

Foreign Service Journal

DECEMBER 1963 50c



"Dove of Peace." by Howard Jessor

We ask . . . that we may be worthy of our power
and responsibilities . . . and that we may
achieve for our time and for all time the ancient
vision of peace on earth, good will toward men.

—JOHN F. KENNEDY



Jack London toasts Martin Eden, "Skål to the Old Crow--it is best"

Jack London, the world-renowned author and adventurer, had chosen the name of his neighbor, Martin Eden, as the title of his latest book. "I'm too unimportant for such an honor," demurred Eden. "I'm just a 'gammal kråka' (old crow)." Later, London returned with a bottle: "Skål to the Old Crow," toasted he, "it is best."



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November 22, 1963

3:30 pm EST

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY was shot two hours ago. Less than an hour ago the confirmation that the shot was fatal came over the wires. The first stunned and shocked reaction is being followed by expressions of grief from around the world. Our *Journal* was on the press at the time of these events, and as we write these words many of our Foreign Service colleagues around the world may not yet have heard the tragic news.

We will leave to others the well thought out and deserved tributes to the stature and integrity of this man as he tried to meet the overwhelming responsibilities of the high office which he held. To the extent that we can control our personal sorrow and grief, we shall here pay tribute to his great efforts to handle our foreign policy problems in full consciousness of the United States role of leadership in the Free World and his inspiration to the Foreign Service to meet the challenge of its role in this field. None of us will forget the advice to the Association that those who can't stand the heat should get out of the kitchen. He never spared himself, even when the heat was intense, as indeed it was a year ago in October during the confrontation with the Soviet Union over the missiles in Cuba. Amidst the confusion which reigns at the moment of writing, the finest tribute we can pay to this great leader is to rededicate ourselves to meeting the standards of excellence which he demanded of all who served the Nation.



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

1917-1963

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The dues for Active and Associate Members are either \$13 or \$10: For FSO's in Class V and above the rate is \$13 and is the same for FSR's, Staff officers and Civil Service personnel in corresponding grades. For Active Members in lower grades the dues are \$10. The annual dues for retired members and others who are not Active Members are also \$10. Each membership includes a subscription to the Foreign Service JOURNAL. Those interested in membership or in a separate subscription to the JOURNAL (\$5.00), should write to the General Manager, AFSA, 1742 "G" Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

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The Editorial Board of the Foreign Service Journal considers the articles submitted. Accepted material will be paid for on publication at the rate of one cent a word. Art photographs, if accepted, will be purchased at two dollars each. Negatives and color transparencies are not acceptable. Photos should be black and white glossies, measuring approximately 7 x 10 inches, and should be mailed between extra heavy cardboard. Photos are not returned, and the Journal is not responsible for the return of unsolicited material.

Please include full name and address on all editorial material and a stamped, self-addressed envelope if return is desired.

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Appointments

DOUGLAS HENDERSON, *Ambassador to Bolivia*

Weddings

STAVROU-GARLAND. Miss Christine Alexandra Stavrou and John W. Garland, Jr. were married on October 19, in the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sophia. Miss Stavrou was formerly with the Department of State. Mr. Garland is on the staff of the Embassy in Bonn.

Births

CLEVELAND. A daughter, Tamasin, born to Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Harrington Cleveland, on June 28, in Saigon.

CRAMER. A son, David Sheaff, born to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight M. Cramer, on October 17, in Munich.

ENGELBRECHT. A son, Michael Konrad, born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Engelbrecht, on September 24, in Hong Kong.

FIGURA. Twins, Mary Starr and John Andrew, born to Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus J. Figura, on September 26, in Hong Kong.

FRIEDMAN. A son, William, born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Friedman, on July 22, in Hong Kong.

GZHOVIK. A daughter, Pamela Elizabeth, born to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Gzehoviak, on September 26, in Hong Kong.

HULEN. A daughter, Sarah DeHaven, born to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hulen, on October 17, in Washington.

KAMMAN. A son, Edward Glenn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis W. Kamman, on September 12, in Mexico City. Mrs. Kamman is the daughter of FSO Edward Glion Curtis, Jr.

KNEPPER. A son, Michael William, born to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Knepper, on October 24, in Washington.

MATTER. A daughter, Margherite, born to Mr. and Mrs. James K. Matter, on May 12, in Hong Kong.

PAPENDORP. A daughter, Barbara Aune, born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Theodore Papendorp, on September 7, in Washington.

WALLACE. A son, Ian Raymond, born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Wallace, Jr., on September 19, in Guadalajara.

Deaths

CASTLE. William R. Castle died on October 13, in Washington. Mr. Castle entered the Department of State in 1919. He served as acting chief and later chief of the Division of Western European Affairs, Assistant Secretary of State, Ambassador to Japan and Under Secretary of State until 1933.

DOW. Mrs. Rose R. Dow, mother of FSO Edward A. Dow, Jr., and widow of FSO-retired Edward A. Dow, died on July 29, in Pelham Manor, New York.

FOSTER. Andrew B. Foster, FSO-retired, died on October 8, in Norwich, Vermont. Mr. Foster entered the Foreign Service in 1935 and retired in 1957. His posts were Montreal, Athens, Cairo, Canberra, London, Imperial Defense College detail, and London again in 1954, where he was Counselor of Embassy at the time of his retirement. Mr. Foster was assigned to the Department on several occasions, one of which was as Chief of the Foreign Service Planning Division for the Foreign Service Act of 1946. Mr. Foster served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Association in 1941-42 and as Chairman of the Board of Directors in 1953-54.

Photos and Art for December

Howard Jessor, "Dove of Peace," courtesy American Artists Group, Inc., cover.

Ernest Williams, FSS, cartoon, page 14.

Graph from POPULATION BULLETIN, July, 1962, page 23.

Howard R. Simpson, BPAO, Marseille, cartoons, pages 26 and 50.

Robert W. Rinden, FSO, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 29.

Earl J. Wilson, PAO Hong Kong, "Hong Kong Sketch-Book," page 30, and "Street Crowds, Hong Kong," page 63.

Pablo Picasso, "Mother and Child," page 33, courtesy of the Cone Collection, Baltimore Museum of Art.

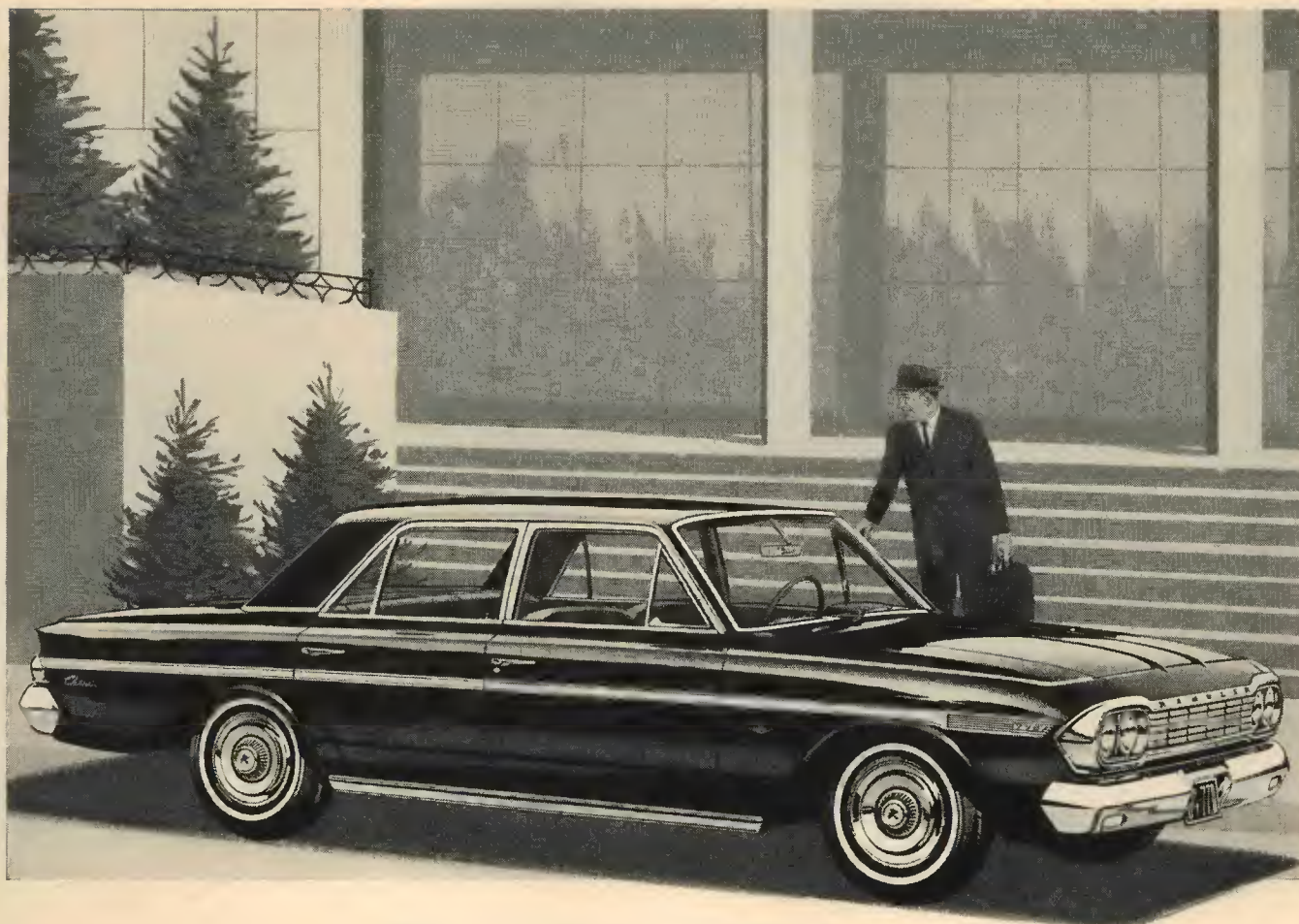
Marie Skora, wife of FSO George W. Skora, "Madonna," page 28, and etching, page 41.

Pedro Friedberg, "Mausoleum for Cesar Franck," courtesy Pan American Union, page 40.

"Ekunochie," from "African Mud Sculpture," by Ulli Beier, Cambridge University Press, page 43.



Clement Conger, ACDA, Assistant Secretary Lucius D. Battle, Deputy Under Secretary William J. Crockett, and George V. Allen, former Director of USIA, confer at the September 26 general meeting of the American Foreign Service Association.



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HERSEY. Evelyn W. Hersey, the first Social Welfare Attache in the Foreign Service, died on November 3, in Milton, Vermont. Miss Hersey served in this position in India from 1947 until 1952, then went to ICA as Social Welfare Adviser to the Government of India. In 1956 she became United Nations Social Welfare Adviser to Turkey.

MACDONALD. Charles E. MacDonald, AID, died on October 5, in Port au Prince. Mr. MacDonald joined AID in 1959 and spent two years in Bolivia prior to his assignment to Haiti in 1961. He was manager of the malarial control program in Haiti.

NICHOLSON. Donald L. Nicholson, FSO-retired, died on September 17, in Fort Myers, Florida. Prior to entering the Foreign Service in 1952, Mr. Nicholson served in various government agencies. His Foreign Service posts were Stuttgart, Bonn, Munich, Berlin, Karachi and Edmonton. He retired in 1959.

RAYNOR. G. Hayden Raynor, Foreign Service officer, died on October 7, in Bethesda. Mr. Raynor entered government service in 1939, joined the Department of State in 1943 and the Foreign Service in 1955. His Foreign Service Posts were Oslo, Vancouver and Sydney, where he was Consul General.

THOMAS. Harry C. Thomas, Foreign Service Reserve officer, died on October 5, in Washington. Mr. Thomas entered the Department of State in 1946 and the Foreign Service in 1949, serving in Paris, London and Frankfurt. He transferred to AID in 1953 and served at Bonn, Madrid, Seoul and Kabul, where he was deputy director of USOM. He had recently returned to Washington.

UNVERZAGT. Henry T. Unverzagt, FSO-retired, died on October 1, in Port Charlotte, Florida. Mr. Unverzagt entered the Foreign Service in 1927 and retired in 1961. His posts were Ciudad Juarez, Nogales, San Luis Potosi, Puerto Cortes, Medellin, Guadalajara, Chihuahua, Tokyo, Tijuana, Valparaiso and the Department, where he was assigned as Consular Affairs Officer at the time of his retirement.

AFSA : Scholarship News

THROUGH the generosity of an anonymous donor, the Association will again be able to award a scholarship known as the "Overseas Service Scholarship" for the 1964-65 academic year. The donation of \$750 for this purpose will permit the award of at least one scholarship to a qualifying child of any person who is serving or has served in the Foreign Service of the Department of State.

AAFSW : News

IF, as the saying goes, variety is the spice of life, members of the Association of American Foreign Service Women who run the Association's busy desk in the Foreign Service Lounge will never die of boredom. They never know what's coming next when they pick up that ever-ringing telephone.

At any moment they may be asked to find hotel rooms—"right away and very cheap"—for fifteen stranded persons, or to furnish detailed information on schools in Iceland, or housing in Dar-es-Salaam. Meanwhile they are keeping a weather eye on three small children whose parents are having pre-travel shots at the medical division. In fact there's just no end to the requests these volunteer workers must fill, or the infor-

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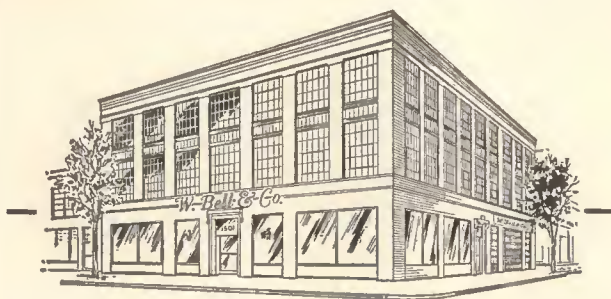
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mation they must have at their fingertips, or in their files, which grow more voluminous day by day.

There is an occasional "dull day," when only a dozen or so calls come in during the official working hours of 9:30 to 2:30. On such days, the two volunteers on duty are able to spend most of their time weeding out the housing files, sending out tickets and membership blanks, or filling orders for booklets and calendars, from the sale of which the association gets some of its income. The ladies may even manage to go home on time!

This sort of "lazy" day is a bit unusual, however, for incoming, outgoing and resident Foreign Service families can develop problems which keep the desk humming long after hours.

Housing problems alone absorb a good share of most working days on the AAFSW desk. Agents and renters send in hundreds of listings—houses, apartments and rooms—and keeping these files in order and up to date is a never-ending job. On the other side of the coin, as many as 35 or 40 prospective renters may contact the desk in a single day, although 10 to 20 is a more common daily total. Most of the housing calls are relatively simple: a request, for example, for lists of available unfurnished apartments in a certain section of the District of Columbia for a family of four newly arrived in Washington. Questions are sometimes more complicated, some are insoluble, and almost all require time, work and tact. A Foreign Service family stationed overseas wants to find a good home in Washington for a child of high school age. A secretary would like to share her apartment with another girl of similar interests. An incoming FSO wants the names of hotels that accept pets. Someone who has rented a house from the file has run into trouble with his landlord. A man just in from overseas calls from California for an apartment for his sizable family, the deal to be completed before the troupe arrives in Washington two days later. (The desk understandably hates to take the responsibility of selection and does it only in case of dire emergency.)

Not long ago, a volunteer picked up the phone to hear a very young female voice offer a quarter of a house—temporarily. Volunteers ordinarily do not take listings over the telephone as it ties up the phone too long, but she was curious.

"How long will this quarter of a house be available?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," the girl answered. "It depends on when we get married."

The girl and her fiance had already rented the quarter of a house for themselves and hoped to be married in January, February or March. A housekeeper was already in residence and could take care of the child of a working couple if need be!

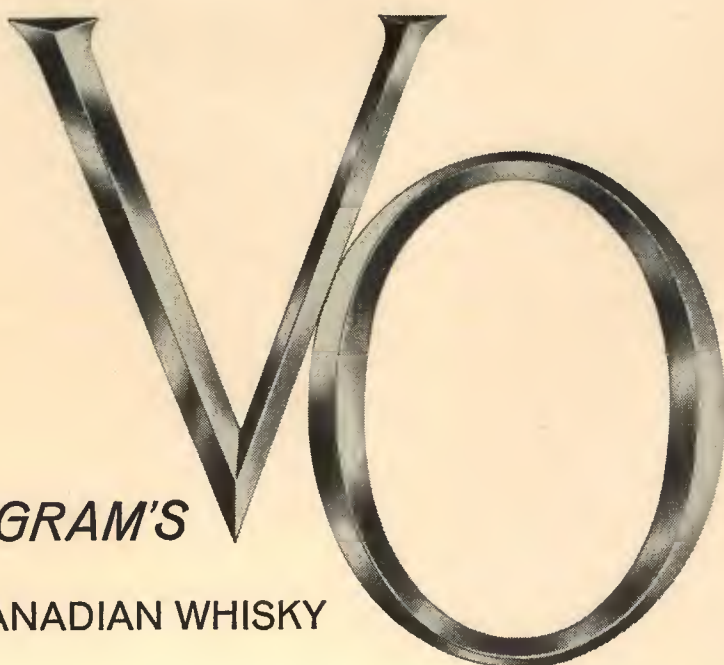
The volunteer took down the details, not for the permanent file, but with the short time needs of a small family on home leave in mind.

Despite the fact that finding houses and apartments could be a full-time job, the desk is no mere housing bureau. In fact there is almost no question the volunteers will not tackle. Among the most common are those concerned with locating personal help and services: sitters, tailors and dressmakers, dentists, all types of doctors, tutors and language teachers, sight-seeing guides, veterinarians, oculists, piano instructors, practical nurses (and nursing homes), hairdressers, waiters for parties, and household help.

Many Foreign Service families ask for information on churches, golf and tennis clubs, camps, adult education programs, rentals of everything from garden equipment to tuxedos, and on firms which offer a diplomatic discount on cars, lug-

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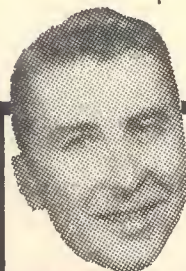
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Departing personnel are eager to learn about foreign schools and correspondence courses; incoming families want masses of information about Washington schools, from nursery level up.

Then there are those innumerable social questions: "Where can we buy calling cards?" "What is proper cocktail party dress in Vienna?" "How much do we tip on shipboard?" "Have you a form to follow in writing the ambassador's wife at our next post?"

The desk keeps a fat file on tax information, insurance, driver's licenses, and local ordinances and procedures. New arrivals almost always ask about these matters. Most of the queries are rather general, but some deal with detail, such as "Do bicycles need licenses in Virginia?" or "What about reciprocity in license tags?" Or even, "What are the taxi zone charges?"

There are constant questions about possible jobs for wives, or summer work for school age children. Retired FSO's who have gone into other work frequently write to the AAFSW in search of business support from their former colleagues.

Many are the inquiries about scholarships for Foreign Service children, especially those offered by the American Foreign Service Association. Current addresses of recent returnees or of Foreign Service families who have just gone overseas are in constant demand.

Sometimes requests come in which occasion a lot of scrambling. The files are no help at all. A woman wants to know where to buy or borrow an English-Spanish cookbook; another needs information on European Youth Hostels. An ambassador on a short leave asks if someone can take his twelve-year-old son on a tour of Washington museums. An ambassador's wife offers to lend a fine piano to a Foreign Service family for the duration of a tour.

And constantly, throughout each week, the wires hum with calls about tickets and reservations for AAFSW seminars, meetings and social events. There are even inquiries about activities of other organizations.

Tours are not unusual, and in the midst of a busy morning the ladies on duty must be prepared to lay aside pen and files and explain the work of the desk to a woman's club delegation or a group of Congressional wives.

The desk has its share of offbeat requests, growing out of an impression that the desk sees all, knows all and can solve all. Like the woman who lost her sweater "somewhere today" and asked the volunteers to locate it; or the lady who bought a defective piece of jewelry and wanted redress; or the FSO's wife who left a favorite firescreen in a rented house and wanted the AAFSW to get it back; or the officer who had to sell a car or place a maid within one or two days; or the family stationed overseas who asked help in locating a daughter "visiting somewhere in Washington" during her school holidays.

