Defense Department regarded as militarily dangerous. In addition, McGhee continued, "the Turkish reaction was strongly adverse," and General Lauris Norstad, commander of NATO, "underlined the military importance of sending IRBMs to Turkey. This makes it unlikely that any attempt [would be able] to persuade the Turkish military that they should abandon this project."

Why did Kennedy accede to deploying the missiles? Probably McGhee's report summarized Kennedy's own thinking that summer. The president did not want to seem weak after the debacle at Vienna, where he felt Khrushchev had bullied him. Nor did he wish to weaken the NATO alliance politically and deeply offend a key American ally, Turkey, by reneging on Eisenhower's commitment. "[T]here would have been," McNamara later explained, "a

psychological loss to the West of simply canceling the program . . ."

Occasionally, in early and mid-1962, Kennedy raised the issue of withdrawing the Jupiters, scheduled to become operational in July, but he *never ordered* their removal. In late August, 1962, Kennedy raised this subject again, this time in the context of Cuba. Still, he did *not* order withdrawal, but only implied a study. National Security Action Memorandum No. 181, dated August 23, 1962, expresses Kennedy's thought and fears—of missiles in Cuba and Soviet efforts to equate them with the Jupiters. Here is a segment of that Memorandum:

The president has directed that the following actions and studies be undertaken in the light of new [Soviet] bloc activity in Cuba.

1. What action can be taken to get Jupiter missiles out of Turkey?

(Action: Department of Defense)

6. A study should be made of the advantages and disadvantages of making a statement that the US would not tolerate the establishment of military forces (missile or air, or both?) which might launch a nuclear attack from Cuba against the US . . .

7. A study should be made of the various military alternatives which might be adopted in executing a decision to eliminate any installations in Cuba capable of launching nuclear attack on the US . . .

(Action: Department of Defense)

By shifting responsibility for removal of the Jupiters to the Department of Defense, which, unlike state, was more concerned about nuclear strategy than about maintaining warm relations with a dependent ally, either Kennedy himself or McGeorge Bundy had decided to minimize the role of state. So far as the available records and recollections indicate, however, defense accomplished nothing in the next seven weeks to phase out the Jupiters. Obviously, removal of the missiles first required a plan and then probably some diplomatic negotiations.

Did Kennedy believe that this directive of August 23rd would soon remove the Jupiters? Given that his government had installed them, and they had just become operational in July, he could not have been so foolishly optimistic. Nor did the memorandum *order* the De-

partment of Defense to act. Thus, it is too simple to conclude, as have some analysts, that Kennedy ordered removal of the missiles and that the bureaucracy thwarted his instructions. He *never ordered* their removal—as Bundy recently acknowledged.

The NSC memorandum had suggested the danger of the Soviets equating "offensive" missiles in Turkey with those in Cuba. So, even before the U-2 photographed the Soviet "offensive" missile sites on October 14th, an NSC staff member prepared a paper stressing the political differences: The Soviet weapons were designed for aggression and deployed secretly; the Jupiters were defensive and openly deployed. Put simply, the Soviet action was dangerous and dishonorable, the American peaceful and honorable. It was a strained, self-righteous document, characteristic of the administration's public pronouncements during the crisis.

### America Might Have to Trade the Jupiters

When administration members learned of the Soviet missiles on Tuesday, October 16th, some feared that the Soviets would point to the Jupiters in justification. During the six days, from the 16th to the 21st, when the ExComm (Executive Committee on the National Security Council) deliberated on how the administration should respond, United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara occasionally suggested trading the missiles (Jupiters for those in Cuba) to settle the crisis. Apparently the president flirted with this notion, and some others briefly endorsed it.

On Wednesday, the 17th, Stevenson warned Kennedy that world opinion would equate America's missile bases in Turkey with the Soviet bases in Cuba. Stevenson's memorandum was fuzzy, perhaps because he feared that he was giving unwelcome counsel, but he both warned that "we can't negotiate with a gun at our head" and suggested trading the bases in Turkey for those in Cuba. "*I feel you should [make] it clear that the existence of nuclear missile bases anywhere is negotiable before we start anything,*" he underlined.

Two days later, on Friday, the 19th, according to the ExComm minutes, "more than once during the afternoon Secretary McNamara voiced the opinion that the US . . . would at least have to give up our missile bases in Italy and Turkey and would probably have to pay more besides . . . to get the Soviet missiles out of Cuba." On Saturday, McNamara again offered the same analysis.

According to the minutes for Saturday, President Kennedy "agreed that at an appropriate time we would have to acknowledge that we were willing to take strategic missiles out of Turkey and Italy if this issue was raised by the Russians . . . but he was firm in saying that we should only make such a proposal in the future." The minutes leave unclear whether the president was willing to countenance an explicit public trade of the Jupiters, or whether he was suggesting something private, hedged, even evasive.

On Sunday morning, high-level State Department officials flirted with the Cuba-Turkey trade. At an evening meeting, convened by Robert Kennedy, a number of senior government officials agreed, in the words of Abram Chayes, the State Department's legal adviser, "that the Turkish missiles would have to be given up in the end, as the price of settlement." Why not have the United States introduce this offer at the UN right after the announcement of the quarantine? Offered at the beginning, such a concession would have various liabilities and seem, according to Chayes's summary of attitudes, "rather weak and defensive [,] . . . inconsistent with the sense of resolution and determination that was judged essential to the success of the quarantine."

On Monday morning, the day the president announced the quarantine, Attorney General Robert Kennedy indicated the administration's public line, at least for the next few days: "We will have to make a deal at the end, but we must stand absolutely firm now. Concessions must come at the end of negotiation, not at the beginning." The implication was that the quarantine might frighten the Soviets but not compel them to yield unless America also offered some quid pro quo. Did the attor-

ney general have the Jupiters in mind? The deliberations of the past week certainly suggested them as part of an exchange.

Why didn't the president order the immediate dismantling of the Jupiters before they might become a public bargaining card in the crisis? Was the time too short? Or were his actions tempered by the prospect of a future trade and thus he was unwilling to discard this extra card? Stevenson, among others, had warned of a potential liability: that the Jupiters would also make it harder to explain why the Soviet missiles constituted a new kind of threat. Probably Kennedy was willing to take that risk.

### Plans to "Trade" the Jupiters

After the president's speech announcing the quarantine, some American officials privately proposed trading the Jupiters in Turkey as part of the ultimate settlement of the crisis. There were basic questions, as they knew: Whether and, if so, how to exchange the Jupiters, ideally without appearing to do so? Would other weapons meet the military and political needs of NATO and Turkey? If so, could the United States withdraw these missiles without offending most NATO nations, and Turkey in particular? "The danger in Turkey can be especially acute," one official warned. "If the alliance or the US seems to be pulling away from [Turkey] it could lead to the fall of the present government." An uneasy new coalition, shored up by its military forces and by American economic aid, the Turkish government could not afford to antagonize its powerful generals nor risk a crisis.

Working within these constraints, Under Secretary of State George Ball, W. Averell Harriman, Harlan Cleveland, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization, Walt Whitman Rostow, director of the Policy Planning Council, and Stevenson, among others, scratched around for some solution involving the Jupiters. At times, this line seemed to capture the fancy of Kennedy, but hard questions always lingered for him.

Early in the week, Kennedy directed the State Department to consider withdrawing the missiles. On Wednesday, the 24th, Ball notified Ambassador Raymond

Hare, then in Ankara, that a trade was being considered. Would Turkey accede to withdrawal of the Jupiters, Ball asked, if there was some military replacement, possibly deployment of an American-controlled Polaris, or establishment of a seaborne, multilateral nuclear force (MLF) within NATO?

Removal of the Jupiters as part of an explicit trade would injure NATO and American relations with Turkey, Hare replied. The Turks would greatly resent "that their interests were being traded off in order to appease an enemy." They were proud that, unlike the Cubans, they were not the "stooge" of a great power, he claimed. But he reluctantly admitted that there might be a possible way out of the crisis—a secret agreement (without Turkey's knowledge) and then prompt dismantling of the missiles. That course would ultimately prove attractive in Washington.

On receiving Ball's cable, NATO Ambassador Thomas Finletter, agreed that the Turks would bitterly resent a trade. Fearing that Washington might still be tempted, he lectured the State Department on the dangers of "horse trade." It could set a "pattern for handling Russian incursions" elsewhere and frighten other members of NATO, who "may wonder whether they will be asked to give up some military capability" the next time. Unlike Hare, Finletter did not even glance at the possibility of a secret deal with the Soviets. Perhaps he did not want to risk mentioning what he deemed a disastrous but tempting course.

By Thursday, the 25th, while one special NSC committee was sketching the scenario for an air strike, another was outlining a "political path"—a summit meeting while the quarantine continued—to settle the crisis. "It would probably involve discussion over Berlin or, as a minimum, our missile bases in Turkey," the committee warned. A linked proposal, probably from the same committee, suggested an offer "to withdraw our missiles from Turkey in return for Soviet withdrawal of . . . missiles from Cuba." To avoid a crisis in NATO and to assuage Turkey, such an offer "might be expressed in generalized form, such as withdrawal of missiles from

territory . . . [near] the other [great power.]”

On Friday, the 26th, W. Averell Harriman was also urging negotiations to get the missiles out of Turkey. He endorsed the proposal of Assistant Secretary Harlan Cleveland: Only nuclear powers should possess nuclear weapons and missiles, and thus America and Russia would not place these systems in the territory of nonnuclear powers. Such terms, Harriman explained, would compel the United States to pull missiles out of Turkey and Italy, but not Britain, which was a nuclear power, and Russia would have to withdraw its missiles from Cuba. By raising the terms to a level of generality, Harriman hoped to conceal what some could regard as a naked trade—missiles in Turkey for missiles in Cuba. “*Agreement should be put forward not as a trade over Cuba,*” he underlined, but “*as a first and important step towards disarmament.*” But what would happen if the negotiations were not speedy? Wouldn’t the administration have to gain the endorsement of NATO and Turkey? That could take too much time.

Even though all the middle-range ballistic missile (MRBM) sites had been operational since the first day of the quarantine, and therefore the Soviets could have launched a first salvo of about half their 42 MRBMs, Kennedy and members of the ExComm continued to worry about the continued work on missile sites in Cuba. They seemed to fear that the Soviets would reduce the time required for launching an MRBM, and that they also were advancing quickly on 12 launchers for IRBMs, likely to be ready in five weeks. The CIA was not sure whether nuclear warheads were in Cuba, but the administration assumed the “worst case”: that they were available. Any other assumption was “reckless,” CIA director John McCone told the ExComm.

The ExComm minutes are scattered with demands that work on the missiles must soon stop. Kennedy seemed to have a self-imposed deadline of roughly between Sunday, the 28th, to about Tuesday, the 30th. As a result, plans involving a trade of the Jupiters had to meet his informal timetable. Those plans that seemed to involve lengthy negotiations would be found unacceptable, unless they

stipulated a way of getting the Soviets promptly to halt work on the sites.

While Harriman’s plan *may* have had this liability, two others—one from a special NSC Committee and the other from Rostow—*certainly* did. On Friday, the special committee offered a proposal, forwarded by Rusk without comment to Kennedy, for a “Face-saving cover, if [the Soviets] wish, for a withdrawal of their offensive weapons from Cuba.” It was an elaborate, guardedly optimistic, scheme suggesting a summit conference, to be preceded by the agreement of NATO

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**“The United States had won unanimous support from the Organization of American States for the quarantine, but that unanimity had required some deft coercion.”**

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and Turkey to accept an MLF and to remove missiles from Turkey and Italy.

Walt W. Rostow, sketching a similar plan, believed that he had devised a way out of the crisis while maintaining all of the “Free World assets” and actually strengthening the NATO alliance. His solution: Secure NATO’s speedy approval for MLF, presumably with an agreement to dismantle the Jupiters. The Soviets, he acknowledged, “could read it [dismantling] as a way of helping them off the hook”; but it would “nail down the missile portion of the alliance and [thus thwart Soviet efforts] to disrupt the confidence of the Alliance in the US.” An additional attraction, for Rostow, was that it achieved goals he had long sought—a stronger NATO, establishment of MLF, and removal of dangerous weapons. But how could these negotiations with NATO nations be completed in a few days?

On Friday morning, the ExComm briefly considered dismantling the Jupiters in return for withdrawal of missiles from Cuba. Stevenson still regarded these terms as reasonable. But John

McCone, the CIA director, was outraged. He resented linking the missiles of the two nations. He said, according to the minutes, “the Soviet weapons in Cuba were pointed at our heart and put us under great handicap to carry out our commitments to the free world.”

Kennedy did not bar the trade. According to the minutes, he said, “we will get the . . . missiles out of Cuba only by invading or trading. He doubted that the quarantine alone would produce a withdrawal of the weapons.” After Kennedy spoke, the dialogue shifted from the Jupiters to other matters. The ExComm did not return to the issue of the Jupiters at that meeting.

Later that Friday, the Soviets indicated their terms for settling the crisis: withdrawal of their missiles from Cuba and on-site inspection, in return for America’s terminating the quarantine and pledging not to invade Cuba. There was not even a suggestion that America must dismantle its Jupiters; the Soviets were asking for less than many American officials had anticipated and less than some had proposed to grant.

That Friday night, the ExComm could find reason for satisfaction. The dangerous crisis would end with one American concession—a non-invasion pledge. Only a few advisors, including McCone and at least some of the joint chiefs, were deeply unhappy that Castro would be safe from a United States attack. For the rest, the pledge was a small price to pay. According to Secretary Rusk, it was simply a reaffirmation of existing obligations: “we are committed not to invade Cuba [because we] signed the UN Charter and the Rio treaty.”

#### **America’s Allies and a Trade**

But on Saturday morning, the optimism of the ExComm speedily collapsed. Some Soviet ships were approaching the quarantine line, the FBI reported that the Soviet delegation was burning papers in likely preparation for war, and a SAM shot down a U-2 over Cuba. Worst of all, a new Soviet message arrived, raising the terms of settlement to require removal of the Jupiters from Turkey.

The leaders of most NATO allies understood the military liabilities of the Jupiters, so the issues were not

strategic (the loss of military strength) but psychological and political: the significance of an American concession on weaponry in Europe in order to deal with a problem in the Caribbean.

A formal trade, even a public one, would have delighted the Belgian and Canadian governments, pleased the French, and probably pleased the Italian, Greek, Danish, and Norwegian governments. The Dutch would probably have resented such a deal and might have been unwilling to hide their dismay. Out of loyalty to the alliance with America, Bonn and Whitehall, concealing their uneasiness, would probably have publicly backed a Kennedy decision for an open trade. They would have found a private trade (known to them) more tolerable.

In Latin America, there was strong sentiment for a compromise involving the Jupiters, in either a public or private deal. The United States had won unanimous support from the Organization of American States for the quarantine, but that unanimity had required some deft coercion. Many governments in Latin America worried about a backlash from their own radical groups if the United States attacked Cuba. A trade of the Jupiters was preferable, and the removal of Soviet missiles from Cuba would embarrass Castro.

### Trade the Jupiters?

Saturday was the most painful day of the crisis. For the ExComm and the president, there were no easy answers. Should America bomb the SAM site, as the ExComm had previously planned, if a U-2 was shot down? Should the administration yield to the additional demand of exchanging the Jupiters to settle the crisis? The minutes of the day's three sessions reveal that the ExComm easily disposed of the first question and devoted agonizing attention to the second.

Some members wanted to arrange a way of pulling out the Jupiters without making a clear trade. A trade would injure Turkey, NATO, and America, according to their analysis. Was there some way of inducing Turkey to suggest withdrawal of the weapons? Or of placing their withdrawal in the broader context of disarmament?

At various points, President Kennedy indicated that he did not want to yield to Soviet pressure but that he would favor some cosmetic arrangement to get rid of the Jupiters in order to settle the crisis. At a few points, he seemed desperate and prepared to countenance a trade. Work on the Soviet sites in Cuba must soon stop, Kennedy periodically emphasized, and his lingering implication was that an American attack on Cuba might otherwise become necessary in a few days.

At times in the Saturday meetings, some ExComm members urged an attack—possibly first on the SAMs and then on the missile sites, to be followed by an invasion. Such counsel raised profound questions: Would Russia then respond against Berlin or elsewhere? Wouldn't NATO and especially Turkey become a target? Could all-out war then be avoided? An anxious group of men, hardly more than a dozen, assessed actions that might lead to war or peace. And the president, listening to their counsel and trying out his own notions, ultimately had the constitutional and actual power of decision. The vigorous disputes over strategy left him reasonably free to choose. In the ExComm he never faced a monolith, only shifting majorities. He could move toward peace or war.

At first, at the morning meeting, according to the minutes, the opponents of a trade of the missiles came to the fore. "It would be anathema to the Turks to pull the missiles out," declared Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze, for "the next Soviet step would be a demand for denuclearization of the entire NATO area." Concessions would only beget demands for more concessions. When would America draw the line? Why should allies trust American promises? Both Rusk and Bundy also resisted the trade, with Bundy stressing, according to the minutes, "we cannot get into the position of appearing to sell out an ally . . . to serve our own interests, i.e., getting the Soviet missiles out of Cuba."

President Kennedy regretted, as the minutes put it, that "the Russians had made the Turkish proposal in the most difficult possible way." Now, he said, because their demand is public, "we would have

no chance to talk privately to the Turks about the missiles . . ." He seemed to favor removing the weapons but did not want to appear to be yielding to a Soviet demand, lest he lose prestige and credibility, injure Turkey and NATO, and give the Soviets a public victory. Could the crisis be settled without risking some American (and presidential) credibility and prestige?

