Foreign Service Journal

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Letters

Injection of Honesty

The "obfuscation award" for 1980 surely has to go to the author of State 56975 ("Passing Score for FS Exam and Minorities"). Early on, the author denies that there are two different passing scores for the Foreign Service examination, one being lower for minorities. However, it is clearly stated later in paragraph 3 of the cable that "all minority candidates making *70* or higher will thus be invited to participate in the subsequent assessment procedure" while "nonminority candidates scoring *75* or higher are invited to participate in the subsequent assessment procedure."

Come on! This telegram is an insult to the intelligence of all candidates. How do you gently tell the nonminority candidate who scores 74 that "the projection of institutional needs of the Foreign Service does not appear to warrant their assessment at this time" (para. 2).

Let's inject a bit of forthrightness and honesty into this question. Most of us in the Foreign Service believe we must be more representative of the US population and therefore, strong minority recruitment efforts are fully warranted. I personally would favor a two-tiered exam system to recruit minority candidates. But, why, at this stage of the game, does the department still feel compelled to satisfy both sides on the minority recruitment question—especially when the middle ground is quicksand.

THOMAS J. MILLER

Chiang Mai

Injustice to Singles

AS A MEMBER of AFSA for the last nine years I must certainly applaud the well-deserved benefits gathered by Foreign Service families, divorced spouses, women, minorities, and the handicapped over the last several years. However, the one group, of which I am a member, that has practically been ignored is the single employee in the Foreign Service.

Anyone who has been in the Foreign Service knows the abysmal injustices suffered by "singles" in shipping allowances, housing allowance, assignments, etc. The inadequacy of allowances for single employees is manifestly apparent to everyone I have ever spoken to in the Foreign Service (including marrieds) but always accepted with an appalling attitude of resignation by most (including many singles). The old cliché "if you can't fight'em, join'em," i.e. get married, should not be intimidating but instead be responded to with the same verve and vigor that the other groups have utilized and that has brought such notable results. To wit, no one has ever told a married couple to get divorced, a woman to have a sex-change operation, a minority a name or skin change, or a handicapped person a cure. I maintain the same logic is applicable to the single person.

I have never expected the Foreign Service to be a bed of roses, in fact, it appears to be at its zenith under hardships endured equally, but I do resent discrimination vis-à-vis my colleagues based on marital status. Why must I be out-of-pocket for shipping books, records, barbells, or for renting a representational apartment? Why does a single army officer of equivalent grade receive almost double the shipping weight allowance I do? Why are assignments and duties very often heavily influenced by marital status to the detriment of singles?

I think it is time for AFSA to solicit letters from singles on the countless horror stories (financial and otherwise) experienced by them in order to promote a dialogue with the department and eradicate this long-standing discrimination based on marital status.

ANTHONY LEGGIO

Florence

Tribute to John Shillock

HIS MANY FRIENDS within the Foreign Service would be appreciative of a few words to mark the favorable memories that they have of John Shillock, FSO-retired, who recently passed away.

John C. Shillock

His kindly humor was a frequent delight to his friends. He was totally devoted to his beloved wife, and to his family. He patriotically served his country while a seeker of peace among nations. His memorable attributes were intellectual integrity, personal modesty, and a professional career marked by the highest standards of morality and ethical conduct.

WILLARD F. BARBER

Washington, D.C.

An Errant Generator

CHRISTINE WISNER in Lusaka has pointed out a very serious weakness of the Service's services. I wonder what GSO Glenn A. Knight ever did with the 60KW generator he received in lieu of his HHE in Algiers? Have any embassies received liftvans of HHE in lieu of a generator?

JAMES E. HORN

Rangoon

Letter to Congressman Zablocki

HAVING HEARD you address the retirees on Foreign Service Day last year, I know that you have more understanding than most members of either house of the problems of our career service. I am sure you would not have made the slur attributed to Jody Powell the other day.

Writing as a retired Foreign Service officer but entirely on my own initiative, I want to express my alarm over the implications of the demand (by Ms. Holtzman and others) for detailed documentation on the recent UN vote.

Almost thirty years ago we were confronted with the same demand by congressional committees, claiming—on behalf of the people—a "right to know" not only the reason for foreign policy decisions but the details on just who, within the bureaus, advised what during the process of policy development. As a desk officer (for Australia, New Zealand and South Africa) I watched with dismay the toxic effects of this development. Not all reporting officers were equally affected, but I was alarmed to find some who felt it necessary to load their despatches with assurances that they were just as anti-communist as the next man—or more so. You got the feeling that the springs were being poisoned. Policymakers depended on completely objective and dispassion-

(Continued on page 45)

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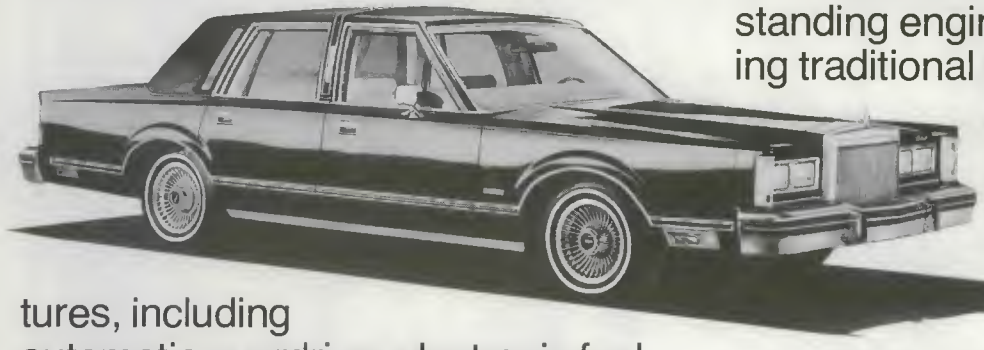

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A Diplomat's Viewpoint

JACK PERRY

Diplomacy in the United States is a cruel profession. Considering how few we are, we American diplomats, you would think that constructing a satisfactory career service, and having relatively satisfactory careers, would be simple. Other comparable diplomatic services—the British, the French, the Germans, the Japanese—seem to do a fairly orderly job of it. Young people enter, rise gradually to the top—the most talented and hardest-working taking the most important positions—and retire, while the service as a whole plays its important appointed role in national foreign policy.

With us it is not so simple, and it seems a lot more cruel.

All of us know many men and women in the Foreign Service who have impressive ability, good experience, deep knowledge of international affairs, large leadership potential—and who never get to a position where those qualities can be well utilized. I have many close friends in the Service whose abilities I hold in the highest esteem—people I know would do a superior job as ambassador or in a responsible leadership position at home. But they do not get the chance. They get stuck on the promotion ladder in the classic Foreign Service Contortion: the next rung is unavailable because they haven't proven themselves and they can't prove themselves because responsibility is tied to rank.

I am speaking of officers who earned professional success by winning entry into the Service competitively and by rendering excellent service after entry. Their foreign affairs professionalism is beyond question, as is their dedication. They have never failed in an assignment. But they feel like failures—this is the cruelty—because our Service is structured to make people feel that way. We are so competitive, with our annual promotion lists and all of that, that those less than astonishingly successful come to feel that they do not measure up.

Most of us in the Service have had some successes, and while we know that luck plays a critical role, we are also conscious of our abilities, and welcome the successes for confirming those abilities. But nearly all of us have had our lack of success, as well, and most of us are led to feel we are failures in some ways. I think most Foreign Service officers, at least above junior rank, tend to feel this way.

Why? Why cannot a Class Three officer feel he has had a gratifying career, and be as content as the Army colonel

of the same age? (No doubt some do; I distort by generalizing from my own experience.) Why must we have an arbitrary high mark, and consider those below it to have fallen short? I am not sure. The answers are complex, with a lot of history and psychology and politics mixed together.

The United States is a superpower, and our foreign policy is deeply imbued with partisanship; with the best will in the world, a career diplomat cannot avoid involvement in some phase of politics. Thus opportunities to hurt one's career abound—while strangely enough, opportunities to benefit are not so plentiful, largely because politicization means a heavy proportion of responsible jobs are given to political appointees. In effect, our top is taken away from us.

But beyond that problem, we seem to have a knack of administering ourselves out of orderliness. Any diplomat knows that diplomacy is politics, yet our Foreign Service divides itself up into "cones" and such—in effect preventing the best diplomats from moving up as they should. And in the new fashion, we try to make the Foreign Service what it was never intended to be, a quota service in which responsible jobs are given out not for ability but on the basis of skin color, national origin and sex. And while thus preventing the best from getting ahead in fair competition, we devise a system where genuine responsibility is not given until a person is too senior to learn from it, or to prove himself by it.

Am I being unfair? Old fogeyish? Perhaps. But I have seen, during my career, so many good men and women wounded, that I am perhaps a bit tendentious on the subject. I say it is a cruel profession.

Communication Re:

Re-entry

MICHELINE C. BROWN

Things have changed over the years for Foreign Service employees and for their families, and they are still changing. The latest development in the long and often slow process which is making the Foreign Service more aware of the needs of its family is the recognition that adults *and children* encounter some difficulties when reentering the American Scene, and that a Washington assignment is often no easier, and sometimes harder than a move to Ouagadougou or Kathmandu, at least during the first year.

Things have changed.

For a long period of time, it seems, the Service worried mostly about its employees and let the employees worry about their families. It was implicitly understood that a good officer had a good, well-adjusted wife who would in turn produce good, well-adjusted children. Therefore everybody did his best to make sure this was so, or at

least appeared to be so. The big losers, unfortunately, were often the children.

Because it was thought that well-adjusted parents had well-adjusted children, nobody spent too much time asking the youngsters how they really felt. Nobody seemed to focus very much on the fact that they might have had problems of their own apart from and in addition to those of their parents.

Children were seen as a reflection of the attitude of the parents, not as a separate and often desperate group, not by the Service, not even by their parents, I suspect. The word was: If the parents are happy, the children are happy.

Until quite recently expressions such as "culture shock" or "re-entry syndrome" were unknown to families in the Foreign Service. On the other hand there was great talk of "coping," "adjusting" or "not adjusting" as the case may be. Coping was the ideal thing, the expected thing to do. To this day there are some Foreign Service officers who, when confronted by unsubmissive families, not quite ready to make the sacrifices which they deem part of the *career officer's* life (and that of his family, of course) will mutter "If *they* don't like it, why did *they* choose it?" The fact is, however, that *they* might not have chosen it, rather in many cases *she* chose him, and *he* chose *it,* and the children chose nothing at all. Yet everyone ended on the same eighteen-hour-long flight to Ouagadougou or Kathmandu or Mogadishu.

Then, a while back, it became acceptable for wives to state out loud what they had not dared say before. Husbands got 220 volt shocks hearing their wives talk about culture shock and their children mentioning, while passing the peanuts at cocktail parties, that they "hated this place." Usually this was good for an embarrassed laugh, but little worry. Nobody really listened, no one heard, the parents no more than the rest. Children adjust to everything, don't they? Their feelings were mostly ignored and did in no way affect the destiny of their Foreign Service parents. (The fact still remains true that children's fate is not allowed to interfere very often with the career of their parents.)

True, for the most part, most children adjusted quite well. Children made it through the same way adults did: they had other children with the same problems all around them, the commonness of their difficulties and the genuine pride and excitement of their unusual and exotic life made up for the rest, monkeys and crocodiles compensated for the drudgery of having mother teach you by the Calvert System. Culture shock, if there was one, was shared by enough people that one felt at home with the feelings.

Still children's fate as a whole had not become a separate concern.

Strangely enough what is bringing the plight of children to the fore, it seems, is not their lives overseas, but rather their return to their own country, and now, for the first time, youngsters have a place of their own.

The problem of re-entry has been recognized by women all along, but by some kind of mental aberration, it did not dawn on most families that children could experience pains far greater than the parents did. Going to Washington after twelve years overseas is not exactly "going back home," or if it is, then why that feeling of alienation in one's own country? Just ask the children,

(Continued on page 37)

Farewell Secretary Vance

Words such as "integrity, devotion to principle and service to country" come easily to an institution whose earliest members were among the founders of our country. Today the United States Foreign Service faces extraordinary dangers and hardship around the globe in seeking to advance our nation's interests. No one has better represented our high ideals than Cyrus Vance. As the AFSA chapter in Islamabad noted in its message to Secretary Vance, "The Foreign Service is losing a friend. We will always look with pride on our association with you."

In addition to his foreign policy achievements the legacy Mr. Vance left us is considerable—open dialogue between department principals and members of the service, commitment to a truly representative service and a new Foreign Service Act. He spoke eloquently of these themes in bidding goodbye to the State Department in a moving ceremony organized by the Association May 6. He noted that he took pride in his efforts to create a new charter—the first in more than 30 years—for the service and expressed confidence that the Congress will pass the legislation this year. Our departing secretary also emphasized his belief that the Foreign Service could become a stronger institution by welcoming greater numbers of women and minorities to its ranks.

Those of us who worked with Mr. Vance in developing a strengthened base for our institution know the depth of his commitment and his willingness to support the service in making our own interests felt. We will miss him and we will miss Mrs. Vance who worked diligently to improve the lot of Foreign Service families. We extend our thanks and best wishes to them both.

Welcome Secretary Muskie

The Foreign Service is gaining in Edmund Muskie another leader of stature—nationally known and respected, skilled in the intricacies of the legislative process and carrying the assurances of the president that he will be the country's foreign policy spokesman. Upon his arrival in the department, Mr. Muskie asked for our help in achieving his mission and promised his help to us in attaining our shared goals.

The Association's president responded later in the day when he introduced the new secretary to the State Department in the West Auditorium, May 9. He pledged not just our help but the enthusiastic, energetic and disciplined support of the most devoted corps of professionals in the world. At the same time Ken Bleakley made it clear that the Foreign Service faces great problems and would not hesitate to take up Secretary Muskie's challenge not to remain silent in seeking his help to overcome them.

The challenges are many. Bringing our hostages home safely will require all of the international skills and strengths our new secretary can muster. A coherent and effective foreign policy will need the closest possible partnership between career professionals and the political leadership. Halting and reversing the erosion of the role of the department and of the service requires not merely winning bureaucratic battles but also that we be prepared to perform added responsibilities.

We have a strong secretary who can help us see the new Foreign Service Act through the many remaining stages of the legislative process and we need to tell him unequivocally what we want of him. The time has come for us formally to endorse the Act as a charter for our service in the decades ahead. We have played a crucial role in forging an Act which, as reported out of committee, substantially meets all three of our objectives: an enhanced role for the Foreign Service of the United States, a strong voice for the service in managing our own future and more equitable compensation for all.

The secretary and the service have the basis for a partnership which can be highly effective in advancing our nation's and our own interests.

Free the Hostages

Our colleagues in captivity have remained very much on the collective American mind over the past month. We were happy that Diego Asencio, ambassador to Colombia and a career member of the Foreign Service, was released unharmed. We deeply regret that eight members of our armed forces were killed after heroically volunteering for a mission to free our hostages in Iran. Our gratitude and sympathy go out to the five men wounded in the failed rescue attempt.

The governing board of the American Foreign Service Association, like the foreign service corps it represents, remains intensely concerned about the fate of our colleagues in Iran. We are foreign service professionals who have confidence in the judgment of the professionals most directly involved in the formulation and execution of American policy toward Iran. Events are fast-moving, and the knowledge and facts needed to make sound judgments often must be restricted to those directly concerned. Your board therefore has not felt equipped at this time to offer an opinion on the balance the rescue mission represented between the American determination to see the hostages freed and the American concern that all hostages come back alive.

We are relieved that, after six months of captivity and many threats, our fifty-three colleagues remain alive. We consider it an outrage of the gravest significance that they continue to be held against their will, in violation of the most basic principles of international law and conduct. In an event drenched in irony, the British worked effectively to free nineteen Iranian diplomats held hostage by Iranian Arab militants, providing Iran with an object lesson in how governments should deal with terrorists who violate the conventions that protect diplomats.

The United States is now pursuing all available peaceful means to demonstrate our earnest desire for the hostages' safe release. Increasingly, allies are joining the US effort, having agreed to cooperate in imposing economic sanctions on Iran. At some point, we hope Iran will recognize its own self-interest lies in discontinuing its outlaw action and releasing the hostages.

For the future, we need wiser, more carefully considered approaches to the problem of protecting Americans assigned to posts in volatile, revolutionary societies. We cannot assume the sanctity of the diplomatic code of conduct, tailoring our actions accordingly.

For now, our concern must remain with the fate of our colleagues in Iran. **Free the hostages.**

Improving the Intelligence System

CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.

The Iranian crisis raises anew the issue of US intelligence capabilities, or rather the lack of them. The failure of US diplomatic and intelligence reporting to alert the White House and State Department to the strength and dynamism of the Islamic revolutionary movement, the inability of the shah's vast panoply of modern armament and repressive police apparatus to contain it, and the likelihood of a violent reaction in Iran to admittance of the shah to the United States, are only the latest miscalculations in the collection and evaluation of political intelligence.

Whether US political intelligence and reporting is as feeble as both its critics and supporters, for different reasons, say is a matter of debate. What is clear is that the conditions of the next decade would make overhaul of the system imperative in any case. This will not take place so long as the formula for its renewal includes the same ingredients that precipitated the failures of the past.

Unfortunately, blind repetition of old policies seems to be the course advocated by the CIA's congressional supporters and the increasingly vocal lobby of retired intelligence professionals. In recent articles, and in congressional testimony on the proposed CIA "charter," they put exclusive blame on the post-Watergate, post-Vietnam climate of national guilt and self-exposure, coupled with savage media criticism and crippling legislation, for disastrously weakening US intelligence capabilities. Their remedy is to remove legislative restrictions and go back to the good old days.

The current proposals would, if implemented, indeed rebuild the US intelligence system, but not in a way calculated to purge it of its weaknesses and improve its performance. None of the pending proposals would terminate the dangerous connection between intelligence collection and covert operations—a union of missions and a scrambling of techniques so dissimilar and incompatible that uniting them within the same CIA directorate has periodically compromised the functions of both. Each of them in one way or another perpetuates centralized control by the CIA over the analysis of intelligence information and the production of intelligence estimates by a specialized corps of academically-oriented career analysts. Nor would the proposed reforms have any impact on the present self-limiting, security-conscious pattern of intelligence gathering which in the political field excludes or downgrades information from the most crucial sectors of the developing world—labor, youth, intellectuals, the press and the working clergy.

The debate over the future of the CIA has already been muddied by diversionary currents. Outside the intelligence community public discussion has been monopolized by legislators and lawyers whose principal focus has been on forging a complex network of restrictions and chains of accountability, a negative approach at best. Within the intelligence community, a lobby of retired professionals has drowned out the voices of the foreign policy makers who actually use the intelligence product. Some of the arguments mask a power struggle over the proper role and power base of the director of central intelligence—whether or not he should continue also to head the CIA. Throughout, the level of the debate has been degraded by the demagogic tactic of CIA supporters in and out of government in accusing critics of seeking to dismantle the whole US intelligence establishment, when in fact the occasional target is covert operations—which are not intelligence operations at all!

Basic to an effective national security establishment should be a covert operations capability that is separate and distinct from the intelligence system. Within the CIA this demarcation has always existed in the form of separate directorates of intelligence and operations (formerly plans). But the ostensible separation applies to intelligence evaluation and analysis only—secret intelligence *collection* is the responsibility of the operations directorate, a combination unknown in other western countries. (Great Britain's foreign intelligence and counter-espionage organizations [MI-6 and MI-5] have never been organizationally linked to clandestine warfare organizations like the special operations executive [SOE] and the special air services [SAS] unit.)