The ladies on duty can't always come through, but they always try, often far beyond reasonable limits. On a certain January day, described in the day book as "quite busy," eighteen housing inquiries were made. Sandwiched among them were three lengthy phone sessions with an unhappy wife. Other requests that day included one for information about the Foreign Service Association; four on information about various posts, Colombia, Laos, Manila and Iraq; one for Rome's APO number; one, from a desperate householder, on furniture repair; one on ordering an AAFSW calendar; two on ordering booklets; two on available D. C. maps; two, on schools in Arlington; one, on a survey of D. C. housing.

Quite busy, indeed! But tomorrow may be busier still.

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The Reign in Pandemonium

LONG ago, in a country that shall be Nameless, a youth of great promise but modest fortune was accepted as a foreign service officer "unclassified." annual salary \$2500. His joy at the news caused him to propose to his childhood sweetheart, and they were married just before his departure for his first post as vice consul in Mangrove, Tropicana.

The young officer, Lloyall Service by name, served his government faithfully and well during two years of pestilence and local revolutions, and was rewarded with an assignment as consular officer in Typhus, the capital of a small, intrigue-ridden country in the Balkans. This was followed by three years at Los Pesos, a hardship post high in the Andes, where he received his first promotion and also acquired the hacking cough which was to follow him all his days, and a fascinating tour in Balalaika, capital of a major Communist power. Separated from his wife and their two small children, Service spent most of World War II dodging buzz bombs and the contemptuous stares of men in uniform in Tweedledum, where he was assigned as first substitute deputy assistant political adviser to the Allied Staff for Ultimate Planning. After the war, he was recalled to Pandemonium, the capital of Nameless, where he served for five years, rising from secretary of COCOCOCO (Coordinating Committee for Commodity Control) to chairman of INCPOT (Interdepartmental Committee for Psychological Operations in Tripolitania). He was then transferred to Bockwurst, as chief of the Embassy's political section. He was the first to uncover the incipient neo-fascist organization of Green Shirts, which the Bockwurst Economic Ministry liquidated by incorporating the members into the management of various rebuilt industries so that they would have no time for politics.

Meanwhile, his son, Lloyall Service, Jr., having graduated from a leading university, had also joined his country's foreign service, as a Class VIII officer with a salary of \$5000 a year.

Service, Sr., had hoped for a mission of his own after Bockwurst, but upon reporting to Pandemonium after home leave he discovered that he was under investigation

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for unspecified security charges. After a seven-month suspension, during which he and his wife occupied a one-room efficiency apartment and tried desperately to make ends meet, he was finally cleared, and rewarded with an assignment as the No. 2 man (with personal rank of minister) at Remo, fabled capital of one of the world's most glamorous Latin countries.

His joy ebbed slightly when he learned that his boss, the new Ambassador, was to be the glamorous and temperamental Victoria Lavery Leigh, who had used her personal fortune to finance a turbulent career in politics and was now moving on to diplomacy. Lloyall and his wife spent four of the most hectic years of their career before a new election in Nameless swept the opposition party into power and swept Victoria out.

For several interesting months, before a new Ambassador arrived, Lloyall was in charge of the Embassy. He enjoyed his responsibilities to the full, and his hopes for a mission of his own rose once again. He was, therefore, overjoyed to receive a phone call from an aide in the Foreign Ministry, asking if he would accept the post of Ambassador to Mumbo-Jumbo, capital of Serutan, one of the newer African republics. It was, of course, not Remo, or Balalaika, or Tweedledum, but it *was* at long last an Embassy of his own. He accepted forthwith.

Back in Pandemonium, he was ushered into the office of the Foreign Minister. The Minister's face fell. Something was wrong. After a perfunctory greeting the Minister pressed a button and two young assistants entered. There was a hurried consultation, out of Lloyall's earshot, and then one of the young men asked him to step into an anteroom. There he was politely but clearly informed that there had been an atrocious error. The offer of the Serutan post had been intended not for him but for his son, Lloyall, Jr., who, at twenty-nine, had made a brilliant start in the Foreign Service. It was explained that this was part of the new policy of advancing young men more rapidly to posts of high responsibility.

As for Lloyall Service, Sr., the only immediate opening for him appeared to be an assignment in Foreign Office Archives.

MORAL: *If you were not born too late, you were more than likely born too soon.*



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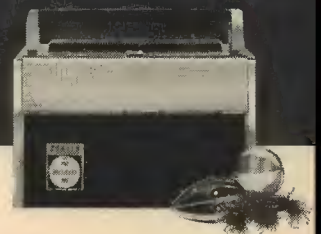


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by JAMES B. STEWART

The Indian Did Not Vanish

D^{ARC}Y MCNICHOL, Department of the Interior, writes in the JOURNAL: "As we came toward the end of the history books we used to read at school, there was always a chapter in which the Indian troubles of the last century were scrambled together. Sioux and Apache, Modoc and Nez Perce shrieked their last war-whoops, the Army chased redskins over hlistering deserts and into mountain hide-aways, covering itself with alkali dust—and at last it was all over. The Indians were locked up on their reservations. The chapter ended on the words: 'And so, the West was won at last. New settlers poured in. New cities came to hirth. The Indian had made his last stand—and lost.'

"From such reading we carried away a definite impression that the Indians were headed for extinction. Rum and white man's diseases had got the better of them. In a little while, we felt, and often were told, the Indians would follow the buffalo into the happy hunting ground. Later, when we traveled out West, we picked up cheap Indian curios in tourist shops. We would have a memento of the vanished American race.

"Now, to our surprise, we are beginning to learn that the final chapter was written too soon. The Indian has not vanished—in all likelihood, he is not going to vanish. . . ."

Comment. 1963: Apropos of the above is the following from former Ambassador Stanley Hornbeck, Washington, D. C.: "Four hundred years ago when the Indians were running this country, there were no taxes, no national debt, no foreign entanglements—and the women did all the work. What I don't understand is how the white man thought he could improve on a system like that."

Cornelia Bassel

The December JOURNAL reprints an article about Cornelia Bassel from the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE. Here-with is an all too short excerpt: "Behind the sedate gray walls of the State Department works an attractive soft-voiced woman from West Virginia who is 'affectionately known over more of the earth's surface than any other American!' She says she was born on a Thursday, and she certainly personified the truth of the old saying that 'Thursday's child has far to go.' For both figuratively and literally, she has gone a far way.

"Her name is Cornelia Bassel and there is no other position like hers in all the world. She is the Assistant to the Director of the nation's Foreign Service Officers' Training School and at this post she comes in constant contact with the smart young men Uncle Sam is training for key positions in the Foreign Service.



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*In harmony with
This festive time
We think of friends
Both far and near.
And so we voice
This simple rhyme
To wish you well
And much good cheer.*

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Latest Flashes: The following items are from Reg Mitchell's column in the JOURNAL: "As a grim, grisly reminder of the heavy traffic toll taken in Washington, a flag is hoisted daily in front of the District Building at Fourteenth and Pennsylvania, a black flag with skull and bones to signify a traffic fatality on the preceding day, or a white flag to mark a 'no death' motor record. . . . Television has progressed so rapidly recently that one large moving picture company has announced that television sets for home use will be placed on the market before the end of the year."



Kribs-Blake. Miss Margaret Pillsbury Kribs and Mr. Ralph J. Blake, language officer at Tokyo, were married on July 27, 1938, at Portland, Oregon.

Comment, 1963: Ralph tells us that he and Margaret have had the unique pleasure of serving almost exclusively in two distinctly different areas—Japan and Spain. Now in Washington awaiting their next assignment, Ralph wonders whether their particular Japan-Spain-Japan shuttle service will continue.



Beck-Friis-Seibert. Miss Ewa Gunilla Christina Beck-Friis and Mr. Elvin Seibert, Third Secretary and Vice Consul at Bangkok, were married on July 24, 1938.

Comment, 1963: Elvin (Si) and Christina were married on May 15, 1937 and not on the date given in the November 1938 JOURNAL. They were one of the first two couples whose engagement was momentarily impeded by the no-foreign-wives executive order. There are four children, Christopher, Tony, Angela and Nicola. Si is now with the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene.

For Christmas Cheer

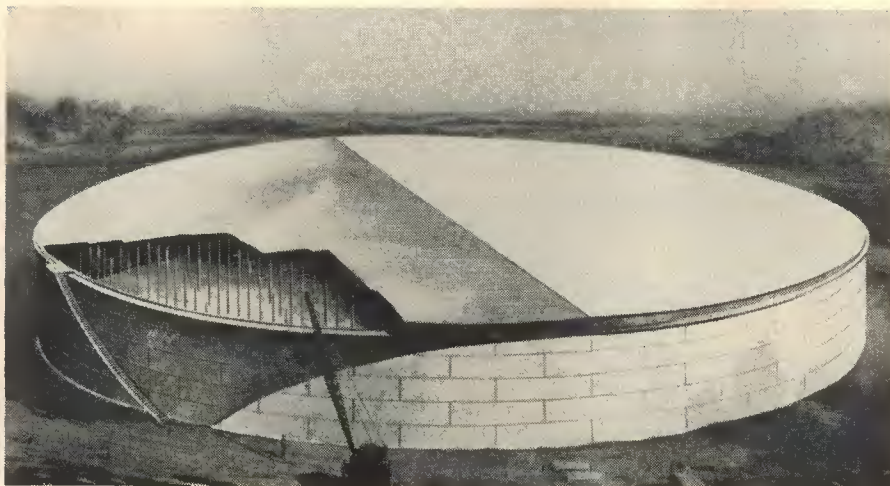
"Because an American diplomat a century ago had a love of growing things, America today has a Christmas flower: the poinsettia.

"Because this South Carolina gentleman of antebellum days saw much beauty in a humble little Mexican plant, shops and homes glow at the holiday season of the year with a brilliant dash of crimson.

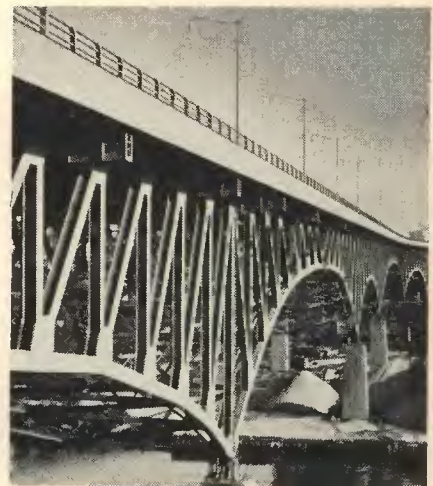
"Because Joel Roberts Poinsett, first American Minister to Mexico and later Secretary of War under President Van Buren, took some cuttings of *Euphorbia pulcherrima* home with him from his foreign post to Charleston, S. C., and lavished care upon them, a considerable industry has sprung up, an industry which deals in such delightful commodities as beauty and Christmas cheer. . . ."—Reprinted in the JOURNAL from the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

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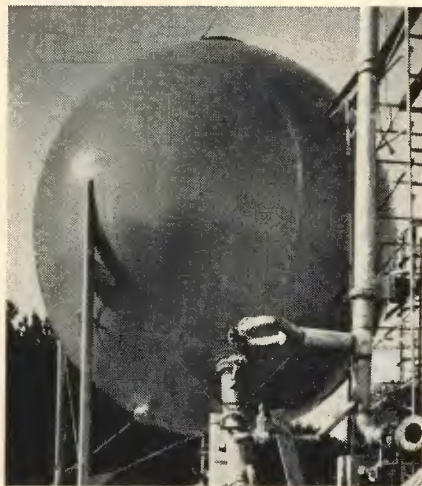
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*Will mankind be able to restore the balance
between population and food resources?*

CRITICAL DIMENSIONS IN OVERPOPULATION

by THEODORE DOHRMAN

MAN, the spiritual being, man, the creature of reason, is also, paradoxically, man, the wildest of animals—in terms of uncontrolled reproduction. Domesticated animals are subject to controlled breeding patterns, but in this sense, man is undomesticated. Similarly, in the unremitting struggle for survival, wild animals are subject to controlled reproductive patterns, nature's law of the fang and the claw. But man has no demographic master. Even in his highest civilized state, man remains a wild species, propagating as he individually desires.

During most of his million-odd years as a differentiated species, man occupied a precarious perch on one of the upper branches in the tree of evolution. For hundreds of thousands of years, Paleolithic (Old Stone Age) man, miserably attempting to wrest a bare living from a hostile environment, was fortunate merely to survive, let alone grow in numbers. Multiplying temporarily in some areas, declining or dying out in others, the human species remained sparse everywhere, its rate of increase probably not exceeding one-tenth of one per cent annually.

At the dawn of civilization, 8,000 years ago, the total human population of the earth probably was 20 million people, thinly scattered. Even with the advent of settled community living, man's society remained relatively simple, with tribal, agrarian social patterns, and his quantitative growth remained comparatively slow. We have no reason to believe that it ever rose above one-half of one per cent per year.

At the close of the Middle Ages, Europe was characterized by a population balance in which the birth rates were very high, but the death rates were equally high, so that the number of people remained fairly constant. Plentiful harvests, famines, plagues, epidemics, revolutions, wars, and other uncontrolled events either raised or lowered the death rate. Over long periods of time, these forces tended to cancel one another out.

Under such conditions, the potential rate of growth was very high. Since the very low life-expectancy meant a concentration of young adults in the population, the age

composition was favorable for a continued high fertility. Any decisive reduction in the high infant mortality rate would permit a larger proportion of the bountiful crop of babies to survive and ultimately to become parents themselves.

This is what happened with the Industrial Revolution. The improvements in living conditions released the "coiled" populations of the nations of Europe to spring explosively into unprecedented numbers of millions. In less than three centuries, the proportion of Europeans in the world nearly doubled, rising from about 18 per cent in 1650 to approximately 35 per cent in 1920, with the bulk of the growth occurring after 1800.

THIS disproportionate population growth stemmed from an enormous reduction in mortality that has almost tripled the life-expectancy of Western man since the waning of the Middle Ages. Take Germany as an example. According to tabulations by the Federal Statistical Bureau of Berlin, the average length of life in 1520 was only 20 years; in 1750 it had reached 30 years; in 1870, during the early stages of Germany's Industrial Revolution, it was 40 years; by 1910 it had risen to 50 years; by 1920 it had spurred to 60 years; and today it hovers near 70 years. This is a typical pattern of increasing longevity in the Western nations, where the Biblical goal of "three-score-and-ten" is becoming a widespread reality. And that goal is rapidly becoming a world-wide possibility.

The Industrial Revolution—the fuse that set off the world population bomb—was ignited in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It spread to continental Europe and the United States, and after smoldering a while, virtually exploded through the rest of the world. "Westernization," or as some non-Western pundits prefer, "modernization," was exported and eagerly embraced, in the form of Western science, technology, and democracy. As a consequence, by the early part of the twentieth century, the rate of population growth for the entire world had climbed to one per cent per annum. Today it hovers at 1.7 per cent and continues to rise.

Only within the last decade or so have the staggering implications of this "cancerous growth," as it has been

DR. THEODORE DOHRMAN, a Harvard-trained sociologist currently doing research in Europe, continues the discussion of overpopulation he began in the August, 1962 JOURNAL.

called, succeeded in breaking academic barriers and capturing news space in our newspapers and magazines, ruffling public complacency. Just about the time when the population fuse was first ignited, Thomas Malthus postulated the dilemma of fecund human reproduction when he depicted life as a race between the supply of men and the supply of food, with the gap inevitably widening because of the basic difference in reproduction between the two: speaking generally, man multiplies geometrically; food increases arithmetically. "Neo-Malthusian" views on overpopulation have long been a commonplace among sociologists and biologists; but until the last few years they were vigorously disputed by the "Neo-Godwinians," named after the early nineteenth-century utopian socialist, William Godwin, who debated the problem of overpopulation with Malthus. These mostly were natural scientists who, blaming social institutions for inefficient production and distribution, were optimistic concerning the prospects for solving the man-food problem. They argued that new lands in the tropics and sub-arctic regions might be brought into production, that improved farming methods can produce higher yields in underdeveloped countries, that there are enormous potentialities in farming the ocean floor, in growing food plants in water tanks, in synthesizing foodstuffs from inorganic materials, etc.

Today most scientists recognize that the current spurt in food production will eventually reach a point of diminishing returns: there is an inevitable limit to the size of the crop that can be raised on an acre of land. Although Malthus' original thesis must be adjusted to fit the modern situation, it still remains true that there is a fundamental difference between the increase in population, which has a compound-interest type of growth, and the increase in food production, which has no such rapid cumulative properties.

Whereas before the First World War the most rapid population growth took place in the economically developed countries of the West, after 1920 the trend shifted to the underdeveloped countries, which were overwhelmingly non-European in race and culture. Today the ratio of growth of the "have-not" countries is approximately twice that of the "have" countries.

THIS shift in growth trends assumes tragic proportions when we analyze the European and the non-European situations more closely. The industrialization of Europe occurred during a period of overseas expansion, when the vast areas in the Americas and Australia were opened up to European colonists. From these new worlds came huge surpluses of cheap grains that enabled the peasants who migrated to the European cities, the incipient factory workers, to live and multiply during those early days of the Industrial Revolution. It is obvious, therefore, that America provided a safety valve for the pressures of European population by draining off its surplus as immigrants, while at the same time she supplied the additional foodstuffs needed to feed a growing population of workers in the new industrial cities of Europe.

In the latter part of the twentieth century, unfortunately, there are no empty lands available for easy cultivation, no frontiers offering succor to the hungry masses of Asia, no spaces open for general colonization, no new worlds to conquer. Put simply, there is no place to go.

THE amount of land, after all, is limited. We live on a finite globe. Of the earth's total surface of approximately 197 million square miles, about three-fourths is water and only one-fourth is land; of the land surface, one-half is either too cold, too wet, or too dry to be cultivated; another quarter cannot be cultivated because it is infertile, mountain or desert, or is occupied by cities, public facilities, etc. Hence, only slightly more than a fourth of the land (23 per cent) can be cultivated. This quarter contains approximately three billion acres of cultivated land and six billion acres of pasture land, which amounts to about one acre of cultivated land and two acres of pasture land for each person in the world today.

Although not all of this livable land surface supports a theoretically maximum population, most of it, comprising Europe, most of Asia, Southeast Asia and its large, adjacent islands, much of Africa, and parts of Central and South America, is already "saturated." In line with the Malthusian hypothesis that the size of a given population depends upon the supply of food available, most of the world's population is concentrated where most of the food is raised: rice in various parts of the Orient and the offshore islands; wheat and corn (maize) in Europe and North America. Outside of Europe and the United States, we see that all of the countries that have a high population density are also underdeveloped countries. And usually the underdeveloped countries are also the "have-not" countries—in terms of land.

Mass migration no longer offers a solution. The obstacle is nationalism. Virtually all of the land surface of the earth is now enclosed by boundaries set up by various nations, and these nations control immigration into their domains. Some countries also control emigration. In other words, where a limited amount of land possibly could absorb some of the surplus population, walls have been erected against both immigration and emigration. Given our international order, a war for *lebensraum* would meet solid opposition from all sides. The earlier European solution to population problems is not available to the underdeveloped nations.

That the underdeveloped countries are also the overcrowded countries is one of the tragic facts of modern demography. Foundering helplessly in their own fecundity, these countries increasingly find themselves wrestling with the problem of securing the food necessary to provide a minimum diet for their own people. Therefore, since World War II certain countries, notably the United States, have inaugurated foreign aid programs, which help the less developed countries to feed their exploding populations while also helping them to become modernized. These aid programs are based on the flagging hope, a remnant of Neo-

Godwinism, that improved agricultural methods, industrialization, and modernization will somehow effect a vast social transformation, and the advancing level of living will automatically bring a decline in the birth rate, producing a lower rate of population growth.