The suggested trade of 42 Soviet MRBMs (representing a third of their strategic arsenal) for 15 obsolete Jupiters was attractive on military grounds, he acknowledged. How, he worried, could he "justify risking nuclear war in Cuba and Berlin over missiles in Turkey which are of little military value?" It would even be very hard to get political support for such a position, he admitted. Yet, he thought, there might be a way out: "We cannot propose to withdraw the missiles . . . , but the Turks could offer to do so. [They] must be informed of the great danger . . . and we have to face up to the possibility of some kind of a trade over the missiles."

The minutes for the morning, like those for later in the day, reveal a sense of desperation, a fear that events were taking control, that action was restricted to unpalatable alternatives, and that an attack on the missile sites in Cuba might soon be necessary. Since the 42 MRBMs, and even the addition of 12 or 24 IRBMs, did not alter the strategic balance nor actually imperil the United States, it is curious that none (so far as the minutes disclose) challenged the dominating assumption: America could not dally more than a few days. But if the work on the sites ceased, Kennedy noted, "we could talk to the Russians."

The two-hour morning meeting ended with agreement on a brief public reply to Khrushchev's demand. The White House public statement, widely interpreted in the press as an outright rejection, was actually more subtle and elusive. It left the door open for some future agreement on the Jupiters, but never specifically mentioned them.

When the ExComm reconvened at 4:00 P.M., according to the minutes, Kennedy "felt that we would not be in a position to offer any trade for several days . . . [I]f we could succeed in freezing the situa-

tion in Cuba and rendering the strategic missiles inoperable, then we would be in a position to negotiate with the Russians." When Bundy, who still opposed the trade, warned of a backlash in NATO countries, "the president responded that if we refuse to discuss such a trade and then take military action in Cuba, we would also be in a difficult position."

It was a tortuous, three-hour meeting. The discussion rambled. Like broken shuttlecocks, the proposals ranged widely. Often mixing proposals, the ExComm considered attacking Cuba, or convening a special NATO meeting, or outrightly rejecting the Turkey-Cuba trade, and even disarming the

would remove the Soviet missiles and pay a bonus: elimination of Castro ("the bone in our throat"). The obvious liability was that the attack might kill 18,000-23,000 Soviets and thus compel the Soviets to retaliate—probably in Europe. As a majority seemed to be shifting to this dangerous plot, the president adjourned the meeting.

A few lingered to discuss the bizarre course of the meeting. According to the minutes, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson asked: "[W]hy were [we] not prepared to [accept the Soviet trade] if we were prepared to give up the use of US missiles in Turkey?" The arguments of maintaining credibility, of

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**"So far, this discussion has omitted one important set of events that evening: Robert Kennedy's meeting with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, before the evening session of the ExComm."**

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Jupiters and then attacking Cuba. In calling for a NATO meeting on Sunday, President Kennedy was sometimes supporting a bid for peace and at other times a course toward war. "[I]f the Russians do attack the NATO countries," Kennedy explained on one occasion, "we do not want them to say that they had not been consulted about the actions we were taking . . ." Toward the end of the session, he returned to his earlier theme: persuading the Turks "to suggest to us that we withdraw our missiles." That would not be easy, he acknowledged, since they had just issued a statement sharply rejecting the Soviet demand for an explicit trade.

Probably in the last thirty minutes of the meeting, the joint chiefs, presumably McNamara, and some others offered a zany solution: defuse the Jupiters in Turkey, inform the Soviets, and then attack Cuba. Their theory seemed to be that dismantling the Jupiters would meet part of the Soviet demand for a trade, emphasize that Kennedy was trying to restrict military activities to this hemisphere, thus reduce Soviet anger and fear, and probably protect Turkey and NATO from reprisals. The attack

keeping faith with NATO, of meeting obligations to Turkey did not seem to impress him. His chief aim was peace. And Under Secretary Ball agreed, noting "that last week we thought it might be acceptable to trade the withdrawal of the missiles in Turkey if such action would save Cuba." Why not now? he asked. Accept the Soviet terms, he suggested, and replace the Jupiters with a Polaris sub.

When the ExComm members met for an hour that evening at 9, they were talking variously of an invasion of Cuba, adding pressure on the Soviets, preparing for a NATO meeting on Sunday, and trying the Turkey-Cuba trade. Kennedy decided to activate 24 air reserve squadrons (14,000 men) to prepare for an invasion and also to frighten the Soviets. And if any more surveillance planes were fired on over Cuba, Kennedy decided that "we should take out the SAM sites by [bombing them.]"

The group agreed not to raise with the Turks the question of withdrawing the Jupiters. Ambassador Finletter would inform NATO that an American attack on Cuba was near but that the president still hoped that the crisis could be settled "within the framework

of the Western Hemisphere." Finletter was instructed to warn NATO delegates that an American attack might unleash a Soviet attack against their nations, and he was directed to encourage free expression, while reminding them that elimination of the missiles in Cuba was essential to maintaining NATO's strategic strength (not just America's). He was not to "hint of any readiness to meet [the] Soviet Jupiter proposal."

War seemed near. Shortly after midnight, Kennedy sent special messages to Adenauer and de Gaulle: "The situation is clearly growing more tense and if satisfactory responses are not received from the other side in forty-eight hours, the situation is likely to enter a progressively military phase." The hedged implication: invasion of Cuba on Tuesday. Adenauer loyally supported Kennedy, but de Gaulle, having retreated into privacy until the French voters cast their ballots on Sunday, refused to see the American ambassador.

What neither the NATO delegates nor America's chief European allies could know was that President Kennedy was still mulling over a trade. Toward the close of the Saturday night meeting, according to the minutes, the attorney general summarized the strategy: "We would . . . hold off one more day a decision on accepting the Turkish/Cuban missiles trade offer of the Soviets." (emphasis added) Then what? Was there any significance that the taker of minutes had not cast the matter in the negative: We will delay on rejecting the offer?

### **Secret Diplomacy: A Hedged Trade**

So far, this discussion has omitted one important set of events that evening: Robert Kennedy's meeting with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, at 7:45, before the evening session of the ExComm. Acting on the instructions of the president and Secretary Rusk, the attorney general invited Dobrynin to a private meeting, where the attorney general delivered both a virtual ultimatum and a loose private promise. According to his later memoir, the ultimatum was: "if the [Soviets] did not re-

(Continued on page 40)



**MARJORIE SMITH**

It's here — 1980 — election year. Once more, FSIOs around the world are explaining the American presidential selection system to their target audiences. Is it really four years since I traveled through most of provincial Thailand on such a mission?

There is nothing like hearing the electoral college explained a few dozen times in Thai to make you

appreciate what an anachronism it really is. But Khun Chalermpong adores the electoral college, probably because it is byzantine enough to be an Asian invention. The allotment of the 538 votes to the various states makes a pattern so intricate it could decorate a Thai temple. The ironic possibility that the loser of the popular vote might win the presidency is very alluring to a middle-class Asian who copes with limited upward mobility by regularly buying tickets in the national lottery.

Our lecture audiences seemed to

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*Marjorie Smith is currently assigned to FSI-Yokohama. She writes "I hope this tale conveys a bit of the crazy wonderful flavor of up-country Thailand." She expects to be assigned as BPAO-Sapporo on completion of her second year of Japanese language training.*

find the electoral college reasonable, if not scrutable. In the end, I suppose I heard Chalermpong describe it to over five thousand Thai college students and instructors. He was frequently asked to elaborate further, but never once was he asked "Why?"

At times I was driven to protest. Sometimes I began my portion of the lecture by noting that for decades reformers have sought to eliminate the electoral college from the American political processes. Whenever an *acharn* (lecturer or professor) sheepishly confessed that he still didn't understand how the system works, I would say quickly, "*Mai pen rai*. Don't feel bad if you're confused. Most Americans are confused about it. If they understood it, they'd abolish it."

Chalermpong seldom bothered to translate these frivolous remarks of mine. Instead, he would launch into his detailed chalk-talk on the great American quadrennial lottery. "California has 45 electoral votes," he would begin, covering the blackboard with his swoopy handwriting. "New York has 41. Now suppose that in California, Carter gets 11 million votes and Ford gets nine million . . ."

"Why don't you make Chalermpong stop talking about the electoral college?" an American colleague asked. But how could I? It would have taken all the joy out of these political lectures for him. Chalermpong would much rather lecture about the space program. And our audience mirrored his preferences. Our political programs usually had a full house of 200 polite, apparently attentive students who had been ordered to the auditorium by their instructors. But Chalermpong's space lectures had to be held outdoors after dark to accommodate the townspeople who wanted to join the student body and watch his slides and movies.

Khun Chalermpong has worked for USIS (now USICA) Thailand for about 25 years. Before that, he was a pharmacist and lab technician for the Seventh Day Adventist mission in Thailand. A devout Buddhist, he was educated by the Adventists and once submitted to Christian baptism as a last resort in order to gain a long overdue promotion. He has never been to col-

lege and has learned everything he knows about the space program and American political processes by reading, watching USIS films and listening to the motley crew of Americans who toddled through USIS Bangkok during the last quarter-century.

He is an unprepossessing man: short, slim, slightly rumped, with a face unlike other Thais. During the Q and A session after one lecture a girl asked, "How come you speak such good Thai? Chalermpong chuckled. "I am Thai, one hundred per cent," he said. "No," she laughed, sure he was teasing her. "You aren't Thai. You don't look Thai."

On stage, Chalermpong is inspired. He grasps the microphone and electricity seems to flow from him into the mechanism. He always speaks extemporaneously. If he senses that his audience is confused, he expands his explanation or adjusts its level. The audience is with him all the way. They laugh at his jokes. They answer his questions on cue.

On the screen, Ronald Reagan grins, waving a ten-gallon hat. "In what state is Nai Reagan campaigning?" Chalermpong asks and the audience of Thai teenagers choruses, "Texas!" "In Texas," he beams in approval. Another slide: on the floor at the Democratic convention, several people in the foreground wear bright floral-print shirts. "This is the delegation from what state?" Chalermpong asks. "Huh-why!" they shout. "Hawaii," he agrees. It's Howdy Doody time, it's Howdy Doody time in the mysterious Orient.

But even beyond his ability to hold an audience, I stand in awe of Khun Chalermpong's endurance. Chalermpong can lecture non-stop for four hours, not to mention an hour or two of small talk going to and coming from the lecture site. He is William Jennings Bryan, in search of a cross of gold; an Asian leprechaun with a gift of blarney.

*We opened in Petchburi, and then went to Thonburi, Next it was Lopburi, then Ratburi, then Chantaburi.*

Actually, we opened at Chan Kasem, a teachers' training college, or "TTC" set rather improbably in the midst of emerald rice

paddies well within the greater Bangkok metropolis. It was mid-September 1976 when we first set out with our paraphernalia: a carousel of slides (many pirated photos from *Time* and *Newsweek*), several large posters, "election handbooks" in Thai and English, a bulky videotape player and monitor, and two 15-minute videotaped campaign profiles of Ford and Carter provided to USIA in Washington by the campaign committees. Khun Termsakdi drove

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**"Thai and Burmese  
scurry back and forth  
across the supposedly  
closed border, trading  
Burmese antiques,  
jade, very possibly  
opium for Thai  
manufactured goodies."**

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and helped wrestle with the hardware and brought along some recent USIS-translated books to present to the college rector. And I had my neatly typed three-page outline of what I would say about campaign issues and the differences between the two candidates.

Theoretically, I speak Thai, but it became quickly apparent that my Thai only served to reduce an audience to helpless giggles and that the best way to be understood was to speak English and have Chalermpong translate for me. Anyway, I rationalized, it gave the students who were studying English a chance to check out their comprehension. I was able to understand the Thai discussion that followed our prepared remarks, and Chalermpong seldom had to translate the questions asked to me in Thai.

And now, pages from a junior officer's sketch book.

HAADYAI. For a trip to the south of Thailand, we recruit a political science professor from Bangkok's Chulalongkorn University. Our first program is at Prince of Songkhla University here in this fastest growing of provincial Thai cities. This very day, Prime Minister Seni

Pramoj has resigned in a fit of pique. The students listen politely as Chalermpong and the professor examine from every side the question: Who will be the next president of the United States? Then timidly, they ask, "Who will be the next prime minister of Thailand?"

"Seni Pramoj," says the political scientist.

SONGKHLA. At the local campus of Srinakharintviroth University, three hundred students are sitting in the longest, narrowest classroom I have ever seen, watching our VTRs. Jimmy Carter strides sincerely across the peanut fields. Jerry Ford wanders mistily in the Rose Garden. Beyond the sixth row of seats, the VTR monitor is merely a small glowing box. The sound track is loud but in English. The 300 students stare in respectful silence at the sacred box, giving it the same consideration I extend to the Emerald Buddha: it doesn't mean all that much to me but obviously it has a lot of significance to other folks and therefore I am decorous in its presence. So are the students before the electronic altar of USIS.

PATTANI. Another campus of Prince of Songkhla University. The Bangkok professor speaks from recent issues of *Time* magazine. He is now out-talking Chalermpong. I decree that we will skip the dull Jerry Ford tape in the interests of saving time. This is bandit and insurgent country and it behooves us to get back to Haadyai before dark. The fairness doctrine, I decide unilaterally, does not extend to southern Thailand.

Students in the audience still wonder: Who will be the next prime minister of Thailand?

NAKHON PATHOM. Back in the central plains, we have jettisoned the political science professor. Chalermpong reads *Time* magazine too. At the local TTC, I am in the midst of my absurdly simplistic definition of the political parties (the Democrats as the party of the people, the Republicans as the party of big business) when I spot a blonde, middle-aged woman in the sea of Thai faces. Oh, good grief! A Peace Corps volunteer, no doubt. Instantly, I can imagine her letter to the ambassador: I think you should know, sir, that a member of your mission is going around maligning the Grand Old Party.

Seni Pramoj is prime minister again.

NAKHON SAWAN. It takes almost four hours to drive from Bangkok. Chalermpong talks the whole distance, alternately advising Khun Termsakdi on his driving, and telling me the story of his life. We give the election program on closed-circuit television. There are about fifty students in the studio audience and, I suppose, untold thousands watching around the campus. Runners bring us written questions during the Q and A.

At the end of the elections talk, Khun Chalermpong—who with great foresight has brought along his space slides and movies—agrees to talk briefly about the Viking Mars probe. He goes on for another two hours. The *acharn* report that the audience size has doubled now that space exploration is the topic. The drive back to Bangkok also takes four hours and Chalermpong talks the whole way.

PHITSANULOK. It is October now and we are touring up north. Khun Chalermpong does his Viking show at the local TTC. That evening at the northern campus of Srinakharintviroth University, our election program competes with the constant muffled rumble of students marching up and down the halls, perhaps checking on their semester grades, perhaps in protest at the return to Thailand of deposed dictator Thanom Kittikachorn. Once again, in spite of distractions, we confront the burning question: Who will be the next president of the United States?

UTTARADIT. I fall instantly in love with this woodsy, mountainous province and volunteer to set up a branch post. The TTC is one of the oldest in the kingdom and the students come up with some fairly sophisticated questions. "Was the military alert that President Ford called after the incident at Panmunjom a campaign tactic?" But then right off the wall comes, "How come you Americans assassinate your president every 20 years?"

Over 2000 people attend Chalermpong's Viking lecture that night, including the three resident Peace Corps volunteers who confide that outside of going into the woods for *langsat* there's not a heck of a lot to do in Uttaradit. (*Langsat* is a semi-wild, extremely seasonal fruit, much beloved by the

Thai. It tastes like the inside of a banana peel sprinkled with turpentine, but even so, I acquire a taste for it on this trip.)

CHIANG RAI. October 6. A Viking show. At the TTC campus there are rumors of trouble in Bangkok and the provincial governor arrives to meet with the faculty. Nevertheless, after our program we go through with our plan to drive north 66 kilometers to the Burmese border. We walk across the bridge in Mae Sai so we can say we've been to Burma. Thai and Burmese scurry back and forth across the supposedly closed border, trading Burmese antiques, jade, very possibly opium, for Thai manufactured goodies. We drive back to Chiang Rai and learn that there has been a coup in Bangkok, that the democratic government has been overthrown, that after three years of democracy, Thailand is once again a military dictatorship.

Who will be the next president of the United States?

And now, perforce, an intermission. Our theatres, the colleges, are closed. Later, back in Bangkok, we make jokes about our target audience having become the new junta's target. But the morning after the coup, it is hard to make jokes. A state-of-emergency mood grips Chiang Rai and no one will sell us gas for the USIS car. Soldiers swagger on the sidewalks, casually swinging rifles. Unable to get through to Bangkok by phone, we drive to Lampang which was to have been our next stop. At the television station where Chalermpong was to have been interviewed about Mars, they are awaiting orders from Bangkok before they do any local programs. We hurry on to Chiang Mai.

We telephone Bangkok from Chiang Mai and learn that our families are safe. We are told to cancel our Chiang Mai program. We book the last two seats on the last flight to Bangkok that day.

Chalermpong always sits at the back of planes so he can get off ahead of the crowd and in order to get first crack at the newspapers the stewardesses bring around. Today, no newspapers: the new government has shut them down. "Well!" says Chalermpong indignantly. "I don't mind all these coups but when they deprive me of

my newspaper, that's going too far." I had been thinking he was taking the death of democracy with rather alarming calm, but his little joke indicates his unhappiness in a very Thai sort of way.

The National Administrative Reform Council, or NARC, issues a number of orders. One states that no political systems of any kind are to be taught in Thailand for the next several years.

The new prime minister announces a 16-year schedule for the restoration of democracy to Thailand. "This is a very logical plan," says Khun Poonsang, the lovely descendant of Thai kings who is on the USIS staff. "On paper it makes a lot of sense. But . . ." she shakes her head sadly, "but how do you tell the chick to get back in the egg?"