Indeed, much of the present confusion is a legacy of the CIA's wartime origins in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), which in the beginning was not so much an intelligence organization as a clandestine warfare organization recruited and trained for paramilitary operations behind enemy lines. What should have been two separate, small, tightly-controlled and totally separate agencies grew into a single monstrous bureaucracy created in a wartime image and staffed by OSS carryovers, many of whom, whatever their talents as underground fighters, were poorly attuned to peacetime intelligence work, or indeed to civilian life in

Charles Maechling, Jr., a Washington lawyer, was director for internal defense and staff director of the Special Group (counter-insurgency) in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations.

general.

Intelligence operations are so markedly different from covert operations that the distinction deserves further elaboration. Intelligence collection is information-gathering focused on particular operational or policy needs. It involves a longterm, laborious, multifacted process of acquiring facts and data from a wide variety of sources and subjecting this heterogeneous material to painstaking evaluation, cross-checking, and analysis. The analytical process is (or ought to be) a compound of scientific investigation and art, combining a multitude of special technical and analytical skills with area knowledge and a high degree of empathy with the personal and collective motivations of others. If departments and agencies like state, commerce, defense and treasury did a satisfactory job of reporting on foriegn areas it has been estimated that only 10 percent or less of the information collected from open societies, and 20 percent or less from closed societies, need come from clandestine sources. As it is, according to 1976 congressional testimony from the CIA, about 30 percent of significant information comes from clandestine sources.

Covert action is utterly different. It should not be confused with paramilitary operations like the abortive hostage rescue mission, though sometimes forming part of them. Its object is to change the policy of foreign governments, perhaps even to influence whole societies. Unlike intelligence gathering, which is quiet, dispersed, and equipped with built-in mechanisms and checking devices to correct error or repair breaks in the system, covert action is usually a risky gamble in which victories may be more apparent than real, and exposure can spell political disaster. Even the more benign aspects of covert action, such as subsidizing friendly political parties to offset political expenditures by the other side—as in Italy in the late '40s—need to be handled with maximum discretion or they can be counterproductive.

As practiced in the past, the more sinister aspects of the CIA covert operations—destabilization, bribery of foreign leaders, support of foreign secret police organizations—have almost invariably proved to be a two-edged sword. This history of CIA covert operations is an albatross around the neck of every legitimate business and government enterprise overseas. It is the covert action side of the CIA, not the intelligence side, whose highly publicized interventions in Cuba, Iran, Guatemala and Chile, to name only a few, have so dramatized the name of the CIA abroad that its own intelligence operations have been crippled and US foreign policy in the Third World exposed to compromise and vilification. Sooner or later the role of the United States in supporting a despotic ruler or overthrowing a legally constituted regime either precipitates a violent reaction or opens the United States to perennial charges of conspiracy and corruption, in many cases wildly exaggerated.

"Howard Hunt adjusting his red wig in the White House basement, the rogue operation conducted by Cuban mercenaries in the Watergate and bizarre assassination schemes were fully to be expected."

Moreover, entrusting underground operations to a bureaucracy with a vested interest in "success" regardless of cost, diminishes personal responsibility for the methods employed or the character of local allies. The United States not only becomes identified with foreign secret police forces, but tarnished with their atrocities. Any civilized nation that presumes to establish collaborative arrangements with the thoroughly vicious security establishments of certain nations of Latin America bears a heavy responsibility for the train of mutilated corpses left in their wake.

Nevertheless, covert action has been part of the arsenal of weapons of the sovereign state since the days of the Trojan horse. The Athenians were adept both in the arts of "destabilization" and in creating "factions" favorable to their interests in other Greek city states. Louis XIV kept King Charles II on his payroll, and tried to foment internal rebellion in Britain on behalf of the exiled Stuart pretenders. During the first phase of the wars against Napoleon, William Pitt almost bankrupted the British treasury with overt and covert subsidies to the German principalities. A classic example of covert action in modern times was the despatch of Lenin in a sealed train from Switzerland to Russia by the German general staff in 1918. A more recent example was the clandestine mission sent by Britain and the United States to Yugoslavia in March 1940, which resulted in a fake *coup* that sent the regent, Prince Paul, into exile and swung Yugoslavia into a posture of resistance against the transit of Hitler's forces to attack Greece.

The differences between traditional covert action as practiced by the European monarchies and the covert operations of the United States after World War II are largely one of scale—but that is the vital difference! Once escalated to global dimensions and institutionalized in a large bureaucracy the very term covert action becomes a misnomer. If a secret intelligence operation is blown, the cell can be sealed off and a new start made with only minor damage to the whole apparatus. A blown covert operation may compromise the whole spectrum of foreign relations for an indefinite period.

By their nature, covert operations in peacetime are so tricky, so liable to exposure or backfire, that to bring them off with even a remote chance of long-term secrecy requires delicate handling of the highest order. In earlier times, the chosen instruments of such operations have been agents unconnected with government, recruited on the basis of special qualifications for that operation alone. The practice of entrusting politically sensitive secret missions to all-purpose bureaucrats, with no particular cultural or ethnic affinity with the area involved, supervised by even more unqualified superiors, is absurd on its face.

The Achilles' heel of all covert operations is their personnel. When kept in tight military harness in

wartime their abilities can be turned to good account. Unfortunately, dedication to a lifetime of clandestine activity produces a conspiratorial mentality that, if not criminal in nature, is uncomfortably well-adapted to leading an underground life that is illegal in most foreign countries. What emerges from recent literature, not to mention the personal experience of many Foreign Service officers, is an unacceptably high proportion of covert action operatives who are alcoholic, violent, and inhabitants of a paranoiac dream-world. Howard Hunt adjusting his red wig in the White House basement, the rogue operation conducted by Cuban mercenaries in the Watergate and bizarre assassination schemes were fully to be expected. Equally embarrassing have been the revelations of ex-CIA agents about every major covert operation from Iran in 1953 to Angola in 1975. Sensationalized to generate maximum sales appeal, they depict a pack of exuberant amateurs playing lethal games along the fringes of US foreign policy.

In *White House Years* (p. 658) Henry Kissinger notes that the national temperament and tradition is unsuited to covert operations. This view may be too pessimistic. Nevertheless, a media-saturated constitutional democracy like the United States should be wary of institutionalizing a foreign policy tool that is alien to its values, incompatible with domestic political conditions and, in the long run, more likely to harm the wielder than the adversary.

The problems of the intelligence system proper are quite different. The claim that recent lapses like the failure of the CIA to predict the collapse of the shah or the takeover of the US embassy in Tehran are attributable to self-destruction of the system in the post-Watergate climate ignores similar failures in the days when CIA effectiveness was supposedly at its peak. In any case the recent wave of CIA dismissals was largely confined to covert action personnel: the intelligence directorate still has the largest collection of political and economic analysts in the business—1700 political analysts alone. Moreover, the total US intelligence capability includes the attaché network of the Defense Intelligence Agency; the political and economic reporting functions of US embassies and consular posts overseas; the satellite surveillance system; and the code-breaking and telemetering functions of the National Security Agency—a formidable collection of assets with a budget of nearly $5 billion and personnel approaching 30,000.

In February of 1978, well before the fall of the shah, the White House signified its dissatisfaction with the poor quality of CIA and State Department political and intelligence coverage of the Iranian revolution in a letter from the president's national security adviser, to the director of central intelligence. In mid-August of 1978, the CIA produced its notorious 23-page assessment of Iran that included such sentences as "Iran is not in a revolutionary or even pre-revolutionary situation" and "there is dissatisfaction with the shah's tight control of the political process, but this does not threaten the government." On November 11, 1978, President Carter sent Secretary of State Vance, CIA Director Stansfield Turner, and Brzezinski a three-sentence handwritten memorandum bluntly stating: "I am not satisfied with the quality of political intelligence."

The roots of US intelligence weakness are too deeply embedded to be eradicated by cosmetic organizational change. Well-adapted to assessing developments and framing scenarios for the advanced societies of the West, the average American political analyst is ill-prepared to appreciate the self-abnegation and dynamism of non-Western religions and ideologies, not to mention the charisma of primitive political personalities. He is equally ill-equipped to understand the private financial motivations that lurk behind public rhetoric the world over. At both ends of the spectrum a wide range of indicators is closed to him.

As civil servants with a social science background, the majority of intelligence analysts have a subconscious antipathy to the emotional and irrational factors that dominate mass movements. As a result they tend to downgrade political fervor and ideological conviction as factors to be reckoned with. Nothing is more pathetic than the perennial delusion of American diplomats and intelligence experts that sooner or later in the course of a raging revolution such "rational" goals as political democracy, economic development and improved living standards will reassert themselves. Another delusion is that the leaders of mass movements can be brought to heel by attachment of national assets or economic sanctions.

The empty abstractions that analysts use exemplify their flight from the passions that bring mobs out into the streets. Anodyne terms like "power centers," "repression," "safety valves," and "orchestrated demonstrations" and the fatuous "responsible elements" comfortably insulate both writer and reader from the harsh realities of Third World conditions, including the corruption, brutality and social injustice that fuel revolutionary movements. There can be no real knowledge of other societies without some degree of empathy. Neither the policy-making bureaucrat nor the analyst can accept that once a regime tortures and kills students and nonviolent political activists the relatives of the victims will never rest until they have obtained retribution, regardless of the material cost to themselves or their country.

The insulated, suburban values of the intelligence specialist extend to his sources. The predisposition of American officals overseas to restrict their social contacts to the local "establishment" is well known. They even confine their journalistic contacts to Americans, despite the foreign language illiteracy and cultural insularity of American media personnel that make them useless as evaluators and give them little entrée to inside sources. Intelligence professionals often compound this disability by cultivating only the power structure of the moment and confining their underground contacts to those approved by the security services of the host country. This erects a wall of mistrust between US intelligence services and the radical and Marxist groups that form the core of political dissidence—and the future leadership—in most of the Third World. The scanty contacts of US intelligence with the students and clergy of Iran are now a painful reality. The same holds

true in South Korea where embassy contacts with disaffected students and city dwellers are minimal and the strongest official links are with the Korean army.

At the other end of the scale the civil service intelligence professional is such an innocent about private financial motivation that he makes no attempt to penetrate the world of exchange speculation, capital movements, currency transactions, insider stock trading, and contract kickbacks, which are often crucial indicators of political allegiance and impending change. The details of these transactions are not as systematically recorded in foreign countries as they are here but, since business deals cannot be consummated without some form of paperwork, there are always disaffected sources to reveal them.

Intelligence professionals profess to adhere to a cult of scientific objectivity which is supposed to render their cerebrations immune to irrational hunch or diversionary emotion. In fact, most of them are quite unconscious of the extent to which cultural biases distort their reasoning. As authorities like Karl Popper (*The Logic of Scientific Discovery*) and Thomas Kuhn (*The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*) repeatedly point out, fields of inquiry are always structured: the assumptions of the investigator in selecting his data and assigning it weight predetermine his conclusions. Whenever the intelligence analyst unconsciously allows his cultural biases or the policy preferences of his superiors to exclude or downgrade unpalatable realities, he builds what William James called "a closed and completed system of truth" in which "phenomena unclassifiable within the system are . . . . paradoxical absurdities and must be held untrue."

Ideally, the US intelligence analyst should feel as remote from his country's policies as a gnome of Zurich. To be of optimum use to the policy-maker, assessments should be denationalized and value-free, avoiding like the plague the sin of ethnocentrism approaching the problem from the standpoint of US interests and exaggerating the role of one's own nation in its interaction with others. If as an experiment President Carter were to scrap for one week the political intelligence served up by the State Department and the CIA in favor of the reports of the international banking community he would obtain a better picture of the prospects for his battered foreign policy than he does today.

The worst feature of the present system is the pressure for conformity and the absence of any institutional means of correcting error. Once "facts" are arranged in symmetrical patterns they become difficult to challenge. The location of a national foreign assessment center within the CIA, and the requirement for a consensus on important strategic and political issues, stifles dissent, eliminates competition, and makes the estimate system a captive of its own weaknesses. During the period 1975-78 the policy of détente put a premium on an optimistic evaluation of the US nuclear deterrent and corresponding depreciation of Soviet nuclear capabilities. There was no way for dissenting agency voices to register their alarm over the massive build-up of Soviet strategic missiles except by introducing hedges and qualifiers into the consolidated estimates. Similarly, dissenting viewpoints as to the durability of the shah were submerged in qualifiers or relegated to footnotes.

> "To the extent that clandestine sources are relied on, the material should be processed as rapidly as possible since in an age of mass effects most sensitive information usually has the value life of a fruit fly."

The lesson of World War II is already forgotten. The insistence of Hitler on centralized analysis and streamlined consensus was the greatest infirmity of an otherwise excellent German intelligence system—in contrast to the decentralized, less orderly, structure of the British and American intelligence services, which produced competing estimates of greater coverage. As General Daniel Graham pointed out in a recent symposium, whenever the conventional wisdom of the analysts becomes congealed as official doctrine, failure is inevitable.

What are the solutions for our intelligence dilemma? The United States cannot retreat from its vital interests, which owing to energy dependency and a network of shaky alliances still extend around the globe in both directions. The president needs a limited covert action capability, and the government the best political intelligence it can obtain. New departures will not, however, be easy so long as intelligence is treated as an arcane field for specialists.

As a first step, the present covert action organization should be pruned of its older personnel, removed from the CIA, and transferred to the executive offices of the president. It should be named the special operations branch of the National Security Council, and gradually reconstituted along different lines and under different leadership.

Under the new concept, the special operations branch would be basically a high-level planning staff, housed in the NSC structure because of its proximity to the president and high-level interdepartmental policy formation, and to keep covert action missions under tight control. Covert operations themselves would no longer be entrusted to a large, autonomous corps of CIA bureaucrats. Except for a small permanent core of specialists, routine political action programs, such as subsidizing foreign organizations or channeling arms to guerrilla movements, would be entrusted to specially trained personnel seconded from the various departments and agencies of the national security establishment—state, defense, CIA, the International Communications Agency, AID, and even treasury. Sensitive, high-level covert missions would henceforth be entrusted to hand-picked government personnel and civilians with legitimate credentials appropriate for the mission in question.

The objective would be to create a small, highly secret capability to

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"Tel Aviv grew quiet and empty as the terror of war drew near."

Adventures of a PAO in Israel: 1956-58

FITZHUGH GREEN

The Air France plane neared Tel Aviv's Lydda airport, holding at 2,000 feet above the thin waist of Israel that abuts Jordan. Moonlight traced the hilly countryside. Suddenly I spotted bright flashes jumping from the landscape. The French copilot strolling by my seat laughed when I remarked guns must be firing down there.

"It's just heat lightning," he declared, "You mustn't take those newspaper stories so seriously!"

I didn't argue with him. My briefings for this post had emphasized the close relationship between France and Israel that year. This was the night of October 10,1956.

Next morning, the Israel government announced that their commandos had demolished the Jordanian police station at Qualkilya (beneath our flight path of the night before) and listed losses of a score killed and wounded. We learned later that Israel was feinting at Jordan to veil plans for a full-scale attack against Egypt.

When I reported to Ambassador Edward B. Lawson's office as his new public affairs officer, I was waved off: Just show up at the staff meeting, I was told. There the atmosphere was tense. I realized fast that I was spoiled by the quality of leadership, teamwork, and camaraderie in Vientiane under Ambassador Charles W. Yost. This ambassador ran a taut embassy, too taut—he appeared nervous and disagreeably unsure of himself. Built square with a sag in front, he lacked hair on top. His hostile eyes simmered, as if cooking in acid.

They looked balefully at me as he queried me about a couple of USIS (now USICA) items and then proceeded to rip into me about my replies. I didn't notice that he wore a hearing aid, and his sudden anger startled me. It soon became clear he hadn't heard me accurately and had decided I was making fun of him. Our able consul from Haifa tried to repeat what I had actually said, but was told, in effect, to mind his own business. The ambassador and his staff seemed as close to conflict as the Israelis and Arabs.

Their dissension was harming our mission in Israel. On October 26, the CIA station chief informed the ambassador that general mobilization would begin the following day and the Israelis would launch their troops and planes across the Sinai desert about 48 hours later. The ambassador pooh-poohed this report and refused to cable Washington for fear of being in error. Fortunately, the CIA officer reached Washington through his own channels, so that when Israeli tanks breached the Egyptian border, President Eisenhower was not totally surprised. In fact he promptly appealed to the Israelis and the United Nations to end the killing—and to the French and British, when they bombed Egypt from carrier-based planes.

Despite Ambassador Lawson's reluctance to face reality, when hostilities commenced on October 29, he tried to keep apprised of Israel's intentions. Simultaneously he had to oversee the evacuation of American dependents and non-essential embassy personnel. Retaliation against Israeli territory by Egyptian bombers and ground armor was entirely possible.

Luckily two US Air Force cargo planes were waiting at the airport to carry the USIS exhibit "Atoms for Peace" to its next stop. These were commandeered to ferry American evacuees to "safe-havens" in Athens and Rome.

I retained the competent young officer who had been handling the exhibit, Marshall Berg, and sent the other four USIS Americans for a Roman holiday. Many Israeli employees disappeared into their army, and we deferred library and other cultural activities for the duration. Berg and I concentrated on moving the daily wireless file to the official radio, Kol Israel (the Voice of Israel), and private news media.

Tel Aviv grew quiet and empty as the terror of war drew near. Sporadically, military trucks full of soldiers roared through the streets. Shopkeepers pasted strips of adhesive paper over their plate glass storefronts. In the Dan Hotel by the Mediterranean, where I was temporarily billeted, most tourists had gone when the first air raid alert hurried us remaining guests about 30 feet below street level into a concrete shelter.

The emotional pressure in Tel Aviv wound up tighter and tighter. Citizens and diplomats still in town almost hoped the fighting would start. When it did, and the early de-

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spatches described bloody Egyptian defeat on every front, the public reaction turned quickly from apprehension to relief to mounting exultation.

During the four-day assault, nearly 200 foreign correspondents swarmed into the Dan Hotel. The US newsmen leaned on USIS to get permission to cover the battles south of Tel Aviv, which the Israeli government adamantly refused. They were intent on a speedy victory and didn't want the press underfoot in mid-campaign with no means to safeguard them. Nearly all the journalists hung around the bar in the Dan, scratching for clues or leaks and grousing at their impotence. Ben Bradlee—then of *Newsweek*—wasted no energy complaining. He just slipped away from his confrères at the bar, stepped into the street and hired a cab.

"Take me to the Gaza Strip. I want to see the Israeli forces fight!" said Bradlee.

"I do too!" responded the driver; and off they went.

Deafened and dusty they returned that evening, and Bradlee filed a vivid account of the fierce action they had witnessed. His was the only coverage from the Israeli side during the entire mini-blitzkrieg.

On D Day plus three the Israeli Army asked USIS for reading materials to send to an isolated unit of paratroopers close to the Suez Canal. They were already bored! We were leery of giving "aid and comfort" to attacking forces, but reasoned that we would hardly be encouraging combat. The army parachuted our handout of books and magazines to the lonely soldiers.

Hardly had the shooting stopped when the United Nations Security Council, spurred by the Americans, voted a cease fire and a return of all belligerents to their prewar boundaries. The French and British, having coordinated their own aerial bombardments of Alexandria with the Israeli assault, accepted the UN decision with annoyance but without appeal. After stormy cabinet sessions in Jerusalem, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion told his countrymen that their troops would withdraw from all captured territory.

Israeli casualties totaled 150 dead and hundreds wounded. The populace was crestfallen, to put it gently, that their sacrifice was in vain. Yael Dayan, daughter of the general, was a military hospital assistant. She told me of the anguished cries in the amputee ward when Ben-Gurion announced the retreat from conquest.

The war soured our relations with the British, French and Israelis who felt we should have approved their preemptive strike against the Soviet-backed Egyptians. All three castigated us for turning against them in favor of the Communists.