In many of the recipient countries, however, population is catching up with and outstripping increases in production. To speed up food production so that it can catch, let alone outdistance, the free-propagating human billions demands a much wider dissemination of agricultural and industrial skills, a much larger capital outlay, and most critical of all, a much longer span of time than are now available.

India is a good case study. In the 1880's India actually produced a surplus of grain, which was exported to England. Already by World War I she was struggling to provide an adequate diet for her people. By the 1930's she was forced to import grain to maintain even a minimum diet of less than 2200 calories per person. Recent estimates put the caloric intake at about 2,000 calories, with almost 60 per cent of the people suffering from deficiencies in diet. Thus, according to some observers, in the past twenty-five years her production of food has declined approximately ten per cent per person. Currently many shortages in production are being taken care of by foreign aid programs, particularly that of the United States. Yet even if this aid were

to continue at present levels, it would not suffice. Every day in the decade 1951-1961 there were approximately 21,000 *new* mouths to feed. During these ten years India's population increased by 22 per cent to a total of 438 millions, which exceeded expert projections by anywhere from 6 to 36 millions. In the meantime, through titanic efforts in the shape of Five-Year Plans, food production rose spectacularly to 79 million tons in 1961. Yet Ford Foundation observers estimate that a hoped-for 40 per cent increase to 110 million tons by 1966 will still leave a 28-million-ton shortage. Little wonder that Prime Minister Nehru recently commented: "Our Five-Year Plans have no meaning if population grows at a rate no one can ever catch up with."

In country after country, international agencies have demonstrated that malaria, yellow fever, yaws, syphilis,

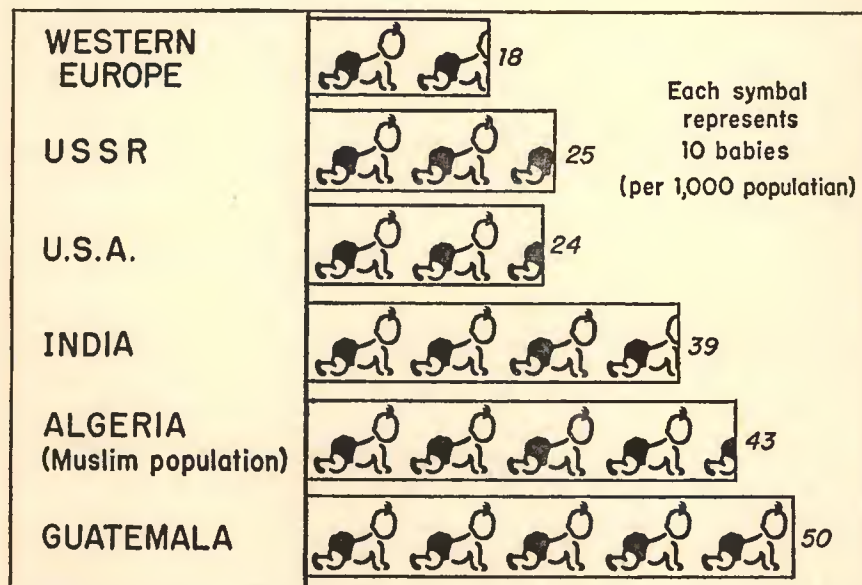
trachoma, cholera, plague, typhoid, typhus, diphtheria, small-pox, poliomyelitis, tuberculosis, dysentery, and other diseases can be controlled on a mass basis at low cost. No longer do these ancient scourges pose a perennial threat to life. Recently it has been commonplace for non-industrialized, underdeveloped countries to report declines of between 20 and 50 per cent in their death rates. Ceylon cut hers almost in half, from 22 per thousand to 12 per thousand, in seven years immediately after the war. The identical decline took England seventy years—ten times as long. Easily, suddenly, and almost everywhere, death control is now being achieved.

At the same time, birth rates in the underdeveloped countries have remained at their old high level. Statesmen have shunned any mention of birth control, viewing it as political dynamite. No government in history, no matter how totalitarian, has dared to invade the sacred province of the family by decreeing that each married couple could have

a maximum, say, of only three children. In fact, in the past, various national governments have encouraged large families, holding them up as a patriotic ideal; a large population was equated with national strength, making possible large armies. However, in the age of hydrogen bombs, intercontinental ballistic missiles, and small, mobile, highly mechanized armies, this thinking is out-of-date. Military experts today recognize that excessive

concentrations of population, instead of contributing to national power, actually create real problems of civil defense and survival.

That it is high time to toll the knell on overpopulation is evident from statistical projections of current population trends. Demographers say that, should the world's population continue to grow at its present breakneck rate, it will approximately double every thirty-seven years. Simple arithmetic shows where this would ultimately lead. Seven billion human beings by the year 2,000, 19 billion by the year 2050, and within 200 years, 154 billion people would be compressed on the earth, 50 times the 1960 total. This would mean an average concentration of almost 2500 persons on every square mile of land, including wastelands, jungles, mountains, and deserts. Particular countries face even more staggering population prospects. Our neighbor, Mexico, is



1960 Baby Crop (per 1,000 population) in Western Europe and selected countries. POPULATION BULLETIN, July, 1962.

a graphic illustration. If her current rate of increase keeps up, this country, with more than 34 million people in 1960, must find room for 68 million in 1985, 136 million in 2010, and an incredible 272 million in 2035, a date within the lifetime of today's children.

There is a nightmarish quality to this extrapolation of current demographic trends. The end of this "numbers game," it is obvious, is uncomfortably close. In fact, little clairvoyance is required to predict that the vast majority of the children now being born in that three-fourths of the world that is underdeveloped will, before they reach the age of forty, suffer the pangs of severe malnutrition. The more chilling prophecy is that famine very likely will reap its grim harvest among them, sentencing many to an early death.

THE remedy is obvious, but there are many obstacles. The world, and especially the underdeveloped world, needs a population policy. By this we mean some planned method of bringing births and deaths back into balance. Since human mortality has been greatly reduced, so must human fertility be. In a very real sense, the state of nature is an equilibrium. Measures must be taken to restore it. It was only by a long-run decline in the birth rate to match their declining death rate that the industrialized Western countries checked their rate of population growth. Unfortunately, there are no mass methods, analogous to those that have reduced the death rate, that can be applied to reduce the birth rate. Death control is social and is welcomed; birth control is individual and is resisted.

Up to the present, the underdeveloped world has bent its energies to reducing the death rate, at a cost estimated at 30 billion dollars a year. In contrast, the United States allocates about 6 million dollars annually to programs that might reduce the birth rate. Today the non-Western areas have been given the means to reduce their mortality at a rate ten-fold faster than the Western rate. No similar means, however, have been given them to modify their attitudes or their behavior in the realm of reproduction.

In many underdeveloped countries there is either indifference or outright antipathy toward any advice from outsiders that some method of controlling exploding populations is needed. The response, especially from nationalist newspapers, is often vitriolic: headlines charge "imperialism" or even "genocide." It is understandable that the United States, while appreciating the impact of population growth upon her AID plans, has pursued a hands-off policy in the recipient countries, letting them take the initiative, if any, toward controlling their populations.

Even the central governments in many overpopulated countries encounter strong opposition when they attempt to organize family planning. Birth control is viewed by many persons as an infringement on personal freedom. Yet ultimately birth control must operate at this highly charged, personal level. It is hoped that, living in overcrowded conditions, yet with ambitions and expectations rising,

married couples will decide, for reasons of health, educational opportunities, family activities, and economic goals, to adjust their family size to their family situation. In the final analysis, therefore, it is a matter of rational planning by individual parents.

Some forward-looking governments are utilizing every educational medium at their disposal—press, radio, schools, lectures, posters, handbooks, and in some cases, family-planning clinics—to lend support to voluntary family planning. They have usually encountered deep-seated resistance from traditional family attitudes. The results of their educational efforts, in terms of a substantial reduction in birth rates, have not been impressive.

Most political leaders in the backward countries, feeling helpless to cope with their rapid growth, have tended to talk in generalities and have avoided the task of formulating a concrete population policy. It is easier, and certainly more popular, to concentrate on industrial planning and agricultural production, meanwhile ignoring the basic problem of spiraling populations. But they are only postponing the inevitable slowdown.

In a Voice of America broadcast, Arnold Toynbee warned the world that mankind eventually will have to face up to "the problem of limiting the birth rate," or, even though it rids itself of two of the three traditional scourges—war and pestilence—it will be "done to death by the third scourge, famine." He puts bluntly what the "Neo-Malthusians" in the academic world have been proclaiming for years.

To avoid being drowned in this coming flood of people, to avert the Malthusian solution of war, pestilence, and famine, man has no alternative but to tame his animal nature—in brief, to domesticate himself. Involved here are an inner discipline of his biological impulses and a triumph of his human reason, reflected in rational family planning. Somehow there has to occur a transformation of personal and social values, not only among a few intelligentsia but in all ranks of society, not only in the West but in all parts of the world. This transvaluation embraces a changed world-view, a changed nation-view, and a changed family-view, with all the concomitant ramifications in religious attitudes and beliefs.

ANY coldly honest appraisal of our times affords little basis for optimism that such a world-wide transformation of inner and outer man is likely, at least within the foreseeable future. Man's biological, racial, and cultural roots run too deep. Forces now control mankind that are beyond the capacities of finite human reason: perhaps the ultimate resolution lies with divine Providence. Viewed in natural perspective, however, either man adjusts to demographic conditions, curbing his runaway growth, restoring a viable balance to nature, or nature's law will reassert itself, taking a terrible revenge. To paraphrase T. S. Eliot, perhaps *this* is the way the world ends, not with an atomic bang, but with a hungry whimper.

East Meets West at Belgrade

by KATHARINE ST. GEORGE

THE fifty-second Inter-Parliamentary Union Conference, held in Belgrade September 12 to 21, was the largest in the history of the Union. There were 480 delegates representing the parliaments of fifty-eight nations.

This was a very large number of people coming into Belgrade, which is a small city, and it imposed a considerable burden on the host nation. I cannot say too much about the hospitality, the kindness, and the generosity of the Yugoslav Government. I would like also very highly to commend Dr. Vilfan of the Yugoslav Assembly, who presided daily at our conference. He was a splendid presiding officer. He was fair, and every delegate said he could not possibly, even in his own country, have received better treatment.

The parliamentary systems vary tremendously, many being based on the one-party system. Nevertheless no one can be a member of the Union who has not been elected to his or her parliament and this conference therefore represented the largest body of lawmakers ever assembled.

The work of the conference centered on five subjects of world importance, on which resolutions were presented. These resolutions had been prepared at the committee meetings held in Lausanne in the spring. They were worked over in the committees and in some cases amended and then brought to the plenary session for a final vote.

The five subjects were functional representation, world development, space law, racial discrimination and safeguarding peace. World development was under the Economic and Social Committee, Mr. Kapteyn, of the Netherlands, chairman. Our representatives on this committee were Senator Mike Monroney of Oklahoma and Congressmen Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina, Charles B. Hoeven of Iowa, Paul C. Jones of Missouri and W. R. Poage of Texas.

Space law was considered by the Juridical Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. P. de Montesquiou, of

France. Our representatives were Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts and Congressman Emilio Q. Daddario of Connecticut.

Racial discrimination came under the Committee on Non-Self-Governing Territories and Ethnic Questions, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. Polednak, of Czechoslovakia. Our delegates on this committee were Senators Kennedy and Ernest Gruening of Alaska.

Finally, safeguarding peace was taken up in the Committee on Political Questions, under the joint chairmanship of Mr. M. Drulovic of Yugoslavia and Mr. F. Elwyn Jones of Great Britain. This last committee had to redraft the resolution written last spring, as the test ban treaty had completely altered the picture, and considerably brightened it.

The conference brought very forcibly to us the great change in the relations between East and West, and most notably between our country and the Soviet Union, the two opposing giants, as they have been pictured in many parts of the world. We seemed to be in thorough agreement in Belgrade as to the mutual desire to maintain peace and to strive toward world disarmament. This is, of course, only a hope, but a hope that is at last beginning to be freely expressed on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Another thing that struck some of us very forcibly was the constant statement from many parliamentarians, not excepting those from the so-called underdeveloped countries, that they wanted trade, not aid.

The question of world development is one that must concern all parliamentarians. Unless the people of the world are well-fed, well-clothed and well-housed, they will quite naturally be looking anxiously for means to remedy their situation. As conditions get worse, the remedies resorted to will become more drastic and will, indeed, lead to violence. It is a fact today that the industrialized countries are getting richer while the underdeveloped countries are getting poorer. The reason for this situation is that the produce of the industrialized countries is constantly increasing in price, while that of the underdeveloped countries goes down in price. In other words, "the rich get richer, and the poor get poorer."

REPRESENTATIVE KATHARINE ST. GEORGE, Republican, of New York, was chairman of the American delegation at the Belgrade conference and wrote this report at the JOURNAL's request.

It has repeatedly been said and proved in our deliberations that aid today is no longer the answer and that trade is. We must trade freely with the underdeveloped countries. We must abolish the barriers impeding such trade, and we must open the markets of the world to open competition.

These are still pious hopes. They will mean sacrifices of considerable amounts on the part of the highly industrialized nations. Will they make these sacrifices for a brighter tomorrow? That is the question. If it is not answered affirmatively we will continue to see the "haves" and the "have nots" fighting it out as they have from the beginning of recorded history.

It would seem that our country has got to decide whether it will go forward in the paths of world trade, or continue a somewhat unsuccessful and unpopular aid program. One thing is certain. We cannot promote both unless we are bent on suicide.

Roscoe Drummond, the brilliant and well-known columnist, was in Belgrade during the conference. He sized up the function of the Union better than anyone who has so far written on the subject. I would like to repeat a few sentences of his article for the benefit of some doubting Thomases who have, in their ignorance, labeled the United States participation "a junket." Mr. Drummond says:

"My own conviction is that the Inter-Parliamentary Union made a grave mistake when it voted a few years ago to take in the Communist countries except Red China. Theirs are not parliamentary governments. Their lawmakers speak for their governments, not for their parliaments. Ever since the Communist nations were invited to join, they have used the Inter-Parliamentary Union as a forum of the cold war. It was only a little less so this year because of the mellow glow of the test ban. That doesn't mean we should withdraw. It would be foolish and fatal. It would be leaving the field to the adversary. What is needed is for more of the informed and articulate Congressmen to realize what they are neglecting in shunning these interparliamentary conferences."

Whether we like it or not, we are all in world politics today. This all started away back at the start of the twentieth century. We have got to play our part, indeed, a leading part, and if our Congress is to leave all of this important work and all the information to the executive branch,

they have only themselves to blame when things are not to their liking.

In addressing myself to the parliamentary situation in the modern world, a problem that is of paramount importance to all elected officials, I suggested ten points that I believe would improve and facilitate the parliamentary system. They are as follows:

1. By making the composition of parliament truly representative of the people and empowered to express their will.

2. By state assumption of campaign expenses. They have grown too big for the average candidate to cope with. The rising cost of running for public office exposes politicians to pressures from affluent groups with special interests. Responsibility for financing political campaigns should be shifted to the public at large.

3. By preventing the executive from monopolizing the means of mass communication. Parliaments, as well as executives, could use radio and television to enter in direct contact with the people.

4. By expanding the legislature's own research staff aids. Statistical and information services should be equally available to legislators and administrators. We need to restore the balance of knowledge by equipping our parliaments with adequate libraries and research services.

5. By eternal vigilance to prevent military dictators from seizing power and dissolving parliament or converting it into a puppet regime.

6. By requiring the consent of parliament to treaties with foreign nations and to appointments of high officials.

7. By strengthening parliamentary control of public expenditures. Financial control is the most powerful weapon that parliament possesses over the executive. Yet some legislatures are said to be losing control of the purse strings. We need to develop machinery for strengthening the power of the purse.

8. By giving the national legislature power to supervise and control the activities of the government. Public problems have become too numerous and technical for legislatures to handle alone. It is necessary to delegate their adjustment to administrative agencies. The chief modern task of parliament is to oversee the exercise of delegated power.

9. By reducing the extraneous workload on parliament in various ways. The growing demands on members' time and the increasing claims of essential business impel modern legislatures to search for ways and means of expediting the legislative process and relieving parliament of part of its burdens.

10. And, finally, by setting up a system of standing committees and delegating to them both the function of considering legislative proposals and also the task of supervising the execution of the laws. Although admittedly inconsistent with Cabinet government, the standing committee system has worked well in the United States and the continental legislatures which have adopted it.

If parliaments are to survive as effective instruments of mankind, they must adapt themselves to the great social and political forces and problems of our time. Parliaments cannot be aloof to historical trends, nor in opposition to them, but must be in the forefront of change.



"Relax, Andy, Christmas comes but once a year!"

TO: IBS, IPS, ICS, IMS, ITV

FROM: IOP/G

News Policy Note No. XMS-63

The Santa Claus Problem

On December 24 the U.S. Government will again be faced with the annual problem: Is there a Santa Claus? The following guidance is issued today in accordance with IOP/G's consistent practice of putting out a News Policy Note at least several weeks in advance of important upcoming events.

TREATMENT:

We want to show that the U.S. has a firm and uncompromising position on the Santa Claus problem. Stress but do not emphasize the following points:

(1) The U.S. believes there is a Santa Claus. Coverage and commentary should draw on the February 28, 1838 speech of President Martin Van Buren before the Maniac Falls (South Dakota) Chamber of Commerce.

(2) The U.S. does not believe there is a Santa Claus. Coverage and commentary should draw on statements by Winthrop L. Fuzz, Third Secretary of Embassy, in his November 1, 1877 news conference at Mbamba Bay, Tanganyika.

(3) The foregoing two points (a) are by no means mutually exclusive but, on the contrary, wholly compatible, (b) together constitute a position which (i) has overwhelming popular approval in the U.S., and (ii) enjoys bipartisan political support. To buttress the latter subpoint, recall -- particularly in output to maritime nations -- that it is in the American grain to submerge political differences when they reach the water's edge.

Visual output should adhere to the traditional figure of Santa Claus, a rosy-cheeked, jolly old man (see Potomac Cable No. 32,421). This treatment is consistent with the Administration's support of Medical Care for the Aged.

CAUTIONS:

(1) Do not start any story with "Yes, Virginia."

(2) Try not to insult your audiences abroad, at least not at Christmastime. Do not, therefore, express any doubts about the validity of the credentials of personalities like Kris Kringle, le Pere Noel, St. Nikolaus, etc. Avoid, however, using their names in output except when quoting high government officials of a foreign country.

(3) You may play with the electric train Santa Claus brought your kid but do not break it.

Clearance refused by:

Minimum Wage and Industrial Safety Board	USIA, Cultural Services Branch
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation	" Office of Assistant Director (Africa)
Board of Parole	" " " " (Soviet Bloc)
International Monetary Fund	" " " " (Europe)
Department of State - all divisions, bureaus and offices	" " " " (Far East)

Drafted by: IOP/G:AGabor

Nitpicked by: IOP/G:JPauker/JWGildner

WASHINGTON LETTER

by TED OLSON



Madonna

by Marie Skora

THE POPULAR word this fall was *détente*. To be sure, a high Department official denied categorically that there was one. Nothing had really changed, he said: same old problems, same old obstinacy whenever discussion moved from the periphery toward the sensitive issues. But the newspapers and TV commentators kept right on using the word, and embroidering on it. "Period of Relaxation Seen in Foreign Policy," headlined the *Posr*. "Eased War Stand Hinted by Peking," reported the *TIMES*. At the UN, no shoes were banged on desks; the traditional philippics were fewer and milder. Repeatedly photographers caught Mr. Gromyko smiling.

Writing some weeks ahead of publication, one records this with some timidity. The political climate can change as disconcertingly fast as Washington weather: lunch one day at a sidewalk cafe (they proliferated amazingly this year); the next day long queues of shivering motorists begging for the anti-freeze they had intended to get a week earlier. Last year this column remarked innocent-

ly, "October in Washington is a tranquil month. . ." and before the magazine was off the press what happened? Cuba, eyeball to eyeball.

So, as the Christmas issue took shape, it was impossible to guess whether this really *was* the first faint auroral glow of peace on earth, good will to men, or only the *ignis fatuus* of "peace in our time."