Somehow, USIS gets permission to stage an all-day election watch program November 3 at the binational center. The 12-hour time difference between Bangkok and the US East Coast means that while everyone in the States has to stay up all night to find out who will be the next president, we get the results during regular working hours. Chalermpong and I are back in business for the day as announcers. Chalermpong is delighted. The exhibits section has constructed a huge tally board that fills the stage, and on it the electoral college is set out like a giant mosaic. As returns from the various states come in we chalk them up and award the electoral votes upon recommendation of Walter Cronkite or the Voice of America. Even I must confess that once we Americans do away with the electoral college, election nights are going to be duller.

Jimmy Carter is the next president of the United States.

By mid-November, NARC appears to be relaxing just a little. We stick a toe in to test the waters and send letters to a couple of nearby teacher training colleges, offering to come and explain why Carter won. There is a nibble and off we troop to do one show. At least we don't have to mess around with the dull Republican videotape any more.

In mid-December, with an inspection team, auditors and a local staff reclassification team looming on the January horizon, Chalermpong—a man who knows when to get out of the office—suggests that

we take our slides, our posters and the new film profile of Jimmy Carter and hit the road with an inauguration show. We send out another batch of letters. It is now three months since the coup and invitations for us to speak pour in. My calendar is quickly filled with the names of provinces I never got around to learning during Thai language training.

PETCHBURI. Noted, Chalermpong says as he and Termsakdi and I drive into town, for sugar palms, candied fruits and other *kanom* (sweets) and for gangsters. Last year, he says, 22 students—one percent of the student body of Petchburi TTC—were shot in gun fights.

The student gangsters are very interested in US election processes, or else are extremely polite. After the program, we drive another hour south so that I can see Hua Hin, Thailand's oldest beach resort. We walk barefoot on the sand, picking up seashells and watching the Gulf of Siam lap upon the shore. We drink a beer in the Railway Hotel, straight out of Somerset Maugham, and stare out at palms arched over the proverbial azure sea. To think I get hardship pay for putting up with this assignment!

LOPBURI. It takes three hours to get here, what with a stop to visit a famous Chinese shrine and see one of Buddha's stray footprints and buy a few tiny caged birds to set free and make merit. We eat lunch across the street from Lopburi's central park in which a traditional dramatic performance is underway in one corner while a colony of monkeys chatter in the ruins of an old temple. "I wonder if those monkeys would like to know about Jimmy Carter," I muse.

One of my irreverent colleagues has been heard to say that we would draw standing-room-only crowds if we were talking about growing wheat in western North Dakota, there is so little happening in the provinces. Maybe so. There are no monkeys in the audience at Lopburi TTC but the grade school students from the campus demonstration school slip into the auditorium to stare at us in wonder.

After the program we steal an hour to visit the museum in the summer palace of a 300-years-ago king, and to go to the local market.

I am an hour late that evening for a dinner party in Bangkok honoring two of the post's visiting inspectors. I try to compensate with amusing tales of my travels.

RATBURI. Each province has some special delicacy, and Chalermpong knows them all. He begins to plan our lunch each day as we drive out of the USIS compound. In Ratburi there is a tiny hole-in-the-wall restaurant where they cook giant shrimp in a secret

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"Then he's diving into the editing room, gasping, his face white. 'Did you say applause? You're going to cut from a Bible reading to applause?'"

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way involving coconut milk, capers and possibly Mon tribal magic. After lunch, Chalermpong has his daily errand to run for his rich aunt. Each day she asks him where he is going and then orders something from wherever it is.

The college is at Chombung, 30 kilometers beyond the provincial capital, in the midst of scenery that seems misplaced from a Hollywood western. But the steep butte behind the school is home for two rival tribes of monkeys instead of rustlers, road-agents or other desperadoes.

As we leave the auditorium after the program, students are strolling off the campus and monkeys are strolling on in twos and threes. "Are these the twilight session students of this campus?" I wisecrack. An *acharn* says, "Yes, but they are very naughty. Just a month ago, they destroyed a refrigerator in the home economics department. And when they have wars with their enemies higher up on the cliff, we get hit by falling rocks."

Once again, I am an hour late for dinner with the same two inspectors. I toss out a few anecdotes. "Now, as I understand it," says the gruff chief inspector, "your target audience consists of a handful of teacher training colleges and several tribes of monkeys?"

BANGSAEN. Today we are bound for another campus of Srinakharintvirot University. We arrive in the midst of the long overdue "mango" shower and discover the campus suffering a power outage. "*Mai pen rai*," say the *acharn*. "We have this little battery-powered microphone you can use." But the slides? The film? Well, let's start without them, and see what happens. At least Chalermpong doesn't need electricity to explain the electoral college. Just as we're running out of things to say, the power comes on. Chalermpong wants to begin again and this time show the slides but I prevail and we go on to the film.

Afterwards, we go out for dinner with several of the *acharn* who are all dear friends of Termsakdi. I had voted against the dinner, because there had been rumors of a new coup before we left Bangkok and I am afraid we won't be able to get back into the city if there is an early curfew. But I am outnumbered. The food is excellent. The Thai beer, as usual, is even better. Termsakdi is not seen to eat a single morsel of food. He is too busy drinking toasts to his dear friends. He grins happily and tells me again that they have all been friends since babyhood and reminds me that in just a few short years, he will be retiring from USIS. When the waitress asks if anyone wants coffee, I order a cup for Term. But even half-tight, Khun Term is a better driver than most of the madmen on the roads and we return safely to the city.

"Now that the inauguration is over, what do you call your show?" asks one of the inspectors.

Now we call it "Meet Jimmy Carter."

A few days after the inauguration, a film arrives from USIA with scenes of Jimmy and Rosalyn striding down Pennsylvania Avenue, Carter addressing the people of the world, and the entire inaugural address. Since the inaugural address was filmed with a very long lens, it has a flattened sort of look and Jimmy Carter looks a little like a Pekinese. The address seems long for non-English-understanding audiences, although Chalermpong, perhaps fantasizing an inaugural address of his own, is perfectly willing to read the entire Thai trans-

lation as we show the film. But I decide that the sensible thing is to cut 15 minutes out of the speech.

I discuss the project with Wil Clautice, our audio-visual officer, one of the world's true perfectionists. "Is it legal for us to take 15 minutes out of that film?" I ask.

"It's legal," he says, "But I don't think I'll let you do it." He explains that he'll refuse to allow anything to be done in his studio which might make the president of the United States look foolish, and if we cut a section of film, the splice might make it look as though the president has a facial tic. And, Wil adds, the soundtrack runs 16 frames behind the video, so we'll get an audio tic in any case.

I go into the film editing room with Frankie, the Filipino editor. "What we can do," Frankie suggests, "is cut from the close-up on Carter's face to one of those shots taken from behind. Then his face won't twitch."

Wil pops in and out. He's trying to keep track of us while running a taping session for the English-teaching television series in the big studio downstairs. I show him on the script that I'd like to cut from Carter reading the quotation from Micah to some place at the end with a shot of Carter from behind.

Frankie turns the film manually through a viewer at rapid speed. Now Jimmy Carter sounds like a Pekinese, too. Near the end there is a perfect shot, taken from behind, showing Carter's back and the crowd applauding.

Wil materializes again. Frankie shows him the scene we'll cut to. Wil pats me on the shoulder. "Okay, you're in luck. I'll do it. It won't look too bad." He is going out the door as I say, "The sound track is good there, too—they're applauding."

We hear Wil's footsteps as he hurries back down to the studio. Pause an instant. Then he's diving into the editing room, gasping, his face white. "Did you say applause? You're going to cut from a Bible reading to applause?"

Oh.

I guess not, huh?

Holding his head in pain, Wil staggers from the room. Frankie and I run the film beyond the Bible quotation and discover a place where, although they didn't, people conceivably might have applauded.

Wil comes in to take a look. Okay, he says, a little reluctantly. I guess you can take it out for your shows. But don't let that mutilated film out of your hands. I don't want it accidentally ending up over at the embassy.

AYUDHYA. The inspectors and auditors have commandeered all the cars. We borrow a projectionist from the AV section and I volunteer to drive my own car. With obvious trepidation, Chalermpong agrees to take a chance on my driving. It is about fifty miles to the old capitol of Ayudhya, and I learn that Chalermpong can back-seat drive in English from a right-hand passenger seat just as fluently as he does in Thai from the left.

Yesterday the White House announced that President Carter had ordered his aides to give up limousine service and drive themselves to work. In our program, Chalermpong says I am following the Carter lead, having driven my own car to Ayudhya.

After the program, we drive over to the ruins so Chalermpong can buy his aunt whatever he promised her today from one of the souvenir stands. Against Chalermpong's advice, I decide to stroll over for a closer look at the remains of the temples and palaces. As I walk across the nearly empty parking lot toward a crumbling wall that surrounds the ruins, I notice a shady-looking character walking in the same direction, keeping an eye on me. So I stop at the wall and stare into the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, trying to sense both the romantic past and the possibly ominous present, wary, waiting for sneaking footsteps. I give up and return to the souvenir stands where I locate Chalermpong buying quantities of dried fruit. "You!" he says in some astonishment. "The vendors say it is not safe at all for a woman to go alone into the ruins. I sent the projectionist . . ."

I am touched by his concern. It is several minutes before we can find the projectionist who is earnestly combing the ruins for a raped or murdered *farang* lady.

PANAKORN. This TTC is theoretically right outside Bangkok, near Don Muang airport. A terrible traffic jam makes us late. Today we're doing a double feature: a 3 p.m. program for regular students and one at 5:30 for the "twilight" stu-

dents. We make it through the first program and are invited by the rector to have tea and sustenance before we do the second show. The rector offers advice. "Your program was very good for the first group because they are all history students," she says. "However, the twilight session students have no background at all in American history. Can you try to help them understand about this election?"

I look at Chalermpong. He looks at me. "Can you?" he asks. "If you'll translate," I say, "I'll talk about anything." We begin and as quickly as I can, sentence by individually translated sentence, I review the history of the presidency from George Washington to Gerald Ford. I nod at Chalermpong to begin with the slides, but the rector hurries forward to whisper: "I'm afraid you must go back a little further. Explain why America had the proper background so that democracy can thrive there."

I get her point. "And why we shouldn't try to have it in Thailand," is her point. That's not exactly what we're supposed to be doing here, as I understand it, but this hardly seems like the place to argue about whose propaganda we're supposed to be peddling. So I sigh and go back to the Magna Carta and work my way up to 1776 in leaps and bounds.

CHACHEUNGSAO. We drive through fields of ducks and we lunch on shrimp and sweet-and-sour fish in a restaurant on the broad, placid river. The electricity at the campus is a little odd, and Jimmy Carter's voice on the film sounds fast and squeaky. Chalermpong has to race through his Thai narration even faster than usual—Thai translations take half again as long as the original English even when the movie runs at regular speed. The *acharn* here are particularly glad to see us. The government had announced it was going to close this campus a year or two ago. They are grateful for any signal that they still exist.

CHANTABURI. There has not been a USIS program in Chantaburi since they established the TTC four years ago. It is a six hour drive from Bangkok to this corner of Thailand which is squeezed between the Gulf of Siam and Cambodia. My parents are visiting from Montana so I have brought them

(Continued on page 42)

# DIEN BIEN PHU AIRPORT

HOWARD R. SIMPSON



*Unprotected French artillery*

*On Friday, May 7, 1954, at 1800 hours all resistance ended at the beleaguered French stronghold of Dien Bien Phu in the mountains of north Vietnam. The victory of General Giap's divisions changed the face of Southeast Asia, presaged the breakup of the French colonial empire and has political and military ramifications affecting American policy makers today.*

*The first person narrator in this excerpt from a novel in progress is Michael Baker, an American newsman covering the Indochina War in the 1950s. The author was at Dien Bien Phu with the 6th French parachute battalion as a USIA correspondent.*

*November 1953*

More Americans were arriving in Saigon. The military advisory group was put under the command of a brigadier general who wore

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*Howard Simpson retired from ICA last year and now lives in Ireland. He is a frequent contributor to the Journal.*

silver parachute wings on his open-necked khaki shirt. The economic aid mission seemed to grow overnight bringing serious young men in seersucker suits to the terrace of the Continental along with young American secretaries who wilted like unwatered flowers in the tropical heat. Corrigan's replacement at the embassy was a nervous, cautious man who seemed to wince at the sight of a journalist. Colonel Mason was often out of Saigon on trips to the north and I seldom saw him.

General Navarre unveiled his program to the press at a stiff briefing. The "Navarre Plan" was couched in inspiring language. "One can only win by attacking," he told us. He intended to revive the vigor and esprit of the Corps Expeditionnaire, pacify the deltas and build a viable Vietnamese army. The press corps cynics listened politely, asked a few questions and seemed satisfied to await developments.

I saw Marie Louise Venaud each day at the Cercle Sportif. She was polite and distant. It was just as well. She lunched regularly now with a fatherly-looking French customs official who Lallier said was an opium addict. At least she had found a kindred soul.

The first big operation under Navarre's command kicked off while I was on my way to Hanoi. It was called "Operation Atlante" and it involved an attack on the Vietminh 5th military region in central Vietnam. I heard about it at the Camp de Presse. I tried to catch a plane south but found it was impossible for forty-eight hours. As the reports came in my interest faded. Little if any contact was being made. Parachutists, colonial troops, Vietnamese battalions and naval units had struck into a vacuum. The flowery verbiage of the daily communiqués could not hide the fact that the Vietminh had chosen not to oppose Navarre's offensive and Captain Raoul's staff had

to fall back on the amount of rice burned and the military installations destroyed to flesh out their briefings.

For a week I traveled throughout the Tonkin Delta. I visited the Catholic stronghold of Phat Diem where a frail, fanatic Vietnamese bishop commanded a ragged militia engaged in a holy crusade against the Vietminh. Near Ninh Binh I met Captain Dang for the second time. Dang was now a major, commanding a Vietnamese mobile group. He was questioning two captured enemy regulars when I arrived. He greeted me and gestured toward his prisoners.

"Very stupid soldiers," he said disparagingly, "They sleep when we find them."

The prisoners' hands were bound behind them. They were on their knees in the gray delta mud, young men in baggy, mustard-colored uniforms.

"They have walked far," Major Dang explained. "All the way from Tanh Hoa, with a roll of telephone wire. Then they sleep." He shook his head. He seemed personally disturbed by their unsoldierly action. "Come, we shall have tea." He barked an order and a young Vietnamese lieutenant took over the questioning. He led me to a halftrack that was acting as his command post. A bitter wind blew from a range of sawtooth mountains to the north. A damp mist hung over the delta and the hot bitter tea tasted good.

I asked Major Dang how things were. He sucked noisily at his tea before responding, "We are making slow progress," he said.

"Slow?"

"We lost many men a few days ago. That is why my group mobile is here." He cleared his throat and spat on the ground. "See?" he said standing up and pointing to a nearby village. "A Vietnamese light battalion held that village. It was smashed. We rushed here to save them." He shrugged. "C'était fini," he said, "very few alive." He began to pick his teeth. "Stupid idea," he said, "soldiers too young, not enough training, American carbines too light, Garands too heavy. No machine guns, no mortars. Stupid idea. The Viet waits and hits them like a hammer. A survivor told me they ran like children trying to escape the heavy

mortar fire. Most of the battalion was fresh from training camp, schoolboys."

I recalled how the light battalion concept had been praised as a forward step at one of the Saigon briefings. I told Dang.

He narrowed his eyes. He looked like a Mongol horseman. "The politicians in Saigon know nothing of the war. The light battalions could have worked. It is a question of training and equipment and leaders. But they have none of these." He came close to me, his breath redolent of fish sauce and garlic. "Ecoute," he said seriously, "you Americans are too naive. You want a Vietnamese army overnight. That is what the French will give you. They will take your arms and hand them to children and send them out to fight the Viet. Then, when the children run from the field, they will say it was your idea."

A pistol shot cracked. It was followed by a second dry report. Major Dang glanced impassively toward where we had left the prisoners. "Deux de moins," he murmured and spat the bamboo toothpick out of his mouth.

I returned to Hanoi with a temperature of 104 and another case of dysentery. I lived on enterovioform and vermicelli soup for three days. Peter Kohler took it upon himself to nurse me back to health. A legion officer who had stopped by the bar of the Camp de Presse heard of my problem and insisted I try the legion remedy . . . a double shot of straight pastis. Kohler disapproved. He was doubly upset the next morning when the remedy appeared to have worked.

I could tell that Peter was tense about something. He jumped at the sound of the telephone and continually checked to see if there was a message for him. I was finishing off a story from my delta trip, the first I'd done since being ill, when he dropped by my room, fell into a chair and glared out the window at the scarlet sunset.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" I asked, unable to work in his heavy presence. He got up, shut and locked the door and came to sit on the edge of my work table.

"Will you keep your mouth shut?" he asked.

I sighed impatiently and folded my arms. "Well?"

"It's a big one. Any day now. I

think they've tipped me off because they want to insure a spread in *Life*. Captain Raoul flew in last night from Saigon with some of his staff. The Hanoi military field is piled four deep with Dakotas and two parachute battalions have been brought in from the delta."

I sat up straight. "Jesus!" I said surprised. "Do you have your own intelligence organization?"

He laughed. "Everyone likes their picture taken."

"Where and when?" I asked.

"I don't know. I've just been promised a place on a plane when it begins. Raoul made me promise to keep quiet. . . but I can't keep a goddamn secret. I'm too nervous."

"He didn't tell you anything else?"