> "What should a loyal Israel citizen do if he disagreed with the American policy he was being asked to promote to his own fellow citizens?"

To counter this dismay with America USIS Israel tried to convince the public that United States moves in the United Nations were consistent with our prewar stance as allies and supporters of Israel. Our guidance came in a joint State-USIA telegram. In cooperation with the country team we developed a new country plan.

The embassy operated for almost six months with its war-whittled staff. Peace in the area was still fragile and a premature return of the evacuees might risk another emergency exodus. The smaller embassy ran more efficiently than it had on my arrival. We were all too busy for internal strife. The ambassador himself quieted down and ceased picking on us. Still he made us uneasy. We never knew when or why he might blow. He was Vesuvius and we had been ordered to live on his slopes.

USIS materials appeared regularly in the media to reassure the Israelis where America stood. The wireless file and VOA provided detailed pieces and commentaries, plus official statements; my small American-Israeli team got them placed.

Daily we saw Israeli journalists, who rank among the most probing interviewers in their profession. Yet despite the post-Sinai chill, not one article ever misquoted USIA or other embassy officers.

Foreign correspondents stayed to watch this Middle East tinderbox. We were wary that anything we shared with them might be played back to Israel through the hyper-alert Israeli press.

I remember my difficulty in fending off Homer Bigart of the New York *Times*. This astute Pulitzer Prize winner had a unique approach when ferreting for secrets we were sworn to shield. He suspected that the embassy had been so hoodwinked by the Israelis that we had not been aware or told Washington of the likelihood of a Sinai campagin. As we dined at the deserted Dan Hotel one night, he went to work on me. He stuttered and seemed so in need of the facts, which I knew only too well, that I felt an intense impulse to tell all. It was an impulse I learned to quell, thanks to dueling with the likes of Homer Bigart. A continuing obstacle to our presenting a strong face to the outside world comes from the leaking of classified facts to reporters. The once dependable relationship between US spokesmen abroad and American newsmen has mostly disappeared; though it is still possible in individual cases of mutual trust.

The veteran broadcaster Edward R. Murrow, destined to head USIA, was also in Israel preparing a chapter for his "See It Now" series. He pumped me, too, but we had parallel interests, and the exchange of information was in unclassified categories. I was confident also that he could encourage understanding at home so as to reduce the current antipathy of Israelis—who carefully monitored the US media.

Drawn by their open ways as much as my own objectives I soon fell into a pleasant symbiosis with the Israeli and American resident reporters for foreign news firms. They were Moshe Brilliant and Seth King of the New York *Times*—outstanding professionals; Nat Gurdus of *Agence France Presse*—the extroverted and courageous paraplegic who tracked every move in the tender US-Israel alliance; Joe Fried of the New York

Daily News—with a sense for the dramatic; and Eliav Simon of UPI—who helped our mission immeasurably. These men, plus Israeli editors and writers, comprised an informal moving salon of which I became an associate. They were a dependable garden where I could plant slow-growing attitudes or news items with beanstalk characteristics. We entertained each other at home, and at official functions. This group, like the academicians, scientists, politicians, artists, and bureaucrats in Israel, enriched our lives. Since they all communicated with the target audience at which I aimed our USIS payload my job was to carry out my natural inclinations, like a kid in a candy shop.

Our USIS shop included embassy space, a library in Tel Aviv, information center in Jerusalem, and reading room in Haifa. We were four Americans and 23 Israelis—who backboned our operation, most of them knowledgeable and trained in their USIS tasks. What a delight that through them we could offer library services; a bookmobile for rural areas; a film-lending and projection capability; cultural exchange processing; a labor news letter; a weekly general magazine that paid for itself, and the wireless file—all with minimal American supervision.

What should a loyal Israeli citizen do if he disagreed with the American policy he was being asked to promote to his own fellow citizens? Well, since Americans did the personal contact selling, this question was moot. If a policy split between the United States and host country should widen too much, USIS's host country nationals can always resign. This happens rarely, not because they slavishly concur with every US aim, but because it's a regular job, with regular pay; also in the scores of local staffs I have known, the majority stoutly support an amicable understanding with Americans.

One day in Israel, though, I encountered an exception: We had set up a tiny reading room in Nazareth that contracted a handsome Israeli Arab, Mohammed, to be in charge. The morning I first met with him, I had already sipped coffee with a near dozen other citizens. By the time Mohammed offered me my eleventh cup I was so full of caffeine my fingers danced. Another drop and I would detonate. I explained my overload to Mohammed, but he would not listen. Despite his persistent "Won't you have coffee?"—I finished our talk and got up. He jumped to his feet and followed me to the street where my driver tried to intercept him. The scene ended with Mohammed running after our car, shouting and waving one hand, while coffee sloshed from the mug extended from the other.

Most Israelis had a good command of English, but they preferred to use Hebrew. Prime Minister Ben-Gurion urged new settlers to attend Ulpanim—the language schools, where through total immersion in Hebrew, a student could emerge fluent in a few months. I wanted to enroll during my early stay in Tel Aviv, but we were too short-handed—Washington granted me funds to take daily lessions after office hours.

I saw the value of Hebrew when presenting some law books in Haifa just before Sinai. At a crowded ceremony one supreme court justice said:

"I see that Mar (Mr.) Green has already learned three words: Slikha, bevakasha and toda raba (excuse me, please, and thanks very much). I hope that he will continue to study Hebrew and learn to speak it like us Israelis. Of course, when he does, he will no longer say 'slikha, bevakasha, toda raba!' "

As post-war clouds lifted, invitations to speak around the country abounded. Indeed, addressing all kinds of organizations became the most important communications medium for our program. Whether it was the Israel American Friendship League, the Zionist Organization of America House, journalism associations, labor meetings, campus lectures, or one of the numerous Rotary Clubs, Israelis liked to attend speeches. I suspected that one reason they did was the length of their questions—sometimes they rivaled the time of my full text. But the give-and-take was great fun. I would start with a five-minute introduction in memorized Hebrew, which thanks to the erudition of my teacher was described in newspaper accounts as "pure biblical Hebrew." Then questions would rain, also in Hebrew, until I had to beg off saying that I couldn't really talk that fast. But Q and A sessions became an art form in these hospitable forums.

The Israeli thirst for information about the outside world was unquenchable. The Soviets had noticed this and since Israel's foundation in 1948 had shipped books, pamphlets, magazines and propaganda movies—all free. Despite the Cold War Israelis maintained an officially open view on East and West; indeed the US and USSR recognized Israel the same day and set up temporary embassies in the same building. At sunset the Stars and Stripes and the Hammer and Sickle would be lowered simultaneously at diagonally opposite ends of the common roof.

American aid kept increasing, though very little assistance arrived from Moscow. Assuming that one hand washes the other, the State Department instructed Ambassador Lawson to ask a favor of Ben-Gurion. We needed a public statement from him on an issue which would be useful in our dealings with B and K—Bulganin and Khrushchev.

Since this was a propaganda matter, the ambassador took me to Jerusalem. The prime minister rose to greet us, and we shook his tough right hand. This 72-year-old, pink-cheeked statesman made us welcome with genial chatter for a moment. Then his bright blue eyes flashed as he sat us down and immediately demanded the purpose of our call.

Though his country and his own bulk dwarfed Israel and its little leader, Ambassador Lawson began diffidently to state his mission. This was a mistake. Ben-Gurion interrupted him after less than a minute and launched into a 59-minute monologue. He started with a refusal to help us and continued with a brilliant ramble on international geopolitics. He didn't apologize for denying our request, though he did mumble something about not wanting to endanger Jews still stuck in the USSR.

The interview was over. The one and only instance of America asking Israel's cooperation—at least during my tenure there—was rejected out of hand. Lawson just took his medicine; he made no counter-argument. After an embarrassed silence we left.

As we drove down the mountain toward Tel Aviv the ambassador

didn't say anything about his sorry defeat, except that I should draft the cable to Washington. I did the best I could to ease the picture without altering facts, but the ambassador rewrote the message until it became almost complete fiction, with himself as the hero.

We had better luck with the Information Media Guarantee (IMG). This was a USIS device to allow Israelis to import American printed materials of all kinds, and since they were strapped for foreign exchange, pay us in Israeli pounds. It was our answer to the floods of free Soviet-material pouring into several third world nations.

The US-owned counterpart funds would be spent on cultural, academic, and scientific projects in the host country.

On a per capita or any other basis the intellectually hungry Israelis outbought every other country, including India and Pakistan. By 1957 almost six million dollars worth of Israeli pounds had piled up in the American IMG account at the Bank of Israel; its size evidently panicked the tender bureaucrats in State and USIA, for no one mentioned it.

Then Bernard Katzen, a New York lawyer with political connections, got wind of this hidden nest egg and for reasons best known to him took steps to pry it loose. His machinations hit the jackpot. In short order he surfaced in Tel Aviv to proclaim the birth of the "Katzen Fund." The American taxpayers, whose money this was, didn't get much credit for their gift. Long queues formed outside the office he opened—with Secretary Dulles's approval—at our embassy. People flocked from every kibbutz and hamlet to peddle their projects for spending their "Katzen" money.

Quickly we huddled with the Israelis to devise a more practical means for spreading the largesse: all projects would be approved by both countries. Teddy Kollek, the burly, genial director general of Ben-Gurion's office, took over for Israel. I was given control for the United States. Howard Backus, an excellent manager, came from Washington as full-time overseer. Within weeks we had sifted the proposals down to 42 grants which would be awarded to organizations, towns and villages. The amounts ranged from almost a third of the total for a museum in Jerusalem, a chunk for the Mann concert auditorium in Tel Aviv, a few thousand pounds committed by Mr. Katzen, and assorted other sums. Many pet schemes lost out, including a rhinoceros for the zoo. But the selections met popular acceptance.

Ambassador Lawson told USIS to spread the goodwill with publicity for every project in turn. This was sound, but when he insisted on scheduling a personal dedication by him along with an oration for each one I thought he would look foolish and overexposed. I urged him to divide the speaking among a half-

"We came over the brow of a bare hill, and there before us stretched a valley, several miles square, with munitions stacked in unbroken rows, from one side to the other."

dozen embassy officers, but no go. USIS would, of course, produce a text for each speech, and he made it clear he wanted me to do it myself. In order to ensure time for my other commitments as his public affairs officer, I set up a little speech factory: first drafts would be crafted by a pair of able Israelis on my staff, and I would vet their words, and convert them into "ambassadorese." The system sailed along until one day the ambassador demanded three speech texts, in advance, at once. I finished two of them, but inadvertently our mesenger took up the third as well, just as the Israeli had composed it.

Minutes later my secretary came in, pale and panting.

"The ambassador wants to see you and he is really upset!"

As I entered his long office I could see from the door that I was in for more than a slight squall. This was hurricane weather. Before I could say anything, the ambassador waved what I knew was the offending piece. His dewlaps and hand shook as he rasped, scarcely in control:

"Who wrote this?"

I gave him the name.

"Who the devil's that?" he boomed now.

I told him it was a USIS local employee.

"A *non*-American wrote something for me, the ambassador?"

I explained my procedure, suggesting that for a talk to Israeli listeners it was reasonable and preferable to get an Israeli's point of view into the preparation. I also apologized for the error in this one's getting to him without my editing.

He shoved the sheaf of papers at me.

"Bring me a new draft this afternoon: I want it totally your work. How many more times will I have to make these speeches?"

I told him twenty-four.

"They are all to be done by you and no one else is to have a hand in them, understand?"

"Yessir." I wished he'd been as masterful with Ben-Gurion.

With still a full year to go on my tour in Israel, the internal climate looked bleak. Yet the USIS program was successful, I was convinced, and believed the ambassador thought so too. Materials were being distributed to the right spots; our output was appearing in the papers, magazines and radio—not verbatim very often, but in articles, statements, and commentaries that reflected Israeli agreement with the policies USIS promulgated. That was the optimum "penetration" anyway, when the Israelis expressed our ideas as their own.

But the contretemps with the boss clouded any contentment. Other country team members were meeting the same irascibility and wanted to leave. Having been invalided out of Laos I didn't want to ask for a transfer; that would make two successive strikes in the career game. So, like my embassy colleagues, I determined to hunker down whenever the shooting started, or looked as if it might.

It was risky to be away from the embassy too often, though my assignment called for knowing target groups as intimately as possible. Nevertheless, Israel offered so

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"It is true that liberty is precious—
so precious that it must be rationed."—attributed to V.I. Lenin

How Russia's Military Tried to Undermine Lenin's Separate Peace

NICHOLAS DANILOFF

The evening telephone call put my grandfather, a general of Russia's imperial army, in an extraordinarily awkward position. It was 10:30 p.m. on the night of February 24, 1918 and the War Ministry was on the line asking him to accompany the Soviet delegation to the final phase of the Brest-Litovsk peace conference with Germany. Lenin, immediately on coming to power the previous year, had begun seeking ways of taking Russia out of World War I to gain "a breathing space" in which to consolidate his revolutionary government. To gain that *peredyshka,* he and a slim majority of his Bolshevik associates were ready to sacrifice vast portions of Russian territory in a monumental act of appeasement to the invading German armies.

General Yurii Nikiforovich Danilov could hardly have been more opposed to this political stratagem. For years, Russia's military security had been his special concern. As deputy chief of staff before the war, he had been responsible for developing Russia's war plans. Furthermore, he was hostile to the Bolsheviks. He kept his politics to himself for the most part, but privately he hoped Russia would ride out its revolutionary turmoil by instituting a viable parliamentary government as promised in Premier Sergei Witte's "October Manifesto" of 1905.

Yet two and a half hours after that fateful telephone call, General Danilov was boarding a special train with Lenin's comrade, Grigory Sokolnikov, and the Soviet delegation. Danilov would participate—reluctantly to be sure—in the conclusion of a treaty he opposed on behalf of a government he abhorred.

Why?

The answer to this riddle was seemingly lost to history when my grandfather died in Paris in 1937. I would not have begun poking into the matter had it not been for the outraged cries of my father and my uncle over Alexander Solzhenitsyn's description of the general in *August 1914* as bovine in appearance and slow-witted. This piqued my curiosity and I decided, at long last, to peer into four musty cardboard boxes entrusted to me by his widow, my grandmother, more than twenty years ago.

The boxes yielded a variety of manuscripts, some published in Europe between the wars, others not. An unpublished work of several hundred typewritten pages was tentatively titled *On the Road to Bolshevism.* Its last chapter described the journey to Brest, the bombed-out bridge at Pskov, the hazardous progress through German-controlled territory, and the arrival at the ancient Russian fortress which the Germans had turned into their field headquarters.

Most significantly, from a historical point of view, this chapter presented a detailed account of how General Danilov and his military colleagues tried throughout the journey to convince the Soviet peace delegates not to sign the separate peace which the Soviet government had dispatched them to conclude.

Sokolnikov, the delegation leader, gave the world his inside view of the mission to Brest in a pamphlet published in Moscow in 1920. Danilov's account, written in 1925 and never published, contains many points in common but from a totally different perspective. The peace of Brest, for Danilov, was not the beginning of a crucial

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Nicholas Daniloff is chief military correspondent for United Press International. He previously covered the State Department, 1967-73, and foreign affairs from the vantage point of Capitol Hill, 1974-1979.

Danilov with his wife and two sons, Serge (left) and Michael (right) at their country estate in the Ukraine, about 1904.

"breathing space." It was unjustified appeasement; it violated Russia's enduring interests, and it signaled the irrevocable collapse of the state to which he had devoted his entire career.

I have only the haziest recollections of *Le Général* in exile. But I remember Anna Nikolaevna Danilova, his widow, very well.

She was a plump, very foreign-looking lady with a parasol who would stroll along the coast road at Little Boar's Head, New Hampshire, in the 1940s gazing out over the Atlantic Ocean at the Isles of Shoals. Anna Nikolaevna—"Baboota" to all of us—looked something like the unhappy wife in Anton Chekhov's *Lady with a Dog*, taking the airs along the board walk at Yalta. She would confide in me that the sight of the Atlantic did remind her of the Black Sea and the Crimea.

"You will go to Russia one day," she promised me. "You will come to know the Russians. Oh, if only you were my son, and not my grandson, how I would spoil you!"

And so, at the age of 12, the American-born grandson of General Danilov began taking Russian lessons with the officer's widow, and plotting how to get to Russia.

The plot unfolded years later, when, as a university student I first set foot in Moscow and Leningrad in 1959. I would return in 1961 as an American journalist for a four-year stretch. In 1974, and again in 1976 and 1978 I would return with two different American secretaries of state who were seeking to conclude a strategic arms limitation agreement with the Soviet leaders.

There was poetic justice in that. In 1979, the Soviet Union was trying to improve its security by concluding the SALT II treaty with its main adversary, the United States. Sixty years earlier, Germany was Russia's main adversary and General Danilov was intimately involved in trying to make his country secure from Kaiser Wilhelm's menacing ambitions. It was because of Danilov's role in Russian strategic planning that the War Ministry was on the line with its urgent request.

On February 24 my wife and I dined out," General Danilov recalls. "Returning home at about 10:30 p.m., I learned that someone had been trying to reach me; someone had called several times on the telephone from the War Ministry, asking if I was home, and saying that I had on my desk a letter from General Potapov. Had I been able to acquaint myself with the contents of the letter, written hastily in pencil, as its author was again calling me on the telephone? My wife's request that I not go to the telephone—motivated by her fear for me—I thought rather mean-spirited, and I stepped up to the telephone to find out what was wanted of me.

"General Potapov sketched the political situation and the difficulty of the military position flowing from the German ultimatum of February 21. He announced to me that a meeting of the main directorate of the General Staff had chosen, as military experts for the departing delegation, myself; Colonel Angodskiy, chief of the Nicholas Military Academy; and Rear Admiral Altfater. In addition, Captain Lipskiy of the General Staff was to travel with us.

"To this, General Potapov added that the train was supposed to leave for Brest at midnight and that the delay was entirely for me . . .

"I replied that, in my opinion, sending military experts to Brest was totally without purpose; the German demands constituted an ultimatum and they would not retreat from them. I held to the conviction of the uselessness—in fact, more than that, the harm to Russia—of a separate peace and that I could not be helpful in this matter, particularly since I was not informed about the previous peace talks, which I knew about only from sketchy newspaper articles.

"To this General Potapov replied that he had not given up hope of the possibility of a softening of the German conditions and for this reason it would be particularly valuable to have fully competent individuals among the military experts. The military experts would take no part in signing any government document—the responsible part of the delegation was being sent for that—and my principled opinion about the uselessness of signing any separate peace was shared by the other military experts . . .

"In the circumstances, standing by the telephone, I only thought about it a short time, and I. . . agreed."

General Danilov's decision was motivated by a sense of duty and patriotism. His feeling, as expressed in his writings, was that whatever administration was in control of the state, the country's leadership would look out for traditional Russian interests in foreign affairs. Furthermore, since Russia's government had been in turmoil for the last year—Tsar Nicholas II abdicated in March 1917—it was entirely possible that Lenin and his associates might be deposed, too, in due course.

What remains unclear, however, is whether Russia's Communist leadership sought to associate a man of General Danilov's standing with the act of appeasement they were contemplating in order to lend it additional legitimacy or whether his selection was purely an internal affair of the War Ministry. Grand strategy was his area of competence, and as a servant of the state he was prepared, indeed, obliged to give his professional advice when called upon.

Ironically, neither strategy nor military leadership had been his first love. Born in Kiev in 1866,

Danilov had contemplated a career as a mining engineer in the Urals. But his civilian plans were summarily brushed aside by his father, Colonel Nikifor Akimovich Danilov, who distinguished himself in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. In reaction Yurii Danilov decided that what had happened to him would never happen to his two sons, Sergei (my father) and Mikhail (my uncle).