"What," we asked a denizen of Foggy Bottom, "is the climate down there? Relaxed, the way it says in the headlines? Do you feel less harassed? Are the policy meetings shorter? The five o'clock flaps less frequent? Do the lights in New State blink out promptly at five-thirty, except for the windows behind which S/S-O keeps lonely vigil?"

He didn't get a chance to reply. His wife interjected dourly:

"I'll believe in this relaxation business the night he gets home before eight-thirty."

New Look in POD?

The corridors of New State have been buzzing with rumors of impending changes in the assignments process. No one seems very clear on the plans that are afoot, but the thrust appears to be toward functional specialization and the creation of machinery that will encourage and foster the many skills required in the Service today. Several senior officers have been spotted in the POD area and can be expected to be key figures in whatever comes to pass. Good luck to them and their colleagues in their labors to push odd-shaped pegs into diversely-shaped holes.

The people we have talked to appear to believe that the present assignments process, with its focus on the different requirements of the far-flung posts, has worked pretty well. While they concede that there is merit in paying more attention to the functional needs and skills of the Service, they feel that it is important not to

revise too drastically a system in which the Service has confidence. The success of diplomacy, new or old, they point out, has always depended on the wisdom, wit and worldliness of the diplomatist. They hope that any changes in the assignments process will be made with due recognition of the usefulness of the officer whose ability, character and diversified experience enable him to make a continuing contribution to the Service and the Department. And if all that sounds a little vague, it's because you never can be sure of the shape of the Jello until it comes out of the mould.

One Year After

A year after the Committee on Foreign Affairs Personnel unveiled its recommendations most of the tumult and the shouting has died down. There was a good deal of talk around town this fall that the whole monumental exercise had been filed and forgotten: task forces disbanded, status quo indistinguishable from the status quo ante. Not so, authoritative voices assured us. Indeed, the most authoritative voice of all, the Secretary's, told Mr. Herter and his colleagues that "the box score will be very high" when the hits, runs and errors are totaled. It seems clear, however, that there is no immediate prospect of a major overhaul of policy and procedures comparable to Wristonization. That would require legislation, of course, and this is not the year to ask for anything extra from a Congress that can't even get together on cutting taxes. Meanwhile some of the recommendations are being put into effect administratively. The administrators haven't publicized which ones.

Women's Work Is Never Done

The AAFSW exhibit, "Showcase of American Women Around the World," which opened in mid-October, got a good press and a steady flow of interested spectators. Presi-

dent Kennedy sent a letter applauding "the unusual and effective contribution you have made through community service and participation in the life of the countries to which you have been posted." Secretary Rusk, opening the show, hailed the ladies as "unsung heroines." The range of activities covered in text and picture was impressive: everything from feeding and clothing refugees to playing the French horn in the local orchestra. "WIVES PROVE STRATEGIC DRAMATIC RESOURCE," one caption proclaimed. Few FS males would disagree.

All Around the Town

. . . USIA's motion picture people are purring, and with reason, over the handsome sheaf of orchids Bosley Crowther of the TIMES laid on their doorstep one Sunday morning recently. Devoting a column and a half to recent IMS productions—one of which he described as "a lovely little item" with "a nice touch of poetry compounded with the literalness of a documentary." Mr. Crowther wondered why people here at home aren't permitted to see these "informative and inspiring films." After all, he concluded, "we should know what we're getting for our money. And also, we might learn a little something about democracy, too."

More orchids to Mopix Director George Stevens Jr. for a neat promotional coup.

. . . There's an identification card waiting for every retired Foreign Servant—O's, R's, and S's—at the Retirement and Leave Branch. Just write in. They fit the wallet, along with all the credit cards, and ought to be particularly useful when you visit U. S. establishments overseas. In Washington, your ID card and a token will take you anywhere in town on one of Roy Chalk's buses.

. . . When they cleaned out the fountain in the south court of New State before turning on the water again, after the new statue was installed, the custodians found \$4.79 in coins. Rather a niggardly investment in good luck, one member of the JOURNAL board remarked, when you remember that this was about the time the selection panels con-

vened. The statue, a brawny bronze type perched cross-legged on a globe and holding aloft on each hand what looks like a model of Saturn with its rings, has been dubbed by New State folks "the Jolly Green Giant." If any reader has been so happily beyond the range of TV commercials that he doesn't get it, we'll be glad to explain.

The Queen's English (Cont.)

We welcome to the thin red line of its defenders a Brooklyn College English instructor named Leonard R. N. Ashley. According to the Washington Post, he told the Educational Press Association recently that when the military collect information they call it "assemblizing imponderables"; when they say something is "finalized" they really mean "We haven't finished but the hell with it." The Army, Mr. Ashley swears, bought 2,000 portable showers for the use of laborers who spill rocket fuel on themselves, and inventoried them as "rocket propellant personnel neutralizers."

And a Merry Christmas to . . .

A. Philip Randolph, director of the civil rights march, and everybody

else who helped make a success of that mighty demonstration of what the First Amendment means.

Suburban Maryland Fair Housing, Inc., and other organizations—there may be more than we realize—which, not content with deploring segregation, are trying to end it.

Under Secretary W. Averell Harriman, who proposed a special annual award to the political officer who reports the smallest total of words (AFSA luncheon, October 31).

Under Secretary George W. Ball, who spoke up boldly and cogently on behalf of "the simple declarative sentence" (AFSA luncheon, June 27.)

Jerome H. Perlmutter, who, as prime mover of the Department's course in concise and lucid despatch and report writing, is trying to teach drafters to use that kind of sentence; and the first matriculants in that course.

AFSA's members from USIA and AID, no longer relegated to second-class citizenship.

VOORPOST, Tijdschrift voor de Buitenlandse Dienst, the JOURNAL's opposite number in the Hague, which incidentally is celebrating its first birthday this month.

"LIFE AND LOVE IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE"

by ROBERT W. RINDEN



"Mr. Armentrout—Mr. A-R-M-E-N-T-R-O-U-T, you are the Duty Officer, are you not?"

Hong Kong Sketchbook

香港風光

by Earl Wilson



"Castle Peak"



"Kowloon"



"Shanghai Street"



"Cat Street"



Civil (and Human) Rights

DURING the past several months the entire complexion of the drive for civil rights in the United States has changed. It has been the dominating news item on the domestic front, on every newscast throughout every day. It has become the chief concern of all public-minded U. S. citizens, although this fact may not be accurately reflected in the news reporting that goes overseas.

There is no doubt that discrimination in one form or another against racial and religious minorities exists in virtually every country in the world. Since most nations of the world are subscribers to the UN Charter, they are, at least in theory, bound by the solemn declarations of the Charter on the questions of human and civil rights. Someone wisely remarked that it isn't the existence of the discrimination which causes publicity, but the results of trying to do something about it. It is precisely because the United States is trying to make meaningful not only its pledges to the Charter, but also its declarations of principle in the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, that this country occupies the spotlight of public attention in this issue. We

are doing something about discrimination.* This is nothing to be ashamed of but rather should be a point of pride which other nations might do well to emulate rather than criticize.

An interesting sidelight has been the role that television has played in bringing the meaning of the Negro's struggle for his rights home to every viewer. We have listened to long discussions about the possible advantages of television reporting over newspaper or radio. In the reportage of the civil rights campaign we have some interesting examples of the effectiveness of pictures. The most noteworthy, of course, were the television views of the Freedom March in Washington. Americans across the country could not fail to be impressed by the sincerity, dignity and lack of rancor displayed by the citizens of all races who participated in this unique demonstration. In addition, the fact that people from New England to Seattle, Washington, paraded in mournful memory of the four child victims of the bombings of a church in Alabama was proof positive that the issue has been brought home to the hearts of the people. There only can it be resolved.

Congress and the FSO

IN an era of unparalleled complexity in the conduct of the foreign policy of the United States, the necessity for an effective partnership between the Foreign Service and the Congress cannot be overemphasized. Although responsibility for our formal relationship with Congress lies with the Secretary, the office of Congressional Relations, and officers designated to appear before Congressional Committees, we would like to comment on the responsibility of every Foreign Service officer to contribute to a more effective working relationship through informal visits to individual Congressmen and Senators.

The Department's policy of recommending that FSO's visit their Congressmen following a tour abroad is recognition of the great value to be gained from informal contacts between our officers and their elected representatives. Only in an atmosphere of mutual respect and confidence, an atmosphere that has been sadly lacking at times, can the Department and the Congress effectively work together to formulate and implement foreign policy. We believe that

informal contacts can contribute immeasurably to the further establishment of such an atmosphere.

Such contacts permit officers to learn the manifold responsibilities of their Congressmen and contribute to broader Congressional understanding of the Service and increased respect for its members. These visits should not be limited to Congressmen from the officers' districts but should also include members of the legislative branch met through Congressional travel abroad.

It recently came to our attention that an officer returning from a hardship post had given up two weeks of home leave in order to work in his Senator's office. We believe this serves as a commendable example of the positive approach that can be taken. While it is obvious that few officers will be in a position to follow this example we hope that all officers will take advantage of the opportunity to visit their Congressmen upon completion of a tour in the field.

*For an interesting suggestion of one way to fight discrimination see Letters to the Editor.

*A hero may be dragged in a romance
Through ten long volumes by the laws of France.
Hence every year our books in torrents run,
And Paris counts an author in each son.*
—Nicholas Boileau-Despréaux

So Brief a Honeymoon

by JOHN L. BROWN

Part II: Toulouse

I SHOULD have enjoyed staying on in the feverish and unpredictable Paris of the autumn of 1944. My circle of acquaintances was continually widening: artists, newspaper men, publishers, young people who were being appointed to key government jobs. St. Germain-des-Près had already assumed its role of the Montparnasse of this post-war period, and we would meet there for apéritifs at the end of the afternoon. Every epoch has had its café. The Symbolistes gathered at the Closerie des Lilas; the Dôme was the café of the twenties, and the Flore, on the corner of the Boulevard St. Germain and the rue St. Benoît, the *quartier général* of the Existentialists who were to dominate the literary scene from the end of the war until about 1948, was the place to go and sit in the mid-forties. It was the rendezvous of the most picturesque and also the most talented elements of the new generation.

At regular, almost office hours, Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir arrived and, seated at adjoining tables in the upstairs room, wrote away as industriously as though they were still preparing *compositions françaises* at the Ecole Normale on the rue d'Ulm, where they had both been graduated the same year. Pascal, the thin, sad-eyed little waiter, who looked like a more melancholy Buster Keaton, watched over them. For Sartre, approaching the peak of his notoriety, was constantly being sought out by journalists, philosophy students, actors looking for parts, young writers looking for encouragement. For more intimate or more elegant occasions the place to go was the bar of the Pont-Royal Hotel on the rue Montalembert. One dined at the Vieux Paris, or the Armagnac on the rue des Saints Pères, or the Petit Saint Benoît. And afterwards one went to the Tabou, or the Méphisto, or the Rose Rouge on the rue de Rennes which was opened about this time. Juliette Gréco, her nose as yet untouched by the plastic surgeon's knife, dressed all in black, with no make-up, was the principal attraction there and sang songs made from poems by Desnos, and Jacques Prévert, and Raymond Queneau. I remember her husky delivery of Queneau's

Si tu penses fillette fillette
Que ça va
Que ça va
Que ça va durer toujours
Le temps des a —
Le temps des a —
Le temps des amours
Tu te goures fillette
Tu te goures

And we thought we recognized in her voice the voice of an epoch. She was for '44 what Agnès Capri had been for the thirties, or Joséphine for the twenties. All the girls around St. Germain tried to look like her: they wore the same hair-do (the pony-tail, as I recall, was then in vogue), affected black sweaters and slacks, wore open sandals on unkempt feet, and innocent of make-up, spurned elegance or coquetry.

One morning in late September I received orders to proceed immediately to Toulouse. Rumors had been coming in that Spanish Republican refugees (who had fought with the F.F.I. Forces in the area) were making plans (with the support of Communist elements) to "invade" Northern Spain through the Val d'Arrau. We were supposed to find out more about it.

I had just enough time to rush over to the rue de l'Odéon, say good-bye to Sylvia Beach and her friend Adrienne Monnier, and leave some canned goods and cigarettes with them. Sylvia Beach, who died last October in her mid-seventies, was one of the outstanding members of the American colony in Paris. She had arrived at the end of the first World War, and had opened a bookshop, Shakespeare and Co., at 12, rue de l'Odéon. It rapidly became a gathering place for all the expatriate Americans—Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, Robert MacAlmon and his English wife, Bryher, Bill Bird, the composer Georges Antheil, Gertrude

*Translation of Queneau's "Fillette . . ."
*Babe, if you think
It's goin' to
It's goin' to
It's goin' to last
All that kissin' and cuddlin'
The laughin' and lovin'
You've another think comin'
Another think, kid.*

Stein, Natalie Barney. But Sylvia's particular favorite was James Joyce, and it was she alone who had the courage to take on the publishing of "Ulysses," a labor of Hercules, which nearly drove the French printer from Dijon out of his mind, especially when the endless correction of proofs began. Darantière's communications to Sylvia Beach at this time, echoing with groans, curses, imprecations, express the despair of the eternally damned. Sylvia recounts all this, and much more, in a charming, precise, and rather prim book "Shakespeare and Co." which was published a couple of years ago. Just in front of her store was another bookshop, *aux Amis des Livres*, run by a small, plump, rosy-cheeked young woman named Adrienne Monnier, always clad in a gray tweed jumper and a shirt-waist. She and Sylvia promptly became inseparable, and their bookshops formed two immensely effective and agreeable centers of Franco-American cultural exchange. It was chez Sylvia that French writers like Jean Prévost and Gide, Valéry-Larbaud and Léon-Paul Fargue received their indoctrination in American literature, and were lent the books they should read; while young Americans, chez Adrienne, would be guided into the labyrinth of modern French writing. At Adrienne Monnier's you did not go in and buy a book. It was she, who, after sizing you up and posing a number of probing questions, would make her diagnosis and decide what kind of spiritual nourishment you needed. She did have an extraordinary flair for the discovery of significant writers and I owe to her some of my major pre-war revelations—the poetry of Henri Michaux and Saint-John Perse for example—and some of the most pleasurable of the minor ones, too—like Léon-Paul Fargue's "Pedestrian in Paris," which remains for me one of the freshest of books on that most written about of cities.

Sylvia Beach, determined to stay on in France, had had

a bitter time during World War II. As an enemy alien, she was interned for a time at Vittel. When she was permitted to return to Paris she found that her shop had been taken over by a collaborationist antique dealer and that most of her stock—in which she had invested her money—had disappeared. Fortunately, through the efforts of Adrienne Monnier, her flat above the store had not been touched. And her flat contained her extensive collection of books, manuscripts, and photos of American writers in Paris between the two wars, which is now at the University of Buffalo. I had hurried to the rue de l'Odéon soon after my arrival in Paris to see how she was. She greeted me in her neat, cold, bare, waxed and polished salon, which somehow always reminded me of the parlor of a convent. Sylvia, herself, hard-of-hearing, birdlike, with bright eyes, her gray hair in a plain bob, her thin hands swollen at the joints with the arthritis which was to torment her the rest of her life, still looked very much like a New England spinster school-teacher, even after the decades she had lived in France. And even though she spoke and wrote French fluently, her accent, like that of Gertrude Stein's, remained indomitably American, to the end. Adrienne Monnier soon joined us, round and rosy as an apple. She was all excited about the visit of Hemingway a few days before. "And I heard these jeeps and then this voice bellowing 'Sylvia, Sylvia' and I knew Sylvia wouldn't hear him, so I came down and got her. We got out the wine that I had kept just for this occasion. We had all kinds of things to ask him, but he had just two things on his mind: he wanted a cake of soap so that he could wash his shirt in the lavabo of his room at the Ritz; and he wanted to know if I hadn't collaborated a little, because he could fix things up for me if I had. He probably thought that I was such a glutton (Adrienne was famous for her cooking and her gastronomic passion) that I just hadn't been able to stand the food-restrictions."

Sylvia, in spite of the joy of the Liberation, was worried about her personal situation. She had little money, her stock of books would be difficult to recover, legal proceedings would be necessary to get into her shop again. Fortunately Bryher (the pen-name of Winifred Ellerman, the heiress of a great English fortune) settled an annuity on Sylvia when she heard of her difficulties. But Shakespeare and Co. never opened its doors again. It gave me pleasure, therefore, when in 1959 it was possible to organize, in the Embassy gallery on the rue du Dragon, a big exhibit on the theme "American Writers in Paris between the Two Wars." It was designed as a kind of "Homage to Sylvia Beach," consisted largely of materials drawn from her collections, and served to demonstrate to a larger public what generous, disinterested, and effective services she had rendered for many years to the cause of Franco-American cultural exchange. It attracted much attention. Sylvia received the Légion d'Honneur from the French government, lectured widely, made radio appearances, and brought out her book, "Shakespeare and Co." The success of the book and the sale of her collection to the University of Buffalo relieved her of financial worry. When I saw her for the last time in the summer of 1962, she was serene and full of plans, having just returned from Dublin, where she had delivered the principal speech at the inauguration of a Joyce Museum in the Martello Tower at Sandycove. It made me happy to see her so happy.

(continued on page 47)

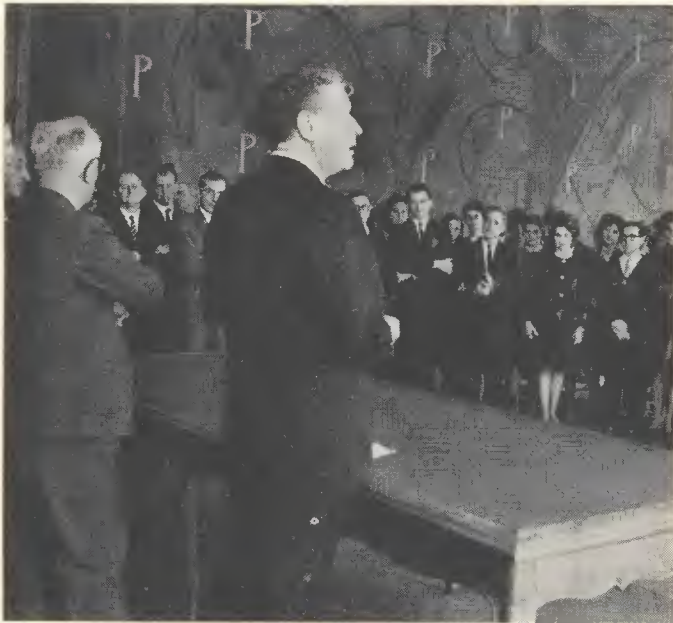


"Mother and Child"

Pablo Picasso

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1. Prague. DCM Jack M. Fleischer (left) and Second Secretary Frank G. Trinka (right) meet with women's brigade planting vineyards during the eight-day, 1,400 mile trip the officers and Mrs. Fleischer (photographer of the scene) made through Slovakia and Moravia.

2. Aix-en-Provence. Ambassador Charles Bohlen recently visited the historic University at Aix-en-Provence and talked to the two hundred American students there. He is pictured as Rector Jules Blache introduces him. Mrs. Bohlen is on the left.

3. Julis, Western Galilee. Ambassador Walworth Barbour, center, and members of his staff, Dr. Howard P. Backus, consul at Haifa, Alexander G. Gilliam, Jr., Donald S. Harris, and FSL Salim Sayegh visit the Druse village of Julis in Western Galilee. On the left are the chief Sheikhs of the village.

4. Manila. Ambassador and Mrs. William E. Stevenson greet Philippine women and girls on July Fourth, celebrated there also as Philippine-American Friendship Day. The Philippine people formed a line blocks long on the occasion.

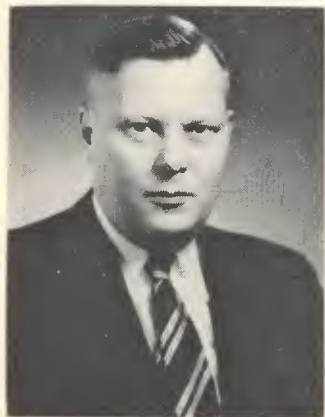


The Association Officers and Board, 1963-64

President

U. ALEXIS JOHNSON has been serving as Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs since May 1961. He previously had served as Ambassador to Thailand for three years, and as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia for four years.