"No, but I saw some maps in his office. They all had 'Operation Castor' marked on them."

The rumors flew hot and heavy. Navarre was planning an attack on Lao Kay to disrupt the flow of Chinese arms. Navarre was planning to push south into the Tonkin Delta and disrupt the enemy's "sure" zone. Navarre was planning to cut off the Vietminh divisions in northern Laos. When Kohler left without saying goodbye I knew the time was short. The next day was gray, cold and rainy. Captain Raoul called a special briefing session at noon. We crowded into the briefing area near the dining room, a shuffling, eager mob wreathed in tobacco smoke.

The captain was jubilant as he announced that the initial phase of "Operation Castor" had been successful. A parachute assault drop in the heart of the enemy-occupied Thai mountain country. The excitement in his voice emphasized the importance of the operation. ". . . three thousand parachutists of the 6th parachute battalion of Bigeard and the 11<sup>1</sup>/<sub>ere</sub> RCP of Brechnignac dropped this morning on landing zone 'Natacha' and 'Simone' . . . others to follow. . ."

Everyone was commenting, interrupting with questions, comparing notes and pushing past the captain to locate the scene of action on the map. It was difficult to follow his words.

"Silence!" LaRoche shouted, using his huge bulk to push his colleagues aside. "One cannot hear what the captain is saying."

(Continued on page 27)

# Association News

## EQUALITY FOR THE FOREIGN SERVICE

The Leach Amendment to the 1980 Foreign Service Act would provide parity between the Foreign Service and the rest of the US government if adjusted at the lower end of the scale. Accordingly, the Association has been working with Mr. Leach and the Post Office and Civil Service Committee to change the amendment so that Staff Corps people in the range below FSS-6 will not be down-graded. This would enable all to enjoy the full benefits of the 14 step (10 annual, four biannual) system introduced to compensate for the overseas factor. However, the president decided and OMB announced April 1 that the administration opposes the Leach Amendment as well as other pay and allowance provisions. They seek to return current unilateral authority to implement vastly reduced adjustments to compensation for the foreign service, or no improvements at all. The various proposals are summarized as follows:

Widespread potential sympathy exists on Capitol Hill for the principle of equity between the Foreign and Civil Services. However, most congressmen simply do not understand that an authoritative unbiased study has verified what most of us have long known—the Foreign Service is underpaid in relation to our Civil Service colleagues. While this year may be a tough one for budget balancers, it has been even rougher on the Foreign Service. Since we willingly bear personal burdens far more heavy than our comfortable friends in the Civil Service can imagine, it's difficult for us to see why we should be paid less than civil servants. Presumably, Congress will find our logic sound as well, if they have the chance to understand that the Leach amendment is not a pay raise, but an adjustment toward equity. Of course, Congress usually does not hear from the Foreign Service, and therefore never gets the opportunity to view with sym-

pathy our desire for equity.

Our editorial this month describes how all elements of the Foreign Service have forged an alliance to apply maximum pressure on this issue. We expect each member of the Association to do his share.

### COMPARISON OF SCALES

New Salary Class	Present	Leach Amendment	FS Proposal	OMB Proposal
FS-1	0/R-3, S-1	GS-15	GS-15	GS-15
FS-2	0/R-4, S-2	GS-14	GS-14	13.38
FS-3	0/R 5, S-3	GS-13	GS-13	12
FS-4		GS-12	GS-12	
FS-5	0/R-6, S-4	GS-11	GS-11	10.68
FS-6	0/R-7, S-5	GS-9	GS-9	8.76
FS-7	0-R-8, S-6	GS-7	GS-8	7.2
FS-8	S-7	GS-6	GS-7	5.95
FS-9	S-8	GS-5	GS-6	5
FS-10	S-9, S-10	GS-4	GS-5	4.32

### EXTRAORDINARY DANGERS COMMITTEE MEETS

The AFSA Extraordinary Dangers Committee chaired by Ron Nicholson last met prior to publication April 9 with NEA Deputy Assistant Secretary Peter Constable and Executive Director Sheldon Kryes to discuss the Iranian hostages crisis—the aftermath of the administration's decision to invoke sanctions. Nicholson, accompanied by President Bleakley and State Rep McBride, assured themselves that the safe return of our personnel remained the highest priority of the US government.

Several AFSA chapters using the AFSA cable channel have proffered suggestions for resolving the crisis. We have passed these along to the Iran Working Group and have guarantees that these proposals and any others we submit will be given full consideration by those responsible for policy formulation within the US government.

The Committee is engaged in a similar effort with ARA with regard to the captivity of Ambassador Asencio in Colombia.

### JODY POWELL REPLIES

Jody Powell, press secretary to President Carter, replied to Ken Bleakley's letter (*March Journal*, page 24) on March 19. Mr. Powell's letter follows:

Forgive my delay in replying to your letter. I have been working my way through a large pile of correspondence, none of which demands a more thoughtful reply than does your letter.

I certainly would apologize to you, and to every Foreign Service officer personally, if there were any design, intentionally or otherwise, to have imparted the conclusions reached in your letter. Indeed, I do regret any misunderstanding.

A transcript does not exist of my remarks, and I do not mean at all to throw into question the accuracy of them. As you may recall, the background for my remarks was the African visit of Muhammad Ali, who had been subject to considerable vilification as he traveled from country to country. At the time, Mr. Ali had remarked that he was critical of certain aspects of US policy, but that on the Olympic boycott, he supported the president. In effect, he was saying publicly, and in his unique manner, that he disagreed with major aspects of past and present US policy.

You might agree with me that a career Foreign Service officer, because of the constraints of his responsibilities, would be unable to voice such criticisms publicly before a foreign audience. That was the meaning of my comment that he was so effective.

I would not want you to construe in any way my comments as questioning the contributions that the Foreign Service makes to our nation's welfare and standing or, for that matter, of its distinguished history of service and sacrifice.

## RETIREMENT CHANGES IN THE MAKING

On March 24 the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare transmitted the report of the Universal Social Security Coverage Study Group to the Congress. This project was mandated under the social security amendments of 1977 (P. L. 95-216). Under the chairmanship of Joseph W. Bartlett, a Boston attorney, the study carried out a detailed examination of the issues involved and the possible fiscal consequences of legislating mandatory social security coverage for all workers not now covered under that program. The report makes no recommendations, nor does the administration have plans at this time "to submit legislation regarding changes in social security coverage" according to Secretary Harris's letter of transmittal.

In a letter accompanying the report to the HEW secretary, however, one of Mr. Bartlett's recommendations is that "the federal workforce should be brought within the social security in the near future." In support of this view, Mr. Bartlett argues that federal employees who take outside employment covered by social security enjoy "unintended and unfair advantages," since social security benefits are structured so that workers with low average career earnings under the program receive a higher return on their contributions than do workers with high earnings. This is viewed as an unintended subsidy, or "windfall," which imposes a substantial financial burden on the social security trust fund.

Should legislation mandating social security coverage for the federal workforce eventually be introduced and enacted, Mr. Bartlett does not envision that the overall level of retirement benefits under the present federal retirement program would be significantly reduced. The future federal retiree would receive two checks, one from the federal retirement system and the other from social security. The two would total just about what the federal government retirement system provides under the present retirement formula.

As to who would be affected by any such changeover, Mr. Bartlett emphasized that those persons al-

ready retired, or those "about to retire" would be exempt. When questioned as to who might be viewed as an individual "about to retire" he said that the criteria would obviously have to be worked out, but that one possible formula might stipulate that anyone 40 or more years of age with 10 or more years of federal service would continue under the present system. But Mr. Bartlett was unequivocal in stating that no changes were being contemplated for persons who had already retired.

As has been mentioned in earlier reports, AFSA is a member of a coalition of some 23 federal employee and retiree groups called the Fund to Assure an Independent Retirement (FAIR) which was organized to preserve the present structure of the federal retirement system. An independent actuarial firm retained by FAIR has been studying the possible fiscal implications of bringing federal employees under social security, and additionally this firm will evaluate in detail the options presented in the Bartlett report.

New subject: Of particular interest to those already retired is the probability that Congress will enact legislation limiting the cost of living adjustment (COLA) to one a year rather than two a year as at present. At the conclusion of the Easter recess, both the House and the Senate are scheduled to vote on the report of their respective budget committees, both of which have recommended limiting the COLA to once a year. Since social security payments are already subject to adjustment only once a year there seems small likelihood that the Congress will be inclined to continue the semi-annual COLA for federal retirees.

## SELECTION BOARDS

A reminder for you to make sure that your supervisor meets the May 15 deadline for submission for your OER to the Office of Performance Evaluation. The selection boards are scheduled to meet in June this year—two weeks earlier than last year—making it essential that you get your OER in on time.

## SUMMARY OF STATE 034909

Of the thirteen Foreign Service posts from which dependents and selected employees were evacuated over the past several months, due to unsettled conditions in the Middle East, eight posts have returned to normal as of April one. An additional three posts have designated return dates in the near future.

During the period of evacuation, several Middle East posts cabled AFSA requesting that evacuated families be given the option of returning to post and also recommending measures that could be taken by the State Department and other agencies to assist evacuated family members in the US.

An early AFSA response (State 034909 dated February 8) reported that AFSA representatives met with appropriate State Department management officials to discuss the issue. Although there was hope that families could return to post quickly, AFSA concurred with management's decision to err on the side of safety in making the decision. The AFSA cable also clarified the visitation travel provisions and noted continuing concern that evacuated families in the US receive sufficient support by the department and other agencies.

## OUR COVER ARTIST

Harriet W. Lesser, wife of FSO Larry Lesser, has exhibited her paintings in such different locations as Minneapolis, New Delhi, Washington, Brussels, London, Paris and Kigali during the past 17 years. She has also taught in Enugu, New Delhi, Washington, Brussels and Kigali, in addition to working as a jewelry designer, a sculptor-designer and a set designer. *La Libre Belgique* wrote of her work, animals, landscapes, city scenes, exotic still lifes all bear the imprint of their specific settings, treated with "a graphic manner of expression, a taste for the arabesque, the elegance of a complex style." The art critic of *Le Soir* said "one responds to the frankness of the very free vision, suggesting early baroque."

## AID AFSA NEWS

*Professional Training*—The latest in a list of decisions which could only have been inspired by the late Savonarola is the decision by AID management to suspend all post language training and Washington language training for spouses. The cost saving is estimated to be in the region of \$100 thousand. The AID AFSA Standing Committee has written management and requested the training be reinstated and that the shortfall in the operating expense budget be covered by the trimming of fat in low priority areas, e.g. SERs 18,000 hours of authorized overtime. Clearly this decision was made by people with little understanding of the process of development.

*Deferred Home Leave*—The Standing Committee has written management stating that any deferral of home leaves to save funds would be a deprivation of employee rights and congressional intent, and should not be considered. We await a reply.

*High Level Recruiting*—Prior to the February 29 hiring freeze, AID management frantically sent out 230 letters of commitment. We fear that they will attempt to bring many of these new hires on board at high levels, thus frustrating the career system. In recent weeks, the Standing Committee has sent numerous letters to management reminding them that it is both wasteful of scarce resources and offensive to on-board staff to hire outside at the RL-2 and RL-3 levels when qualified employees are already on board. To date, the agency has ignored our protests. The operating expense crisis may have a silver lining, however, as the plans to load this agency with hundreds of overgraded and unneeded new hires may fall before the budgeteer's ax.

*Commissioning*—Numerous cables from the field have expressed reactions to management's decision to oppose the commissioning of AID foreign service personnel. These reactions range from disgust to outrage. AFSA will continue to press management on this matter. Your comments are helpful.

*The IDCA Saga-II*—Moving along dynamically, IDCA has 43 employees as of February 29. For those of you who think that the

foreign service is being totally ignored, you will be pleased to know that there are now two (2) Foreign Service employees working with IDCA. No foreign service staff are yet employed by IDCA. High graded GS, AD and SES individuals can rejoice, however, fifteen (15) of the positions (excluding the executive level) are GS-15 or above. Aside from observing the strenuous recruiting of highly paid bureaucrats and the publishing of a pretty little phone book (for which the errata sheet arrived shortly after publication), AID observers continue to be puzzled by IDCA's role in development. We should welcome any informed opinion on this matter, meanwhile, AFSA will continue to monitor the adventures of "armchairs in the sky."

*Travel of Dependents of Divorced Spouses*—AFSA and AID management have negotiated a questionnaire to be used when requesting the authorization of USG funded travel of the children of divorced spouses. The questionnaire is short, minimally intrusive and will eliminate the need for employees to furnish copies of their personal papers to either office of personnel or GC. Susan Holik, the AFSA lawyer, was instrumental in negotiating the language on the new questionnaire.

*Notices of Personal Events in the Journal*—From time to time complaints are received by the Standing Committee to the effect that the births, deaths, marriages column at the back of the *Journal* does not carry news of AID people. The material for this column is provided by the individuals concerned, no matter whether the individual is FSO, FSR, or FSS.

## AFSA/SPAIN TIES RIBBONS

Ambassador Terence A. Todman, assisted by Mrs. Robert E. Barbour and representatives of AFSA and FLO, presided over a ribbon-tying ceremony on the embassy grounds in Madrid in early March. Fifty-three ribbons, one for each hostage in the embassy in Tehran and those held in the foreign ministry, were tied in response to the *Newsletter* article quoting Penne Laingen and AFSA/Washington.

## MID-LEVEL ENTRY

We pleased to announce that the department has begun implementation of an agreement concluded with AFSA last fall to open the Affirmative Action Mid-Level Hiring Program to personnel already employed by the Department of State. Ironically, the mid-level entry program had been closed to many of our potentially best qualified candidates because they were already on the department's rolls in a non-FSO capacity. Government employees from other agencies, on the other hand, have always been eligible to apply.

Competition for appointment as a career candidate in the mid-level entry program is now open to all women and minorities who are not already FSOs or FSO candidates. Employees interested in applying should direct their applications or inquiries to the Special Programs Branch, Office of Recruitment, Examination and Employment, SA-15, Department of State, Washington, D.C., 20520.

## POLL ON ISSUES

Most readers of the *Journal* should have, by now, received a questionnaire from AFSA regarding a number of issues of importance to the Foreign Service. We hope that the questionnaire will be taken for the serious effort it is to better determine the needs and views of members of the Foreign Service. Only in that way can AFSA be truly effective in representing the Foreign Service. If you have not received a questionnaire yet, please drop a note to Stuart Schwartzstein, c/o AFSA, 2101 E. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

## CORRECTING CORRECTION

The April item in *Association News*, entitled "Correction—Harter v. AFSA," suffered from a repetition of part of a sentence which may still have given an erroneous impression—the impression which the item was supposed to overcome.

The item should read, "In fact the complaint is currently being adjudicated by the Employee Management Relations Commission (EMRC)." The EMRC subsequently decided to uphold the Administrative Law Judge's decision.

## DAWN CUTHELL APPOINTED TO SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM



Dawn H. Cuthell has taken over the administration of the AFSA/AAFSW scholarship and merit award program from the capable hands of Lee Midthun. Mrs. Cuthell, during her 25 years as a Foreign Service wife, has specialized in educational activities, social welfare programs and cultural exchange programs, working both professionally and as a volunteer. During 1979, she spent five months working at the American Farm School in Thessaloniki, doing public relations and running their visitors' center. She and her husband, David, have served at Athens, Manila, Cebu, Istanbul and Ankara.

## INVITATION TO REAGAN

On March 26, AFSA President Ken Bleakley wrote to presidential candidate Ronald Reagan regarding Reagan's address to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. Bleakley's letter said, in part: "Some of your remarks indicate that you may not, as yet, have been fully briefed as to the disciplined role we play in advising the secretary and the president in the formulation of foreign policy and in faithfully executing the policy of our elected government."

The letter closed with the offer, as representatives of the 11,000 men and women of the Foreign Service, to meet with Governor Reagan at his convenience to explore more fully the relationship between the administration and the professionals who serve it.

## BOOKFAIR '80

To launch the 20th annual BOOKFAIR both books and volunteers are needed by the Association of American Foreign Service Women to help raise money for scholarships for Foreign Service young people.

BOOKFAIR 1980 opens September 26. Profits will enable AAFSW to contribute to the Scholarship Fund which offers financial aid grants and merit awards to dependent children of American Foreign Service Personnel from State, USICA and AID.

"In order to have good quality titles to offer, we need quantity from which we can make the selection for our sixty to seventy categories," says Mrs. Molly Beyer, AAFSW bookroom supervisor. She adds, "We are always in need of volunteers even though at the moment we have some regulars for every day of the week. But people sometimes are ill or go on trips or what have you and then we are very shorthanded in the tremendous job of sorting and classifying thousands of volumes during the year. Also there is always the possibility that someone will be sent overseas."

And if you are going overseas and need educational material such as encyclopedias or perhaps older types of textbooks to take along, contact with the Bookroom can be made by phoning 223-5796 between

the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Also needed as volunteers are BOOKFAIR friends to make pick-ups from book donors and deliver them to the AAFSW book depot at the State Department. Mrs. Beyer suggests that perhaps some members of the AAFSW or AFSA who have basement parking spaces would be willing to collect books in their neighborhoods on weekends and bring them in when they come to work. In years past husbands and teenagers have done these all important tasks, and teenagers have been of great assistance in some of the heavy work such as helping to move the boxed books as needed.

Of the books which are most in demand at the BOOKFAIR, Mrs. Beyer says, "We can always use more in the most popular areas of cookbooks and science fiction, and, of course, for our Collectors' Corner which has been most profitable, we always need distinctive titles, and books with lovely bindings and illustrations."

Children's books are naturally popular and so are the "knick-knack" category of records, cassettes, tapes, and sheet music. They all sell like cotton candy, so please give generously.