"His sons were going to be free to select their own profession," my father (who goes by the name of Serge Daniloff) wrote in an unpublished autobiography in 1925. "All professions would be open to them, all except one—the military. And so from the tenderest age, everything that could give rise to military inclinations was banished from the nursery; no drums, no wooden soldiers, no swords. His sons were going to serve their country to the best of their ability but not in the way he served her himself."

Danilov rose swiftly in Russia's military establishment. He was selected as a young officer for the Nicholas General Staff Academy. He was assigned next as a captain to the Kiev military district where he developed a handbook on mobilization. Its publication brought early recognition to the young officer who was reassigned in 1898 to the General Staff headquarters in St. Petersburg.

After a tour in Kiev, the year 1908 brought Danilov back to the Russian capital as first assistant to the deputy chief of staff, and, at the age of 42 he was promoted to major-general. Shortly, he became the deputy chief of staff (General-Kvartirmeister) and served in that capacity until 1915.

The prewar years were extremely difficult ones from a political and military point of view. Since 1893, Russia had been joined in secret alliance with France as a means of insuring its security against Germany. The French general staff continually pressed Russia to plan on an early offensive against Germany should war break out. But Russia was ill-prepared to do this, particularly after its disastrous defeat by Japan. The Russian fleet had been wiped out at the battle of Tsushima Straits in June 1905, and the Russian government made its first priority the rebuilding of the navy. Defense funds for the land armies, artillery, ammunition and transportation were hard to come by.

Danilov's constant view was that Germany, with its surging industrial strength and imperial ambitions, was the primary threat to Russia's security. He worried, too, that a weak Russia might tempt an attack by Germany, or by its ally, Austria-Hungary. He was occasionally criticized for seeing attacks coming from all quarters, including "from the Martians."

Historians, Soviet and western, have pictured General Danilov as stubborn and inflexible; unwilling to cut a corner or take a risk, a product and supporter of The Old Regime. A reading of his memoirs shows, however, that he had a strong sense of duty; that he was critical of the imperial family; doubtful of Nicholas II's intelligence, and hopeful that the creation of the State Duma in 1905 was the beginning of a parliamentary, and more positive, era, in Russia's history.

Family history reinforced Danilov's view that constitutional government must supplant autocracy. His wife's grandfather, Lieutenant Alexander Frolov, had participated in the Decembrist uprising of December 14, 1826 which sought to install a constitutional monarchy on the death of Alexander I. Frolov was sentenced to life at hard labor in Siberia under Alexander's successor, Nicholas I, but was freed thirty years later under Alexander II. My grandmother never tired of telling me how Frolov took the iron links from his chains, and turned them into rings. One such ring, lined in gold and surmounted with a cryptogram signifying the date of the 1826 uprising, was passed down to General Danilov, who passed it on to his younger son, who in turn passed it on to me.

In personal relations, Danilov was stern, and forbidding. He was a strict disciplinarian with an eye for detail. At dinner, my father remembers, he would tap the table with his two forefingers when he became irritated by childish antics. When silence ensued, he would say rather implausibly after a short while: "Why are you all so silent?"

"Poor father was a bear of a man who knew damn little apart from work," my father says. "That's a policy which never paid. You must have human relations."

And Danilov paid for not having better human relations. When General Zhilinsky asked to be reassigned in 1913 from the post of chief of staff, General Danilov would have been the logical successor. His wife agitated privately on his behalf. At an evening reception, she pressed the minister of war, General Vladimir Soukhomlinov, to say who would be appointed.

"We do not know yet," Soukhomlinov replied evasively, "but it will surely be a man with complete mastery of French."

Danilov spoke imperfect French and the post went to General N.N. Yanushkevich, a warm personality who spoke perfect French, but a man of lesser training and competence.

At the start of hostilities in 1914, the tsar's uncle, Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich, assumed the supreme command of Russia's military forces, with General Yanushkevich his chief of staff and General Danilov, deputy chief of staff. A year later, Nicholas II decided to take on the supreme command himself. In the resulting shakeup of the high command Danilov was dispatched to command the 25th army corps. Later, as chief of staff to General N.V. Ruzskiy, commander of the Northern Front, Danilov would witness the tsar's abdication in the imperial railroad carriage at Pskov in March 1917.

As a field commander, General Danilov was constantly concerned about army discipline which deteriorated seriously under the successor Provisional Government. Danilov backed the efforts of General Lavr Kornilov, Russian chief of staff in 1917, to restore discipline and renew the death penalty at the front. Kornilov's efforts soon took on the appearance of a political coup against Prime Minister Alexander Kerenskiy and for his support Danilov narrowly escaped being arrested by his own soldiers. After the Kornilov incident, General Danilov resigned his command and returned to Petrograd (renamed at the start of World War I) to settle into an inactive military status and collect his thoughts. It was from this inactive status that the War Ministry recalled him to join this Soviet delegation to Brest.

Danilov describes the chaos that pervaded the War Ministry on that night of February 24. No longer an orderly bureaucratic department, the ministry was filled with milling soldiers, smoking incessantly, dragging winter's filth through the corridors. One high official, with a bandage on his face where he had cut himself while shaving, had apparently been summoned to take Danilov's place on the delegation if he could not be found.

During the car ride to the railroad station, Danilov implored his military colleagues to act as one and to refrain from giving separate opinions. No sooner had the train pulled out of the station about one o'clock on the morning of February 25, than the military experts met with the plenipotentiaries. The Soviet delegates included Sokolnikov, a revolutionary who had shared Lenin's exile in Switzerland, who would become Soviet ambassador to Great Britain before being arrested in the purge trials of the 1930s and convicted; Georgiy Chicherin, an intellectual, an expert on military and diplomatic history, a lover of Mozart, who later would become Soviet foreign minister; Adolph Yoffe, an observer attached to the delegation from the left Social Revolutionary Party, essentially a "grey eminence," who would become Soviet ambassador to Berlin, and would commit suicide in 1927.

"All these personalities I was seeing for the first time," Danilov notes. "At the start of the meeting, it fell to me as senior among the military experts to articulate our common view that conducting separate peace talks with our military adversaries, and concluding a separate peace was not in the interests of Russia and was not called for by the circumstances. We did not consider ourselves authorized to sign any government document, and we would limit ourselves to explaining to the responsible part of the delegation the meaning and significance of the German demands."

The military experts then went down the German demands, point by point, explaining the consequences which would flow from them. Russia would be twice damned, they said, for bowing before the enemy, and for forsaking its allies.

But revolutionary Russia was determined to abandon its erstwhile "bourgeois imperialist" friends. On November 8, 1917 Lenin had published his famous Decree on Peace calling on Russia's entente partners, Britain and France, to join Germany in peace negotiations. By early December, Russia was at the bargaining table, but Britain and France fought on.

The wisdom of a separate peace had been bitterly disputed by some of Lenin's colleagues, particularly as the German terms constantly hardened. Leon Trotsky, commissar for foreign affairs, headed the Soviet delegation during the second phase of the talks December 27, 1917-February 10, 1918 but broke them off declaring that Russia would leave the war no matter what the Germans demanded and would pursue a "No War-No Peace" policy.

On February 21, 1918 the Germans issued their ultimatum calling for the cession of large quantities of Russian territory and the conclusion of a peace treaty within three days of the arrival of the Soviet delegation. Lenin consulted with the top Communist leadership, but Trotsky continued to oppose a peace on these terms. Finally, Trotsky was persuaded to relent, and the separate peace policy was approved on a 7-6 vote. Next, Lenin took the issue to the Central Executive Committee where the executive committee voted 116-83 with 26 abstentions for the Brest peace.

The journey to Brest turned out to be an arduous and trying one. At one stop, the train was approached by a group of Russian officers who implored the delegation's military experts to explain to them what to do in the face of the advancing German armies, and the efforts of the Petrograd government to sue for peace. At another point, the military experts pressed the plenipotentiaries to abandon the separate peace policy because of the continuing German invasion, and to continue Russian resistance through guerrilla counter-attacks.

"You must not waver in signing the separate peace," Lenin messaged the train carrying the Soviet peaceseekers, "that would be impermissible." Lenin, not realizing how difficult the physical journey had become, was worried that something had happened to shake the resolve of his representatives, Chicherin would write later in his memoirs.

Colonel Danilov with his wife (center) and family friends on a picnic in the Ukraine, around 1908.

At the Russian Supreme Headquarters in Baranovitchi, l. to r., seated, Emperor Nicholas II, Grand Duke Nicholas, standing, General George Danilov, General Yanoushkevitch, October 28, 1914.

Sokolnikov, in his account, has described how the delegation had to abandon the train at Pskov because of a bombed-out bridge. Crossing the frozen river in the dark of night, the travelers took refuge in a hut beside the railroad line and awaited another train. A German guard unit was quartered inside the shack, and Sokolnikov marveled at how the unit's commanding officer kept emphasizing that he was not "an enemy."

Danilov's description is more poignant. The Soviet delegation, he writes, huddled in the middle of the room, exhausted by the journey, and tried to sleep. The German commander and his troops made do along the sides of the walls.

"His subordinates—youths exhausted by their duty—were less interested in the unknown visitors and preferred sleep. The measured breathing, and quiet, tired snoring soon echoed from all corners of the room which was crammed with people. This monotonous picture was broken occasionally by the sudden cry of one of the sleeping men, or the periodic preparations for the next watch. Thus with the exactitude of mechanical clockwork, in the fourth year of the war, he went about his duties. As a former army commander, I looked upon him with a feeling of deep envy."

Finally on February 28, the mission arrived after a two-and-a-half day trip. The experts, in the course of the trip, had telegraphed the War Ministry in Petrograd about their efforts to convince the Soviet representative not to sign the peace, and asked for a return statement of support in their opposition. None came. Now, immediately before meeting the Germans, they committed their dissenting view to writing.

The delegation, according to Sokolnikov, was fully committed to the separate peace, but it was not bound with regard to negotiating tactics. Caught between the directive from Lenin, and the opposition of their military specialists, the delegation decided on an uncomfortable compromise. They would sign the peace treaty, but to demonstrate that they were accepting the unacceptable, they would ostentatiously refuse to read its contents or discuss its terms.

This decision further appalled the military experts. If the delegation insisted on signing the separate peace, Danilov concludes, it would be irresponsible not to examine every provision. The delegates took the view that it would make better propaganda to sign the agreement and damn it. Politics overrode military advice, and on March 3, 1918 Sokolnikov denounced the treaty and signed it.

For General Danilov, the treaty was more than he could tolerate. The Bolshevik government asked him next to take command of the Western front, but he declined. A few days later, Adolph Yoffe brought him an order, signed by Lenin, naming him to a high post in the War Ministry. Again he declined. To put a stop to these entreaties, Danilov persuaded the War Ministry to relieve him of all further obligations. Still, even after this, Lenin asked him to become chief of the all-Russian general staff. This was the end.

"Circumstances came to our help, and we traveled in one of the hetman's (the Ukrainian leader's) trains in great comfort to my native Kiev where I settled as a private citizen."

The Brest peace did not last long. The Bolshevik government abrogated it within nine months after revolution broke out in Germany, and Berlin, in turn, sued for peace. Meanwhile, Danilov, now a private citizen, served briefly as a director of a newly formed bank until civil war engulfed the Ukraine.

Judging the campaign of the White generals in the Ukraine against the communists to be hopeless, Danilov departed for Japan to join forces with Admiral A. V. Kolchak who had proclaimed himself dictator of all the Russias. Kolchak died before Danilov could join him to take up the position of minister of war. He returned to the Ukraine and sided with Baron Peter Wrangel who led the last resistance to Lenin's forces. When Wrangel's army was forced out of the Crimea, Danilov left Russia for the last time in 1920 in the seaborne evacuation of 150,000.

Danilov eventually settled in Paris where he was Wrangel's unofficial "ambassador" and taught at the French military academy. His two sons, in the meantime, had emigrated to the United States in 1919 and graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1921. On General Danilov's death, Madame Danilova rejoined her younger son, now an American businessman working in Buenos Aires, Argentina. One more conflagration, the second World War, would bring the family back to the United States, to the New Hampshire community with a view of the Atlantic which on some days passed as an unlikely substitute for the Black Sea.

Association News

FOREIGN SERVICE ACT

We are pleased to report that substantial progress—all of it favorable to the Foreign Service—has been made on the bill since we reported in these pages last month. On April 24, the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee reported out unanimously the new Foreign Service Act. In its present form the bill contains the favorable pay provisions contained in the Leach Amendment.

The Leach amendment, adopted by unanimous vote on April 23, raises linkages of the five lowest grades to Civil Service scale by one full Civil Service grade. In stark contrast,—OMB's proposed amendment, which would have removed section 403 and substituted the lowest pay option, was rejected—again by unanimous vote. It was on this issue, both a basic bread-and-butter issue and a matter of principle—that AFSA members undertook the most intensive and united legislative effort ever undertaken by members of the Foreign Service in their own behalf. Efforts included personal contact with every committee member or a key staffer, long discussion with Chairman Hanley, a carefully drafted and well-documented rebuttal to OMB's arguments, and letters to all members of the committee. The result was not only a major victory for AFSA (and all members of the Foreign Service) but showed real concern for the Foreign Service on the part of members of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee. Former-FSO Jim Leach, as so often in the past, was instrumental in this, as were Chairman Hanley and Representatives Schroeder, Wilson and Harris.

The bill remains essentially as we reported in previous issues of the *Journal* and in the many telegrams AFSA has sent out. There were, however, several amendments to the bill, notably: an amendment on position designation regarding Foreign Service positions with USICA, IDCA and in the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture. It provides *inter alia* that a position in the US with the above agencies may be designated as a Foreign Service position only if it is determined that (a) the function of the position cannot be performed without significant experience abroad or (b) that the position is required to be designated as FS to provide opportunities for rotation of the Foreign Service or to provide training for future assignments;

- a compromise agreement to raise the mandatory retirement age from 60 to 65;
- substitution of the Ford amendment for the Schroeder amendment on annuities and survivor benefits for Foreign Service spouses. This leaves intact the current law on retirement annuity, i.e. that it is available for division in a divorce proceeding by court order as part of the property settlement. This principle is extended by this amendment to cover an employee's survivor annuity as well, but unlike the Schroeder amendment there is no *pro rata* formula.

FLAG ACTIVITIES

Born out of the frustration and helplessness felt in the Iranian crisis by the families of the hostages, the Family Liaison Action Group (FLAG) was founded in March by Penne Laingen to band the families together to express their common needs, to seek answers, and to provide input into our government's decisions and actions affecting the hostages and their families. FLAG's activities have since grown to encompass international, national, and regional perspectives. Members have visited western European countries to personalize the hostages' plight. They have helped direct a national information program to keep our countrymen focused on the hostages and principles of national honor at stake in Iran. And, they have already sponsored three regional meetings in Chicago, Houston, and Washington for the families of the hostages. Although FLAG was established to cope with an immediate crisis, its members hope that it will last long after the hostages have returned safely home.

AFGHANISTAN RELIEF

Every year for the past ten years, dozens of Foreign Service employees and retirees take part in a reunion held in the Washington area. They gather, drawn by the common bond of having served in Afghanistan, to reacquaint themselves, to recall "the good old days."

This year, a cloud hung over the annual event. Concern about Afghan friends who have been swept up by the Russian invasion of that country was the main topic of conversation.

According to the recently formed Afghanistan Relief Committee, more than 750,000 Afghans have fled to Pakistan. Intensified fighting is adding 50,000 more refugees a month. It is estimated that at least $100 million in aid will be needed this year to sustain them.

The Afghanistan Relief Committee in Washington is part of a national effort by a private, non-profit organization in New York, which has set a national goal of raising $10 million to buy tents, clothing and medicine to send to the refugees in Pakistan. The committee is being advised by several former US Ambassadors to Afghanistan and the UN High Commissioner for Refugees. The relief goods will be purchased and distributed by US voluntary agencies, most likely Church World Service, Catholic Relief Services and the International Rescue Committee.

Former US Ambassador to Afghanistan Robert Neumann said at the press conference announcing the formation of the committee:

"Until now, the burden of aiding these refugees has fallen almost entirely upon Pakistan, which has helped as much as it can, but can hardly bear that burden alone. The world . . . has only just begun to notice the Afghan refugees. It is imperative that we begin to act now. We cannot wait until starvation and mass death set in."

The Washington committee needs cash and ideas to reach its goal. Send contributions to the Afghanistan Relief Committee, P.O. Box 37266, Washington, D.C. 20013. To help, call 362-8797.

MEMBERS' INTERESTS COMMITTEE NEEDS HELP

The Members' Interests Committee needs volunteers to help improve our working conditions and follow up on requests for assistance AFSA has received from our missions overseas. The MI committee is responsible for issues which directly affect our terms of service. While the State Standing and AID Standing Committees focus on developments which are limited to one government agency (e.g. promotion board precepts for State), the MI Committee is concerned with the working conditions for all three foreign affairs agencies (State, AID, ICA). In the past the MI Committee has been able to get the department to liberalize the new housing regulations, it has followed taxation questions, and was able to get the department to fund travel and per diem for personnel requiring out-patient medical treatment.

The MI Committee tends to concentrate on issues related to our conditions of work in the service. It needs volunteers who are interested in improving these terms and improving the compensation provided for our colleagues overseas. The committee is particularly interested in getting assistance to work on the problems of our staff personnel (communicators and secretaries). In addition the committee would like to be able to spend more time seeing how we might improve our conditions of employment with regard to:

- microwave radiation;
- evacuation and support for dependents who have been evacuated;
- allowances;
- transportation of effects;
- claims against the department for effects that have been lost or damaged or stolen.

If you are interested please call Sabine Sisk X28160 or drop by to see her in the AFSA office, Room 3646 N.S.

Chairman Transfers Overseas

Tom Macklin, the chairman of the AFSA Member's Interest Committee, has been assigned to Tel Aviv. Mr. Macklin, who has served as MI chairman for the past year, will be leaving for post on June 20. AFSA wishes him luck in his new posting and regrets it will lose his services in AFSA/Washington. He has been energetic in handling the concerns of members and posts around the world.

SISK ON MEMBERS' INTERESTS

Sabine Sisk, wife of FSO Charles H. Sisk, has joined the Association's headquarters staff as members' interests coordinator. Mrs. Sisk was educated in Germany and England and has been a member of the Foreign Service family for seventeen years. She accompanied her husband, now serving in Guangzhou, China, on assignments to Kingston, La Paz, Georgetown, Accra, Lagos, Kaduna, Stockholm and Guatemala. During these assignments she served as consular assistant in Kaduna and Stockholm, commissary manager in La Paz, Accra and Stockholm, family liaison coordinator and coordinator for the International Year of the Child in Guatemala. In addition to these activities Sabine performed the usual volunteer services expected from Foreign Service wives, teacher, translator, tour-guide and member of the board for associations and women's clubs.

Sabine says, "I am very excited about my job and look forward to meeting and assisting as many AFSA members as possible. My office is Room 3646 in New State—and the door is always open."

AFSA'S ANNUAL MEETING . . .

will be held on July 16 in the Loy Henderson Room, from 12 to 2 p.m. Please get your membership questionnaire to us by July 1.

FOREIGN SERVICE CLUB

In a move to widen patronage and increase income potential, the AFSA governing board, acting on the recommendations of outside consultants, has appointed a professional manager to take over the direction of the Foreign Service Club.

Jo Ann Gianni, a specialist in the culinary arts and the restaurant management field, has been named as the club's new general manager. After graduating cum laude and being elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Fairleigh Dickinson University and earning an MA at the New School for Social Research Miss Gianni held various research and management positions with the McGraw Hill Publishing Company over a five-year period.