Mr. Johnson, born in Kansas in 1908, graduated from Occidental College in 1931 and took a year of graduate work at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service.



U. Alexis Johnson

Joining the Foreign Service in 1935, he went first to Tokyo as a Japanese language officer. He remained in the Far East, serving in other posts, through the outbreak of war in 1941, when he was interned in Manchuria. The next year he was exchanged and, after eighteen months in Rio de Janeiro and an assignment to the Army's Military Government Training Program, returned to the Far East, arriving in Manila immediately following its capture. He was assigned to General MacArthur's staff at the time of the Japanese surrender and in 1947 became Consul General in Yokohama. For his work during the war in the Pacific he was decorated with the Medal of Freedom.

Returning to the Department in 1949, he was first Deputy Director and then Director of the Office of Northeast Asian Affairs—being in that office at the outbreak of the Korean War. In 1951 he was appointed Deputy to Dean Rusk, who was then Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs. During that assignment Mr. Johnson was a member of the U. S. Delegation to the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference at San Francisco.

He remained in the Department until President Eisenhower appointed him Ambassador to Czechoslovakia in 1953. During that assignment he was detailed as coordinator of the U. S. Delegations to the Geneva Conferences on both Korea and Indochina. In 1955, while still Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, he was designated as the U. S. Representative to the Ambassadorial level talks with the Chinese Communists at Geneva. He continued those talks until he left to become Ambassador to Thailand in 1958. In Thailand he was also U. S. SEATO Council Representative.

One of Mr. Johnson's four children, Stephen, is an FSO, recently assigned to Montreal.

Vice President

UPON graduation from Yale in 1939, MARSHALL GREEN served as Private Secretary to Ambassador Grew in Tokyo for two years but happily left Japan about six months before Pearl Harbor in order to study for the Foreign

Service. These studies were overtaken by the war, at which time he joined the Navy as a Japanese language officer.



Marshall Green

Service. These studies were overtaken by the war, at which time he joined the Navy as a Japanese language officer.

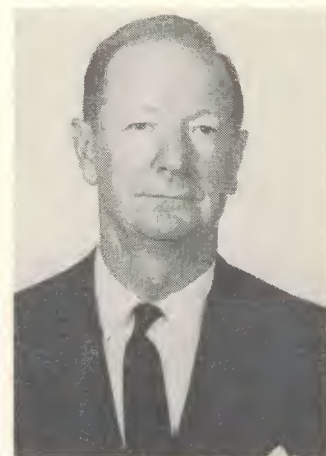
Mr. Green's first assignment as an FSO was as Third Secretary and Vice Consul in Wellington (1946-47); thereafter he returned to the Department to work on the Japanese desk for three years. Then followed his only tour of duty outside of what is now known as the Far East area when he served as Second Secretary and later as First Secretary at the Embassy in Stockholm (1950-55). A year at the National War College was followed by another three years in the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs as Regional Planning Adviser for the Far East and half a year as Acting Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East.

Mr. Green has just returned to the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs as Deputy Assistant Secretary after almost four years in the Far East—two in Korea as Minister-Counselor during the fateful days of Syngman Rhee's downfall and its turbulent aftermath and two years as American Consul General in Hong Kong.

Mr. Green is married to the former Lispenard Seabury Crocker, daughter of FSO Edward Savage Crocker, and they are the parents of three boys. His hobbies are tennis, golf, bridge and chess. Fond of playing the piano, he acknowledges his performance is somewhat below that of Mr. Harry S. Truman. His wife claims that his real hobby should be listed as "the office."

Vice Chairman

LESLIE SNOWDEN (LEE) BRADY, FSR-1, was born and reared in Indiana, near the village of College Corner, which marks the northwest limit of one of the earliest landgrants, for the founding of Miami University. And it was at Miami, just across the state line in Ohio, that he obtained the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. It is likewise there that he began what he thought would be a teaching career in Romance Languages. He did graduate study at the University of Lyon, France, at



Leslie S. Brady

Columbia University, and at

New York University, where he was granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Then came WWII and a change of career. He was employed by the Office of War Information early in 1944 and served in England and in France. He has been in information and cultural affairs ever since. His assignments have included the Department of State (Western European Branch chief for informational activities); Paris (Cultural Attaché, and later Public Affairs Officer and Counselor for Public Affairs); French Indo-China (Public Affairs Officer charged with information programs in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos); the National War College; the Operations Coordinating Board, Washington; Moscow (first Counselor for Cultural Affairs under the series of cultural exchange agreements with the Soviet Union, and first to carry that particular title, he believes, anywhere in the U.S. Foreign Service); a return to the State Department (Public Affairs Adviser, EUR); and his present position (Assistant Director of USIA, for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe).

Mr. Brady has two daughters and a son. His wife, the former Mary Walser, is a graduate of Sarah Lawrence College.

New Members of the Board



Benjamin Weiner

PRESENTLY Special Assistant to the Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, **BEN WEINER** joined the Foreign Service after a brief association with the Port of New York Authority. After tours in Penang and Bern, he was assigned to the Executive Secretariat. Born and educated in New York, Mr. Weiner graduated from New York University in 1956. He served with the U. S. Army in Korea from 1952-1953.

WILLIS C. ARMSTRONG was born April 2, 1912 in Brooklyn, New York. His parents both came from Morristown, New Jersey. During his childhood and high school years he lived in Summit, New Jersey, and he was graduated from Summit High School in 1928. He attended Phillips Academy at Andover for one year, and subsequently was a freshman at Hamilton College. He transferred to Swarthmore College from which he received a B.A. degree in 1933. He obtained a Master's Degree in history from Columbia University in 1934 and taught at the Horace Mann School in New York while doing graduate work at Columbia from 1934 to 1939. He was a candidate for the Ph.D. degree, in the field of Russian history, and he studied Russian at the University of California during the summers of 1936 and 1937. In 1939 he went to Moscow as Clerk Translator, remaining there until



Willis C. Armstrong

the summer of 1941. From 1941 to 1946 he was in the Lend-Lease Administration and successor agencies, and in the War Shipping Administration, dealing with the shipment of Lend-Lease supplies to the USSR. From 1946 until 1958 he was in the economic area of the Department, where he held a variety of positions. His last position in the E area was that of Director of the Office of International Resources. He served briefly as Acting Deputy Secretary in E in 1957.

For some years Mr. Armstrong was the United States delegate to the International Rubber Study group, and he was given a Rockefeller Public Service Award in 1956 which enabled him to do a special study on natural rubber. Mr. Armstrong joined the Foreign Service in 1956, and was assigned to Ottawa as Economic Counselor in 1958. In 1960 he became DCM, and in 1961 he received the personal rank of minister. He returned to Washington in 1962 to become Director of BNA.

Mr. Armstrong was married to Louise Schaffner of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1959. Mrs. Armstrong was formerly a Foreign Service Officer. The Armstrongs have one child, a son named Ian.

NATHANIEL DAVIS writes: "I was born on Easter Day, 1925, in Boston. My parents soon moved, however, and raised me in Hoboken, New Jersey. I went to college at Brown through one of those accelerated Navy wartime courses. The college authorities asked me to make some remarks at commencement and I remember the occasion well. These ceremonies were held in the First Baptist Meeting House, and I took a wrong turning in the dark corridors at the front of the church and ended up in the baptismal tank. My performance made such a splash that it was covered in the *NEW YORK TIMES*.

"In 1944 I was ordered to the USS Champlain, an aircraft carrier which I helped commission and decommission. Our greatest achievement was to break the transatlantic speed record bringing troops home from Europe. After the war I studied at the Fletcher School, teaching part-time at Tufts. After I left the faculty, Tufts college became a university.

"I passed the Foreign Service examinations in 1947, and was sent to Prague, arriving about three months before the Communist coup. My responsibilities related to World Trade Directory Reports. After two years in Czechoslovakia, I spent four years in the rigors of Italian duty, first in Florence, then in Rome. I spent a year studying Russian and two years in Moscow. A girl named Elizabeth Creese, who had grown up next door in Hoboken, visited the USSR in 1956. I proposed to her in a cow-pasture in the Caucasus. We have three children.

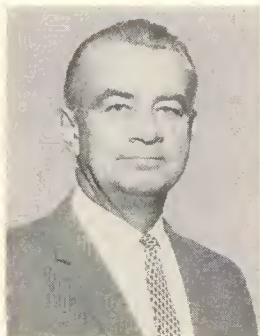
"After Moscow, I worked at the Soviet Desk in the State Department. My most memorable experience during this



Nathaniel Davis

assignment came when I helped show Mr. Khrushchev around. I was then assigned to Venezuela. My most unsettling experience there occurred on January 22, 1962, in the Embassy. Several minutes after I had used the facilities of the seventh floor bathroom, the whole room blew up, landing in pieces on the sidewalk. I console myself that one or two other Embassy officers were there even after I was.

"I had the opportunity to join the Peace Corps in the spring of 1962; not, however, as a Peace Corps Volunteer. Couples with three children are not eligible. In the Peace Corps my memorable and unsettling experiences have been too frequent to recount."



Harry A. Hinderer

HARRY A. HINDERER, a Foreign Service officer serving as Deputy Assistant Administrator for Management and Operations with the Alliance for Progress, brings to the Board of Directors a wealth of experience in both domestic and foreign service. He received an AB degree in Social Science from Illinois College. His Government career began in 1935 with the Soil Conservation Service, followed by responsible management positions with Social Security Administration and Office of Price Administration. This career was interrupted for military service with the U. S. Army from 1943 to 1945. From 1947 through 1950 he served as Administrative Officer in Nanking and Madrid. For the following six years, he was with the Pan American Health Organization and the World Health Organization in the dual role of Director of Administration for PAHO and Regional Director of Administration for WHO, traveling extensively throughout Latin America.

Mr. Hinderer returned to the Foreign Service in 1956 as Executive Officer with the ICA Mission in India. He was appointed Deputy Mission Director in 1957 and served in this capacity and that of Acting Mission Director until 1959, when he rotated to Washington as Director of Personnel.

The Hinderers have two daughters, Anne, 21, and Emily, 17. His free time from official duties in the State Department is spent on his farm near Frederick, Maryland.



Edward Nef

FOR the last two years EDWARD NEF has been working in the Latin American Division of the Peace Corps, traveling from Washington to Central America and the Caribbean to develop new Peace Corps programs. He has also traveled in the U.S. selecting and recruiting Peace Corps volunteers for service overseas. Depending on the area of the country being visited, he either has or has not admitted receiving his B.A. from Harvard in 1955 and having been

born thirty years ago in New York City.

Prior to his assignment to the Peace Corps Edward Nef

was stationed in the Economic Section at the Embassy in Dakar. He learned to fly while there and obtained an African pilot's license. He also served two years in the Army, most of the time in southern Germany.

Edward Nef is married and has a daughter, Christine.



Grace E. Wilson

GRACE E. WILSON was born in Zanesville, Ohio. She graduated from Gallia Academy High School, attended Office Training School in Columbus and studied at George Washington University for three years. Miss Wilson started her Government career at the War Department in 1942, doing editorial and research work on technical manuals, then came to the Department of State as secretary in the Office of Dependent Area Affairs. She was appointed to the Foreign Service as FSS-14 in 1947. Miss Wilson has served in Warsaw, Cairo, Pretoria, Buenos Aires, Tehran and Copenhagen as secretary to the Ambassador. She is presently FSS-4 assigned to the Bureau of African Affairs. Regarding her life and times, she writes, "My accomplishments are not many—I have had a wonderful time in the Foreign Service Staff Corps and have made many good friends."

Continuing to Serve on AFSA's Board of Directors

Taylor G. Belcher, Chairman, attended schools in New York and graduated from Brown University in 1941, having majored in economics and political science. Mr. Belcher entered the Service in 1945 and has served in Mexico City, Scotland, Cyprus, and at the National Defense College in Kingston, Ontario. He is now Director of West Coast Countries in ARA. The Belchers live in Foxhall Village and have two children. Mr. Belcher served as vice chairman of the Board of Directors during the latter half of 1962-63.



Taylor G. Belcher

George B. Roberts, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer, continues in this position. Mr. Roberts was born in Philadelphia, went to Yale and spent three and a half years in the Navy before joining the Foreign Service in 1957. Mr. Roberts spent twenty months in Vientiane and is now in the Department in POD/FE. The Roberts have three children.

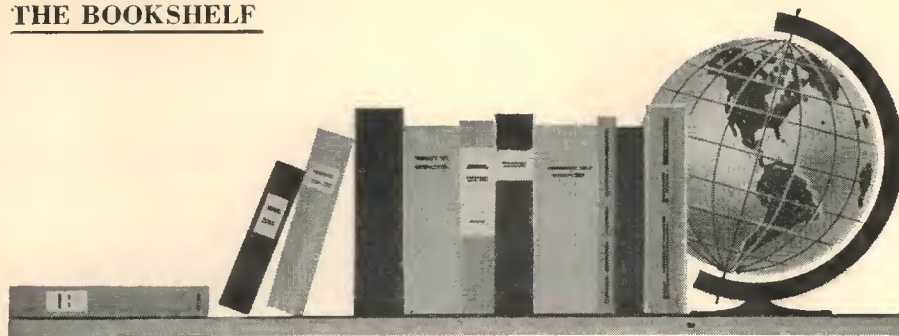


George B. Roberts

Nicholas A. Veliotes was born in Berkeley, California. He served three years in the Army, then attended the University of California at Berkeley, receiving his BA and MA degrees. He entered the Foreign Service in 1955 and has served at Naples and Rome. Since May of 1962, he has been serving as Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary for Cultural Affairs. The Veliotes family includes two children.



Nicholas Veliotes



The Banality of Evil

SOME there were who escaped Hitler's crematoria, but none there will be who can escape the sense of guilt and horror which Dr. Arendt's "Eichmann in Jerusalem" will cause to all who read it. A painstaking indictment of universal lack of conviction, her narrative reveals Adolf Eichmann as an unbright bureaucrat with a Pontius Pilate complex; the incredible coordinator of Hitler's bestial "Final Solution" (i.e., extermination) of the Jews of Europe; a perpetrator and victim of Naziism.

But Dr. Arendt finds guilt wherever she looks: German and European acceptance of *Judenrein*; Jews who collaborated with Eichmann in such things as preparing the lists of their co-religionists for ultimate extermination;

Christians who were so casually indifferent to the ghastliness that was so obvious; and the Israeli authorities whose cynical showmanship in kidnapping, trying, and executing Eichmann rightly tarnished that country's claim to international sympathy.

Dr. Arendt's effort is thoughtful and thorough. It suffers considerably in that, having originally been a series of articles, it is repetitive, and quite confusing as to chronology. But the impact and effect are inescapable: the case may be closed, but the condemnation and judgment will endure.

—JAMES M. LUDLOW

EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM: *A Report on the Banality of Evil*, by Hannah Arendt. Viking, \$5.50.

Love is Not Blind

FRANCIS WILLIAMS, former governor of the BBC and writer on public affairs, who professes to be "in love with America," reports on the impact of the American postwar invasion overseas, particularly in his own country, and in the Free World countries generally. He is concerned with the effects of the American postwar capital investments, stimulated by American know-how and exploited by American advertising.

He points out the innumerable and overwhelming American material influences in virtually all segments of British society (and throughout the world for that matter), and their results. He concludes that it is time that the United States consider the invasion's main consequences and its relationship with the rest of the world.

While the author has criticized benevolently and in depth, his work would be of greater value had he added a chapter of constructive suggestions.

—MITCHELL K. STANLEY

THE AMERICAN INVASION, by Francis Williams. Crown, \$3.95.

"First-Class Collection"

THIS is a first-class collection of short studies of important aspects of United States-Latin American problems, a "must" for anyone interested in the area. Tannenbaum's "Toward an Appreciation of Latin America" is an excellent introduction to the rest and is in many ways a brief of his later "Ten Keys to Latin America." Reynold Carlson's "The Economic Picture" provides a disturbing study of the great problems of bridging the gap between our own affluence and "their" poverty. His references to the growing inequality of income distribution in the less-developed countries show the dangers of a dogmatic approach to economic development. Matthews' own contribution is very much as expected—withering criticism of the unhappy story of our honeymoon with the dictators and of the medal era; excellent on the promise of the Alliance for Progress and the "staggering task" ahead.

—TAYLOR G. BELCHER

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA, edited by Herbert L. Matthews. American Assembly, Columbia University, Prentice-Hall, Inc., \$1.95.

Revolution in Latin America: Will It be Peaceful or Violent?

DR. EISENHOWER traces the unhappy picture of our recent relations in the good neighborhood. Few of the observers of the early Eisenhower administration saw the ominous developments that lay ahead, and when a number did, including the author, their advice, admonitions and exhortations fell largely on deaf ears. Dr. Eisenhower's thoughtful and very readable study is in many ways an account of a period which may yet turn out to be a prelude to a political tragedy. His opening sentence is portentous in its implications for us and for the 180,000,000 who live in that area: "There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that revolution is inevitable in Latin America." The question which still remains, despite the great promise of the Alliance for Progress, is whether that revolution will be peaceful or violent.

"The Wine Is Bitter" is a blunt account of the observations of an astute and penetrating mind, of a man who tried, with an unfortunate degree of futility, to change the nature of developments in an area vital to us. The American eagle is still too much like a vulture to many Latin Americans and, despite our helated efforts to help, as the author says, the Latin Americans may "choke on the bitter wine of their own destiny." His closing comments provoke reflection: "The real alternatives are between justice and injustice, freedom and enslavement, poverty and plenty—between peaceful revolution leading to progress and violent revolution leading to tyranny . . . now the choice is up to all the Americas. Tomorrow it might not be." The more people who read this book the more likely that our choice will be exercised before it is too late.

—TAYLOR G. BELCHER

THE WINE IS BITTER: *The United States and Latin America*, by Milton S. Eisenhower. Doubleday, \$4.95.

Briefly Noted

ONCE-OVER lightly on international propaganda, written in popular, breezy style. "The Idea Invaders" is a good primer for the uninitiated.

THE IDEA INVADERS, by George N. Gordon, Irving Falk, and William Hodapp. Hastings House, \$4.95.

Writers at Work

THIS second collection of PARIS REVIEW conversations with eminent writers concerns fourteen; among them are Robert Frost, Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell, S. J. Perelman, Katherine Ann Porter, Boris Pasternak, Mary McCarthy and T. S. Eliot. Memorable insights into their lives, convictions and writing methods have come from these lively exchanges. The wide-ranging views and data these talks have elicited can hardly be summarized. A few quotations will better show the quality of these interviews.

S. J. Perelman:

(Asked how many drafts of a story he does):

"Thirty-seven. I once tried doing thirty-three, but something was lacking, a certain—how shall I say?—*je ne sais quoi*. On another occasion, I tried forty-two versions, but the final effect was too lapidary—you know what I mean, Jack? What the hell are you trying to extort—my trade secrets?"

(Asked how he looked back on his time in Hollywood):

"With revulsion . . . the mere mention of Hollywood induces a condition in me like breakbone fever. It was a hideous and untenable place when I dwelt there, populated with few exceptions by Yahoos, and now that it has become the chief citadel of television, it's unspeakable."

Henry Miller:

"The obscene would be the forthright, and pornography would be the roundabout. I believe in saying the truth, coming out with it cold, shocking if necessary, not disguising it. In other words, obscenity is a cleansing process, whereas pornography only adds to the murk."