For further information, please call Mrs. Molly Beyer at the AAFSW Bookroom, 223-5796.



From left to right: W.P. Clappin, AFSA post representative Ottawa; R.W. Duemling, DCM Ottawa, Mrs. Taylor; Ambassador Kenneth Curtis, Ottawa; A.E. Gotlieb, Under-Secretary of State, Department of External Affairs; Ambassador Kenneth Taylor, at the presentation of the book of signatures, described in the April FSJ.

## DIEN BIEN PHU AIRPORT

from page 22

“. . . the fighting continues. . .”  
“Mon Capitaine, the name again, if you please?”  
“Dien Bien Phu. D-i-e-n B-i-e-n P-h-u.”

Peter Kohler flew back to Hanoi in a Beaver with a camera bag full of exposed film and a sprained ankle. He had jumped with the second wave of parachutists and was pleased with what he'd shot. It had been rough for several hours. Ten paras from one battalion had been killed. The enemy had left ninety dead on the field.

“Your old friend, General Franjeau, jumped with the reinforcement battalions the morning after our drop,” he told me. “I've got a good shot of the old bastard rolling his chute.”

“Was Arlette Pons there?” I asked, jealous of Kohler's luck and hoping he had had to share it.

“No, the poor girl is over on the Plaine des Jarres doing a story on the Laotian chasseurs.” He smiled despite the pain of his ankle. “I was the only non-Army photographer in on the drop,” he said, savoring every word. “I think Raoul will have his spread in *Life*.”

Within twenty-four hours my request to visit Dien Bien Phu was granted and I was soon filling a notebook with my impressions:

- Flew into Dien Bien Phu with Leighton aboard medical evacuation Dakota. Valley much larger than Nasaan. Seventeen kilometers long, five wide. Nam Toum River winds through paddies like silver snake. Jagged mountains enclosing valley obscured by rainstorm sifting through heights. Thais live in valley. Meo on mountains (opium producers) and Xa tribesmen in between. Nurse and medical orderlies preparing litters for wounded. Most seriously wounded from initial fight already evacuated by light aircraft and helicopters. Rough landing knocks down nurse who curses like legion sergeant. Ambulance and five loaded litter jeeps waiting at edge of strip. Litter bearers careful, gentle with their loads. Wounded strangely quiet—must be heavy dose of morphine. Once loaded, Dakota takes off and disappears between mountains like silver toy. Leighton and I ride to command post in litter jeep. Cold as hell with sifting drizzle that infiltrates clothing easily. Pass fuel dump for aircraft and howitzer battery on way in. Leighton

remarks on fact guns not dug in, protected only by low wall of sandbags.

- Raised Thai huts still standing. Peaked roofs, bamboo poles for floorings, pigs, chickens, dogs living underneath. A few burned down during fighting. Smell of burned wood hangs over village. Some of villagers have returned. Men thin and wrinkled in black trousers and jackets decorated with silver buttons. Long-handled knives in bamboo sheaths hung across their backs, bare feet wide and creased like buffalo hide. Women attractive but dirty. Flat, moonlike faces and tight-fitting black jackets and skirts set off by rings of silver woven as collars. Children shivering beside parents, dirty black berets pulled down over their ears.

- Constant drumming aircraft engines. Dakotas, flying boxcars, dropping loads over strip. Multiple parachutes of different colors blossoming over heavy cargoes. Some aircraft dropping barbed wire in free fall like metal waterfall. Dangerous for those below.

- General Franjeau not at command post . . . out greeting first fighter aircraft to be based on strip. Captain Bodard offers us jolt of cognac, welcomes us to “DBP Airport” and arranges quarters in hut occupied by army photographers near position of legion's 13th demi-brigade. Get settled. Leighton says he hasn't been so cold since Narvick. Return to CP mess for spartan lunch with Algerian wine. Franjeau returns, fixes me with one eye and asks “You again?” Bodard briefs us on developments. Tells us of reports that 316 Vietminh division moving toward DBP and that others including 351 heavy division may be on way.

- French army photographers, young sergeants who have seen more campaigns than most professional officers have two young Thai girls hidden in hut. Take turns banging them day and night, sometimes take photos of performance. Leighton explains we have nothing against their sport but would like to sleep at night. Tentative agreement reached.

- Franjeau approved our request to accompany para patrol on mission to contact GCMA (Groupements de Commandos Mixtes Aeroporte). Involves twenty-two kilometer hike. Leighton stays behind. Patrol commander not too happy having journalist along. Paras, in good physical condition, move fast. Have some difficulty keeping up. Move through jungle along paths, cross streams on slippery bamboo poles. Two Meo villages deserted and silent. One mangy yellow dog growls at us as patrol searches village. Strange feeling of being watched from high hill and surrounding mountains. Patrol almost fires on Thai member of

GCMA as he strolls nonchalantly into village with dead chicken hanging from barrel of his Garand. Commander of GCMA group is leathery, Thai-speaking, French sergeant with dragons and stars tattooed on forearms. Patrol commander spends minutes talking with him over maps while patrol sprawls behind security screen of Thai partisans and eats, spearing rations from tins with trench knives. French sergeant says goodbye after accepting two bottles of pastis and a sack of tinned meat from patrol commander. Return is even faster. Fall back to rear of column and arrive at DBP perimeter with bleeding blisters. General Franjeau obviously amused by my discomfort.

- DBP defense force mix of nationalities: Thais, Foreign Legion, Algerians, Moroccans, Vietnamese, French. Strongpoints named after women: Anne Marie, Beatrice, Claudine, Dominique, Eliane, Gabrielle, Huguette, Isabelle. Leighton disapproves. Feels it supports his theory that French mind focused on sex rather than fighting.

- Flaming rum with General Franjeau following dinner at command post. He in good mood that brightens when I produce bottle of scotch. Sit and talk till 1 a.m.

- Spend last day before returning to Hanoi with legion heavy weapons company at strongpoint Isabelle on hill overlooking Nam Youm river and Route Provinciale 41.

- Despite obvious good morale of legionnaires sense some misgivings among officers on tactical situation. Legion captain, standing beside me as dusk falls over mountains, looks out toward jungle and predicts, “They are coming and this time they will hit us very hard.”

Colonel Mason, looking tanned and fit in civilian clothes, lifted his bowl and plied his chopsticks with ease. The Chinese restaurant was crowded and noisy. Steam from the cooking hunt in the heavy air and the waiters wiped perspiration from their brows with short lengths of toweling. Mason chewed steadily, enjoying his food. We watched as a waiter brought us a plate of shrimp in black bean sauce and refilled our glasses with beer.

When the waiter left Mason put aside his chopsticks and told me about the evacuation of Laichau. “It was a shambles,” he said. “They flew out the French garrison and told the Thai partisans to act as a covering force with orders to leg it to Dien Bien Phu. You realize it's about 100 kilometers as the crow



Vietnamese parachutists

flies from Laichau to Dien Bien Phu. You can double or triple that when you're moving through the jungle."

He paused to drink his beer. "They brought out the chief of the Thais, Deo Van Long. He's a very bitter man. His partisans had to leave their families behind. A lot of them deserted. The 316th caught up with some of them on their way south and clobbered them. On top of everything else, at the last minute the French remembered they'd left a lot of ammunition sitting in a schoolhouse in Laichau. Luckily there was a helicopter available and some engineers were able to go back in and blow it before the Viet got there."

"You were up there?" I asked.

"I was in and out of Dien Bien Phu—as an observer."

"How does it look now?"

The colonel sighed and helped himself to some shrimp. "Frankly, it's scary. Every time a patrol sticks its nose out of the perimeter it gets bloodied. There have been reports that the Viet are moving artillery toward Dien Bien Phu but those who should know discount the possibility."

We finished our dinner and walked back through the park by the Grand Lac to the American consulate where Mason was staying. Hanoi's trolley cars rattled through the street clanging their bells at the heavy military trucks that momentarily blocked their narrow tracks. A thin sliver of moon

threw a pale sheen on the lake.

Mason paused by the bridge leading to the pagoda and lighted a cigar. He exhaled a cloud of smoke. "I know you newsmen all think you're latter day Ernie Pyles," he said seriously, "but I'm telling you, as a friend, think twice before you go back to Dien Bien Phu. It promises to develop into a very unhealthy spot."

Mason puzzled me. He was so far from the stereotyped attaché that I did some discreet checking on his background. Anderson proved to be a good source. "Oh hell," he said, in his laconic manner. "Mason's an old hand out here. He parachuted into Tonkin in 1945 with the OSS when Ho Chi Minh was an ally. He speaks French, Vietnamese and a few mountain dialects. He's a strange guy. Avoids me like the plague. Don't know why he talks to you."

"Maybe he knows I'm not pushing a deadline."

"Could be. But I'll tell you one thing. Don't cross him. He's a tough cookie. More to that guy than meets the well known eye."

The first doubts about Dien Bien Phu had not yet reached Saigon. Only a few high ranking officers and officials were aware of the Vietminh buildup around the valley and they preferred to think of it as an opportunity rather than a threat. Some of the wounded transferred to hospitals in Saigon for surgery spoke of heavy losses on routine patrols but the medical personnel

who heard them were used to soldiers' gripes and exaggerations.

Colonel Mason had told me in Hanoi that the new chief of the US Military Aid and Advisory Group, a tough, experienced division commander in World War II had been shocked at the mountain-dominated French position with its precarious system of airborne supply. He had received the VIP treatment, including a jeep tour of the defenses, a briefing and a lunch. He had said the right things to his hosts. Once airborne however, he had blown his top and raged at the "fish in a barrel" situation. I noted that some American officers in Saigon were openly criticizing the French and hinting that the French should listen to American military advice. After all, they were saying, they had fought in Korea and learned their lessons the hard way. I asked Anderson what he thought one morning over coffee in the dining room of the Continental. He was surprisingly vociferous. "Shit! I was in Korea too. Don't let those staff commandos con you. Most of them spent their time in Seoul kissing MacArthur's ass. Anyone that compares Korea to this situation just proves his total military ignorance."

I wasn't sure I agreed with him. I didn't know enough about Korea, but I did tell myself that no American commander would ever put his men in such a dangerous and untenable position.

Arlette Pons booked into the Continental and we had dinner together. She had just come from Dien Bien Phu. She drank her wine as if it were water. "An artillery division has now made its appearance," she told me confidentially. "There are indications that the Viet has brought in anti-aircraft. The high command now talks of immobilizing Vietminh divisions at Dien Bien Phu that would otherwise be attacking Laos or the delta. They have stopped talking of Dien Bien Phu as a base for offensive action. The paras are worried. The Thai partisans are less dependable."

I told her she was too pessimistic but she shook her head. "No," she said, "my dear Baker, I have been here too long and I know the signs. It is not good." She picked at her coq au vin. "I have so many good friends there," she murmured, "so

many." She went to bed early, shivering from a dose of recurrent malaria.

Despite the pleasures of Hong Kong, the women, the dinners at the Parisian Grill and beer-drinking bouts at Earthquake McGoon's, I found I couldn't forget. Each day brought news of Dien Bien Phu. Things were worse and it was creeping onto the front pages. My colleagues zeroed in on me at the Press Club. Without wanting to, I became the expert in residence. Parachute reinforcements were being dropped into the valley. Vietminh artillery was crippling the airstrip. The wounded were having a hard time getting out.

"I suppose," my friend from Reuters said one evening, "You'll be heading back soon."

I mumbled a reply. Something about the agencies supplying adequate coverage and the impossibility of anyone getting into Dien Bien

Phu now that the siege had begun. But his question kept me awake most of the night.

A telegram from the home office arrived with the breakfast tray and solved my problem. "*Head Hanoiwards soonest*," it read. "*Need human interest copy on Flying Tigers; para volunteers; and wrapup effect fall DBP on French role Indochina.*"

Leighton was waiting for me at the Hanoi Press Camp.

"It looks bad?" I asked.

"Bad!" Leighton looked over his shoulder before going on in a whisper. "It's so bloody bad I would guess it's almost over. If it weren't for the legion and the paras it would have been over days ago. They've dropped Colonel Bigeard back in with his battalion. He jumped with a sprained ankle. Some of the evacuated wounded tell me the North African units and the Thais have collapsed."

Laroche detached himself from a group of French journalists at the bar. He made his way to us and stood glaring at me. "Monsieur," he said, "now is the time for the Americans to do something. We are going to lose all of Indochina because of you."

I was on my feet immediately. "Because of us?" I shouted. "What the hell are you talking about? We didn't choose the goddamn place! Your brilliant generals did!"

"Now, now," Leighton moved between us. "Won't win the war here, will we?"

Laroche turned and walked away. I started after him but Leighton grabbed my arm with surprising strength. "Don't be a fool," he said. "Come over to the map and let me show you what's happening up there."

It was cold in the Dakota and two of the volunteers had been sick, vomiting helplessly on their boots. The smoke from the strong cigarettes helped kill the odor. It was a moonless night. A thick curtain of black obscuring the horizon line. Raoul had authorized me to accompany a volunteer drop with the comment that "at least one American should know what it is like up there." I'd reminded him that the American pilots of the Flying Tigers were running supply drops for the French, that some of them had lost their lives coming in low to assure accuracy, and that French fighter aircraft were not giving them adequate cover. He pushed my authorization at me as if it were a weapon. He would have liked to drop me along with the volunteers.

The newly acquired parachute uniforms of the volunteers didn't hide the fact that they were a strange mix. A dark-skinned Cambodian rifleman dozed beside a nervous, thin-faced French mechanic. An overweight cook from a headquarters unit chain-smoked in the dim red light and two young draftees joked with each other in a show of bravado that rang pitifully hollow. The jumpmaster, a wounded para with his right arm bandaged and bound tightly to his chest, stood by the door hanging on to the static line, whistling a tune that was drowned out by the roar of the engines.

Metal airstrip sections covered with sandbags had been laid on the



Foreign Legion scout on patrol near DBP.



### A WARNING FOR NEWLY HATCHED HAWKS AND INEXPERIENCED COLD WARRIORS

Those of us who have hung on the needlepoint of now, reflect on the empty-headed cough of the stupid mortar and the incandescent fingers of the searching tracer.

We gather to warn you in this quiet vale of reflection that death is a very permanent state.

HR Simpson

floor of the Dakota to protect us from ground fire. I'd seen the ugly rips from flak on the fuselage when we'd loaded. I buttoned the collar of my jacket and waited.

We arrived at Dien Bien Phu on schedule. It was as if we were flying over an active volcano. The night was shredded by bright explosions, flashes of white-hot light and the searing flight of red tracers. Fires were burning below, throwing gouts of flame skyward. The drumming of our engines and our height blocked the sound of battle. There was an unreal quality to our mission as we swung over the lethal display, banked and prepared for the dropping run.

The jump master got the volunteers to their feet. They swayed unsteadily with the unfamiliar movement of the aircraft and tried to adjust their equipment. I stood behind the jumpmaster.

During the briefing each man had been told how little time he had to jump. A few minutes' delay would mean dropping among the enemy. We were nosing down now, coming in lower. The lacework of the tracers was closer. They seemed dead ahead of us. The lights flashed, an

alarm klaxon rang. The jumpmaster reached out, grabbed the first man's harness, and pushed, sending him out the door. They stumbled after each other haphazardly. The jumpmaster cursed and pushed, trying to build a rhythm in their movements.

The sixth man hesitated and pulled back. The jumpmaster unclipped the man's static line and sent him sprawling to the floor with a straightarm to the face. It was one of the draftees. The last man's boots scraped the metal and he almost fell out the door backwards. Then there were only the flapping static lines, the wind and the rrron of the engines as we climbed out of the valley. The firepit of Dien Bien Phu fell behind us like a fading ember as the mountains broke our view. We steadied and one of the pilots came aft. He saw the volunteer sprawled near the door and looked up at the jumpmaster. The jumpmaster shook his head slowly. Then he squatted near the young soldier and helped him take off his helmet and parachute.

There was hope up to the last minute. We spoke of the ten tanks that had been flown in earlier and

assembled on the spot. We heard that the 1st legion parachute battalion was being dropped. Everywhere there was talk of the heavy losses the Viet was suffering. While we spoke and speculated and pressed for information the strongpoints were falling one by one. A driving rainstorm covered the valley, flooded the trenches, provided cover to the advancing Vietminh and made radio communication difficult.

On Saturday, May 8, 1954, it ended. One of the room boys of the Camp de Presse brought back my finished laundry. I looked up from my typewriter as he laid the shirts on the bed.

"Tout fini, Monsieur," he said. "Dien Bien Phu kaput."

Downstairs it was pandemonium. Captain Raoul was trying to read General Navarre's order of the day over the shouted questions, the rattle of typewriters and the hum of conversation.

"After 56 days of continued battle . . . having fought one against five . . . during five months, a dozen battalions have fixed and contained more than 30 Vietminh battalions . . . written in history . . . given to the expeditionary corps and the Vietnamese army a new pride and a new reason to fight. . ."

The agency men were pounding out their stories, working from copies of Navarre's text. Raoul was grim-faced. Leighton came running up the steps from the courtyard. He had just passed his story through the censor. "Well," he gasped out of breath, "that's that."

"The poor bastards," I sighed.

"Inevitable," Leighton said.

Captain Raoul rapped his short pointer on a table and again asked for silence. He proceeded to read another announcement. "The troops of the Hanoi garrison will parade tomorrow to render homage to the soldiers of Dien Bien Phu. . ."

Leighton pulled me over to the bar and ordered two cognacs. He lifted his glass. "To the dead," he said softly, "all of them."