Her avocational interest in the culinary arts prompted her to leave the field of corporate business to undertake a full course of study at the Culinary Institute of America at Hyde Park, N.Y. After completing the American Culinary Federation apprenticeship program, she was elected vice president of the mid-Hudson branch of the American Culinary Federation. Most recently she has been employed as assistant food and beverage director with the Holiday Inn chain.

Miss Gianni has introduced new menus for the club dining room and has developed a series of special menus for private luncheons, dinners, and receptions. Luncheon reservations for the club may be made by calling 338-5730, while members wishing to make arrangements for a special function may work out the details with Miss Gianni at the same number.

AFSA members who have not already done so are urged to sample the club's new cuisine which already is generating a gratifying number of favorable comments.

CHAPTER NEWS

Our embassy in Panama reports an increase in Association membership from 22 per cent to 61 per cent in one year. Acting Association Representative Erick R. Zallman, AID, writes that "this has been brought about largely because of your strenuous and highly productive efforts." We welcome Panama's success story and are greedy for others.

FOREIGN SERVICE DAY 1980

The fifteenth annual Foreign Service Day, sponsored jointly by AFSA, DACOR, and the department, was held on Friday, May 2. Six hundred and twenty-five persons registered for the event, representing a new high in attendance.

The continuing incarceration of our colleagues as hostages in Iran, the failure of the attempt to rescue them, the resignation of Secretary Vance and his replacement by Senator Muskie, and the increase in acts of terrorism and violence directed at Foreign Service people over the past year provided a somber backdrop to Foreign Service Day 1980.

The general sessions were held before a capacity audience in the Loy Henderson Conference Room. Ambassador Harry Barnes, Director General of the Foreign Service, opened the proceedings with welcoming remarks following which Ambassador (Ret.) C. Burke Elbrick, president of DACOR, and Kenneth W. Bleakley, president of AFSA, each spoke briefly prior to the opening address of the day, "The Foreign Service in a Time of Crises" delivered by Undersecretary for Political Affairs David D. Newsom.

Following Secretary Newsom, Harold Saunders, assistant secretary, bureau of Near Eastern and South Asian affairs reported on current developments in the Middle East.

Next was the awards ceremony at which the Director General's Cup was presented to Ambassador (Ret.) Dean Brown and the Foreign Service Cup to the Hon. W. Averell Harriman. Because of Governor Harriman's absence from Washington, Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs Richard Holbrook read a message from the governor and accepted the award on his behalf.

One seminar which attracted a large audience dealt with "The Present and Future of the Foreign Service." The panelists were Ben H. Read, under secretary for management, Ambassador Barnes, director general of the Foreign Service, and Kenneth Bleakley and Thea De Rouville, president and first vice president, respectively, of AFSA.

Concluding the day's program was a ceremony in the diplomatic lobby of the department sponsored by AFSA to memorialize the two men who lost their lives in the sacking of the embassy in Islamabad in November, 1979. AFSA arranged for the next-of-kin of Marine Corporal Steven Crowley and Army Warrant Officer Bryan Ellis to be present to hear tributes paid to these two men by AFSA President Bleakley and Secretary Newsom who unveiled the AFSA memorial plaque upon which their names have been inscribed. An honor guard representing all branches of the armed forces of the United States presented and retired the colors at the beginning and the conclusion of the ceremony.

The secretary's reception on the eighth floor of the department was attended by an overflow crowd, marking the end of the day's activities.

AFSA's traditional Foreign Service Day brunch was held the following day, Saturday, May 3, at the Foreign Service Club. Approximately seventy retired members and their guests enjoyed a sumptuous buffet breakfast. Seated at the head table and introduced by President Bleakley were Ambassador (Ret.) C. Burke Elbrick, President of DACOR, Ambassador (Ret.) Frances Willis, and Ambassadors (Ret.) Charles Whitehouse and Spencer King, the retired representatives on AFSA's governing board.

After summarizing the problem areas confronting the Foreign Service and AFSA's efforts to address them, President Bleakley prompted a stimulating and informative question-and-answer session which evoked considerable favorable comment from many of those present.

One final note: unfortunately it appears that an unusual number of Foreign Service retirees failed to receive their notices and reservation applications for Foreign Service Day. AFSA recorded many complaints from members who were under the impression that AFSA was responsible for their having been omitted from the mailing list. The fact is that the department handled the mailing from lists supplied by DACOR, AFSA, and the department's own retirement division. Somewhere along the line something obviously went wrong and steps are being taken to insure that the notices announcing Foreign Service Day 1981 are in the mail well ahead of time, addressed to all who should receive them.

REAGAN RESPONSE

Speaking at the department through the Open Forum program, Governor Reagan's foreign policy advisor, Mr. Richard Allen, insisted that Reagan had been misquoted in Chicago on his remarks about the Foreign Service. According to Allen, the governor fully appreciates the disciplined role we play in advising the president and secretary in the formulation and execution of American foreign policy. In fact, Mr. Allen has provided us with a transcript of Reagan's March 17 press conference in Chicago in which the presidential candidate is on record as having said that the secretary of state and the State Department, rather than the other foreign affairs advisors, should be the arm of presidential foreign policy.

WAO'S NEW OFFICERS

WAO (the Women's Action Organization of State/AID/ICA) celebrated its 10th birthday on April 30, at a reception with Senator Charles Percy (R-Ill.) as honored guest speaker.

Installed as new WAO president was Jean E. Mammen (ICA), and the three vice presidents representing AID, ICA and State. For AID, the vice president is Nancy Fox, for ICA Marjorie Ransome, and for State, Marguerite Cooper King will continue to serve as interim vice president. Eighteen new members of the WAO Board, six for each of WAO's constituent agencies, were elected and installed by the organization's worldwide membership.

On April 21, another in the series of the jointly sponsored WAO/AFSA Janet Ruben International Dialogues was held at the Foreign Service Club. The speaker, Dr. Teresa Spens, social anthropologist and adviser to the Overseas Development Administration of Great Britain, discussed the worsening situation of women during the first five years of the United Nations Decade for Women.

AID Deferred Home Leaves

In an enlightened reversal of an emerging villainous policy, which would have delayed home leaves for AID Foreign Service employees, AID management has been encouraged to seek alternative funding and has now decided that funds for home leaves will be provided from the FY 1980 operating budget. AFSA had written a strong letter regarding earlier negative indications and is pleased that management reversed this policy before any inconvenience was caused.

Post Language Training

As part of the response to a reduced operating budget, management decided to eliminate post language training and AID/W language training for spouses on April 1. An outpouring of messages through both AFSA and regular channels also encouraged management to seek alternative funding, and management has now announced the restoration of post language training. The AFSA/AID Standing Committee is continuing its efforts to have Washington language training for spouses restored.

High Level Hirings

Despite the restrictions on funds, AID management intends to hire 25 additional Foreign Service employees this year. The Standing Committee has constantly advised management that they should avoid hirings at levels which will impinge on the promotion possibilities of on-board employees. Unfortunately, we understand that a number of these new accessions will be at high levels and will therefore impinge on this year's promotion list. We will continue to press management to look within the ranks of the AID Foreign Service for people to fill the interesting and challenging slots presently being filled by high level trainees from outside the agency.

Diplomatic Passports, Part Two:

Further to news given in the March issue of *FSJ* (page 23), readers will be interested to know that AID management is taking a very strong and unequivocal position on this matter. By circular cable State 107165 (23 April) all senior AID officials at post have been requested to ensure that direct-hire Americans are informed of the new criteria, which "specifically provide that all AID direct-hire American Foreign Service personnel are eligible for diplomatic passports. Eligible AID personnel currently holding official passports are encouraged to apply for diplomatic passports . . . Passport applications of personnel assigned overseas should be handled by State's consular office at post and routed . . . through their official channels. Applications should not be sent to the AID/W travel office."

AFSA also attaches considerable importance to the prompt issuance of diplomatic passports to qualified Foreign Service personnel and their dependents. Readers are accordingly invited to inform AFSA/Washington of any instances of unreasonable delay in the processing of diplomatic passport applications at overseas posts.

Exchange Assignments

AFSA/Ouagadougou is to be commended for calling AFSA/W's attention to the existence of an apparent invitation for FSO-3s and FSO-2s to apply for "a few" AID deputy assistant mission director positions. Cable 53880—some twelve pages in length—originated in State management and enjoyed worldwide distribution without any prior AID clearance indicated. AFSA/Ouagadougou expressed understandable astonishment at what appeared to be a resumption of the largely one-way traffic of FSOs into AID-funded positions at a time when AID has a "fullsome contingent" of able and experienced officers. Either AID should rescind the call for State applicants, it was argued, or more structured arrangements should be negotiated between AID and State for cross-assignments on the basis of complete reciprocity. This protest was promptly conveyed to AID/PM and elicited the following reply. State 53880 (para. 4) was "in no way intended to create a wholesale entry of FSOs into AID ranks. Its limited intent is to allow AID to consider utilization, on a temporary basis, of not more than a *few* top level FSO executives with proven track records." These candidates, the AID/PM reply continued, are recommended by the department and are "evaluated along with AID personnel, and no slots are specifically set aside or earmarked for the department."

On the matter of AID cross-over assignments to State, the letter noted that exploratory discussions between AID and senior department officials have taken place, concerning a "limited, career development-oriented exchange of personnel on detail similar to the ICA/State exchange program." Such talks are expected to continue. "In a less structured sense," it was noted, "senior AID officers have served concurrently as embassy counsellors for economic and commercial affairs, as well as under detail arrangements to senior positions in various bureaus and offices at the State Department."

AID/PM seem positively inclined and willing to look more deeply into the possibility of cross-over opportunities for qualified AID personnel (not necessarily all at senior level). AFSA will be showing a keen interest in monitoring such consideration and the results ensuing. Readers will be kept informed.

ASSOCIATION AWARDS

Nominations for the Harriman, Rivkin and Herter Awards will be accepted until June 27, 1980.

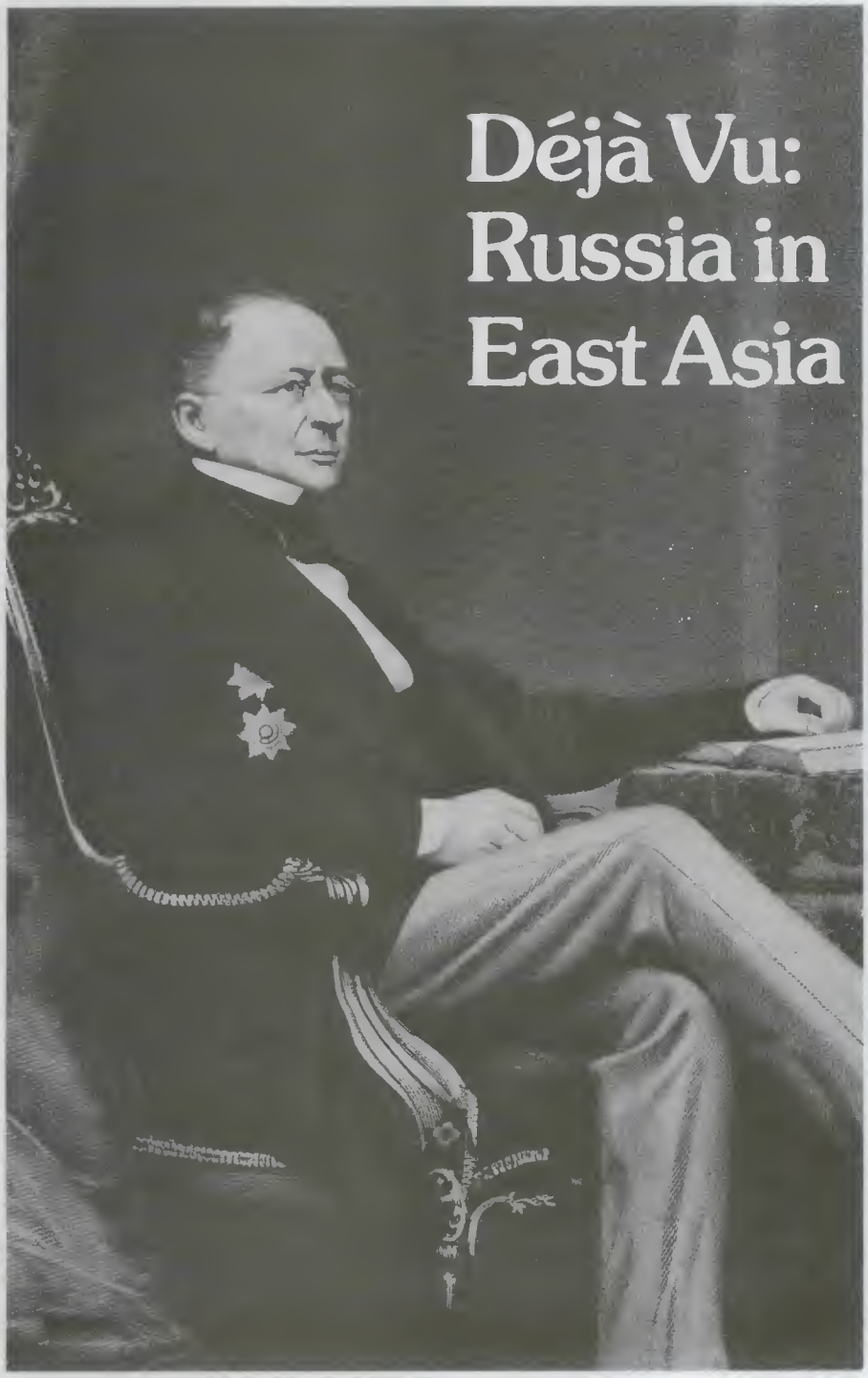
All members of State, ICA and AID are eligible. The criteria for all three awards are "extraordinary accomplishment involving initiative, integrity, intellectual courage and creative dissent." Nominations may be made by anyone who can document the exemplary conduct of the nominee. We strongly believe that there are many people overseas and in the United States who should qualify and we encourage nominations. Nominations should be addressed to the AFSA Awards Committee, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

KUDOS TO KONTOS

AFSA is proud to note that C. William Kontos, currently special representative of the president and director of the United States Sinai Support Mission, has been nominated by President Carter to be our ambassador to the Sudan. Mr. Kontos has been a member of the American Foreign Service Association since 1960 and held the office of vice president from 1969-1972.

Though the last eight years have been spent outside of AID, the bulk of Mr. Kontos's career has been with that agency. He joined the Marshall Plan Mission in Greece in 1949 as a staff member and became the special assistant to the chief of the mission in 1952. He held a variety of positions in the Washington office of AID until 1959 when he was appointed deputy director of the AID Mission to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). From 1961 to 1964 he was the deputy director of the mission in Nigeria.

In 1964, Mr. Kontos attended the National War College and in 1965 assumed the position of director of personnel for the Agency for International Development in Washington. He was named director of the mission to Pakistan with the personal rank of minister in 1967. During 1970, he was director of the Joint State/AID Office for Nigerian Affairs, while serving as director of Program Evaluation for AID from 1969 to 1972. He served as deputy commissioner general of UNRWA in Beirut from 1972 to 1974.



Déjà Vu: Russia in East Asia

Circular Letter from Prince Gorchakov to the Diplomatic Agents of Russia, concerning Russia's position in Central Asia.—St. Petersburg, 9/21 November 1864.

Russian newspapers have reported recent military operations carried out by a detachment of our troops with notable success and significant results in the regions of central Asia.

It was to be foreseen that these events would arouse the attention of foreign audiences—all the more because they are taking place in little-known regions.

Our noble master has commanded me to explain to you briefly, albeit with clarity and precision, the position in which we find ourselves in central Asia, the interests which motivate our action in those parts, and the ultimate goal that we seek to achieve there.

The position of Russia in central Asia is that of all civilized states which find themselves in contact with half-savage, nomadic populations who lack a fixed social organization. In such cases, it always happens that interests of security of borders and of commercial relations demand of the more-civilized state that it assert a certain dominance over others, who with their nomadic and turbulent customs are most uncomfortable neighbors.

First there are raids and lootings to repress. In order to put an end to these acts, one is forced to subjugate, more or less directly, the populations on the other side of the border.

When this has been achieved, these populations take on quieter lifestyles, but they find themselves, in turn, exposed to attacks from more distant tribes.

The state is forced to defend the former against these depredations and to punish those that commit them. From this stems the need for long-range, costly, repeated expe- organization makes him unseizable. If one limits oneself to punishble. If one limits oneself to punishing the looters and then retreats, the lesson soon is lost; the retreat is chalked up to weakness. Asiatic peoples in particular respect only visible and palpable force. The moral force of reason and the interests of civilization have not yet taken hold among them. Thus the task must constantly be undertaken anew.

In order to put an end to these permanent disorders, or to estab-

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Aleksander Mikhailovich Gorchakov (1798-1883) began his diplomatic career in 1817, and rose to serve as foreign minister in the imperial cabinet from 1856 to 1866, when he was named imperial chancellor, a capacity in which he served until 1882.

The full text of the circular, in French, is found in British and Foreign State Papers, *1867-1868, Vol. LVIII (London: William Ridgway, 1873), pp. 835-839. Translated by Abraham M. Hirsch, Agency for International Development (USAID Mission, Ouagadougou).*

lish some fortified points among the enemy population, one must exercise over them a dominance which gradually reduces them to being more or less unwilling subjects.

But beyond this second line, other, more distant groups soon begin to provoke the same dangers and the same countermeasures.

The state thus faces the alternative either to abandon this unceasing chore and to open its borders to ever-recurring disorders which make all prosperity, all security, all civilization impossible; or to advance further and further into the depths of wild country, where with every step distance increases the difficulties and the burdens the state must assume.

This has been the fate of all the countries which have found themselves in the same circumstances. The United States in America, France in Algeria, Holland in her colonies, England in the Indies—all have been drawn inexorably to continue this gradual advance, motivated less by ambition than by overriding necessity. The greatest problem is to know when to stop.

This too is the logic which brought the imperial government to establish itself first on the Syr Darya on one flank, on Lake Issyk-Kul on the other; and to consolidate these two lines by establishing forward strongholds well inside the heartland of these distant regions, without however succeeding in establishing beyond our frontiers the peacefulness required for their security.

This instability stems first from the fact that between the most distant points of this double line there is an immense unpopulated space, where invasions by looting tribesmen continue to paralyze all colonization and all caravan trade. Then too, the constant shifts in the political situation in these regions presented no possibility of permanent relations or of regular intercourse whatsoever, with Turkestan and Kokand sometimes united, sometimes apart, always at war, be it between themselves or with Bokhara.

In spite of its wishes, the imperial government saw itself faced by the alternatives already sketched. That is, either to allow a permanent state of disorder to continue to paralyze all security and progress; or to be condemned to undertake costly and remote expeditions which would lead to no practical result and would have to be repeated again and again; or lastly to take the open-ended road of conquests and annexations which led England to the Indian Empire, seeking by means of armed force to undo, one after the other, small independent states whose predatory and turbulent customs and never-ending revolts leave their neighbors without truce or rest.

None of these alternatives were responsive to the objectives of the policy of our noble master, which is not to extend the regions subject to his rule beyond all reasonable scope, but to emplace his rule on solid foundations, and in his realm to guarantee security and to develop social organization, commerce, well-being and civilization.

Our task thus was to seek out a system appropriate to this threefold objective.

To these ends, the following principles were laid down:

1. It was deemed absolutely necessary . . . that all our outposts would be enabled to assist each other, and that no gap would be left through which nomadic tribes could invade and carry out plunder with impunity.

2. It was deemed essential that the line thus formed by our strongholds run through areas sufficiently fertile to provide not only the supplies for our posts but also to facilitate the kind of regular colonization which alone can prepare an occupied country for a future of stability and prosperity, by enlisting neighboring groups into civilized ways of life.