Katherine Anne Porter:

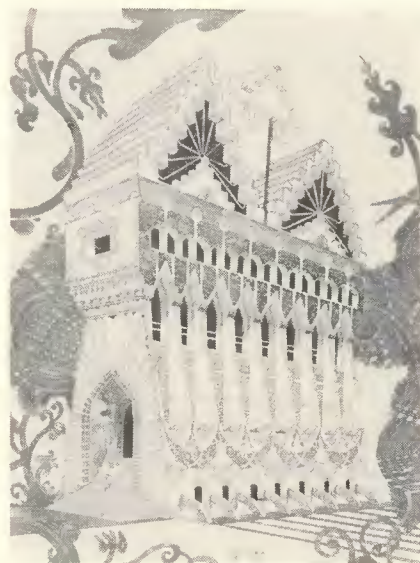
"That is where the artist begins to work: With the consequences of acts, not the acts themselves. Or the events. The event is important only as it affects your life and the lives of those around you. The reverberations, you might say, the overtones: that is where the artist works. . . . Any true work of art has got to give you the feeling of reconciliation—what the Greeks call catharsis, the purification of your mind and imagina-

tion—through an ending that is endurable because it's right and true."

If you want to know what your favorite present-day authors are like—and why; if you write (or aspire to)—this book is for you.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

Mausoleum for Cesar Frauck



by Pedro Friedeberg

Art in Architecture

AS WE look in amazement at the new buildings springing up around us today we cannot help but feel that it is going to be an exciting place to live in, our new world—no matter what our attachment to the past and our fears for the future. Here and there in the U. S. A. there are unmistakable signs of the rediscovery of architecture as an art as well as a science. There is also a growing acceptance of the necessary inclusion of art, of sculpture, and of painting as an integral part of our contemporary buildings. At such a time, a look at what our neighbors have done and are doing in Latin America is most timely, both for the professional and for the layman.

Paul Damaz's camera has ranged widely in most of the twenty-two countries south of the border. In some 400 black-and-whites (rather indifferently reproduced) and in 16 excellent color photographs, he has faithfully catalogued the significant work of contemporary artists and their immediate artistic forebears. Just to have such an extensive list of names is in itself valu-

able to anyone seeking to make personal contact.

One cannot help but be impressed by the quantity of art in architecture in Latin America and the paucity in North America. However, it must be remembered that these are mostly government projects. When the U. S. government was a patron of the arts, we had frescoes, sculpture and paintings in our public buildings, under the aegis of the WPA and Treasury art projects.

—G. B.

ART IN LATIN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, by Paul F. Damaz. Reinhold, \$15.00.

Philippine Reporting

IT would not have seemed possible for anyone to cram into the less than 200 pages the amount of information—vital and trivial—Albert Ravenholt provides in this book on the Philippines. Perhaps his early training as a wire service reporter accounts for the tight, factual and expressive writing by one of the most knowledgeable and articulate observers on the Philippine scene today.

This slim volume provides a wealth of detail on the country's geography, flora and fauna, and the history of the nation from earliest times through the Spanish and American regimes and the vibrant postwar independence period. But Ravenholt is at his best in surveying the contemporary scene, and little escapes his reporter's eye. The Philippine economy is given full treatment, but always from the viewpoint of people rather than mere statistics. The Filipino and his society, religion, arts and pastimes are scrutinized with warmth and affection.

This affection, however, does not deter him from detailing the less savory factors in Philippine life—such as the tremendous sums expended in seeking political power.

If there is a disappointment in the volume it is in the concluding pages on the Philippines and the future. Here the very tightness of the writing works against the author and leaves the feeling that considerably more could have been usefully said.

Overall, recommended as "must" reading for anyone planning a tour in the Philippines.

—RALPH L. BOYCE

THE PHILIPPINES—A Young Republic on the Move, by Albert Ravenholt. The Asia Library, \$4.25.

WRITERS AT WORK, Second Series, The "Paris Review" Interviews, Viking Press, \$6.50.

Understanding Red China

EDGAR SNOW'S "The Other Side of the River" is a curiously uneven combination of special pleading and attempted objectivity, of shrewd reporting and susceptibility to Communist propaganda. It is based on a trip to China which the author made in the late summer and early autumn of 1960. To take the weakest points first, at a time when Communist China's industry was moving toward a virtual standstill, when its agriculture was in such critical condition that severe and widespread malnutrition was about to ensue, and when the vast commune system was about to collapse of its own weight, Snow managed to see no evil, hear no evil, and write no evil.

Better reporting might have been expected of Snow, the author of "Red

Star Over China," a classic account of Chinese Communist operations in their Yen-an base during the late thirties which gave the West the first biography of Mao Tse-tung. Even then, of course, Snow was arguing a case for U.S. policy reorientation, and he has persevered to this day. His policy recommendations amount to the acceptance by the U. S. of virtually all Chinese Communist demands, especially military withdrawal of the United States from the Far East.

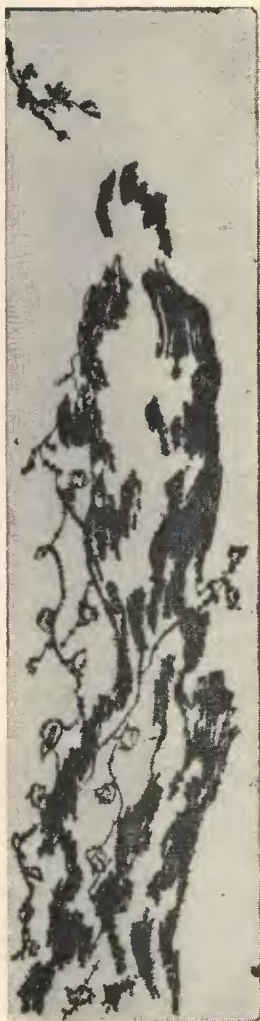
Furthermore, the book shows evidence of having been slapped together hastily, is too long, poorly organized, in many places contradictory. An example of what can be regarded, at best, as a cavalier attitude toward facts is the publication in the book of five statistical tables on Chinese food and agriculture which, he states, "were compiled by William Kaye and published in the CHINA QUARTERLY, April-June 1961." Snow does not mention that the article by W. K. (not William Kaye) specifically states that the tables were compiled on the basis of official

statistics and that Peiping's official statistics are greatly exaggerated and thoroughly untrustworthy.

For all of these weaknesses, the author's all-too-obvious sympathies toward his hosts have enabled him to convey in considerable detail the attitudes and emotions of the Chinese Communists. For this reason, "The Other Side of the River" can be read with profit by all those who desire to know more about the world outlook of the Chinese Communists. Snow is particularly successful in conveying the paranoiac sensitivities and burning shame about China's past humiliations which characterize the attitudes of the Chinese leadership as well as many of their non-Communist countrymen. If more Americans understood something of these emotions, there would be a better understanding of the dimensions of the difficulty in bringing Communist China's leaders toward a more rational acceptance of Western interests.

—MARSHALL BREMENT

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, by Edgar Snow. Random House, \$10.00.



by Marie Skora

Chinese Civil Service

WE IN THE United States who sometimes point with pride to our Civil Service system dating from 1881 must stand in awe in contemplation of the imperial Chinese civil service which had its origins in the seventh century, A.D. It came into its own during the Ming Dynasty beginning in 1369 and lasted with varying vigor until the onset of the twentieth century with the demise of the Ch'ing Dynasty. Ho Ping-ti, noted Chinese historian, has put together a monumental study of the rise, sway, and gradual decline of the bureaucrat-scholar officialdom of Imperial China. He has carefully analyzed lists and biographical data on some 35,000 who successfully passed examinations for various levels of official posts. Through this system, numerous impecunious but brilliant peasants and artisans could rise to positions of influence and power. However, unless they produced equally bright and dedicated descendants, the privileges gained by their families could not be retained. Naturally, much corruption and abuse crept into this Confu-

cian program of rule by the intellectually gifted. In times of stress, government positions were sold to obtain monies for hard-pressed national treasuries. Yet the basic principle of ascendancy through merit constantly resurged as more settled times returned.

The ladder to success in Communist China today can be mounted by the man who knows his Mao and Marx rather than his Mencius or Confucius. It is more important to have been in the Long March than to have devoted long hours to classical learning. Ho's book, the initial volume in a series of studies planned by the East Asia Institute of Columbia University, is essentially one for the China specialist. The layman may get by through reading the preface and conclusions and then marvel at the lengthy erudition between, as well as the impressive appended bibliography.

—SAM FISHBACK

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS IN IMPERIAL CHINA, *Aspects of Social Mobility, 1368-1911*, by Ho Ping-ti. Columbia University Press, \$8.00.

J. Edgar Hoover on Topic A

In "An American in Washington," Russell Baker offers "ten simple rules for avoiding trouble" in the internecine intramural games of Rome-on-the-Potomac (where, Dean Acheson is supposed to have said, things go on that would strike cold fear into the hearts of the Borgias).

Number three of these rules is: "Do not abuse J. Edgar Hoover."

This rule, I suppose, has the more force now that Mr. Hoover is rounding out four full decades as the dedicated head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—forty years in which, as Mr. Baker suggests, he has been often eulogized, seldom criticized.*

All this being so, a reviewer who is also a bureaucrat approaches a book by Mr. Hoover with a measure of trepidation: if the book turns out to be a clinker, and the reviewer's literary honesty impels him to say so, he violates Mr. Baker's rule.

Fortunately, Mr. Hoover has, again, written a pretty good book. It is, inevitably, about Topic A, communism. His first one, "Masters of Deceit," dealt primarily with the internal Communist threat—which, as the late Elmer Davis reminded us some years ago, Mr. Hoover has always been careful not to underestimate, especially when he is going up on the Hill to ask for more money for his agency.** This threat manifestly dwindles—the Texas "Super-Americans" of John Bainbridge's fantastical, and Francis J. McNamara of the House Committee on Un-American Activities,*** to the contrary. So Mr. Hoover, in his current volume, considers chiefly the global threat, albeit in Part Five ("Communism's Target—The United States") he returns to the domestic front.

Mr. Hoover—who says he wrote the second volume in response to the requests of educators who liked the first—does not try to sweep the more esoteric demonologists off the Kremlin's

stoop. He does not hunt with the Carew-Hunts, fish with the Fishers, or run with the Wolfes. But he stands over the Overstreets—and he buries the Burnhams.

Indeed, it is good to have this elder statesman of the anti-Communist fight warn in his new book (as he did in his first) against the kind of hysterical anti-communism we have had so much of these last few unhappy years—against "drawing premature or ill-founded conclusions or circulating rumors," which "can often cause grave injustice to innocent people." In forthright language which I hope will be heard in Texas and California and all the other redoubts of neo-McCarthyism, Mr. Hoover says:

Vigilante action weakens our free society. It is just as important to protect the innocent as to identify our enemies . . . Reckless charges against individuals and false statements about the nature of communism and the extent of its penetration into various areas of our life serve the cause of communism by creating disunity among Americans. Too often, the label "Communist" is used indiscriminately against those whose views are unpopular or merely differ from those of the majority. Too often, every adverse development is attributed to communism. Misidentification of communism can lead only to disunity and irrational fear. Moreover, it divides us as a nation at the very time we need unity and strength to face the actual and very real threat of communism.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

A STUDY OF COMMUNISM, by J. Edgar Hoover. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$3.95.

The Soviet Regime

IN less than 150 pages, Professor Armstrong has compiled an excellent and reliable account of the structure and principal motivating forces of the Soviet regime. The little volume serves as a refresher and quick reference for persons concerned professionally with Soviet affairs and, as its title indicates, presents a concise yet substantial introduction for the general reader.

—HELMUT SONNENFELDT

IDEOLOGY, POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT IN THE SOVIET UNION, An Introduction, by John A. Armstrong. Praeger, \$4.00.

After Nehru, Who?

SOONER or later anyone who has ever had anything to do with India asks the question posed by the title of this book. Mr. Hangen probably does not answer it for everyone, but in painting eight illuminating portraits of possible successors to Mr. Nehru, he has shed much light on the Indian political scene and on its varied sources of future national leadership.

With the exception of Mr. Krishna Menon, none of the personalities described in this book would be well known to the American public. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, for example, is probably identified more often as Mr. Nehru's daughter, or mistakenly as a relative of the late Mahatma, than as a political figure in her own right. Another, Mr. Moraji Desai, the Finance Minister, is probably known chiefly to a select group of government officials and international bankers. Lt. General B. M. Kaul, the only military figure in the book, would be scarcely more than a name outside the Pentagon. Nevertheless, all of Mr. Hangen's subjects deserve inclusion in his gallery of possible Prime Ministers of India. Each has a particular political magic in India which, given the right circumstances, could win him (or her) the office.

In drawing their profiles and sketching their backgrounds, Mr. Hangen has written a readable, interesting and sometimes gossipy guide to Indian affairs, one that is apparently based on a wide range of interviews in India and abroad and an extensive perusal of newspaper files. His opening chapter, in which he smashes a few idols of the American mind regarding India, may strike some JOURNAL readers as especially provocative, if not downright annoying—which is not a had reason for reading any hook, including Mr. Hangen's.

—JAMES J. BLAKE

AFTER NEHRU, WHO?, by Welles Hangen. Harcourt, Brace and World, \$6.95.

Briefly Noted

Essentially an eye-witness account of events in Eastern Europe from 1945-1961. Its aim apparently is to remind us that the peoples of these countries do desire freedom, and to state what they and we may do about it. Disappointing.

THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE, by Seymour Freidin. Scribner's, \$5.95.

*For more about this, see Raymond Moley, "The Faith of the FBI," NEWSWEEK, March 4, 1963.

**"But We Were Born Free," 81-2.

***Mr. McNamara recently estimated that there were 700 to 800 thousand Communists in the United States; he arrived at this figure by the admittedly "vague and nebulous" method of totaling the circulation of all publications "officially cited" as subversive and multiplying by three.



Ekunochie, a water goddess, is third in importance in the Mbari house. Her representations are usually extremely beautiful. From *AFRICAN MUD SCULPTURE*, by Ulli Beier, Cambridge, \$4.95.

South Africans Explain Apartheid

HERE ARE three explanations of the South African policy of separating racial and cultural groups as much as possible. Each in its distinctive way is outstanding. L. E. Neame has written a history of racial policy from the Dutch settlement in 1652 to the present. A political correspondent for the main chain of newspapers in Southern Africa and for ten years editor of leading dailies in Cape Town and Johannesburg, Mr. Neame is reasonably objective in his treatment of controversial issues. While sympathetic toward the Afrikaners' aim of preserving their "white civilization," in his last chapter, "Can Apartheid Succeed?," he points out the main weaknesses in the policy of bolstering tribalism and disregarding the aspirations of the urban Africans. He sees no hope of a White-Black accommodation.

Jordan Ngubane and Anthony Delius take up the problem where Mr. Neame leaves off. Mr. Ngubane is the Zulu vice-president of the Liberal Party and a former editor of Gandhi's newspaper, *INDIAN OPINION*, in Durban. Mr. Ngubane explains particularly Afrikaner and African views of apartheid and proposes a federation of thirteen states in South Africa: three would be Afrikaner, two British, six African (including the British territories of Basutoland and Swaziland), and the remainder nonracial. Mr. Delius, who is parliamentary correspondent of the CAPE

Katanga Story

SMITH Hempstone in this, his latest book, focuses the lens of extensive African experience and journalistic skill on the most important issue in the continuing Congo crisis, the Katanga problem. Depicting the complex historical and ethnographic realities that give Katanga its distinctive character, the author invokes M'siri's ghost to paint with bloody finger a picture of the decline of formerly powerful kingdoms as they were gradually weakened by incessant tribal warfare and corrupted by the slave trade. In these early chapters, in the succeeding accounts of the establishment of Belgian rule, and in his examination of the factors which induced the precipitate Belgian decision to grant independence to the Congo, Smith Hempstone is at his best and on his most solid ground. This objectivity is preserved as he discusses the events of early July and the considerations leading to the decision of Katanga to go its separate way, and he correctly observes that "it would be ridiculous to assert that Tshombe seceded only because the rest of the Congo was plunging into chaos or that he feared a Communist takeover."

As his narrative approaches the fateful clash of UN troops and the Katanga gendarmerie in September 1961, and the later battles in December, his focus narrows to the Katangan side of the

REBELS, MERCENARIES, AND DIVIDENDS, *The Katanga Story*, by Smith Hempstone. Praeger, \$4.95.

TIMES and who writes occasionally for the Washington Post, amplifies this idea in a brilliantly satirical account of relations between such states circa 1978 (although the thinly disguised characters and issues are really contemporary).

Since partition (*groot apartheid*) has become a major topic of discussion in press, parliamentary and diplomatic circles in South Africa, all three books are timely and should be read together.

—WALDEMAR B. CAMPBELL

THE DAY NATAL TOOK OFF. A SATIRE, by Anthony Delius. *Insight*, Cape Town. (paperback.)

A HISTORY OF APARTHEID, by L. E. Neame. *London House and Maxwell*, \$4.75.

AN AFRICAN EXPLAINS APARTHEID, by Jordan K. Ngubane. *Praeger*, \$5.50.

story at the sacrifice of balance and clarity in the definition of countervailing and powerful influences at work in the rest of the Congo and in the UN. Among express and implied assumptions which are unsupported and in some cases erroneous, the author more than once equates UN policy with U.S. policy as though the UN acted or failed to act solely in response to stimuli from Washington. What clearly emerges in the epilogue is his conviction of the rightness of Tshombe's cause and a general condemnation of the policies and actions of the UN and the U.S.

—CLARE H. TIMBERLAKE

Terror in Kenya

THIS is the story of one people's obscene and insensate madness. The Mau Mau were a Kenya terror group that had its roots in the Kikuyu tribe—a confederation of more than one million uprooted, land-hungry Africans. Many years of contact with the European, the personally agonizing process of detribalization, and a general need for new guidelines for living in a harsh and impersonal world all help to explain the emergence of one of mankind's most terrifying movements.

Before the European's arrival, the Kikuyu, suffering at the hands of more warlike tribes, fled into Kenya's forests for self-protection. Within the thick confines of their protective screen, a special set of common values and cultural characteristics materialized—reflected in a mystique embracing superstitious fear, an obsession with wild spirits, a profound sense of the immediacy of the supernatural. These were the combustibles from which the explosion of Mau Mau sprang.

The course of wild savagery pursued by Mau Mau is history now. (As a human reaction to frustration and disorientation, it resulted in a greater number of deaths among Kikuyu loyalists than Europeans.) Kenya currently is moving in the direction of independence, scheduled for December 12, 1963. However, the scar tissue from the Mau Mau terror remains and only time will determine if the healing process has been completely satisfactory.

—WILLIAM H. LEWIS

STATE OF EMERGENCY, by Fred Majdalany. *Houghton Mifflin*, \$4.50.

Iran—Its Politics, Culture and History

ALL three of these new books are, in their own ways, useful contributions to our knowledge of Iran. All three are written by Englishmen with long experience in the area: John Marlowe (a pen name) has seen business and military service in the Middle East. Sir Roger Stevens was British Ambassador in Tehran from 1954 to 1958. Sir Clarmont Skrine served during World War I in the British Consulate in Kerman, during World War II as British Consul in Meshed and later in the British Embassy in Tehran.

Mr. Marlowe's book is a short (136 pp.) lucid description of Iran's culture and analysis of Iran's internal and external politics. Although one may take issue with some of his conclusions, it must be granted that he has posed most of the fundamental questions.

Sir Roger Stevens has written the best traveler's guide to Iran yet seen or used by this reviewer. Following

IRAN, A SHORT POLITICAL GUIDE, by John Marlowe. Pall Mall, 18s 6d.
THE LAND OF THE GREAT SOPHY, by Roger Stevens. Methuen, 42s.
WORLD WAR IN IRAN, by Clarmont Skrine. Constable and Co.

brief chapters on history, religion and art, the reader is taken down all the main roads of Iran and told what to look for and what he is looking at.

Sir Clarmont Skrine's book is essentially memoirs. But they are indeed interesting memoirs, providing insights into Persian ways, and British ways, in Persia over a period of thirty-odd years. They also contain some fascinating historical episodes. For example, the author accompanied Reza Shah into exile in Mauritius in 1941.

The last two books, among other things, add to one's respect for the literary talents of the British Foreign Service.

—THEODORE L. ELIOT, JR.