On Sunday the parade took place as scheduled but there were very few Vietnamese on the street to watch it. The next day Bidault put forward a cease-fire proposal in Geneva.



The mid-career FSO who returns to college is . . .

# In a Class by Himself

RAYMOND J. WACH

Can you speak Norwegian?" The professor was referring to my next expected assignment, to Oslo, after I finished a semester at Cornell University.

"I don't know; I've never tried," I answered, trying to imitate the cold detachment and avoidance of conclusions which "academics" so much admire. My questioner failed to recognize this reply as an imitation of professorial objectivity. Imitation is not always recognized as sincere flattery.

Few, if any, Foreign Service officers have any doubts about their ability to fit neatly back into the college life they left behind some years ago if assigned to return for a semester for professional studies, as I was. We know we are older and burdened with experience, but we have élan, feel sure of ourselves, are confident of our intellectual abilities. After all, we've been to college years ago—did well, too, back when verities were scarcer. We think we know the rubrics. College people are our kind of people. Like scholars and professors, FSOs are erudite, fond of facts, slow to emote, willing to examine all sides of a question before reaching a conclusion if, indeed, we ever reach any at all. We

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*Raymond Wach, FSO-4, came back from Khartoum last July and went to Cornell in August. He and his wife have six children, including one adopted child, and, as is their custom when in the States, they are caring for a foster child. Their oldest son, Ray, has just been accepted at the Naval Academy.*

are courteous to those we secretly disdain. We dress neatly, we are clean and we speak well. Going back for a semester on campus should be as easy as falling off a logarithm.

Well, it is, but there are aspects that one doesn't anticipate. I have just finished a very happy and profitable semester at Cornell University in preparation for future assignments as a political/labor officer. I was surprised as well as charmed.

I was surprised by the shock of recognition. The recognition was not unexpected, but the shock was. There are phenomena of college life that I had suppressed in my memory. The good and bad aspects of my earlier campus life had melded into a pleasant nostalgia for the carefree days of my irresponsible youth. The reality on campus now is as prosaic as it was then, but I am older, wiser, more wary, and no longer distracted by the frivolous pleasures of the unsophisticated.

To the casual eye, college campuses have not changed much since paleozoic days, when I escaped from a midwestern university with a bachelor's degree in political science. Cornell University occupies what surely must be one of the most beautiful natural sites for a college, overlooking Lake Cayuga, largest of the exquisite Finger Lakes. Cornell is well equipped in material goods (concrete "rowing shells" for indoor

crew practice, with the oars in little pools of their own). There are two of many things: a swimming pool for women students (no longer called co-eds) and one for men; basketball gym for women and one for men. Dormitories, however, have lost ground in this respect and tend to be merged. The campus police are just as conspicuous but still aloof from the tumult except for lots of parking tickets. In general appearance, college is still quite recognizable.

The student body has not changed much either since I was less of a big man on campus (about 40 pounds less). The uniform of blue jeans and disreputable shirts, worn by all sexes, is a step up from the farmer's overalls of a few years ago, but a staircase down from the slacks and tie of "Joe College" of my undergraduate days. Since I have visited many campuses over the years as a speaker, the costumes were not a complete surprise. I even thought I detected a trend towards civilization at Cornell: more girls in skirts or dresses, even three-piece suits on some young men. I did once see a tall white rabbit on a bicycle—perhaps a guest reviewer for *Watership Down*.

Some years ago, having signed up for an evening graduate course at another college, I was bemused by the individualistic clothes of the students as we gathered for the first class. Finally a young man walked in who seemed to be clearly beyond the pale. He might be ejected when the professor shows up, I thought. Actually, he was the professor, and he began his first lecture by describing the tough, even harsh academic standards he demanded in his classes.

College students seem more neglected and unguided that I remember from undergraduate days. Campus organizations used to have "faculty advisers" whom we students would from time to time deceive and evade, for the fun of committing mischief that appealed to our sophomoric sense of humor. Now, faculty advisers, I was told, won't touch most student groups with a fork. The students, unchallenged by petty restrictions, seem bored by anything less than felonies. There is now, by the way, a much wider variety of student organizations, including some that

were illegal a few years ago.

The young people are delightful company for a mid-career bureaucrat: curious, alert, honest-minded, open and charming (but even the young ladies might be bilingual in profanity). Their value systems seem less mature and their general background (civics, history, sociology, humanities) seem weaker than I remember. They are all very earnest about being tolerant, even of gross error, unless the matter be fashionable. Thus: no pollution except smoking, all energy conservation except driving, any public policy except ours, and so on.

I attended many evening meetings of student groups, fascinated by their vitality and enthusiasm and trusting that they would accept an "old man" (in their eyes, not mine, of course). This was true. A sympathetic listener quickly gathers more adherents for any point of view than an "expert," even concerning what might seem a matter of fact. Those student groups interested in "politics," foreign affairs and government varied only from left to right—presumably due to their age. Sloganeering is a basic technique. Much planning and energy went into campus demonstrations which provided harmless excitement and probably gave some students practice in crowd control. No wonder the faculty disappears from the campus after hours. But to be fair, I was mostly attracted by the more colorful student groups and thus gave myself a very slanted sampling.

In groups of more than two, the students are as socially activist as their age would suggest. On the other hand, groups of only two are by far the most common on campus, which is why the lovely woodland walks and glens at Cornell are so well lighted at night. Student priorities seem to have remained wholesomely non-intellectual.

My classes gave me ambivalent feelings. It was fun to investigate concerns that I had lived with for years. However, the young students have minds like bare pantry shelves: they quickly grasped whatever the professor offered, stacked it in their absorptive minds and brought it out verbatim at exam time. The aging FSO, on the other hand, has mental shelves crowded haphazardly with facts, probab-

ilities, biases, suspicions and unsuspected fictions . . . all grown together and solidified. Sticking a shiny, sharp-edged piece of information on such mental shelves is not easy, retrieving it intact for exams was problematical.

The best part of going back to school is the stimulating exercise of the intellect encouraged and led by the professors. Few places so surround a person with the music of the celestial spheres as a college classroom. One sits in absorption and admiration at Man as a rational, spiritual, intellectual being. Guided and stimulated by the professor, the student discovers anew or in detail the beautiful logical patterns of history, of science, of art,

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**"As George Meany once jested, a lot of professors, when faced with the dictum, 'Publish or perish,' made the wrong choice."**

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of society. The academic world, populated by thinkers and dreamers and brilliantly creative sages, juggles concepts and abstractions and towering intellectual constructions, often based on purposefully wrong assumptions—as in economics—that are startling in their usefulness and validity. The intense joy of intellection, unfettered by mundane constraints such as purposefulness, deadlines, applicability to daily concerns . . . this is the intoxication of scholarship. The rapture of true rationalization is a "high," as in "high above Cayuga's waters." The bureaucrat, returning again to the sparkling atmosphere of reason and insight of his youth, finds rich reward for his participation.

But the mid-career FSO brings much that the students and faculty do not have. Experience gives us something beyond what can be taught; for instance, reverence for mystery, credulity, skepticism for right answers, humility. In West Africa, for example, events normally conspire mysteriously to frustrate routine purposes, as expressed in the expression: WAWA (West Africa Wins Again). How

can one describe that to shiny-eyed innocents without appearing to be a racist or a dolt? Another example occurred some years ago when I was speaking at Texas A & M about development aid. A Yoruba friend, then comptroller of IT&T in Nigeria, shared the platform with me. He passed me a note which read: "Tell them about corruption." I smiled my thanks for this advice but ignored it. Some things cannot be explicated in the halls of idealism and reason. Most, if not all, of the clear-eyed young faces before me no doubt were entertaining suspicions that I was a sanctimonious snob and probably a liar. I wondered, myself. For the sake of my academic freedom, I avoided "culturally biased" factors that cannot be reasonably quantified, anyway.

So why go back to college? What's in it for the FSO with ten or more years' experience?

A return to college is not a refresher course nor is it like going back to a trade school, such as a doctor, lawyer or engineer might profitably do to learn the "state of the art" in a profession. For the tired FSO, going back to college is, rather, an opportunity to improve general knowledge and reorganize it better, to gain insights into other valid methods of intellection and logic, and perhaps discover what advances of relevance to us have been made in the academic study of "our" problems. It is also an opportunity to experience the friendship and support and educational assistance of scholars involved with foreign policy issues and concerns.

In my case, the semester was planned to improve my acquaintance with international labor affairs, to organize my knowledge and to bring it up to date. One of the most impressive advantages of Cornell University is the reputation, activity and broad involvement of the faculty. My semester was guaranteed to be most useful because of the school and its staff. However, the experience was intensely enriching in all aspects of the general "diplomatic art."

The usual American education in no way prepares one to deal with the complexities of modern diplomacy nor to have any understand-

*(Continued on page 38)*

## Book Essay

### Terror Comes Home

CALLING A TRUCE TO TERROR: THE AMERICAN RESPONSE TO INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM, by Ernest Evans. Greenwood Press, \$19.95.

TERRORISM AND HOSTAGE NEGOTIATIONS, by Abraham Miller. Westview Press, \$16.00.

LANGUAGE OF VIOLENCE, by Edgar O'Ballance. Presidio Press, \$12.95.

The seizure of American diplomats as hostages in Tehran has dramatically underlined the increased professional hazards to foreign service personnel which international terrorism has posed over the past ten years. The books which form the subject of this essay offer a "crash course" in the theory and practice of international terrorism and contain many challenging insights to conventional and unconventional wisdom.

Evans's and Miller's books deal extensively with the policy aspects of terrorism: What should governmental policy be? British author O'Ballance's volume offers an excellent, very readable history of various terrorist movements and events. It provides the supporting historical material which any serious student of terrorism needs to know.

### Downplaying Terror

These authors are unanimous in concluding that international terrorism is carried out for political goals—publicity, polarization of society, interruption of state relations—and that ransom and release of prisoners are often secondary goals. Evans suggests that terrorism is an important trigger of international instability, frequently provoking established governments into reactions which alienate their populations. Iran, Nicaragua, Colombia, El Salvador—the headlines are with us daily. Evans and Miller both believe that Western liberal democratic governments are particularly vulnerable to individual political terrorist attacks because of their tradition of civil liberties. Communist countries on the other hand, as Miller says, practice "state terrorism" consistently, as a

tool of government in dealing with their own people as well as with others.

Miller's description of the evolution of Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) teams is exceptionally good, and affirms that local police departments probably know most about hostage situations. There are important recognizable differences between politically motivated terrorists and those who get involved in felonies and merely take hostages according to Miller and Evans. One of these involves terrorist response to national policies. Terrorists attack symbolic enemies because they perceive themselves as too weak to go after actual military victories. They seek publicity and symbolic achievements. Some countries, and specifically the United States, are going to be targets of deliberate political violence regardless of what policies they follow.

All the authors agree that international terrorism is getting worse and that government efforts to downplay it are inhibiting the development of really effective responses. O'Ballance claims western governments "have been slow to grasp and grapple with the problem. . . ." Evans calls for a "repoliticization" of governmental responses to terrorism.

### Policy Toward Terrorism

Evans and Miller call for a "more flexible" response to international violent acts. Evans is particularly critical of the US "no negotiation" policy. O'Ballance, writing with a bit more historical perspective, describes US policy as officially "no-negotiations," but in practice, "more flexible and experimental." Miller suggests that the US official policy of not negotiating acts as a red flag to terrorist groups, who see it as a challenge to force the United States to do something. He also makes the important and often neglected point that, in terms of dealing with terrorists, a government is better off if it does not advertise its negotiating policy in advance.

The US experience with state-sponsored terrorism in the Iranian case, which occurred after all these books were written, is illuminating. The United States has in fact negotiated with the terrorists, or

those who support them. One major US problem has been to find a government to take responsibility; the Iranian revolutionaries have managed to publicly (and perhaps privately) obscure the lines of authority. One suspects they did so partly to avoid having to take a position vis-à-vis the "student militant terrorists" in control of the embassy.

New York City Police Department Captain Frank Bolz, head of that city's Hostage Negotiating Team, and others have noted that the United States enjoys no control over the perimeter surrounding the American embassy in Iran. It was only Bani-Sadr's election to the Iranian presidency, coupled with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, that has changed Iranian perceptions of threat to their revolution, thus placing the militant terrorists inside the embassy on the defensive. Bolz says talks should always be kept going as long as possible but the legitimate authorities must control the environment. Questions of tactics in negotiations are dependent on the terrorists' perception that the use of force is available as a final arbiter. The use of SWAT teams and the circumstances under which the Dutch government ordered a train held by South Moluccans to be stormed by Dutch troops are instructively outlined by Miller. Adequate forceful response must be a key element in counter-terrorist activities.

### Hostage Safety vs. Hostage Freedom

The most sensitive issue for foreign service professionals will be the question of hostage safety and the relationship of government policy to hostage safety and freedom. The authors of the books noted here unanimously believe that the terrorists must be allowed to win "symbolic" victories if freedom for the hostages is to be negotiated successfully. They are more sobering on the question of whether and how this is possible and when it is desirable. None goes into the issue of what concessions are enough or too much, except to note that there are obviously times when terrorist demands cannot be met. Miller does say that successful negotiations have their unintended

latent consequences—a “contagion” effect which makes more hostage seizures likely. Bad news for the foreign service, unfortunately, and for AFSA, an issue it cannot ignore.

There is some disheartening data on “hostage coping,” and the effects of captivity. Preparation for captivity in today’s world is a prudent necessity for high-risk targets, according to Miller. It may be demeaning to suggest it, but I suspect the Tehran hostages, including those released in November 1979, would strongly urge the Foreign Service Institute to consider working up a mandatory short course on this subject to complement or supplement its terrorism seminar. FSI might well offer optional self-defense courses to foreign service personnel and their dependents.

One conclusion that positively screams out from the pages of these books is that the hostages’ mental health may deteriorate rapidly in captivity, especially when terrorists (such as the Tehran group) are deliberately disorienting their captives to increase their fear and uncertainty. The quality of the lives saved, the help and treatment that may be needed after release are all part of the hostage problem. As this is written, the Tehran hostages have not been released. After reviewing the TV clips of the statements from hostages and the militant terrorists, this writer believes the most explosive personal and professional factor to come out of the Tehran captivity will be the treatment (torture?) to which the hostages were subjected, and their mental and psychological condition when they are finally released.

There will be pressures from all sides to downplay the aftereffects of the Tehran hostages’ experience. There may well be good policy reasons for not “making a federal case” out of adverse hostage treatment, at least publicly. It will not be possible to avoid this completely. The United States government and AFSA, however, should conduct a serious inquiry into hostage conditions and AFSA should be prepared to press the executive branch and Congress on behalf of continued monitoring and care of the hostages. Miller notes that a major factor in the Dutch decision to use force against the South

Moluccan-held train was serious concern over physical and psychological deterioration of the captives—and they were held for only twenty days! The US government has opted for a policy of protracted negotiation. It must be prepared to see the results of that policy through to the hostages’ successful psychological readjustment.

The question of when and under what circumstances to use force in freeing the hostages needs considerably more research and review. For starters, all foreign service personnel might ask themselves what degree of fear and uncertainty they would be willing to sustain against the risks of forceful relief. Policy/decision makers must take another look at US policy at both the public and private levels, and the United States government must reassess its ability to cope with future projected hostage cases in a variety of environments.

#### Shaping a Policy

The three authors all offer some suggestions for policy planning regarding terrorism. Evans has the most comprehensive scheme, which centers around insuring that a government manipulate all factors in the terrorist equation to insure that the costs plus the risks are greater than any benefits for the terrorists. A major element of policy should be the “delegitimization” of hostage-taking as a revolutionary strategy, including substantial international efforts to place terrorist activities beyond the pale. O’Ballance focuses on different factors—intelligence to prevent it and personal security measures and punishment to deter it. He cautions against “siege mentality” solutions as well as the prevalent tendency to paper over the problem. Miller is concerned about the operational mechanics of counter-terrorist measures—who does what and to whom. He sees the need to cope with policy jurisdictional squabbles, and notes that the State Department’s Combating Terrorism Office has become the lead unit dealing with violence involving international jurisdictions.

The books discussed here provide a valuable basic lode of information on terrorism and counter-terrorism. They do not deal with some more immediate

problems which the Iranian hostage situation poses. For example, all of the authors talk about the need for good intelligence on terrorist activities. None has made the suggestion that the covert side of the CIA might be used to counter-attack specific terrorists and thus greatly heighten their risks. Perhaps the climate is right for a serious public discussion about the use of swift, effective, covert force against terrorist groups. This would, it is hoped, significantly increase both costs and risks in any potential terrorists’ equation.

None of the authors really grapples with the implications of the contagion theory. If “successful” (i.e., all hostages get out alive) negotiations are likely to encourage more hostage-taking, then does a hard-line policy, despite the risks to individuals, make sense as a matter of national policy? The weight of evidence suggests that flexibility will be the best policy, but in terms of deterrent impact, it must consistently permit, if not always use, force. From this perspective, counter-terrorism includes a strong element of psychological warfare against the terrorists. The Carter administration’s early rejection of the use of force against Iran would seem to have been unwise, even though this policy was reversed within a month. Mid-1970s efforts to develop special “delta teams” to deal with terrorist contingencies may have borne fruit, but not enough to deal with Tehran. The US government has considerable work ahead of it to develop an effective counter-terrorist reaction system. If Tehran doesn’t spur this on, perhaps the following contingencies will.