3. Finally, it was vital to fix this line definitively in order to resist dangerous and virtually unavoidable involvements which might lead to unlimited expansion by way of repression and retaliation.

To achieve this, a system was needed which was based not only on a rationale which might be elastic, but on fixed and permanent geographic and political conditions.

Such a system was spelled out for us by a simple fact, derived from long experience: Nomadic tribes can efficiently neither be seized, nor punished, nor contained; they are for us the most inopportune neighbors. On the other hand, agricultural and trading populations, attached to the land, and endowed with more developed social institutions, can afford us the opportunity of tolerable neighborly relations, susceptible to improvement.

Our frontiers thus had to absorb the former, but stop short at the border of the latter.

These three principles serve as the clear, natural, and logical explanation of the recent military operations undertaken in central Asia. . . . .

We obtain a two-fold result from the adoption of [the new] line. On the one hand, the region thus absorbed is fertile, wooded, watered by many streams; it is inhabited in part by Kirghiz tribes who have already acknowledged our rule. The region thus offers advantages to colonization and to the supply of our garrisons. On the other hand, we are thus afforded as immediate neighbors the agricultural and mercantile populations of Kokand.

We are now face to face with a social *milieu* which is more solid, more compact, less shifty, better organized. It is this consideration which lends geographic precision to the limit which both interest and reason order us to reach and command us not to overstep. On the one hand, any further expansion of our realm would cause us to collide, not with shifting elements like nomadic tribes, but with duly-constituted states; this would de-

(Continued on page 44)

"There have been those who frequently have taken pleasure in assigning to Russia the mission to civilize the countries which are her neighbors on the Asian continent."

"Whenever I take up a newspaper and read it,
I fancy I see ghosts creeping between the lines."—Henrik Ibsen

CONFESSIONS OF A WASHINGTON GHOST WRITER

BURKE WILKINSON

During my days in the State Department, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles used to loan me to other high government officials like a second-hand Buick.

"Go down to the Supreme Court and see what the chief justice has on his mind," the sharp voice of the late secretary would say over the intercom, brooking little response. Or, "The vice president needs some help on an article. Report to his Senate office at two today."

Burke Wilkinson

Even after I was promoted to deputy assistant secretary of state, a rank slightly above the normal level for ghost writers, the Old Man was generous—almost prodigal—in offering my modest talents around town.

Always, it was an emergency. My assignment to Chief Justice Warren was a typical example. It was a fine June day, and I drove down to Capitol Hill in a reasonably cheerful frame of mind. There is always a feeling of peace and tranquility in the halls of Cass Gilbert's great whited sepulchre. (The fact that it is not listed among the "government numbers most frequently called" in the District telephone books is no mere coincidence. The Supreme Court is above the tumult.)

In the anteroom of Chief Justice Warren's office, an aged retainer asked the classic question: "May I rest your wraps?"

Shortly thereafter I was in the stately corner office itself. The great hand shot out, the California smile was warm in welcome.

"Mr. Wilkinson, it was good of you to come way down here." He waved me to a seat. I perched at a corner of his enormous desk and asked questions about the speech in my best desk-side manner.

The speech it seemed was to the English Speaking Union in New York, on an occasion honoring Queen Mother Elizabeth. There would be an audience of thousands, and the time was three days hence.

"How well do you know the queen mother, Mr. Chief Justice?" I asked, looking for leads.

He thought for a moment.

"Don't know her at all." Then another broad smile. "But last time I was in London for that Bar Association meeting I met the queen. And I met her duke too."

Soon we were hard at work. The speech as we envisioned it would be grace notes in good part, with stress on the Anglo-American heritage in general and our common law in particular. We talked a bit about Lord Bryce and his key role in the cousinly relationship of the two nations. I managed to dredge up an anecdote that Mr. Warren liked: *Bryce was traveling incognito on a New England coastal steamship. Cigars and pleasant talk with a stranger on the top deck after dinner. A point of law comes up and the stranger contradicts the Englishman with a potent argument: "I know I'm right," he says. "Lord Bryce says so."*

In a small nearby office I typed a draft. The chief justice and I took a luncheon break, sharing sandwiches at his desk in a companionable way. By mid-afternoon my draft pages started to come flowing back, set for all time in type, just the way the court decisions are. By five we were done, and we parted on the best of terms.

I never did hear from Justice Warren directly again, but I did learn that the speech was a smashing success. This brings me to a harsh rule that all ghost writers

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Burke Wilkinson was deputy assistant secretary of state for public affairs (1956-58) and public affairs adviser to the Supreme Allied Commander Europe (1958-62). He is the author of four novels and five biographies, the latest being The Zeal of the Convert, *the life of Erskine Childers. He is currently president of the Public Members Association of the Foreign Service.*

must learn: *don't expect to get thanked*. Once the emergency is over the person whom the ghost has rescued tends to forget that he ever had any help at all. The speech becomes the sole property of the speaker. This fact is not unlike the tendency of lovers to forget who introduced them in the first place, preferring to believe that it was fate.

Whenever I happened to run into Mr. Warren he would crunch my hand or give me a cheerful wave that seemed to say "we certainly wowed 'em." But there was never a direct reference to my day with him, way down there at the Supreme Court.

Vice President Nixon was something else. At Mr. Dulles's command I reported to his office in the Old Senate Office Building, more informal and cozier than the vice president's ceremonial one in the Capitol. He came over and threw an arm 'round my shoulder in a friendly gesture of welcome.

"Mr. Wilkinson, it was good of you to come way down here."

I smiled at the familiar litany. Very crisply he ticked off what I was to do. He had a commitment for a two-part article in *This Week*, the now-defunct Sunday supplement which at that time had a circulation of almost twenty million. He would do the drafting and rely on me for criticism of style and for double-checking of the facts. The subject was a recent trip to Latin America, less violent and more successful than the one a year later (1956) which flared into Venezuelan violence.

After the two-parter had appeared, the account was to be boiled down for a one-shot in the *Reader's Digest*.

Mr. Nixon was friendly, relaxed and very clear about what he wanted.

"I'm going to call you any time I feel like it, day or night," he said. "And when the *Digest* takes over, you are to act for me and make sure the reduced version is what we want. The only thing they mustn't cut is a tribute to Mrs. Nixon for her part in the success of the trip."

A pleasant fire was burning in the broad fireplace. Checkers was flopped in front of it the way only spaniels flop. Mr. Nixon snapped his fingers and the dog came over to have his ears scratched. The vice president dismissed me with that funny little one-corner smile of his, and I left thinking: *there's a man who knows what he wants*.

True to his word, he called me, for advice and criticism, in the small hours and the large. His memory was excellent with maybe two or three dates to check out. The style was forthright and "perfectly clear," so my task was easy.

The article ran in due course in successive issues of *This Week* and so to the *Digest* for their skillful surgery. After the fashion of their kind, the editors promised to let me see proof before they locked the article up.

I saw proof all right. Just by chance I was in the department on a Saturday afternoon when the letter from Pleasantville came. The surgery hardly showed at all but there was one fatal omission: the vice president's warm tribute to Pat Nixon as companion and helpmate on their travels had disappeared.

"I grew to understand that the style and the man were inseparable. (Once I knocked out his favorite word 'moral' nine times, and he put it back in again eight.)"

I telephoned the *Reader's Digest* and asked for Dewitt Wallace. After considerable delays for identification of myself and my credentials, the voice of the top man came on. I told him my concern that the cutting knife had cut too deep and that the tribute to Pat would have to be restored.

"We've gone to press," said Wallace.

"Then I'll have to ask you to stop the presses," I said.

There was a little gasp from the other end of the line as Mr. Wallace and a listening henchman reacted to my temerity. I heard a whispered colloquy.

"We've already run 40,000 copies," said Mr. Wallace.

"I must remind you that I am acting for the vice president," I said. "Without the paragraph on Mrs. Nixon the article cannot be cleared."

Wallace capitulated with no special grace.

Monday morning the unmistakable tones of the vice president reached me early at the desk.

"You are in some kind of trouble with the *Digest* people," said Mr. Nixon, anxious and concerned. "Dewitt Wallace just called me and said some young man at state had been throwing the vice president's name around and loosely, too."

I told him exactly what had transpired.

"Good for you," said Mr. Nixon. "I'm glad you did what you did. God-damn good for you."

A day or so later he wrote one of those too-fulsome letters to Dulles saying *I wish we had more people in the government like Burke Wilkinson*.

This was the exception to the getting-thanked rule, and it went into my official file. I never did see Mr. Nixon again. Perhaps his accolade looks a little shopworn now, but at that particular moment in time it came from a brisk and confident man, and one who knew his own mind.

I was slightly euphoric over my success with Mr. Nixon but was soon brought back to reality by my next conversation with the secretary of state.

"Homer Ferguson wants some help," the peremptory voice came through.

"Sir?"

"You know, our ambassador in Manila. The one who used to be a senator until a year or so ago. He's on home leave and has a speech coming up."

"How much time should I give him?" I was thinking now of the four divisions I ran—including the very active news division and the historical, and of paperwork piling up.

"A little less than when he was a senator."

The fact was that Mr. Dulles and I were adjusting to each other as much as we ever could. I admired his courage and his policies and so was willing to take a good deal from the man himself. And I liked being near the locus of power, for there was never any question, ever, where the power lay.

Preferring brusquer men of his

own stamp, Dulles liked neither me nor my style. The truth as I came to realize it was that the great Cold War warrior did not care for *anyone* who put words in his mouth—even though he quite understood that someone had to come up with a first draft.

The ritual, when a major speech or congressional testimony was in the offing, was that the ghost writer (usually me) would throw together a sort of composite rough draft incorporating the views of the regional bureaus. Meanwhile Mr. Dulles, often while weekending at his hideaway at Duck Island, would write his own version.

Monday morning back at the department, rested and happy with his own blunt prose, he would flip through my presentation, then slap it down on the table (and me along with it).

"I don't like the style!" was his usual comment.

"A poor thing, but mine own, Mr. Secretary," I once murmured in a rare moment of truculence, and excused myself from the room.

From then on he was a little more appreciative. He always sent me his final draft for comment and I grew to understand that the style and the man were inseparable. (Once I knocked out his favorite word "moral" nine times, and he put it back in again eight.) He was indeed a master of the shotgun phrases of the kind that jumped out at you even when embedded in long dreary paragraphs. Two of them, "massive retaliation" and "agonizing reappraisal," made running leaps into the language, and one, "the right of innocent passage" (concerning neutral shipping in the Gulf of Aqaba), was a legal term from his own vast experience that had its own beauty.

I worried a good deal about Dulles's relationship with the career officers of the Foreign Service. It had started badly from his first day in office when he demanded "positive loyalty" and had barely reached room temperature by the time I came aboard in 1954. I tried to insert phrases into his congressional testimony which would bespeak his admiration. Career diplomats were the "shock troops of the Cold War" and "vital links in the chain mail of free world defense."

When there was insufficient time to redraft the testimony, he would carry my draft along, suitably mimeographed for distribution to the relevant committee of Senate or House.

"Mr. Secretary, have you a written statement to present?" the committee chairman would ask respectfully.

"Yes, I do, Mr. Chairman," the secretary would answer, passing copies to the clerk for distribution. "But with your permission I would like to speak off the cuff."

So my phrases tended to languish unread and unnoticed.

After a year or so of my indifferent drafts, Secretary Dulles borrowed some outside talent in the person of Charles J. V. Murphy. Possessor of a distinguished *Fortune* by-line, wordsmith extraordinary and shadowy amanuensis to Admiral Byrd and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor ("I must also thank . . . ."), Charlie Murphy was known in the trade as the most gifted ghost writer in the world.

The time (1955) was ripe for a major pronouncement, for the Soviets had just taken their first backward step since World War II. For mysterious reasons still unclear, they signed the Austrian Peace Treaty, and their segment of Austria emerged from behind the Iron Curtain at last.

Charlie Murphy came up with a fine, fair phrase to dramatize the breakthrough and the hope. "We have seen flashes of light from a higherto darkened shore." It was beautiful but it wasn't Dulles, and once again the final draft of the next speech was in his own unmistakable words, without much subtlety or charm but nonetheless effective.

So Charlie came and went.

Charlie's temporary additional duties were mostly unused like my own more permanent ones. But not totally. I had a staff of four ghost writers of my own—men who ground out speeches for assistant secretaries and their deputies. I passed Charlie's draft along to them, and his graceful prose blossomed in many an ancillary speech. For a month or so the department took on the appearance of a reciprocating lighthouse, playing back the flashes from that hitherto-darkened shore.

The conventional wisdom today is that Secretary Dulles and the Foreign Service never did understand or appreciate each other. In fact, the relationship improved steadily.

Toward the end of my four years in the department, there was a luncheon given by the American Foreign Service Association to honor the secretary on his 70th birthday.

Loy Henderson, the very senior career ambassador and much-admired Mr. Chips of the Service, spoke for his fellow diplomats in terms that leave no doubt that the climate was warming up:

> To one who gained a certain amount of experience while serving under nine secretaries of state, may I say that there is nothing which strengthens the morale of the members of the State Department and of the Foreign Service more than the feeling that they are serving under a truly great secretary . . . Your confidence in situations which would fill many of us with dismay are a source of inspiration to those who serve with you, Mr. Secretary.

In reply Mr. Dulles sounded an equally cordial note.

> I have come, during these years, to appreciate better than ever before the service that is rendered by this Foreign Service group and the sacrifices that it gallantly assumes. I know better than I ever knew before what it means when in the line of duty one is assigned, perhaps to a post which he cannot afford, which you maintain at the expense of the needs of your family, the education of your children. I know of those who go to posts where conditions are such as to constitute a real hazard . . .

There was a good deal more in this vein. Then Allan Lightner, my fellow deputy in public affairs and the chairman of the Foreign Service Association, presented the secretary with an anniversary scroll.

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, he was born in the blizzard year of '88 and has lived in a whirlwind ever since;

WHEREAS, after a distinguished apprenticeship as soldier, lawyer, diplomat he was placed in full orbit as secretary of state on January 21, 1953 and has since that time circled the globe at speed for a total of 445,935 miles of air travel, and

WHEREAS, he has, as an old woodsman, developed great skill in

(Continued on page 43)

Book Essay

Diplomacy by "Glitch"

THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, *by Smith Simpson. Christopher Publishing House, $8.95*

Smith Simpson has subtitled his book: *Shots Across the Bow of the State Department*. It is more of a gadfly sting in the department's posterior. He also castigates the Foreign Service, the academic community, the foreign affairs establishment, the Congress and the political leadership, all of which, as he justly points out, share the responsibility for the low estate of American diplomacy. This book, however, is far from a mere recital of "nattering negativisms." It is not just criticism; it is a critique with a well reasoned and spicily illustrated elaboration of the thesis which Simpson pioneered in his earlier *Anatomy of the State Department*. Published 13 years ago, *Anatomy* described in clinical detail the shortcomings which prevent our diplomacy from meeting the vastly expanded challenge of the post-1945 world. In the intervening years Simpson has, with admirable persistence and unflagging devotion, plugged away at his theme. His exegesis has taken the form of academic symposia, essays, articles, speeches and letters. A fair sprinkling of these can be found in the present book. In addition he has organized a number of like-minded scholars and practitioners into the Committee for the Study of Diplomacy. The members have in turn elaborated these ideas in scholarly papers, journals and books so that gradually a fair amount of literature on the subject of diplomacy has accumulated. One important offshoot of Simpson's efforts has been the establishment of the Institute for the Study of Diplomacy at Georgetown University.

Central to Simpson's motif is his distinction between diplomacy and foreign policy. Failure to understand this simple difference has led to numberless misunderstandings, academic dead ends with their constant harping on foreign policy studies, and, worst of all, to utter confusion among diplomatic practitioners. Simpson insists they do not know the essential disciplines of their own profession. Like Molière's M. Jourdain, who was surprised to learn he had been speaking fluent prose all his life, most diplomats practice diplomacy without conceptualizing their actions or relating them to any relevant theory. They proceed from case to case, flailed by recurring crises, learning by trial and error, resorting to *ad hoc* solutions and unable to stand back, plan ahead or engage in creative positive action. On the rare occasion when they contemplate their profession they engage in sterile controversy as to whether good diplomats are born and not made, or whether experience and on-the-job training are the only reliable teachers or whether diplomacy can be taught as an organized discipline as in other professions. Simpson recognizes that diplomatic skills can be acquired in all three ways but argues cogently that only the rare individual is a born diplomat, that trial and error is slow, ineffective and perilous and that the essential components of diplomatic excellence can be taught in organized fashion. These skills consist of accurate *analytical reporting, negotiation* including bargaining and conflict management, *cross-cultural sensitivity* requiring extensive knowledge of one's own and the host's cultures, and *program management* involving problem solving, personnel relations etc. Of course experience and on-the-job training will sharpen these skills and other personal attributes such as patience, tact, charm, and erudition will enhance them.

But first, Simpson says, we must understand the difference between foreign policy and diplomacy. *Foreign policy* is the decision-making process by which a nation's foreign goals are formulated. It is *primarily* the province of national political leaders. *Diplomacy*, on the other hand, is operational. It is the combination of strategies and tactics by which a nation achieves its foreign goals. This should be the *primary* function of professional diplomats. While the diplomat may in many cases influence foreign policy-making, his professional skills are required primarily for the implementation of the foreign policies formulated by political officials. This separation conforms both to logical division of labor and to constitutional doctrine. When these functions become hopelessly confused, as they now tend to be, the result is chaotic, with diplomats trying to make policy and policymakers trying to be amateur diplomats. This is a sure-fire formula for obtaining diplomacy by "glitch." The persistent criticism of the *foreign policies* of past and present administrations should in most cases be directed at the inexpert and heavy-handed execution of otherwise sound policies. In other words we have made good policies but bad diplomacy. The confusion is confounded when many so-called professional diplomats are themselves neophytes without adequate preparation or training in the demanding skills of their chosen profession.

Simpson addresses himself to these inadequacies in some detail. In the first place, he says, entrants into the Foreign Service are woefully educated in our universities. The Foreign Service entrance examinations fail to test the essential skills and characteristics needed for a diplomatic career. Orientation in the Foreign Service Institute is sketchy, disorganized and too short. On-the-job training, supervision and career development are all haphazard and insufficient. All this, Simpson says, is but one phase of the overall poor management of the department which has suffered from lack of continuity and patchwork attempts at reform. The frequent rotation of both political appointees and career officers makes steady, consistent and enlightened management reform impossible. He illustrates this with excellent chapters on the history of reforms in the department from Wilbur Carr (1893) to the "Macomber sprint" of 1967. He shows how secretaries of state have not had the inclination, time or knowledge to institute and carry through the necessary modernization. Worse, none has found a way to delegate this task to someone who could provide the necessary continuity and then battle for the funds and resources needed for success.

Another obstacle to reform, according to Simpson, is the attitude

of career officers. They tend to be clubby, defensive, resistant to change, snobbish toward other branches of the government, cautious to the point of timidity, interested more in promotion and creature comforts than in service, uncreative and unimaginative. There are of course many exceptions but the ethos created by the majority constitutes a deadweight, making for stagnation and exclusivity. It contributes to the low esteem in which the career service is held by the public and political leaders. It is not just an accident, Simpson notes, that successive presidents have tended to by-pass the State Department and set up their own foreign offices in the White House. Moreover, their perception of career professionals as obstacles to, rather than facilitators of, policy has led presidents and even secretaries of state to assign a low priority to the needs of the department thus withholding the resources which are essential to support a long-range and effective reform effort. The political leadership over the years, in spite of laudatory rhetoric to the contrary, has placed a very low valuation on the contribution which diplomats can make to national security. This has translated into niggardly budgets, inadequate training, unrealistic staffing and the emaciated, threadbare condition of "our first line of defense." The problem has become circular. Because neither "professional" diplomats nor their political superiors fully grasp the importance of a first-class diplomacy to American security, resources are withheld. Diplomatic expertise and attitudes then deteriorate further. Political leaders and the public lose even more confidence in the value of diplomacy. So more resources are withheld . . . *ad infinitum*.