Distant International Society

PROFESSOR Carlston uses the nationalization of concession agreements as a jumping-off point to examine the gap between present international law and organization and a far distant single international society based on solidarity and shared values among nations. Now, he finds, authority is used internationally by states not to attain common goals but "to realize the par-

ticularistic values of a single state" (p. 329).

The author believes that nationalization by underdeveloped or "vener" states results from their failure "to provide adequate means for value realization by a large part of their population" (p. viii), from their conviction that nationalization is essential to industrialization, and from their tendency to blame "economic imperialism" for their inability to achieve their national goals.

I doubt that the book contributes much to a broader knowledge of international law and organization. Chapters II and III do provide a useful discussion of concession agreements and of "mineral economics" in the world economy. That the international economy does not facilitate the achievement by underdeveloped countries of their economic aims is convincingly argued. However, Professor Carlston discounts unduly the present role of international law in structuring international relations. The book's sociological orientation makes it seem imprecise and prolix.

—BARBARA B. BURN

LAW AND ORGANIZATION IN WORLD SOCIETY, by Kenneth S. Carlston. University of Illinois, \$6.50.

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A Winter of Discontent in Newchang

by J. K. HOLLOWAY, JR.

NEWCHANG is no winter resort. Thirty miles from the Gulf of Liaotung on the Liao River in southern Manchuria, it was the northernmost of the treaty ports in China. It was at ice-bound, dreary Newchang that Consul Henry B. Miller of Oregon, a dedicated but somewhat peppery officer, spent a winter of discontent in 1901-2 trying to find out from the State Department whether the Open Door policy was merely a shibboleth. In the process of so doing, he brought upon himself several reprimands. Some censure probably was justified, if not for Miller's prickliness, then for the wretched spelling in his despatches.

But Miller asked the right questions. And the meaning of these questions for American diplomatic history was underlined in the reissuance by Yale University Press recently of a 1938 classic, *"The Far Eastern Policy of the United States"* by A. Whitney Griswold. Griswold gives probably the best account of the curious origins of the Open Door policy and the ambivalent way in which the United States sought for years to protect the twin principles of that policy—equality of commercial opportunity in China and preservation of China's administrative and territorial integrity. Griswold's analysis pointed the way for later historians who found the roots of the Pacific War in this ambivalence.

Following a career as a business man in Oregon, then as a customs official, and for one year as president of what is today Oregon State University, Miller had become consul at Chungking. There he learned the complexities of consular responsibility in the treaty port extraterritoriality system un-

The author, an FSO since 1947, is assigned to EUR/GER; other posts have been Rangoon, Shanghai, Bremen, Hong Kong, University of Michigan, and Tokyo.

der which Manchu China made its compromise with the diplomacy of sovereign states and the imperatives of international trade.

At Newchang, where he went in the summer of 1901, this system had degenerated under Russian military occupation which had taken place during the Boxer Rebellion. By 1901, it was already becoming clear that the Russians were converting the occupation into a Czarist protectorate over Manchuria, which would effectively end other powers' presences and trade there. This would have been fatal to the principles of the Open Door and to American trade, which totalled \$6 million in exports to Newchang in 1901.

Miller arrived in June. Within days the Russian civil administrator announced that he was, in effect, abolishing extraterritoriality. This and Miller's first despatches typified his problems:

This port is so easily accessible by naval vessels that foreign interests can well be protected by a small gunboat. There is no reason so far as people here can discern why the port should not be handed over to the Chinese authorities. (*June 17*)

It is certainly very humiliating to have to ask Russian permission for American citizens to celebrate our National Holiday in China. (*July 6*)

In between these, on July 2, Miller complained bitingly to the Department that a consul from Chefoo had been in his district on official business without Miller being informed.

It was on July 19, that Miller first suggested the "Bloody Question:"

If we earnestly intend to maintain an Open Door in China, we should be guarding more carefully the present situation here.

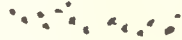
He followed it up ten days later:

We are apparently paying no respect to our interests in Manchuria. This apathy on our part is becoming the subject of serious comment on the part of other powers represented here.

Miller's judgment unfortunately deserted him in smaller matters. He made a baseless claim of extraterritoriality to prevent the Russians from arresting a Chinese servant of an American citizen. He then used contentious language to the Russian consul in attempting, otherwise quite correctly, to protect property of another citizen. By the time Miller's winter of troubles began in earnest, copies of these tactless communications had just reached Washington.

On November 29, after repeated requests by Miller, the gunboat *Vicksburg* joined a British gunboat which was also to winter at Newchang. The Russians immediately cut telegraphic facilities between Newchang and the outside world, except for Russia. Incidents followed in the bleak town. The Russians seized six rifles from British tars who went ashore to participate in a Christmas charade that, strangely, required firearms. Then the Russians mistakenly accused the Americans of landing forty armed men. Things became increasingly difficult after brawls on Christmas and New Year's Day between sailors and the Russian troops and police. All these incidents led to harsh words between Miller and the Russian civil administrator. The latter's protest of January 8 was a masterpiece of affronted dignity:

In conclusion, I can assure you that the perfect order which



The diplomat's departing for Dakar

He's the man who mixed the driest Martini in Mandalay . . . golfs in the 80's . . . does everything with just a bit more flair, more savoir-faire than anyone else. Naturally, he relies on Merchants to take the wracking out of packing. Claims Merchants could move an egg over Niagara Falls and have it arrive unbroken! They even moved his Grandmother's goblets to Gibraltar! After all: Over 75 years of experience, plus Official Approval to move and store the personal effects of Foreign Service Personnel—what greater assurance can you ask?



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NEWCHANG

existed here before the arrival of the American man-of-war will be maintained by me with energy and I will be very much obliged to you and the honorable officers of the *USS Vicksburg* for the smallest symptom of your mutual desire to put an end to the delinquencies of the sailors when they come ashore.

Some of this evaporated when Miller proved a pea jacket dropped during an assault on a Russian sentry was from the Royal Navy; and, after American naval officers had mistakenly been arrested, Miller received a half-hearted apology. In the meantime, however, the Russians had protested to Secretary Hay that "the consul (in Newchang) is raising constant and irritating difficulties with the Russian authorities." Hay, who had strong views on negotiating with the Russians ("Dealing with a government with whom mendacity is a science is an extremely difficult and delicate matter"), gave the consul no benefit of doubt; the reply said Miller would be instructed to have "due circumspection . . . adapt himself to circumstances . . . avoid all occasion of friction . . . bear in mind the difficulties. . . ." Harpies in the Department then sent off another reprimand on Miller's "language of a character to give offence. . ." Handwritten notations of working-level officers on the file indicate:

He (Miller) is so far right, and the Russians so far wrong that we can't remove him without prejudice to our interests;

and, more realistically,

The consul seems to have a good deal of right on his side if indeed it is not all with him . . . but he has gotten his relations with the Russians into such a bad state.

The Russian admiral in charge at Newchang eventually made a proper apology to the consular corps for the discourteous conduct of the civil administrator, and Miller reproachfully reminded Washington of its too easy acceptance of the Russian protest. However, there is a plaintive note in Miller's despatch on St. Patrick's Day, asking for leave:

We have been frozen up here for four months without a steamer and need to get in touch again with the world to renew ambitions and activities.

Unbeknownst to Miller, the Russians, and the Department, Newchang's future had been settled that winter by the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. With this in hand, the Japanese went into the Russo-Japanese War, and Manchuria became a Japanese preserve. A 1908 trade directory shows over 7,900 Japanese resident in Newchang as contrasted with 200 Europeans. American exports had greatly shrunken.

Also unknown to Miller, the American public and the Congress (but well known to the Japanese) was Hay's repudiation of the Open Door principle of territorial integrity by seeking cession of a Fukien naval base. Equally unknown, though suspected by the Japanese, was Hay's policy that we would not enforce the Open Door policy by "any demonstration which could present a character of hostility to any other power." Equally surmised by the Japanese but by very few Americans was Hay's private opinion that a preeminent American moral position in the Open Door policy was "mere flap-doodle."

Miller returned to Newchang after his leave and stayed there throughout the Russo-Japanese War. Later, he served as consul general at Yokohama and Belfast.

She died in her sleep that autumn in the familiar apartment on the rue de l'Odéon that she loved.

So it was, that September morning in 1944, that I saluted Sylvia on her pale lean cheek and Adrienne on her plump rosy one, and took off. Before we realized it, we had left the Porte d'Italie and were driving along toward Fontainebleau, past the Forest of Sénart, on a road lined with tall poplar trees, whose leaves had already turned gold, on our way to the South, to Toulouse, *la ville rose*. We were delighted, at a time when lack of gasoline, the destruction of railroads, and the blowing up of bridges had made normal travel impossible, to have a chance to cross the country from North to South, to see for ourselves what was happening, and to feast our eyes on the most harmonious landscape in the world. We had been warned that in the area we were to cross, particularly the wilder corners of the Massif Central, there were bands of Germans still at large and that they would be glad to lay hands on an American jeep, gasoline, and identification papers. But we were too excited to take these warnings very seriously and pushed on with all the daring of our innocence.

We stopped for the night at Clermont Ferrand, an important center of clandestine activity since the strategically important Michelin plants were located there. We easily established contact with the local Resistance group. They had taken over the best hotel in town and were quite unblushingly enjoying the fruits of their victory. We were the first Americans they had seen, and we were invited to join them. It gave us a chance to come to know, on an intimate, non-theoretical and almost non-official basis, a small, operating

unit of underground people. Seen at close-range, the movement was quite different from what we had been told about it by Frenchmen in London or by higher-echelon types in Paris. We saw how local and how basically disorganized it was, how much it depended on playing it by ear, how disconcerting a mixture it was of the best and the worst, of purity and banditry, of heroic self-sacrifice and the naked hunger for personal power.

We took leave of our friends, after vigorously raising our glasses to the bonds uniting our two great democracies, promising that "we would always keep in touch." Naturally, alas, we never did. But years later, buying an airplane ticket at the Gare des Invalides, I recognized the clerk as Melville, one of the most daring and ambitious of the band in Clermont. Consumed with a great but ill-informed passion for American literature, he had adopted the name of the author of "Moby Dick" as his Resistance title. Ten years later, he was a minor employe, after having briefly known the heady feeling of power and command. He was bitter, negative, and obsessed by unfulfilled aspirations. His drama is characteristic of many others of his generation who, after their underground experiences, never really could adjust again to what we call "normal life," and which for them seemed a life of hypocritical, middle-class compromise.

It was only when the fumes of all our toasts had cleared that we realized as we rolled through the wild country south of Clermont that we certainly didn't have enough gas to get to Toulouse. Naturally there were no pumps open along the road in 1944. The closest source of supply was the Army dépôt at Avignon.

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Arriving on the banks of the Rhône, we discovered that the bridge had been blown up. After a long wait, we managed to get the jeep on a big, clumsy, improvised raft that functioned spasmodically as a ferry. It was already overcrowded with mules, carts, goats, geese, a flock of sheep, and peasants loaded down with masses of household goods. It was a most perilous crossing. There in the middle of the Rhône swollen by autumn rains, with the waves slopping over the raft and the sheep bleating, the mules braying, the geese cackling and the peasant women moaning, I felt like a latter-day Noah trapped in a most unseaworthy ark.

Having reached the other side, we found that the raft was so unstable that we couldn't get the vehicle off it. But by dint of much pushing and hauling and with the noisy assistance of our fellow passengers a miracle was performed and the jeep was somehow hauled up on the bank. After that experience, no one ever needed to convince us of the role of rivers in history.

Refueled, we stopped by Pernes in the Vaucluse to present a letter from Paul Eluard to the poet René Char, who was a leader of the maquis in that area. We located him without any difficulty, for, as the peasants said, he was known "like a white wolf" throughout the countryside. He turned out to be a most attractive person, with the same kind of human magnetism as Eluard himself. Tall, handsome, with a leonine head, a ruddy, outdoor face, and an open smile, wearing rough country clothes, he seemed rather a small landed proprietor than a "literary man." At that time, I had not yet read his poetry, but later when I received from him some of the poems included in "Feuillets d'Hypnos," the volume inspired by his Resistance experiences, I recognized the grave timbre of his voice, the slow, beautifully deliberate rhythm of his speech. Later that year I saw him on one of his trips to Paris. But he never liked the city and he still spends most of his time in his vineyards in Provence.

While in Avignon I was anxious to make the acquaintance of Pierre Seghers, just across the river at Villeneuve-lez-Avignon, where he directed the magazine POÉSIE. POÉSIE, considering its small circulation, had acquired a real influence and had done much to foster the interest in poetry, even the cult of poetry, which had developed in France during the Occupation. In an oppressed, censor-ridden society, verse was physically easier to write and to publish than novels; and furthermore, it permitted veiled allusion, making easier the game of outwitting the censors. At any event, a real "poetic Renaissance" appeared to be in progress, and "little magazines" like POÉSIE were springing up in the most unlikely corners of the provinces—like Villeneuve, or Rochefort in the Charente, or Dieulefit in the Drôme—and introducing ardent new talent. In this movement, which stressed the social responsibility of the poet and his involvement in the suffering of his time, Seghers played a leading role. His review was not only exciting in content, but was also most handsome in appearance. In fact, the first numbers had been handset and printed on a hand press. One of the paradoxes of the Occupation was that the severe economic restriction apparently encouraged the production of luxury books and reviews. It may be that we feel able to afford certain luxuries (or feel that we cannot get along without certain luxuries) only in times of poverty and disaster. My

visit to Villeneuve marked the beginning of a friendship that has survived the giddy succession of Seghers' sentimental and ideological dramas; it also resulted in an increased emphasis on Americans in his large circulation series, "Poets of Today."

From Villeneuve the road led through Nîmes, Montpellier, and Carcassonne to Toulouse, which, during the Occupation, had reassumed something of the importance it had once known as the capital of Languedoc. France seemed to have taken on again the regional character which had been a recessive trait in her national personality ever since the 17th century. Toulouse had become practically an independent state and the Commissioner of the Republic, for example, governed the region with no effective direction from Paris.

And the Commissioner, by happy chance, was Jean Cassou, art critic and novelist, for whom I had a letter from Paulhan. Cassou had been thrown into solitary confinement in 1943 for his clandestine activity. With nothing to write with, he had composed in his head a sonnet sequence, "Sonnets écrits au secret," which on his release he wrote down and published in the *Editions de Minuit*.

In the fighting during the Liberation of Toulouse, Cassou had been badly wounded in the shoulder, and he was still an invalid. He received us sitting up in an enormous bed; and with crowds of people hurrying in and out of the room, the scene made me think of Saint-Simon's description of the levées of Louis XIV. Cassou, now the director of the Museum of Modern Art in Paris, has often spoken of our first meeting and of his brief and over-idealistic political career. For he did not survive very long as Commissaire de la République. An independent "liberal of the Left," he was soon a victim of the struggles which had quickly broken out between the Communists and the representatives of the Right.

With Cassou's help we easily acquired the information we needed about the activities of the Spanish refugees and I was free to acquaint myself with the intellectual life of the city. I hurried to call on Julien Benda, who, in his "Betrayal of the Intellectuals" (which had appeared in 1926), had already sounded an alarm against the tide of irrationalism he claimed was threatening our culture. The war had confirmed his worst fears about the decline of the powers of Reason. As a Jew, in spite of his advanced age and his great distinction, he was forced to go into hiding. From 1941 until the Liberation, he lived under a false name at Carcassonne, and wrote four books, of which the first to be published was the furiously scolding "La France Byzantine." Benda received me in his modest lodgings in one of those beautiful old rose-colored brick sixteenth century houses which are so characteristic of Toulouse. He was a small, gray, bristling man, with white hair and a mustache, and a mouth that looked as though he had bit into something unpleasant and was about to spew it out. His manner was as sharply astringent as his prose. He told me that, had there not been the human suffering and his concern about the safety of members of his family, he would have enjoyed the silence and the solitude of the Occupation. He even felt that it might be a salutary influence in restoring our Dionysiac, passion-ridden society to some measure of rationality. Benda had remained

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completely impervious to the lyric and rather loose humanitarianism that was in vogue during the first months of the Liberation. We went down to Radio Toulouse, where we made a broadcast together. He introduced me to colleagues there: René Laporte, a talented novelist and poet who died too young; Etienne Borne, a young professor, later the editorial director of the MRP daily, L'AUBE; René Bertelé, who founded the house that published Jacques Prévert's "*Parôles*," which, with a sale of nearly 500,000 copies, has been the poetry sensation of post-war France; Jean Calvel, director of Radio Toulouse, soon afterwards named news director of the national radio. We all had lunch together, and they introduced me to the characteristic dish of the area, *cassoulet*, a rich composition of white beans, bacon, goose, and garlic, wed in a bath of goose grease, which is guaranteed to make the cholesterol count soar. And, of course, we talked and talked about all the grave difficulties that were already arising—the growing struggle for power between the moderates and the small but closely organized extreme left elements in the Resistance, the severe economic and moral problems posed by the Liberation; and gravest of these moral problems, the question of collaboration and what to do about it. This was a very complex business, indeed, and was to remain an ulcer in the side of France for the next decade. The purge and the methods used in carrying it out had already inspired certain misgivings in my mind about the motives of some of the Resistance people, whose zeal for shooting collaborators seemed not unrelated to a desire to take over the good jobs which were thus left vacant.

But such doubts were still only small clouds on the horizon; and exhilarated and stimulated by our trip, the warm perfume of Provence still in our nostrils, we made our way north to Paris, which still remained, decentralization or not, the major laboratory of the French spirit.

(To be concluded)



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The Real Enemy- The Anti-Functionalists

by S. I. NADLER

NOT long ago, a television commercial featured an electric razor equipped with a small, built-in spotlight. The Anti-Functionalists have struck, successfully, again.

As the real enemies of modern man, in general, and of the United States, in particular, no group even begins to approach the Anti-Functionalists. Not even the Communists, who have their own troubles with them. (The first deviationist was an Anti-Functionalist. So was Mao Tse-tung's eighth grade teacher.)

The automobile, which used to be a solidly-constructed, economically-operated vehicle designed to take people and things from one place to another, provides the classic case history of anti-functionalism in action. It is a two-stage process. In stage one, logical and functional items or parts are removed from the target object. In the case of the automobile the mudguard was discarded. In stage two, items which have no discernible relation to the original purpose of the target object are added. For the automobile, there was the fender, which does not fend off anything, but which bends or crumples at a touch and should be known as the bender or crumpler. Stages one and two are repeated alternately until the target object bears as little resemblance as possible to what it originally was, is still advertised to be, and what the public thinks it is. (The Anti-Functionalists, it might be noted in passing, are not yet through with the automobile. Within our lifetime, we will see a motorless, highly-chromed, air-conditioned, centrally-heated, gold-plated automobile, complete with color television, designed to be left parked in front of one's house as a status symbol. It will be pointed out that, by not being driven, the vehicle will be subject to slightly lower insurance rates.)

The work of the Anti-Functionalists may be seen, if one wishes to look, everywhere. Glance around your house, for example. As a matter of fact, glance *at* your house if it was constructed within the past twenty-five years. Just for a starter, what happened to the dining room?

The Anti-Functionalists do not confine their activities, however, to the realm of economy or the material. They have made equal and more insidious advances in the socio-political field, following the basic pattern of eliminating the functional and then adding something unrelated. It was they, to cite an example, who invented public opinion

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surveys, and it is they who will succeed in replacing elections with such surveys. For legislative bodies of representative governments, to cite another instance, the Anti-Functionalists have devised rules committees. On occasion, they vary their approach and try to prevent something functional from coming into being. Right now, they are working on—or against—the proposed National Academy for Foreign Affairs.

Their next major step, needless to say, will be in outer space. We cannot yet pinpoint just what they are up to, but we do know that it involves the other side of the moon. It is not because of whim that the President has a secret group of high-level scientists carefully watching the tides.