#### Scary Notes for the Future

All the authors discuss the improved conditions for terrorist activity—better communications, better weapons, etc. Only O’Ballance deals with the nuclear nightmare. A terrorist organization with a nuclear device threatens to set it off in a crowded urban setting. Or a terrorist claims to have such a device, and tries to blackmail a government. O’Ballance shows that such an event is not only possible, but probable within the next few years. Foreshadowed also is the situation which Iran brought to the

fore—terrorist action publicly supported by the government of a nation-state. It was bad enough when various countries clandestinely supported terrorist groups for limited or well-understood goals. What are we to think about Iranian President Bani-Sadr's pledge in late January 1980 to export the Iranian revolution? Will the international community as a whole make the Iranians pay a price for their violation of the centuries-old principle of diplomatic immunity? What about the UN General Assembly Resolution 366 making murder or kidnapping of diplomatic personnel an offense punishable by all member states?

However one comes down on various policy questions, the thrust of these three books and virtually all other recent efforts to counter terrorism is clear: the mechanics, implications and effects of terrorism have ever more increasingly significant foreign policy implications. Certainly the Iranian hostage crisis has brought home this message to American diplomats.

JOHN D. STEMPEL

## Bookshelf

### Darling Clementine

CLEMENTINE CHURCHILL: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MARRIAGE, by Mary Soames, Houghton Mifflin, \$16.95.

This biography of Clementine Hozier Churchill, the lately deceased widow of Sir Winston, is no gushing panegyric, but the fascinating memoir of a 57-year marriage by the Churchills' youngest child, Mary, herself the wife of the present governor general of Rhodesia. It is an affectionate tribute to a remarkable woman, as well as a portrait of the greatest Englishman of his time written from a family vantage point.

Winston Churchill was already a public celebrity and rising young member of Parliament when Clementine married him in 1908. From then on their life was played on the public stage, with Clementine sharing both the podium and the vicissitudes of a career that oscillated wildly between the forefront of political power and years in the political wilderness. Throughout, Clementine subordinated her own inclinations and desires to the

overriding demands of Winston's career; but she was always more of a partner than a satellite, and within the family reigned supreme.

The Churchills were superbly connected, but by no means rich; Clementine worried continuously about money all her married life. Winston made huge sums from his writings, but since he insisted on a standard of living in keeping with his prominence, they often lived from royalty to royalty. He also poured immense sums into Chartwell—a country house bought over her stiffest objections, which she never became reconciled to—and refused to stint on vacations, travel and personal staff.

To judge from the correspondence quoted *in extenso* in this biography, Clementine's political judgments were in some respects more acute than her husband's; certainly, her assessments of character were devastatingly perceptive. Yet so ingrained was her self-discipline that she was able to spend a lifetime catering with bland and compelling charm to political colleagues of Winston's whom she personally detested and whose influence she considered malign—Lloyd George, Beaverbrook and Brendan Bracken, to name only three.

If all this makes Clementine seem over-controlled and a trifle intimidating, the reader has a delightful surprise in store. In her middle years, the heroine had her own private romance with a charming man on a yachting cruise—and her children were secretly delighted!

—JANET L. MAECHLING

### Political Portrait

DON PEPE: *A Political Biography of José Figueres of Costa Rica*, by Charles D. Ameringer. University of New Mexico Press.

Although sweeping statements about the politics of Latin America are risky, it would be difficult to challenge the proposition that the tiny republic of Costa Rica has set an example of democratic achievement that no other Latin American country can equal. Elections are held regularly, there is no hindrance to free expression of political views and, most significant of all, candidates of the opposition to the party in power often win presidential and other elections.

The participant in Costa Rican

politics who has been best known to the outside world for more than thirty years is one whose name, *Don Pepe*, identifies him immediately in his native land and whose pattern of activity is quite consistent with the name—*La Lucha*, "the struggle"—he gave to the coffee *finca* and rope factory from which, in 1948, he launched himself to prominence. Although opinions vary, particularly inside the country, as to the nature of Figueres's impact on Costa Rica and the true significance of his international fame, even his bitterest critics will recognize the outstanding role he has played.

Charles D. Ameringer, a professor at Pennsylvania State University and author of an earlier book on the Latin American "Democratic Left," has written an excellent account of José Figueres's political activities in Costa Rica and his participation with others, such as former Venezuelan President Romulo Betancourt and former Governor of Puerto Rico, Luis Muñoz Marín, in Latin America's leftish liberalism since World War II. In doing so Ameringer has relied heavily on what he calls in his Preface the Figueres's "archive"—private correspondence, published works, newspaper clipping collections and the like kept by the Costa Rican leader—and on private interviews with Figueres and some of his close associates. For the "contrary view," especially regarding the Costa Rican political scene and Figueres's activities that some have deemed questionable, he has used extensively that country's opposition press. (It is a mark of the kind of freedom Costa Ricans enjoy that little, if anything, in the way of waywardness on the part of its public servants goes unchallenged in the newspapers and the legislative assembly). Thus the book, while sympathetic to "Don Pepe," does not by any means present an unqualified endorsement.

Figueres has led a busy life since the mid-40s when he first became involved in efforts to oppose manipulation of the Costa Rican electoral process, efforts which resulted in a brief internal armed struggle, establishment of a "Founding Junta" with Figueres in command and, after an interval, his election to the presidency in 1953. It was during the interval that he

first began to attract the attention of the "Democratic Left" of which Miss Frances Grant, secretary general of the Inter-American Association for Democracy and Freedom, was the tireless instigator, organizer and protagonist. Besides Betancourt, Muñoz Marin and the Cuban Sánchez Arango, activists in or sympathizers with the IADF included such North Americans as Adolf Berle, Serafino Romualdi, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and others of the liberal left. Visiting Costa Rica to commune with Figueres almost became a trade mark of those who emerged as Kennedy New Frontiersmen, with Berle, Schlesinger, John Kenneth Galbraith and McGeorge Bundy among those who made the trek. That in turn led to visiting professorships at Harvard and elsewhere for Don Pepe, with extensive lecturing as the spokesman for what was only vaguely emerging as the "third world."

That period seems to have marked the high point of Figueres's career. Although he has been Costa Rica's president again, after his

party lost one election and he stood aside for a fellow National Liberation stalwart in another, Figueres's later years have been clouded with incidents of controversy, petulance and, most damaging of all, an association with Robert Vesco, the North American financier—if that is the proper term—which has not been fully explained. Dr. Ameringer clearly tried hard to get at the truth of the Vesco matter, but he was obviously not fully satisfied with the results.

The author of this valuable work has recounted the Figueres saga with ample attention to such episodes as the Costa Rican leader's initial support for and subsequent disillusionment with Fidel Castro, the bitter extended conflict with the Somoza dynasty which was only briefly interrupted by a "cooling off" period during Figueres's second presidency, the extensive support the CIA is said to have given in backing the establishment of a school in Costa Rica to train leaders of Latin America's "democratic left," the bitter coincidence of Figueres's first visit to

Kennedy in the White House with the dismal Bay of Pigs fiasco—and much, much more.

—EDWARD A. JAMISON

#### Oil and More Oil

THE MIDDLE EAST: *US Policy, Israel, Oil and the Arabs* (4th ed.). *Congressional Quarterly*, \$6.95.

This edition of the *Congressional Quarterly's The Middle East: US Policy, Israel, Oil and the Arabs* must be one of the biggest book bargains today. Only \$6.95, it contains a wealth of information on the Middle East. I would think that every desk officer in NEA would want a copy for ready reference. Among the many inclusions one finds a concise summary of US Middle East policy developments, summaries of the Arab-Israeli wars, oil statistics, frank discussions of the Israel and Arab lobbies, country profiles, thumbnail sketches of participants in Middle Eastern affairs (present and recent past), a chronology of important area events since 1945, and the text of the Camp David Accords and related documents.

—JAMES H. BAHTI

# Picasso Stayed Here.

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## DIPLOMAT'S VIEWPOINT *from page 6*

ally I probably had more to say of interest as a junior officer than I do now—but that is how the system works. So beginning officers, take courage: it gets easier as you go along.

From one veteran in Moscow I learned another way to survive receptions and dinners: Forget the social niceties, forget being polite to the ladies, forget "circulating," find one official with a mandate to do business, and spend the evening remorselessly doing business with him. I am not ruthless enough to make this system work for me very often—and I also enjoy talking to ladies more than to men—but it can work, even though it leaves some unhappiness among the left-out.

Dean Acheson wrote about finding dinner-table topics by going down the alphabet and talking first of "anniversaries," then "bridges," then "creativity," and so on in turn with the ladies to each side (but those are my examples—I am sure his were infinitely better). This ability to make charming small talk has been a hallmark of good diplomats (and of cultivated persons in general), and it is something worth trying to learn, if one is not to that manner born. The ability to do this in the local language, or at least in flowing French or supple Spanish, is even more impressive and useful.

But when all is said, the greatest gift of a good diplomat is to talk to another person with interest, with insight, with appreciation, finally with understanding. This requires more listening than talking. It requires cultivating a general interest in others, which means giving some-

thing of yourself. But if you can do this, and put aside concern for self, whether of pride or of inadequacy, then you can be a good diplomat. And you can learn even to survive the diplomatic social grind. With rewards.

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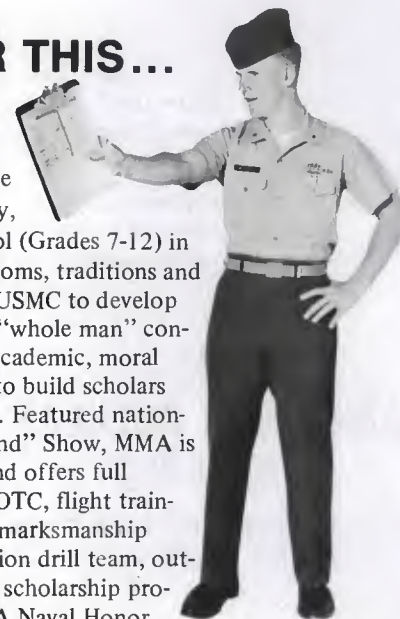
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## IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF

from page 32

ing of the historical, legal and economic bases from which contemporary diplomatic problems proceed. A few FSOs enter the State Department with some preparation, but many are like me: success on the written examination after only three college semesters of engineering and two of political science (local government). What I knew then and have learned since of international affairs, of bureaucratic management of national foreign policy, and of advancing American policies in foreign cultures is mostly self-taught through on-the-job experience, observation and private study. This is a haphazard, costly and slow way to acquire a basic level of competence. Humble as I must be about my professional skills, at least I perceive the problem.

All Foreign Service officers should have an opportunity to return to a suitable university for mid-career training to pursue, at a minimum, some "basic level of

competence" in American-style diplomacy. The foreign policy methodology which we FSOs staff is unique to the United States: bureaucratic at lower and middle levels, blending into a more efficient, traditional diplomacy at higher levels, embedded in a sprawling complex of other government agencies, sensitive to our peculiar political processes. No university instructs in such a manner of diplomacy. No university faculty claims to understand it.

However, there are excellent "trade school" classes in relevant disciplines. My collective bargaining course at Cornell brought together policy formation techniques, negotiating practice, goals and priority identification, and bargaining skills in one grand collation. The collective bargaining instruction forced students to accomplish useful conceptualization of purposes, to prepare strategies and alternate positions in seeking policy goals, and to analyze in advance various possible trade-offs and their implications. The theoretical background to collective bargain-

ing includes everything from gamesmanship, mixed-emotion decision-making, conference techniques and principles of self-government.

At Cornell we actually practiced mock bargaining in lengthy evening sessions. The extensive preliminary research on financial, social and political data required about four hours for each hour spent at the bargaining table. Every FSO should have such an academic experience!

Classes on European social history and "labor" economics necessarily required a concomitant study of modern political history, just as classes on American social legislation required fresh examination of our political traditions and institutions. Most of my classes were, to my surprise, *directly* useful to a diplomat—even directly useful for my proposed next assignment (Dr. John Windmuller, perhaps the foremost authority on international labor relations writing in English, allowed me to do a study of my expected country of assignment as a term research project).

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The joys of academic research are enhanced at Cornell by the presence of ten modern libraries, including the Martin Catherwood Library with nearly 100,000 items concerning industrial relations and labor movements. As George Meany once jested, a lot of professors, when faced with the dictum: "Publish or perish," made the wrong choice. Seriously, however, as the State Department knows, a person's judgment is as good as his or her information. The Foreign Service Institute and the department's excellent library are not intended to substitute for the outstanding collections on campuses.

In addition to being a repository of scholarship, the Cornell faculty was actively involved with "operations" in government, industry and labor unions. All of my professors were renowned as text writers and researchers, but in addition they had served and were serving as consultants to industry, professional "arbitrators," visiting lecturers at labor schools, or advisers to state and national government agencies. One had chaired the Na-

tional Commission on Worker's Compensation Laws and had testified several times before Congress about that obscure but crucial matter. Two had served as labor attachés, one of whom introduced me to (*inter alia*) the retired leader of a major European political party. The circle of acquaintances with Americans and foreigners (including diplomats) involved in foreign policy was startling. An intern program at Cornell places students in management and union offices and involves some in actual mediation work. Cornell is certainly not a hothouse or ivory tower of academic isolation, but a tough and "hands-on" participant in current affairs. The friendships and continuing exchange with the men and women who instructed me there are an important prize of my Cornell semester.

The differences between State Department style and scholarly intellection make a return to college especially refreshing, but such differences cannot be ignored. Scholars hope to understand a

problem fully; we usually need a solution or a way around a problem in order to achieve a national goal. Academics can evade the basic law of nature that observation of anything changes what is being observed. We are aware that the solution to a problem changes the problem. In our work, constants aren't and variables don't (as Paul Dickson points out in *The Official Rules*). The scholars are free to isolate a difficulty away from a bureaucratic eco-system, headaches, missed breakfast and obtuse superiors, and can examine the problem with detachment, like looking at a gem through a jeweler's loupe. To the FSO, the same problem may be an inedible hot potato—it must be juggled regardless of other plans and purposes. We must often settle for a seven percent solution because our only other choices are worse. Returning to drink at the sparkling spring of academic knowledge is so valuable as to be almost essential, but such refreshing tonic is not an adequate diet by itself for Foreign Service tasks.



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## KENNEDY AND THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

from page 15

move those [missiles], we would remove them." And in response to Dobrynin's question about withdrawing the Jupiters from Turkey, according to Robert Kennedy's secret memorandum and confirmed by his memoir: "there could be no quid pro quo—no deal of this kind could be made [on removal of the Jupiters]. It was up to NATO to make the decision. I said it was completely impossible for NATO to take such a step under the present threatening position . . . If some time elapsed—and per your [Rusk's] instructions—I said I was sure that these matters could be resolved satisfactorily."

To push the Soviets to accept these terms, the attorney general may have dramatized the pressures on the president for an invasion. According to Khrushchev's first memoir (1970), the meeting with Dobrynin, based on the ambassador's report, went, in Khrushchev's own words, "some-

thing like this: Robert Kennedy looked exhausted [and said,] 'The president is in a grave situation, and he does not know how to get out of it. We are under very severe stress. In fact we are under pressure from our military to use force against Cuba. . . [A]n irreversible chain of events could occur against his will.' "And, still according to Khrushchev, the attorney general also warned: "If the situation continues much longer, the president is not sure that the military will not overthrow him and seize power." Probably this last theme (fear of military overthrow) was Khrushchev's or Dobrynin's embroidery, or perhaps one or the other misunderstood why Kennedy felt under pressure from the military to act.

### Could JFK Have Made a Public Trade?

After Robert Kennedy's virtual ultimatum and loose pledge, painful questions lingered for the Kennedy brothers that Saturday night and through the Sunday dawn. Would Khrushchev and his associates accept this hedged, private offer (of

future withdrawal of Jupiters) when the Soviets had demanded a firm public pledge?

For the Soviets, as the Kennedys understood, there were difficult questions: Why should the Soviets rely upon Kennedy's and NATO's future approval? Turkey had opposed withdrawal in the past. Why not again? Would America coerce the Turks if they were recalcitrant? Moreover, since the main value of the removal of the Jupiters for the Soviets was symbolic, what would be the value of this private, hedged promise? Would it give Khrushchev even a small victory in the Soviet hierarchy or with China? It could not help him save face internationally, since none would know of the deal. Publicly, he was still confronting a clear American demand: back down and face public humiliation; or delay, have Cuba attacked and Soviets killed, and then back down or escalate. Ultimately, the choices were retreat or escalation.

What would Kennedy have done in Khrushchev's place? Critics have stressed not only JFK's fears

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**NOW PLAYING  
AT CHANTABURI**

from page 20

and my daughter along as well as Chalermpong, all our slides and movies and the most taciturn of all the USIS drivers, a Moslem who has a terrible time finding food he can eat under his dietary restrictions in this least Moslem corner of Thailand.

After checking in at our hotel for a swim, we reach the campus after dark. We are ushered out into the middle of an unlit field where a table has been set up like a scene from Alice in Wonderland. Dishes are set before us, beside nearly invisible cups. Typical Thai tea, lukewarm, well laced with milk and sugar. Some kind of soft bread and something sticky and sweet like honey to dip it into. Around us in the darkness, cicada-type insects shriek a fugue in a five-tone scale.

We give our program in a small shelter that accommodates about one hundred people. Over on the field they have removed the tea table and somehow have hung up a

huge sheet on which they are showing a Kung Fu movie. Between reels, the crowd surges across the road to listen to us expound on Jimmy Carter. My parents are delighted to find out at last what it is that I do for a living.

The next day we tour the summer palace of Queen Rambai, widow of Rama VII, a great-aunt of the present king and usually known as the queen of the seventh king. Then we are guided through the shops in town where you can buy beautiful unset gem stones at reasonable prices, and evening bags and placemats made from the woven straw mattresses of the queen of the seventh king.