To break this vicious circle Simpson feels the first step is for diplomats to understand their own profession and demand the kind of expert training required by other professions. He thinks a start should be made in the junior officers' training program in the Foreign Service Institute. The basic course should be completely redefined, redesigned and expanded. Next, the Foreign Service Institute should be developed into a first-rate foreign affairs academy. To compensate for the short term tenure of secretaries of state and their political appointees as well as the frequent rotation of career officers, the position of "permanent manager" of the department should be created. To those who may be skeptical that this concept is too novel to be acceptable or feasible, Simpson points to the seventy-two years ending in 1937 during which the management team of Adee, Wilson and Carr in effect provided such continuity to the great benefit of the department's development.

The broader problem of creating an enlightened political leadership sensitive to the needs and uses of diplomacy, is addressed by Simpson in his proposal that America adopt a parliamentary form of government. In this way, he argues, the legislature would provide leaders experienced in foreign affairs for the executive branch and legislative support for the financial resources needed to conduct a vigorous and expert diplomacy would be forthcoming. In this imaginative suggestion Simpson seems to be less than realistic and appears to be in thrall to the vision of orderly and stable history of parliamentary democracy in Britain, ignoring the far less favorable history of political splintering, coalition politics and governmental instability of such countries as, say, Italy or Israel.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of Simpson's book is the fact that he has not confined himself to hazy generalities or broad-brush criticisms. He has peppered the book with pithy examples, illustrations, historical anecdotes and three full-blown case histories of the inadequacies of American diplomacy in action. The case histories deal with the tribulations of the China hands, the handling of the Lithuanian seaman defector, Simas Kudirka, and tribal problems in southern Africa. In addition he has provided us with an invaluable bibliographic essay on the diplomatic establishment as well as a fine functional index. Several chapters of the book are reprints of articles published over the years and this makes it difficult for him to establish continuity and chronological treatment of his thesis. However, he has managed to bridge the gaps quite neatly by means of "prefatory" notes to those chapters which might otherwise seem out of place or out of synch.

No one who reads this book can claim that he does not understand exactly what Simpson means when he says American diplomacy is in crisis even if he may not agree with every count of Simpson's indictment or all of his proposed remedies. This book is not only recommended but should be *required* for all professional diplomats, political officials, journalistic pundits and indeed for anyone with any pretension of understanding foreign affairs.

—LEON B. POULLADA

Two Palestinian Writers

THE QUESTION OF PALESTINE, *by Edward W. Said. Times Books, $12.50.*

MY HOME, MY PRISON, *by Raymonda Hawa Tawil. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $12.95.*

The interesting thing about these two books by Palestinians—one a professor at Columbia University and one a resident of the occupied West Bank—is that both of them come out for future coexistence between Israelis and Palestinians. They are both supporters of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), but neither of them argues—and this is the significant point—for a solution to the Arab-Israel dispute in which Israel would be eliminated as a factor in the Middle Eastern scene. On the contrary, both writers are at pains to argue that present thinking in the PLO leadership no longer calls for the destruction of the Zionist state.

Of the two books, Professor Said's is the more ambitious. It is essentially a historical analysis of the evolution of the Palestine national movement. The fact that the author is a member of the Palestine National Council (which he describes on p. 166 as the policy-making body of the PLO) of course gives his account considerable authority.

Said devotes most of his attention to what he calls "the Palestinian experience," that is, the impact of Jewish immigration into Palestine on the local Arab population, who originally comprised the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the country and even as late as 1948, at the time of the birth of Israel, still outnumbered the Jews of Palestine by a ratio of two to one.

Professor Said considers

Zionism to have been essentially a colonizing movement from the outset (p. 69) and he cites a number of examples, beginning on p. 78, to buttress his point. The chapter entitled "Zionism From the Standpoint of its Victims" contains, as its title implies, his development of this theme. It is here that the book makes its greatest contribution. Among the many quotations from Zionist writers which he adduces to support his contention as to the real nature of Zionism, the most telling is a little-known but revealing statement made in 1895 by Theodor Herzl, the founder of the movement, regarding the Palestine Arabs, as follows (p. 11 of Said's book):

> We shall have to spirit the penniless population across the border by procuring employment for it in the transit countries, while denying it any employment in our own country.

The author also devotes considerable attention to the development of a Palestinian national consciousness, especially in the years since 1967. As might be expected, he is critical of United States government policy and of the Camp David accords. While on the latter subject, he quotes several statements by Yasser Arafat, leader of the PLO, and other prominent Palestinians, affirming support for the idea of coexistence with Israel (pp. 224-27).

Said concludes (pp. 235-38): "the Jews of Israel will remain; the Palestinians will also remain . . . . their past and future tie them inexorably together."

It should be noted that Professor Said's treatment of his subject matter, often so cogent, is marred by a pedestrian and at times difficult style.

Raymonda Tawil's book is of a very different order. She is a Palestinian activist, an ardent feminist, a sometime journalist, and a housewife and mother. In her book, originally published in Israel and translated from the Hebrew, she tells her story:—a passionate, emotional account of her life, first as an Arab child in Israel, then as a young bride in pre-1967 Jordan, and since the Six Day War as a resident of the West Bank under Israeli military occupation.

Mrs. Tawil is a woman of courage. She has suffered greatly from harassment by the Israeli occupation authorities, enduring house arrest for four months, imprisonment for six weeks and shorter periods of detention on several other occasions. She makes no secret of her support for the cause of self-determination for the Palestinians, yet she too disclaims any desire to see the extinction of Israel, her stated objective being (p. 264) coexistence by Palestinians and Israelis in the same land.

It is ironic that while her forthrightness in advancing the rights of the Palestinians should have brought her into sharp conflict with the Israeli government and its representatives on the West Bank, at the same time her fluent Hebrew and her contacts with many Israelis, notably adherents of the peace movement, should have caused her to be the object of frequent criticism on the part of her fellow-Arabs. The wonder is that her experiences have not made her more bitter, caught up as she has been between two conflicting nationalistic forces. Her plea for mutual understanding and accommodation is all the more remark-

able in the circumstances.

This reviewer commends to the reader this moving account of Mrs. Tawil's turbulent life, as a counterbalance to Said's more sober, albeit more authoritative, treatment of the same subject.

—EVAN M. WILSON

Bookshelf

The Late, Great Dean

AMONG FRIENDS: *Personal Letters of Dean Acheson, edited by David S. McLellan and David C. Acheson. Dodd, Mead & Company; $17.95.*

This collection of personal letters is an unexpected bonus from the hand of Dean Acheson, skillfully edited by David McLellan and by Mr. Acheson's son, David Acheson. Mr. Acheson obviously enjoyed writing letters, and his wit, urbanity, and sharply etched opinions about public policy crackle through these pages. Mr. Acheson relished life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which he rather solemnly defined as "the exercise of all one's powers in the direction of excellence in an environment giving them scope."

The letters reveal that Mr. Acheson was a warm and compassionate man. Out of the blue he pled with the governor of Maryland for the lives of three black youths accused of rape. Out of the blue he urged Judge Haynsworth to stay on the bench, even after the Senate rejected his nomination for the Supreme Court. On the other hand, Acheson could be plain-spoken as when he wrote former President Truman: "I wish it were possible for us to coordinate our efforts a little better on foreign policy matters. Your article . . . has cut a good deal of the ground out from under an effort to put some sense into the [Eisenhower] administration's foreign policy." His judgments could be harsh, as when he wrote about the nation's capital in December 1953: "Ideas do not live here any more . . . The mediocre is king in the country of the third rate." His judgments about people could be devastating: "I recommended Rusk to Kennedy . . . But as number one he has been no good at all." He described LBJ as "an extraordinary man. A real centaur—part man, part horse's ass . . ." But he had a very favorable opinion of Richard Nixon as the result of one meeting with the newly elected president in 1969 which he ascribed to the fact they were both practical men, able to "rise above principle."

Occasionally in these letters there is wise advice (and some unwise too) about foreign policy, especially apt today: "the important thing in thinking about international affairs is not to make moral judgments or apportion blame but to understand the nature of the forces which are at work as the foundation for thinking about what if anything can be done." Mr. Acheson was concerned even then about too much preoccupation with America's "image" which made "one look at oneself, instead of at the problem."

Acheson coined or quoted many one-liners in his letters. One seems especially timely in 1980—a crack about the 1960 presidential election. "Anyway, they can't elect both of them." And another one which consoles: ". . . the best thing about the future is that it only comes one day at a time."

There is one really sad letter in this collection. In 1962 Mr. Acheson wrote his wife Alice: "This summer I must figure out something to do. The speech, the only one I ever make, is beginning to pall. Another book has not yet begun to gestate. I have no cases and no job." But this mood was exceptional. Acheson quotes his hero Justice Holmes with approval: "the essence of the polliwog is the wiggle." In or out of office, Acheson liked to wiggle, and wiggle he did.

—DAVID LINEBAUGH

New Research on Eastern Europe

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO THE COLD WAR, *by Vojtech Mastny, Columbia, $16.95.*

Using new sources opened up in recent years in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, as well as all the previously available documentation, Professor Mastny has written a short history of East-West diplomacy during World War II that contains much new and interesting information. This reviewer was intrigued by the following items, among others:

• that Stalin hung back after Churchill shifted support in Yugoslavia from Mihailovic to Tito;

• that well before the infamous "invitation" by which the Red Army in the spring of 1945 lured the leaders of the (anti-Communist) Polish Home Army into a trap, arresting them despite a promise of safe-conduct, Soviet general Ivan Cherniakovskii "at first let the Home Army share in the liberation of [Vilna] and even asked its officers to his headquarters afterward, only to have them arrested on the spot and their troops disbanded;"

• that despite their subservience in other respects to Moscow, the Polish Communists put into power by him, in 1945 argued with Stalin about the frontier in East Prussia and about rectifications of the Curzon Line boundary; that, in fact, they pleaded with him to come to the aid of the embattled (anti-Communist) Home Army in Warsaw in the fall of 1944;

• that Soviet documents show that at the time of the Warsaw uprising in August 1944, Marshal Rokossovskii's army had reported to Stalin "that the troops would be able to resume their advance by August 25." (Yet, as is well known, the Russians stood by while the Germans annihilated the Polish Home Army in Warsaw and finally occupied the city only in January 1945);

• that at least for a while, Russia might have been satisfied with a declaration of Bulgarian neutrality in 1944, but that Churchill considered that not enough. Later, of course, the Russians moved in and took over Bulgaria.

Joe Kennedy's Trousers

KENNEDY AND ROOSEVELT: *The Unholy Alliance, by Michael R. Beschloss. Norton, $14.95.*

The relationship between Joseph P. Kennedy—the "Founding Father"—and President Franklin D. Roosevelt is now a footnote in history, but a fascinating one. Kennedy was a self-made multimillionaire who was also an active Democrat—a relative rarity at the time. On top of that he was a Boston Irishman with impeccable local political connections.

Through a combination of heavy contributions and incredible effrontery, Kennedy was able to flatter, cajole and to some extent blackmail President Roosevelt into giving him a series of political appointments, of which the last, ambassador to Britain in the late thirties, proved to be a disaster. A blatant power-worshipper who barely concealed his admiration for Hitler and encouraged the worst tendencies of the appeasement movement led by Chamberlain, Kennedy's star went into eclipse as soon as Churchill became prime minister.

In what Mrs. Roosevelt later described as the most embarrassing weekend in her life, Kennedy resigned from office after being expelled by the president from Hyde Park an hour after his arrival. Thenceforward he devoted his efforts to promoting the political fortunes of his three sons, with consequences that are now part of history. This is a fascinating book, though badly written. Its best features are the incredible scenes between the president and Kennedy including a barely believable one in which Joseph P. was ordered to remove his trousers in front of the president's guests to see how his legs would appear in knee-breeches!

—CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.

RE-ENTRY *from page 8*

they will tell you. They spend their first year walking around like zombies in a mine field. They are "the army brats, the Foreign Service brats." (I wonder if, in fact, these epithets were not coined long ago by people "back home" who could not quite fit these odd children in already existing categories.) Nobody told them they were different until then, nobody wanted to think they were different, God forbid! Nobody explained the strangeness of living in America. This was home, the nest at last.

But back in the US the youngsters get the message, very quickly and often brutally. They try. Lord knows how they try. They talk at great length about what they have seen and done out there, in order to make up for their ignorance as to who won the last World Series. The more they try the more they look and sound worlds apart, which is exactly what they are, of course.

Many of our children might feel less fright if confronted by a boa constrictor than they do facing groups of their peers in an American high school.

Valiant children have been known to give up on the battle field, some never recovered. I have known some who had nervous breakdowns, others who could no longer afford to be seen with children who used to be their playmates for fear of censure by their peers, and went through terrible periods of loneliness.

Now their problem is recognized, true, but parents who have been overseas for a long time may not have given it much thought. They must explain to their children how and in what way they are going to be different, again and again, and they must say that being different, somehow is going to make them unhappy at times, and unacceptable at times. That, unfortunately, is the price to pay by children of Foreign Service families for a life they have not chosen, merely inherited. Parents must help their children with all their might, with all their love. It may well be that special courses and counseling ought to be devised for young people, and that Washington ought to run such a program at re-entry, as a matter of course, just as it is now done at some posts overseas. Washington is not the soft nest you might have unwittingly led your children to believe it is, at least not at first. It is often, for what seems the longest, hardest, most disappointing length of time, just another assignment, another post, and the majority is not the supportive majority your children can find comfort with. Until proved otherwise it is a majority quite inimical to those exotic, worldly, savvy and odd youngsters: yours and mine.

ADVENTURES OF A PAO IN ISRAEL *from page 17*

much to see and learn that I seized every chance to capitalize on the advantage of living there. Antiquities abounded, both geological and historical, and I adopted the national pastime of archaeology. Dr. Nelson Glueck showed me how the professionals probed traces of the ancients on an expedition to the Negev Desert. This renowned archaeologist had explored the area for 30 years. A slim, dynamic outdoorsman, he was revered by Israeli youth. They volunteered to accompany him free. In 1957 he took me and a team of kibbutznik soldiers and students to research his eventual best-seller, *Rivers in the Desert*. This entailed locating "tels"—small mounds in the sand which were the remnants of defunct towns—and then identifying the shards we picked up.

He had a jarring surprise the afternoon his little caravan of Land Rovers rolled back toward modern civilization. We came over the brow of a bare hill, and there before us stretched a valley, several miles square, with munitions stacked in unbroken rows, from one side to the other; tanks, guns, small arms, shells, weapons carriers, jeeps, trucks, tents with bulges, oil drums—all neatly laid out and uncovered since there was no rain to fear. Enough to supply several divisions.

Glueck turned to me and murmured so the others could not hear:

"Promise me not to report this at the embassy. I have to play fair with the Israeli government, since they permit me to conduct my studies here."

When I hesitated, he added, "You don't need to worry. They have assured me this is defensive equipment; it will not be used to attack anyone."

He had shoved a moral quandary at me. It boiled down to choosing between patriotism and my friend Nelson Glueck. I grunted that I would not make unecessary trouble out of what I had seen under his auspices. He was unhappy with my reply, but my own duty was clear to me. Back at the embassy our army attaché said he already knew about the vast cache, though he wasn't so sanguine about intentions concerning its use as Glueck professed to be. Events proved Glueck right, as years passed before the next military thrust.

Naval attaché Donald Higgins and I found another channel to the past, through scuba. We ordered the latest gear from Sears Roebuck and taught ourselves to dive. Our first locale was the ruined port of Caesarea where we and the tropical fish gloried in the grandeur of sunken marble forms and shipwrecks. Among the pioneers of this sport in Israel, we joined local devotees in choice spots for fishing and photography.

My house too looked down on history from a 50-foot cliff above the beach where Napoleon's soldiers had marched to their first defeat, at Acre.

After eighteen months I reviewed our program. By now we knew the key personalities in every target group and could set the record straight with any of them, any time. I was fortunate during my

USIA years never to be uncomfortable about US policy, either from not believing in it, or from being forced to reflect it through a twisted mirror.

One question arose: since so many Americans voluntarily brought their diverse cultural talents and presentations to Israel, why should our government gild the lily with additional items, so expensive to mount? Why not just let the musicians, artists, authors, students and professors flow in and out on their own? I suggested cutting our cultural budget, but the area director said it was too soon after Suez to risk rocking the boat. At the very least, he warned, economizing in Israel would probably raise hackles in parts of the American Jewish community.

Tranquility marked the final months of my stay, disturbed only by some muscle flexing under the Eisenhower Doctrine. In a splendid show of force, US marines landed on the shores of Lebanon. Israelis viewed the exercise with approval. Uncle Sam was still dependable and strong.

Now that controversy had receded, Israelis made Americans feel at home. Much of this amiability doubtless sprang from the many-layered support we provided Israel. Indeed I used to point out in speeches that the United Jewish Appeal's tax exempt status meant that not only Jews, but all Americans, made donations: Since taxes lost through the exemption had to be made up by increased levies on all citizens, that meant all of us participated in each gift.

The ambassador was happy with his forty-two speech texts about the "Katzen" projects, and my tour was winding to its close. The future was cloudless; until the regional security man inspected the embassy. His report declared that one USIS Israeli employee had become a security risk. He and the embassy administrative officer and I met with the ambassador to determine the next step. I pointed out that the person in question had given unblemished service for many years and also had high political connections among the majority party.

The allegation, however, was serious, and, if valid, meant we had to separate the employee from USIS. We couldn't reveal the real cause, so we examined the file to see if there were some other peg to hang a dismissal upon. The only negative item was that someone had overheard the employee criticize Mr. Nixon in cocktail party chitchat, years before.

I cabled USIA for permission to rebut the charge; a prompt reply consented. I prevailed on the CIA chief and within days he procured proof that the security question had no substance. Delighted, I hurried to tell the ambassador that we didn't have to fire this paragon after all.

Up went the gale warning flag.

"It doesn't matter what the report says now," he sputtered with rage, "I don't want anyone in *my* embassy who has denigrated the vice president of the United States!"

I replied that if we fired every Israeli in the embassy who at one time or another had made such a slip, the staff would be decimated.

But by now his boiling point had had been exceeded and I had to flee his office to avoid actual bloodshed.

I conducted the rest of the affair through the deputy chief of mission and by memo to the ambassador. I argued on paper that it would be unfair to throw out the employee on such an antiquated, unsubstantiated charge; if it were wrong, then something should have been done at the time the impropriety took place; besides, summary separation now could easily cause a scandal and irritate the population USIS was spending hundreds of thousands to propagandize! He would not *order* me to take the action, presumably because then any flare-up of public opinion would be his responsibility. He complained that I should move because it was what he wanted.

The issue fused in my mind: stand up for what was strategically and morally sound. I cabled USIA to bring me home. I arrived to find agency management aggrieved and stunned.

"But you agreed I should fight this accusation," I reminded my area director.

"Yes, but not the ambassador!"

I shrugged, "That wasn't my idea either. Why don't you let me hash this over with state?"

This let USIA off the hook, the craven so-and-sos. I called on the acting secretary of state for the Middle East, Edwin Kretzmann. He got the point and promptly telegraphed the ambassador to back off. The case was closed.

This painful experience could arise with any USIS program if the chief of mission chooses—and is allowed—to behave with poor judgment. The PAO has to follow his conscience and try to save the program, if not his own bureaucratic skin.

My last night in Israel occasioned a farewell to which some 300 came. Just before the party, Ambassador Lawson arrived with under secretary of state, the legendary Robert Murphy, who had asked to swim in the sea before dinner. Such are the manners of our foreign service that in front of Mr. Murphy the ambassador treated me as a royal favorite. I never saw him again.

Later I walked Teddy Kollek to his battered old car to say goodbye. He produced a box the size of a cigarette package as a parting gift, and then sped away at his usual breakneck pace. I watched him for a moment, recalling our pleasant dealings and the remarkable things he had done for his country (and still does today as mayor of Jerusalem and supporter of the Camp David accord). Then his red stop lights lit up and within seconds he was back.

"Have you opened the box?" He was uneasy.

"No."

"Thank the Lord!"

"Why?"

"Because you've got Dr. Hale!" (the former AID chief in Israel). Dr. Hale had died recently while fundraising for Israel in the United States. My present was a pair of cufflinks from old Roman coins Teddy had found on the desert; Dr. Hale's ashes were due to be scattered over the desert.

Foreign service is so surprising.

IMPROVING THE INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM

from page 13

execute a limited range of missions not overtly performable by any other part of the national security establishment. A covert action office of this kind would, by its secret and high-level character, be more responsible and self-limiting than the present massive, though compartmentalized, bureaucracy. Assignments would be entrusted to qualified persons with well-established covers, not to a corps of easily-identified, multi-purpose clandestine operations. Because of their reliance on non-government personnel, the projects of the special operations branch would have to be kept under the strictest secrecy. Project clearances and reports should be restricted to two congressional committees, with severe legal penalties prescribed for unauthorized disclosure. There should be no repetition of the incredible public exposure of the methods, equipment and use of local agents that emanated from Pentagon briefings immediately after the Iranian rescue débacle.

Improvement in the coverage and product of the US intelligence system would require quite a different approach. The ideal solution—admittedly not achievable—would be to take the bureaucratic components responsible for political and economic estimates out of the system completely and unite them in a new and completely autonomous organization, staffed by a diversified, international corps of political and economic specialists, charged with preparing reports and estimates for the national security establishment similar to what *The Economist Intelligence Unit*, or the *Petroleum Intelligence Weekly*, furnishes to private subscribers. A more achievable goal would be gradually to contract and diversify the intelligence side of CIA, by rotating personnel—bringing more in from the field, giving two four-year assignments to area specialists from other agencies and universities under the Intergovernmental Personnel Act, and recruiting from a broader spectrum of business, journalism and the professions than is now the case. In the case of estimates involving remote areas and unfamiliar non-western cultures, the analytical process should be farmed out to business or academic specialists, or at least subjected to a rigorous critique by such specialists before taking final form. On crucial questions, other departments and agencies with expertise or special insights should be encouraged to submit competing estimates or given the opportunity to file informed and well-substantiated dissents.

The collection process should be broadened. All countries should be regarded as being in a permanent state of societal evolution. Their social, economic and political structures, as well as the forces opposed to them, should be viewed in a detached and impersonal way as transitory phenomena. Contact should be made with levels of the private business and financial sectors not heretofore systematically covered. An even greater effort should be made to develop sympa-

thetic contacts in youth and student circles, and with dissident groups. There should be no hesitation about obtaining information from any source, domestic or foreign. To the extent that clandestine sources are relied on, the material should be processed as rapidly as possible since in an age of mass effects most sensitive information usually has the value life of a fruit fly. Classification of political and economic intelligence should be correspondingly downgraded for rapid handling.

In the analytical process, the objective would be to transform intelligence estimates into products that the policy-maker can actually use, instead of being scanned for trends and then discarded. Language and syntax should be pruned of jargon and abstractions. Estimates should be oriented to foreign actions and capabilities, not speculative intangibles, and substantiated by supporting evidence. Neatly packaged conclusions aimed at giving the policy-maker a comfortable sense of control over events should be avoided. Above all, estimates should keep events in their proper cultural and historical perspective, free alike from policy bias and the hysteria of the moment.

One other organizational change should be considered. If the director of central intelligence were liberated from his dual role as head of the CIA, and moved to the White House as supreme chief of all intelligence activities, it would have the beneficial effect of giving the State Department's bureau of intelligence and research, and the Defense Intelligence Agency equal bureaucratic status with the CIA, thereby enhancing diversity of approach, and stimulating competition in the preparation of estimates. Of itself, this would not work any fundamental change in the mind-set of intelligence professionals, but might at least free the system from the straitjacket of consensus.

As regards the recent debate in Congress over the CIA "charter" the emphasis has been misplaced. Clearly, the Hughes-Ryan amendment should be repealed and congressional oversight of covert operations limited to two committees. But the objective should be to assure *presidential accountability,* not more agency accountability to Congress. The law should require prior disclosure of the full details of prospective covert operations to the president, and disclosure to Congress made under controlled conditions well after the fact. It should be made statutorily impossible for the chief executive or national security adviser to escape responsibility for the consequences of their blunders by pleading ignorance of the details of covert operations that backfire.

Beyond this there is little that organizational change or legislation can do. There is no way of mandating improved performance or better judgment by enacting laws or drafting regulations. Any more congressional oversight would only multiply the chances of ignorant or malicious interference in a sorely beset system whose ills are internal and not susceptible to legislative remedy. The responsibility is the president's and he should not be permitted to evade it.

CONFESSIONS OF A WASHINGTON GHOST WRITER

from page 31

negotiating the rapids and whirlpools of international affairs and has been a resolute searcher for the quiet pools where true peace lies, and

WHEREAS, it is now clearly established that he will never be his age, even if he cannot fail to influence and leave his mark upon it,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the American Foreign Service Association extends to John Foster Dulles congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of his 70th birthday.

This scroll was the last piece of ghostwriting that I did in the Department before I left for a new post in Paris. It said exactly what I felt about the Old Man who was my pride and my terror.

Amid the applause and laughter, Mr. Dulles smiled his wintry early-American smile. He was very pleased.

A GHOSTLY FOOTNOTE

During the course of my four years at state, I drafted quite a few messages and statements for President Eisenhower. Such assignments did not always come through the normal channel of the department's secretariat. Ably run as it was by Fisher Howe, it could sometimes prove a bottleneck. When the president's staff wanted something fast, they tended to call me direct. One good example was the Eisenhower message to his old wartime comrade Winston Churchill on the occasion of Churchill's 80th birthday. The request reached me at noon. I dropped my suggestions at the White House on the way home:

I know I speak for my fellow countrymen in sending you warmest congratulations on reaching a new landmark in a life that is in itself a series of great landmarks.

We Americans have seen the great Anglo-American partnership grow and flourish with you as one of the staunch architects. In the dark times of war, and the anxious ones of uncertain peace, this partnership has sustained us all and given us strength.

Now as you reach four-score, we Americans salute you as world statesman, as unconquerable warrior in the cause of freedom, as our friend of many valiant years.

Before signing it, the president added, after "countrymen" in the first line, "as I enthusiastically do for myself" and changed "architects" to "advocates" six lines down.

Sometimes the White House staff would reverse the process and send over a proposed message for state to comment on. Once, an arrival statement—to be made by the president when his plane landed at Orly before a NATO Summit meeting—found its way to Secretary Dulles's desk. The Old Man, who liked to tinker with prose and put his mark on it, rewrote the statement quite drastically.

Aboard the presidential plane, Ike had a look at the redraft and in his friendly way congratulated Foster on the improvements.

"You know that White House draft wasn't bad at all," said John Foster Dulles. "I wonder who wrote it."

"I did," said Ike.

DEJA VU: RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA

from page 28

mand greater efforts and would drag us from annexation to annexation with incalculable complications. On the other hand, we now have as neighbors states which, in spite of their less-developed civilization and the instability of their political conditions, give us at least the hope that normalized relations, to mutual advantage, will some day take the place of the permanent disorders which have so far paralyzed the development of these countries.

These are the interests, gentlemen, which motivate the policies of our noble master in central Asia; these are the objectives which the orders of his imperial majesty roughed-out to be acted on by his cabinet.

You are urged to draw upon these thoughts for the line of explanations which you will give to the government to which you are accredited in the event that you are questioned or if you have reason to believe that false notions exist as to our actions in these distant lands.

I do not need to stress that it is to Russia's obvious interest not to enlarge her territory, and above all not to create on its frontiers complications which can only delay and paralyze her internal development.

The program which I have described stems from this approach.

In recent years there have been those who frequently have taken pleasure in assigning to Russia the mission to civilize the countries which are her neighbors on the Asian continent.

Civilization's progress has no more efficient agent than commercial relations. To develop such ties, order and stability are required everywhere. In Asia they require a thorough transformation of *mores*. Above all, it is necessary to make Asiatic people understand that it is more advantageous for them to encourage and protect the trade of caravans than to loot them.

These elementary notions can penetrate public consciousness only where there is a public, that is, where there exists an organized society and a government which leads and represents it.

We accomplish the first part of this undertaking by pushing our frontier as far as need be to meet these essential conditions.

We will accomplish the second part by devoting ourselves henceforth to convincing our neighbor states, with deliberate firmness, that misdeeds will be punished; and at the same time, with moderation and justice in the application of force, and with respect for their independence, that Russia is not their enemy, that Russia entertains towards them no appetite for conquest, and that peaceful and commercial relations with Russia are more profitable than disorder, looting, reprisals, and permanent warfare.

Devoting itself to these tasks, the imperial cabinet is inspired by the interests of Russia. At the same time, the cabinet believes it serves the interests of civilization and of mankind. It has the right to count on a just and loyal appreciation of the course it pursues and of the principles that guide it.

LETTERS *from page 4*

ate reporting, and that could not be expected from officers who seemed to be nervously looking over their shoulders, who were weighing every phrase to make sure it could not be possibly misconstrued if taken out of context by a Cohn, a Shine, or a Joe McCarthy.

The substance of McCarthyism is not altered just because the practitioners of the technique appear as liberals this time.

ARMISTEAD LEE

Arlington, Va.

Retirement Views

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I wrote you about Costa Rica and our planned retirement there (my husband is retired navy). You asked that I write again, when settled, but I have been so busy living I haven't had the time!

However, today, listening to the news . . . gloom, wars, energy crises, the shrinking dollar and poor Jimmy Carter . . . it occurred to me your readers might enjoy the second episode in the "Saga of the Birds."

We moved, bag, baggage, grandmother, teenagers and all, to Costa Rica three years ago and have been happily settled in Ranchos Maricosta. Our experiences deserve a book. They have not only been exciting but, at times, hilarious. The only flaw was our inability to find easily-accessible, registered beach property. Probably a blessing in disguise. It made us look to Colombia (another democratic republic, where, it turned out, it cost even less to live than Costa Rica).

There we found Palmas de Oro, a lovely old coconut plantation on the Caribbean. And, to complete its unique setting, when we looked away from the sea we saw, towering over everything, 19,000 feet high and snow-capped, majestic Mount Colombus of the Sierra Nevadas.

It may be hard to believe . . . hundreds of green palms, blue sky and ocean, pounding surf and golden sand, snow-capped mountains . . . but it is all there in Palmas de Oro; on the Pan American Highway near Santa Marta, oldest and most fascinating city in all of the Americas.

So, now we have two loves: our ranch in Costa Rica and beach in Colombia. We feel we have discovered a new, exciting American frontier and are eager to share our find with others. (If you think you are too old for adventure, we are 59 and 63 and both of us have battled and, so far, conquered cancer!) Write us at P.O. Box 157, Liberia, Guanacaste, Costa Rica and send your letters by international air mail (25c per half-ounce). We promise to answer.

Now, from Latin America, we wish you salud (health), dinero (wealth) and amor (love)!

JUANITA BIRD
(*Mrs. Lewis M. Bird*)

Case Studies

I'M AFRAID that B. H. Oehlert, Jr. [Letters, May] misread my letter to the editor in the March issue. In referring to "our Institute" I did not use some secret code language referring to AFSA. (Perhaps he thought it reminiscent of "cosa nostra"?) Nor, when I referred to AFSA as "our association" did I let slip that that honorable organization is secretly held captive by sinister forces.

No, "our Institute" meant the Institute for the Study of Diplomacy of Georgetown University, of which I am now the Director of Studies. My point was that it would be invidious for AFSA to assemble a file of case studies of incompetent ambassadors. It would be better for an academic institution to do this. Also, he may have overlooked the fact that I was calling not for case studies of incompetent political appointees, but for material on incompetence, whether of political appointees or career people.

The Institute for the Study of Diplomacy concentrates on the diplomatic process. We have issued a number of publications which try to analyze what makes some diplomatic transactions succeed while others fail, and we find that often this is not so much due to faults in the policy as to faults in its execution. A bumbling diplomat can make the best policy fail, and a skillful one can make even a mediocre one succeed. So it is worthwhile to try to isolate those skills, and to see how they can be enhanced and how the lack of them can be accounted for.

As a result of my appeal in the March issue, some such case study material has been received. I am grateful to the *Journal* for printing my letter. I don't see why Mr. Oehlert found it in some way sinister (he commented, "Significant, isn't it?") that I should refer to AFSA as "our association." How else should I refer to it, having been a member of it since 1946 and an officer on three occasions, and considering that most of the readers of the *Journal* are AFSA members?

MARTIN F. HERZ

Washington

Association Mail

On March 8, Mrs. Janice C. Mellor of Saginaw, Michigan sent the following heartwarming letter to Association President Bleakley:

"This morning's edition of the *Saginaw News* carried a lengthy article re the American Foreign Service and the men and women who serve us, the American people.

"Perhaps I, as one American, can communicate, through you, my awareness, gratitude and appreciation of the job you do, the risks you take and your donation to the interests and purposes of the United States. That assignment covers a lot of territory.

"You were quoted as saying 'what we'd like is recognition of the job we do.' That translates as silence if all runs smoothly and the hounds of hell if something goes wrong.

"We know—we know. The locals and the foreign experts are alert for any slip of our feet, too. Implementing educational rights and laws can also seem like trying to find security in Rhodesia. Your shell develops deep cracks and your mind wants out.

"Tell the people to keep on keepin' on. What choices have they?

"Seriously, you do have our faith and our prayers. Your families must be unusual people. Tell them I said so."

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.*

Special Services

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

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Foreign Service People

Deaths

Allen. Eleanor Wyllys Allen, FSS-retired, died on April 10 in Westwood, N.J. Miss Allen entered the Foreign Service in 1945 and served at The Hague, Bern, London and Vienna before her retirement in 1964. She is survived by a sister, Rosamund, of St. Petersburg, Florida and Duxbury, Mass.

Johnson. Robert C. Johnson, Jr., FSO-retired, died in Scarborough, Tobago, on March 14. Mr. Johnson entered the Foreign Service in 1945 and served in Lagos, Montreal, Salvador and Nagoya before retirement in 1964. Bonnie Lincoln, AFSA Representative in Trinidad writes, "Bob Johnson served as official and unofficial consular agent in Tobago for this embassy during his retirement from the Foreign Service. We at the embassy believe he was an invaluable asset to both countries, and he will be sorely missed." Mr. Johnson is survived by his wife, Sibyl, P.O. Box 194, Scarborough, Tobago, West Indies.

Marshall. Nancy H. Marshall, Foreign Service secretary, died on March 10. Ms. Marshall joined the Department of State in 1958 and transferred to the Foreign Service in 1959. She served in Nagoya, Cairo, Manila, Rome, Guatemala, Costa Rica and Pretoria. Survivors include her mother, who lives in Long Beach, Calif.

Merriam. Mary B. Merriam, wife of FSO-retired Gordon P. Merriam, died on April 4 in South Bristol, Maine. Mr. Merriam retired from the Foreign Service in 1949 and his first wife, the former Roberta Briggs, died in 1977. In addition to her husband of Blueberry Farm, South Bristol Road, Damariscotta, Maine 04543, Mrs. Merriam is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Eipper and Barbara Kennedy, both of South Bristol.

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1980 MERIT AWARDS

The AFSA Committee on Education is pleased to announce the names of the recipients of the 1980 AFSA/AAFSW Merit Awards for outstanding academic achievement:

Daniel F. Birn, Dean F. Bland, David G. Brown, Carol A. Cizauskas, Juliet A. Davison, Tatyana J. Day, Sheila J. Dols, David B. Edwards, Karen C. Eisner, James F. Elfers, Kenneth C. Harris, Lisa A. Jackson, Timothy J. McCarron, Christine McHale, Michael H. Meresman, Paul D. Ozzello, Wendell A. Piez, Caitlin J. Porter, Anne S. Ryan, Lester P. Slezak, Marc W. Taubenfeld, Daniel J. Teven, Ann M. Weber, Michael D. Whiting, Pamela Wilkinson.

The following students received Honorable Mention:

Colette L. Auerswald, Monica Diggle, John R. Knickmeyer, Elizabeth Okun, Kirsten A. Olson, Jeanne-Marie Pogue.

These Merit Awards to graduating high school students have been made possible again this year by the generous contribution of the Association of American Foreign Service Women (AAFSW) from funds raised at their annual Book Fair, and from the American Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund.

A story on the awards and the recipients will appear in the September *Journal*.

The American Foreign Service Protective Association

ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE INSURANCE YEAR ENDED FEBRUARY 29, 1980

OPERATIONS

		As of March 1 1980	1979
Members carrying Group Life		2593	**2693**
Group Life in Force		$47,367,050	**$50,527,800**
Enrolled in Foreign Service Benefit Plan		11,126	**11,054**
Claims paid during year:			
Group Life,	Number	40	**28**
	Amount	$ 501,750	**$ 347,500**
Family Coverage,	Number	17	**13**
	Amount	$ 47,500	**$ 35,500**
Accidental Death,	Number	1	**0**
	Amount	$ 37,500	**0**
Foreign Service Benefit Plan		$ 7,977,500	**$ 6,791,708**

Changes in Foreign Service Benefit Plan

Under Special Benefits, the Plan now pays 100% of reasonable and customary charges by a doctor for emergency treatment within 72 hours of an accident.

Under Special Benefits, the Plan now pays benefits the same as for illness or injury for the initial reconstruction of a breast which was removed or partially removed while covered under this Plan.

* * * * * * * * * *

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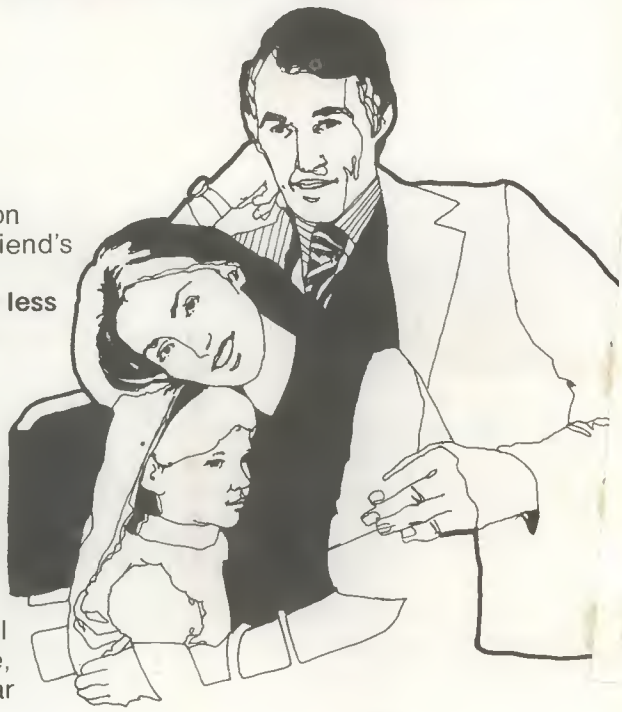

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