KHON KAEN. Just as we're hanging up our slide carousels comes word from the branch office public affairs officer in Khon Kaen, Hugh Hara, that he'd like to book us as the opening show in a newly completed auditorium in the library of Khon Kaen university. And to make the trip worth the air fare says Hugh, he'll cart us to Maha Sarakham for a couple of shows, too.

Off we go. The Khon Kaen lecture is one of our best. The auditorium is excellent and most of the audience are instructors, well versed in matters American even if they are a little foggy on the electoral college. Hugh has arranged a dinner that evening with many of the *acharn* at a very nice restaurant on the lake. The Thai wonder what I think about the Northeast, Thailand's poorest region which many Thai consider to be very dry and barren. "I'm from the Rocky Mountains," I tell them. "It looks pretty lush to me."

MAHA SARAKHAM. Today's schedule would tax a lesser man than Chalermpong. We're scheduled for a five o'clock show at the TTC and a seven o'clock presentation at the local campus of Srinakharintviroth U. We have to cut the Q and A short at the TTC so we can run over and set things up next door at the university. This will be an outdoor performance. At five minutes to seven there are only ten people in the vicinity of the stage. At three minutes to seven a loudspeaker is heard broadcasting

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the news of our presence across the campus and from the buildings all around comes the tramping of feet assigned to come learn about the American election.

Hugh and I are seated on the sidelines as Chalermpong begins his two-hour tour de force on an empty stomach. (It is rare for a Thai to go more than two or three hours without at least snacking on something.) A few minutes into his talk, a sudden breeze rises and the movie screen begins to topple forward in slow motion. Hugh and I and several instructors dive toward the stage. Too late. The screen comes down on top of Chalermpong's head. Undaunted, he carries on as the rest of us prop the screen back up. He doesn't miss a beat or repeat a syllable. A dedicated showman, he.

SONGKHLA. In April, we are summoned once again to the south to perform for the teachers attending four-week "summer sessions" at some of the TTCs. (Thai schools take their summer break during April and May, the hottest months in Southeast Asia.) Chalermpong is

back to explaining the electoral college in excruciating detail. I grind my teeth. If the American people understood the electoral college as well as the people of Thailand do by now, they would arise en masse and amend the constitution with their bare hands.

NAKHON SRITHAMMARAT. Allegedly, a troubled province but we are not accosted driving north from Songkhla. People in this province are known for their debating prowess and we field several interesting questions, beginning with "In one of those pictures, why was Mrs. Carter standing on the Thai flag?" Sure enough, we have a picture of Rosalyn on a platform draped with red, white and blue bunting, the colors of the Thai flag.

SURAT THANI. Whiling away an hour in the only air-conditioned restaurant in town, Chalermpong is mistaken for a non-Thai by a tiny shoeshine boy. In bold English the child says, "Hey, you, you want shoe shy?" Amused, Chalermpong agrees to be shone.

It is a quaint town on a big river. The TTC campus is several miles

from town and mostly imaginary. In the rector's office there is a site plan with buildings to be built in 1974 marked in orange, green for the 1975 projects, yellow for 1976. In real life, only three or four of the orange buildings have been completed. But the students are polite and ask good questions.

That evening, Chalermpong and I catch the express train north to Bangkok. It is an overnight trip and the train is infested with friendly, rowdy American army officers returning from a few days advising the anti-insurgency forces in the south. I am glad for the presence of my de facto chaperon, Khum Chalermpong.

In the raw morning light we gather ourselves together to get off the train as it swoops into sleeping Bangkok. Chalermpong says sadly, "It seems that there are no more requests for our program."

"Cheer up," I say. "We'll think of something else to explain to everyone."

"Ah well," he says, brightening. "It will soon be 1980."

And so it is.



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**WHY BOTHER WITH HUMAN RIGHTS?**

from page 9

Kissinger or the stress on human rights—expressed but not fully practiced in the Iranian case—by Jimmy Carter? "It is not clear," as one senior political appointee in the Carter administration said, "that getting on the ayatollah's bandwagon would have gotten us off his death-list." It is, however, arguable that in Iran, as elsewhere, Americans would be better off, not with less emphasis on human rights, but with more.

There is the temptation now, as before Jimmy Carter took office, to perceive power and morality as opposing poles of contention. Nice guys, according to the Cold Warriors coming out of the woodwork, do not do well in the real world of superpower politics. When Moscow turns mean, promotion of human rights is one luxury we can ill afford. That view, however, assumes a choice we need not make. "Realism versus idealism" is a false dichotomy. It is true that we

must maintain the capacity to counter Soviet aggression. And doing so may entail working with leaders whose values we do not share and according human rights a lower priority than we might prefer in the best of all worlds.

At the same time, policymakers should not mistake means for ends. A hard-nosed view of US objectives and how to achieve them should include regard for human rights. That means addressing some difficult questions: why are human rights violated, what can we do about them, and how would American action (or inaction) affect both respect for human rights and promotion of the US national interest? We may, in a given situation, decide that we must short-change human rights in the short term to assure longer-term progress on goals, such as arms control, that serve that most fundamental human right—the survival of the species. But, we do neither others nor ourselves a favor if we fail, at least, to ask the first questions.

Americans pride themselves on a Dream. They are part of a pact—a

nation, in Abraham Lincoln's words, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Promotion of human rights drives Americans back to their national roots. The issue forces them to confront what their Dream means. They should not impose their values on others. They must, however, recognize the inevitable role that the United States, given its size and influence, plays abroad and the impact which violations of human rights, given their global nature, have on Americans. Abuse of human rights harms the US national interest—whether in undermining potential for lasting peace or mocking our view of ourselves.

Power and compassion are not either/or propositions, but part of a whole. United States diplomacy could achieve a new measure of maturity if Americans were to grasp that underlying significance of attention to human rights. With that reading of *Realpolitik*, the global nightmare of human deprivation need not destroy the American Dream.

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## LETTERS from page 4

governments of other countries in those countries.

There is, therefore, in my judgment, no reason to distinguish between the two on the basis of experience.

Neither does either career have any monopoly on the development of judgment.

In appointing ambassadors, the responsibility of the president is to choose the best possible person for each post regardless of which channel of experience that person traveled.

I must add a comment about both a letter to the editor and the feature article which appeared in your March, 1980 issue.

I am afraid the prejudices of Martin F. Herz were not subtly evident in his letter to the editor in which he recommends the "dispassionate academic sponsorship of *our institute*" for the purpose of the assembling of "a file of case studies." Mr. Herz not only speaks of "our institute" but in referring to AFSA, he calls it "our association." Significant, isn't it?

In Nathaniel Davis's article, he is guilty of a wholly unjustifiable attack on former Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith. He says "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."

When Ambassador Smith was being briefed to assume his post in Cuba, he was given the usual anti-Batista indoctrination and went to Cuba believing as he had been told that Castro was not a Communist but rather a desirable "agrarian reformer." It is to Ambassador Smith's credit that during his mission he learned the truth about Castro and was far more correct in his assessment of the situation than were our professionals in Washington. It is regrettable that his advice was ignored.

B. H. OEHLERT, JR.

*Palm Beach*

### The Christmas Bombing

AS A LONG TIME student of and a minor participant in the Vietnam War, I enjoyed Dr. Poole's fine article "Kissinger and Indochina" in the February *FSJ*.

Nonetheless several of his points should not go unchallenged. First, the situation on Saigon's western flank was not "vastly worse" after the Cambodian invasion. However high the political costs of the invasion, the military results were undeniable, pushing back a large enemy force dug in as close as sixty miles from Saigon, and, as Dr. Poole points out, securing Highway 1 indefinitely. While many areas undoubtedly reverted to Communist control, such control was no longer absolute, as Dr. Poole himself points out in describing the destruction of the 7th NVA Division in the Parrot's Beak by the ARVN in 1974. In fact, rather than being able to "move the war back into South Vietnam at will" from these border areas, Hanoi was unable to mount significant attacks from them in either its 1972 or 1975 mass offensives.

Second, the spring 1972 US raids against North Vietnam did not involve B-52s, and were limited to that area below the 20th parallel, not, as he asserts, to "much of North Vietnam."

Finally, he questions implicitly the significance of the Easter NVA offensive, describing the ensuing fighting as "inconclusive." In fact, this was a go-for-broke operation involving for the first time since Dien Bien Phu the commitment of the bulk of the NVA Regular Army. After some successes, it failed badly, with the battered NVA pushed back on all fronts. Equally significant, the ARVN victory was won without US ground troops, and only negligible US advisor and air crew casualties. The NVA defeat was in fact conclusive and is an important factor both in explaining Hanoi's new found negotiating flexibility in the fall of 1972, and in considering claims that the NVA victory in the similar conventional attack in 1975 was "inevitable."

I also differ with Dr. Poole on another, less factual and more philosophical level. I agree with most critics of the war (including I assume him) that a major lesson of Vietnam is the limited effectiveness of purely military objectives and decision criteria when fighting a largely political war. Despite the Vietnam tragedy, this is a lesson many have still to learn. I part company from the bulk of these

critics, however, when they attempt to prove this lesson by exaggerating it, and argue that military objectives and criteria have essentially no role in such a conflict. By refusing to admit to the slightest benefit to us of the Christmas bombings and Cambodian invasion, even in shortrun military terms, and in downplaying the military effects of the NVA Easter Offensive defeat, Dr. Poole illustrates exactly what I am opposed to. The lesson, I repeat, is that military objectives and criteria have only limited effectiveness in a political war, not that they have absolutely no effectiveness. The simplest proof of this is that that most political of wars, Vietnam, was finally won by the NVA in a massive conventional military operation, at a time when its "political" arm, the VC, was definitely on the ebb.

By overstating the case against total reliance on military objectives and criteria, we detract from the necessary effort to convince many in our society that an overreliance on military objectives and criteria is dangerous. Today an important segment of our air force officers believe that the lesson of the Christmas bombing is that we should have bombed Hanoi back into the stone age in 1975. We are not going to disabuse them of this dangerous and erroneous viewpoint by arguing, against all appearances, that the Christmas bombing did not even provide some limited diplomatic benefits.

JAMES F. JEFFREY

*Sofia*

### Author's Correction

AS YOUR reader, Arthur Hopkins Hudson, of Fairhope, Alabama, politely pointed out about my article in your March issue, "Berlin, 1937-39," Webb Miller was with the old United Press, not the Associated Press. My error was tantamount to claiming that Babe Ruth played for the New York Giants.

J. B. DONNELLY

*Professor of History*

*Washington, Pa.*

*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

### Marriage

**Rodgers-Overton.** Marjorie L. Rodgers, CAO, Monrovia, was married to John Overton, UNESCO consultant assigned to Librarian Ministry of Education, on March 7, in Monrovia. New assignment—Pretoria, June 15.

### Deaths

**Angotti.** Joseph A. Angotti, FSO-retired, died on November 16. Mr. Angotti joined the Foreign Service in 1949 and served at Frankfort, Berlin, Rome and Kabul before his retirement in 1966. He is survived by his wife, of 1610 S. Palmetto #6, S. Daytona, Florida 32019 and two daughters.

**Bunnell.** Mrs. Katharine Johnson Bunnell, FSR-retired, died on March 31, in Washington. Mrs. Bunnell entered on duty with the State Department in 1948 and transferred to ICA in 1961 serving in Kabul. After ICA became AID, she served with that agency in Nicosia, Accra and Tunis before her retirement in 1973. She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Peter Dawson, 25 Tintern Lane, Portola Valley, California 94024.

**Cochran.** Claire A. Cochran, widow of FSO Blake Cochran, died on March 18, in Washington. Mrs. Cochran accompanied her husband

on assignments to Athens, Cairo, Amman, Madras, Rhodes and Monrovia. She also helped organize Project HOPE and served as secretary to former Representative Knute Hill and Senator Warren Magnuson. For the past ten years she had been a legal secretary for Marriott Corporation. Mrs. Cochran was also active in the AAFSW. She is survived by a son, Charles H. Cochran, 5810 Ogden Court, Bethesda, Maryland 20014, a brother, Stanley Atwood, and a sister, Florence Merryman, both of Seattle, another sister, Jean Jonas of San Francisco, and a granddaughter. Memorial contributions may be made to the AFSA Scholarship Fund.

**Conroy.** Florence Conroy, wife of John Conroy, AID-retired, died on June 20, 1979. Mr. Conroy may be reached at 2438 N. Nottingham St., Arlington, Virginia 22207.

**Mann.** Jay Irving Mann, FSO, died on February 23. Mr. Mann joined the Foreign Service in 1978 and served at Nairobi before being assigned to the office of research and analysis for Africa. He is survived by his wife of 5547 N. 15th St., Arlington, Virginia 22205, a son and a daughter. Contributions in his memory may be made to the American Cancer Society or the American Leukemia Society.

**Shillock.** John C. Shillock, Jr., FSO-retired, died on April 2, in Washington. Mr. Shillock joined the Foreign Service in 1929 and served at Buenos Aires, La Paz, Santiago, Lisbon, Tangier, Lima, Ottawa, Buenos Aires, Asuncion, Geneva and Panama before his retirement in 1962. He is survived by his wife, Mary Louise, of 4000 Cathedral Ave., N.W., Apt. 619-B, Washington, D.C. 20016.

**Smith.** Clint G. and Vene W., parents of FSO Clint E. Smith, died on March 5 and 7, respectively, at Las Cruces, N.M. Mr. Smith was a retired savings and loan association chief executive officer and Mrs. Smith was a painter and writer on Southwestern themes and past president of the Black Range Artists. They are survived by their son and daughter-in-law, now assigned to the American embassy in Bucharest, and four grandchildren.

### FOR RENT

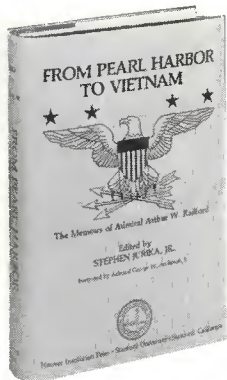
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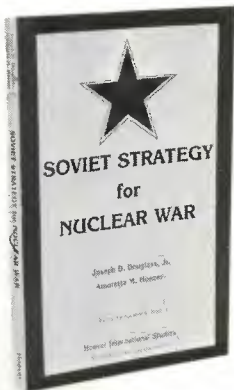
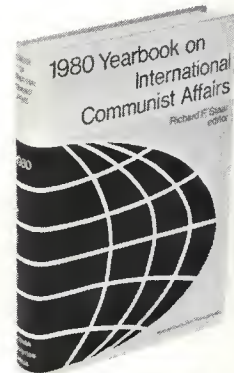


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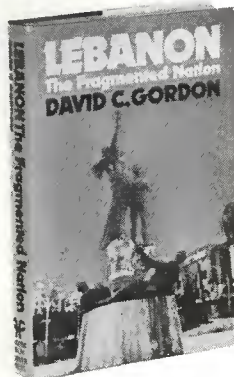
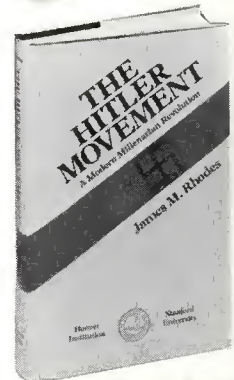


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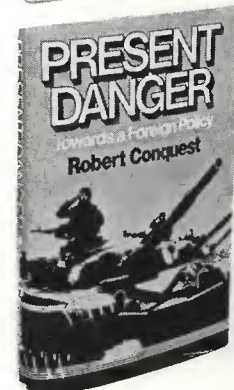


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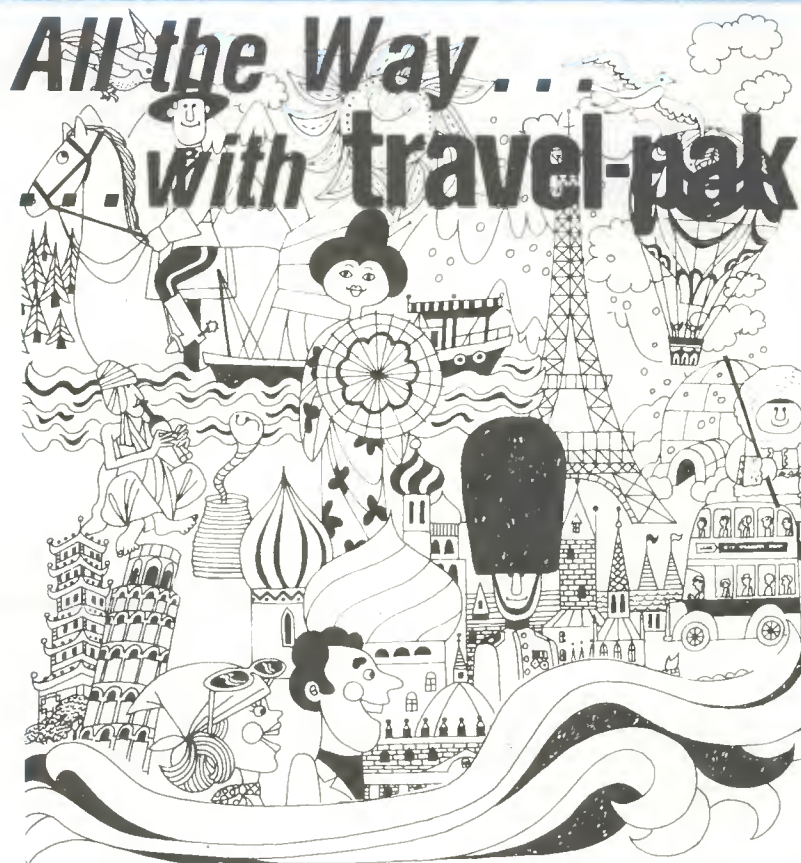
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