Overstaffing

MEMBERS of this Subcommittee may recall that I was one of those who at one time expressed himself as being of the opinion that Department of State and Foreign Service were both greatly overstaffed. I cannot speak, today, for the Department of State. But I should like to say that so far as the official establishment in Yugoslavia was concerned, I found myself in most respects corrected. It is true that this establishment was a great deal larger than the foreign service establishments in which I had served before the war. It included, for one thing, a large USIS component—something which we did not know at all in earlier days. The administrative section, too, was larger than anything we knew in earlier days. There were also some minor instances of what seemed to me to be excessive paternalism. But when I looked around and asked myself where I could cut, beyond those major cuts which attended the dismantling of the aid mission, it was not easy to find the places. I could have objected to the size of the informational establishment, had it not been for the fact that these people were doing an extraordinarily perceptive and effective job, and making, as it seemed to me, the fullest possible use of their time and facilities. Either one wanted these things to be done, or one did not. To me, they seemed obviously constructive and desirable; and they could hardly have been better accomplished than they were. These activities were conducted by talented, devoted people, who gave all they had to the job. Who was I to complain?

It was difficult for me to judge the necessity for the relatively large military staffs. I suspected they were larger than they needed to be; but what was at issue here might have been a matter of two or three people. A cut of this order would not have helped us much.

As for the administrative overhead, I am pleased to report that the centralized administrative section, so unfamiliar to those of us who were brought up in the old Foreign Service, actually proved to be a time-saver to myself. It too, was well-conducted; and it was quite effective, as it was intended to be, in freeing my own time for substantive questions. In all instances, the redeeming feature was excellence of personnel and able executive leadership of the respective sections. Perhaps the answer to quantity is quality; certainly, the former without the latter is fatal.

—Excerpted from "Impressions of a Recent Ambassadorial Experience," the statement of the Honorable George F. Kennan, recently retired Ambassador to Yugoslavia, before the Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations, Senator Henry M. Jackson, chairman.

What Did You Do with the Ambassador's Gin?

by BETTY CROMWELL

AS A MEMBER of the Junior League of my home town I knew that I was a trained, experienced, competent and always-willing volunteer worker. So when the Personnel Association of the Embassy asked if I would head up a committee of three wives to select the products and brands the Personnel Association Commissary should stock, I gladly accepted. It wasn't a difficult task. The items included liquor, cigarettes, baby foods, paper articles, coffee, sugar, flour, shortening and some other less-essentials. I did my job so well that in a matter of weeks I was promoted to Commissary Purchasing Officer.

The administrative staff man who had formerly handled all this on his own time had been transferred. I was told that, because of his full-time Embassy duties, he had ordered all the food items from one jobber, which was costly. It was suggested that I might have more time and do better. I was handed a stack of price lists and advertising material.

I studied price lists for days. Having found a definitive low, I sent off my first official order to the American Sugar and Refining Company for 150 five-pound sacks of sugar. I received a prompt reply informing me politely that they sold sugar only by the car-load lot. Would I like one?

After two months of playing watchdog over the income and outgo of the Personnel Association, I learned that I couldn't win, and I too started more or less ordering everything from one jobber. The shelves had been getting emptier and emptier with my repeated failures to get anyone to send a small amount of an individual item at a massive-order price.

The matter had been brought to a head—mine—the night I had to call the Duty Officer of a neighboring Embassy to ask if he would have his Air Attache bring me a box of Pablum immediately for a very sick infant who would eat nothing else. (The Pablum arrived soon enough, but the baby wouldn't eat it; the nana, meanwhile, had taught the little gourmet to prefer mashed bananas.)

I, who married a librarian and am, ergo, more bookish than rakish, was soon spending a great deal of my time with cigarette and liquor salesmen. One expense-account-loaded

BETTY CROMWELL (Mrs. Frederick) votes in Arizona but has spent the last eleven years in Madrid, Seville, Bogota and Washington with her USIA husband.

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“... the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.” St. Luke 2: 15-16

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THE AMBASSADOR'S GIN

cigarette salesman went so far as to give a luncheon in my honor. This joker (he didn't smoke) had extra pockets for his supply of cigarettes. Every few seconds he pulled out a new pack in a plastic case which flipped out a cigarette. He first offered the cigarette and then handed the recipient the pack, case and all. The table was decorated with half a dozen platesful of cigarettes. The favors and place cards were packs of cigarettes. In the midst of this tobacco extravaganza I unconsciously opened my purse and pulled out a cigarette of another brand! It brought down the house and was my first and last grand exit as a comedienne. Even my husband didn't realize this was inadvertent.

One day I received a call telling me that the Ambassador wanted me to see the local agent for a gin mill in a relatively-nearby developed country. The gin carried a well-known name, the price was favorable and the shipping charges were moderate. I ordered five cases of gin for the Ambassador and five cases for the commissary.

A couple of months later our commissary man telephoned that the gin had arrived. I instructed him to open it and put it on the shelves right away, since the commissary had lacked gin for some time. Half of the gin was sold that same day. The following night at a party the president of the Personnel Association asked me what I had done with the Ambassador's gin. Confused, I said that I had perhaps made a dent in the Scotch the last time I was at the residence, but took no blame for gin. But the question was repeated to me all evening. Next morning early what was left of the gin was sent to the Ambassador. The deficit was made up as soon as the commissary order arrived.

No one had told me that orders for the commissary are addressed to The American Ambassador and orders for him personally are addressed to him by name. For months sadists would ask me occasionally what I had done with the Ambassador's gin. I would lick my lips and stagger off mumbling that I jush finsh the las' drop.

My nine-year-old daughter was attending a center of learning known as the "British Institute." Discipline was one of the principal things taught and one of the disciplines was that all written work had to be done in ink. This was before the day of ball-point pens and the country we lived in had no washable ink. One day I was complaining to the secretary who had volunteered to type some commissary orders that a few Embassy wives were asking me to order special items for them at a time when we were trying to reduce stock and prepare to close. Righteously indignant, I avowed that even in my advantageous position I had never ordered anything just because I personally wanted it. Indiscreetly I added that if I ever had it would have been washable ink!

A couple of weeks later I met the Administrative Officer, a figure about six-foot four by four-foot six, in an Embassy corridor. He stopped me with a loud, "Hey, Betty!" and continued for all the Embassy to hear: "Some God-damned, jelly-brained," (he sometimes talked like this) "sabotaging idiot ordered ink! You can only buy ink in every block for about two cents a bottle. Now I've got to answer this letter and apologize."

The letter said our last order was on the way and they thanked us as always, etc., but they wanted to remind us

by Betty Cromwell

that they only dealt in foodstuffs. They were glad to order the ink and send it this time, but hoped that in the future we would realize their limitations.

I said not a word.

Driving home I thought of the Catholic church and its theories of sin. Sometimes it's true that one who even thinks of or wishes for or mentions something *verboten* is punished. I hadn't ordered any ink but truth would out and I would be blamed, and my large friend would probably make me drink it. I wished I were back at the Ambassador's-gin level of error.

But when the final order was unpacked no ink was found. I breathed again and redeemed myself for all past mistakes by literally tending the store the last few weeks. The few remaining items were bought reluctantly by the new four-star emporium being set up by the military. After the truck had carried away the last of them, the carry-out boy spoke to me. I couldn't understand at first, but I got the idea that something was wrong with the bottom case of baby food. When the word "ink" finally came through I went into mild shock, but quickly recovered. With great dignity I informed him that he must be mistaken.

However, when the big PX opened I was the first customer at the school supply center. Surreptitiously I bought three bottles of a certain item and hid them in the large purse I had carried for that purpose. (Within four days all the washable ink had been sold; so no one lost any money.)

When the Personnel Association got all the bills paid and all the depositors refunded, there was a balance of \$50 which was converted into a purple heart and presented to me with pomp and ceremony at the final commissary meeting.

* * * * *

At our next post, Bogotá, a friend called me one day to say she had heard that I had had a great deal of commissary experience and that the Board was desperately looking for someone . . . I slammed down the phone, ran outdoors, and jumped off the Sabana!

THE following letter was received recently by Ambassador Fulton Freeman:

Mr. E. Mbajada, Americana
Edificio Segruos
Bolivia, Columbia

Dear Mr. Mbajada:

I am not sure that I have your name spelled correctly, and the correct information in your address so that you will receive this letter. If you do receive it will you be kind enough to drop me a note, as I enjoyed meeting you, and I want to write to you again.

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Beauty in the Bush

by AILEEN VINCENT BARWOOD

ALONG with other dubious aspects of Western civilization such as rock and roll, comic books, and roadside billboards, which Africans have voluntarily adopted, there must now be added a new one: the Beauty Contest. As it is carried out now in West Africa it leaves one wondering as to its value in discovering the African ideal of beauty. Thus far, contestants are judged not according to a local standard of beauty, but as to how close they can approximate the western ideal of polish and sophistication; an unfair criterion if ever there was.

I went to the contest because I was genuinely interested in discovering the West African's concept of a beautiful woman; but from the moment of my arrival it was obvious that most of the crowd had come not so much to see who was to be the beauty representative of their remote Northern Province in the national contest in the capital the following month, but—quite simply—to enjoy themselves.

People thronged as at a carnival. Boys bearing wooden trays covered with little fried cakes cried, "Who buy hot ginger cake?" Girls shouted, "Agahdee! Who buy sweet agahdee?" (a sweetened mass of boiled rice rolled up in a broad green leaf). The stone stairway leading up to the second-floor ballroom of the hotel was lined with schoolboys from the local Secondary School who lacked the minimum two shillings to get in. Earlier arrivals had already found free places on the open balcony which ran around the ballroom on three sides, and every window was a beehive of bodies struggling to get inside for a closer look.

Pushing our way up the stairs, we paid our two shillings and shoved our way through to the door of the ballroom. "No more seats," we were told politely, and indeed, the rows of chairs along the sides of the long room supported a sea of expectant faces. We were just turning away when a tall imposing figure in black robes loomed up. An elderly gentleman with grizzled hair and the face of an aristocrat, he commanded others to bring chairs and with a dignified smile, motioned us in.

Chairs were brought and placed on the far side of the room, in front of the first row of occupants, who, no doubt were nettled to find that their first row seats, for which they had paid five shillings, were now second row seats,

AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD is a free-lance writer and former journalist whose husband is at present a Communications-Media Adviser with AID.

worth only two shillings. We offered to exchange chairs but they protested and we remained, rather uncomfortably, where we were. "Who is the gentleman in the dark robes?" I asked my neighbor, a teacher whom I knew. He was the Paramount Chief of the district, I was told, and while we waited I speculated on the universal qualities of men who are leaders. It was purely an exercise in semantics but it helped pass the hour and a half we had to wait beyond the time announced when the contest would start.

The rest of the audience had no such need to occupy itself while waiting. Excited talk rose around us, babies fretted and were clamped to the breast, men kept coming and going—bringing bottles of cold beer from the bar, getting up to chat with one of the six judges who sat at a table on the low platform at the front of the room, carrying messages for the chief, eating, arguing, creating a party atmosphere at five o'clock on a weekday afternoon.

Someone put a twist record on a phonograph and the decibel count increased to deafening; the old gilded mirrors on the walls, mildewed by countless rainy seasons, reflected a phantasmagoria of dark laughing faces, brilliant robes, female heads blossoming with gauzy turbans of pink and gold and green. By the time the master of ceremonies had obtained the silence he had been whistling for for over ten minutes, it was dusk and strings of colored lights on the ceiling were switched on, increasing the carnival atmosphere.

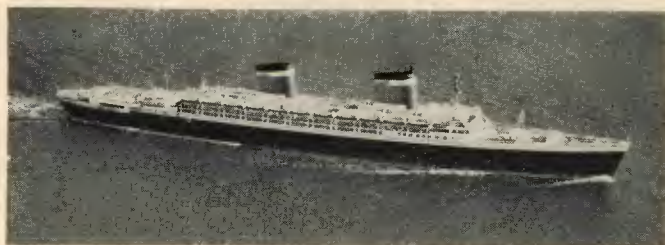
Paper in hand, the m.c. announced, first in English, then in the local dialect, that the contestants would come out one by one and with each entrance he would tell us the lady's "necessary measurements" (cheers from the men in the audience), and her family background (polite clapping).

The phonograph was turned down, the judges picked up their pencils, and Contestant Number One entered.

She came in by a side door at the back of the hall and stood hesitantly a few feet inside the room, glancing nervously at the length of floor space up which she had to travel to the judge's platform. It must have looked as long as a polo field to her. For a moment I thought she was going to bolt and run. It was no small feat, I knew, for a young African woman to get up before a roomful of strangers—mostly men—and parade herself. The African girl is traditionally shy before strangers, a doe among bucks, and more than once I have heard her reply, "I shamed, Missus," when asked why she refused to appear. But bravely squaring her shoulders, the first contestant started the long walk, moving demurely under the multicolored lights and whirring fans. Her eyes moved neither right nor left but remained fastened, almost desperately, on her goal. The audience, a noisy crowd only minutes before, was now silent, the only sound that of the m.c.'s voice droning out the lady's statistics: "... age 22, mother of four children, who likes to embroider, cook, and read stories. Her necessary measurements are 42-33-41."

She was indeed a buxom lady, who stood straight and carried herself well in the white brocade dress which, the m.c. told us, she had made herself. It was in the West African style, with a camisole top, gathered and full at the waist like a ballerina's *tutu*, and a sarong-like skirt, wrapped

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BEAUTY IN THE BUSH

tightly around the hips and reaching the ankles. On her feet she wore strapless wedgies with cork soles.

She stepped up on the platform and stood uncertainly before the judges—the dentist for the Province, the matron from the hospital, the doctor, and two teacher's wives. They busied themselves with their papers, not bothering to look up at her until finally the dentist, a kindly little man with tiny molded features and pointed goatee, motioned her to walk back and forth before them. Still solemn, she paraded sedately a couple of times and walked off with visible relief. The audience had not made a sound.

A stiff breeze had come up from the river and the curtains at the windows billowed in like blue flags, disclosing a choir of peering faces at the edges of the light; all at once I was struck by an inner vision of us sitting there in the faded elegance of a colonial era ballroom, under the colored lights and faded paper streamers, while the vast darkness of Africa spread out around us like a cloak. I knew that all along the wide river, which flowed fast and deep a few hundred yards below the flank of the hill, people in small villages would be squatting around their cooking fires now, drinking palm wine and eating their rice chop. In the firelight naked children would be sitting, saucer-eyed and silent, watching their elders or playing together in the dust. What did a beauty contest have to do with them?

If Contestant Number One established a mood of polite surprise, Contestant Number Two changed all that. When the crowd caught sight of her, standing rigidly at the far end of the room, raucous laughter burst from several hundred throats, young men pounded their walking sticks on the floor, thumped their palms against their knees, stamped their feet, and pointed. The room rocked with noise as the unfortunate girl walked gamely down the floor, her expression one of bewilderment. Thin, awkward, lacking poise, and desperately ill at ease, she was as much out of place as she would have been in Atlantic City.

One couldn't help but wonder at her presence here. Had she been induced to come by a promise of money? Of fame? Or had she simply been ordered by her chief to appear as a representative of her district, a district far to the north where beauty contests must be as unknown as Farah Diba hairdoes.

Seemingly oblivious to the laughter which swirled around her, she made her ungainly way to the judges' platform and stopped. Then, taking a pose out of some outdated movie or magazine illustration, she placed one hand on her waist, thrust a leg and hip forward, and assumed a stance more befitting a Florodora girl than an aspiring beauty queen. Applause and hoots of laughter received this attempt to be professional. My neighbor groaned in her chair and I turned to see tears running down her cheeks. "Oh, oh," she gasped, rocking as if in pain, "this is so funny!"

I turned back to the girl on the stage, who, by this time realizing that her posturing was making an impression, proceeded to execute a series of weird stances which all but made her appear deformed. The crowd loved it. They clapped and howled for more, choking with laughter. The judges, too, were convulsed until, abruptly the dentist finally

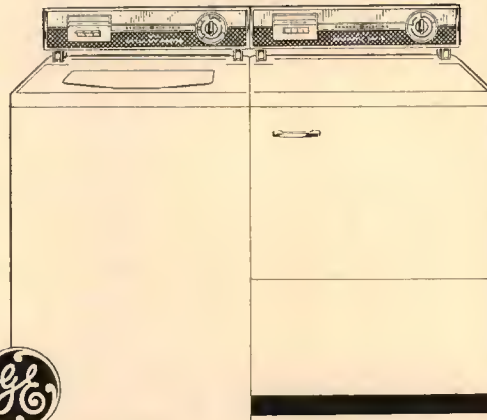
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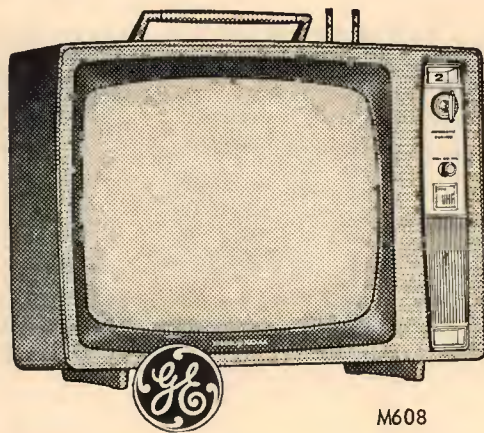
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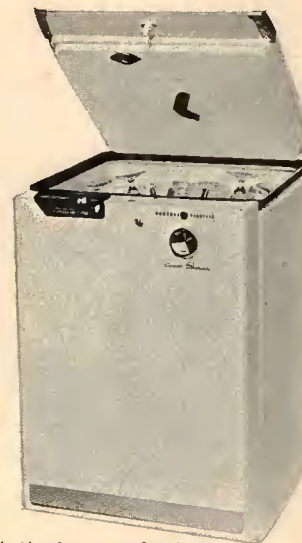
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BEAUTY IN THE BUSH

waved her away. With a final wiggle of her hips she stepped down.

It was ten minutes before the audience settled down. It was evident that a mood of wild hilarity had invaded the room, a mood which did not augur well for the next contestants. The audience had suddenly become a gleeful mob, and all nine of the ensuing beauties were forced to face a roomful of laughing, stomping, wildly shouting onlookers.

Though all were shy, and singularly graceless, several were extremely appealing, with their wide eyes, high cheekbones, nicely modeled features, and black velvet skin. It must have taken the courage of a combat soldier to face that audience and I admired the girls for their pluck.

The twelfth contestant abruptly silenced the audience.

Standing indolently at the end of the room, slowly swinging a pink chiffon scarf in her left hand, she commanded their silence by a look of haughty disdain; her confidence in her good looks and her attractive western clothes was so apparent that in amazement everyone stopped talking at once.

Slowly, almost disinterestedly, she started past them, her head with its fashionable heehive coiffure and sparkling ornament held high, her body moving gracefully. She walked easily, on high-heeled shoes, back straight, shoulders nicely squared, her manner showing quite plainly that she expected respectful silence until she had completed her performance.

She got it. Not a whisper escaped as she finished her slow parade, mounted the platform, and stood lazily surveying them; then with a shrug which hordered on insolence, she turned to the judges and, acknowledging them with a gracious little nod, executed several smooth-flowing pirouettes. The whole time a faint smile played about the corners of her pouting, lipsticked mouth.

It was then she achieved her supreme moment. After another nod to the judges, she turned to the audience, opened her arms wide, and gave a beauteous smile.

The applause was thunderous. Like an acclaimed star, she stood there smiling, receiving it calmly, head tilted slightly to one side. She had conquered them completely. It was a superb piece of showmanship and I found myself wondering who had coached her, where in her bush home she could possibly have learned such aplomb. In actual fact, she was no more beautiful than several of the others who had appeared but she had somehow managed to achieve a showmanship and a sophistication usually associated with beauty queens.

There was another riotous hour while all the contestants paraded once again, this time in shorts and blouses, an unfortunate choice which showed all too clearly the African woman's tendency to carry her excess plumpness on her buttocks.

But the identity of the winner was never in doubt; the crowd merely amused themselves as at a midway side-show, until Contestant Number Twelve appeared again.

While the judges compared notes, we were entertained by

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BEAUTY IN THE BUSH

a group of dancers belonging to one of the women's societies. To the heart-beat rhythm of drums, played by a ring of motherly women, a girl wearing a bustle of green leaves over her dress, and tiny bells around her knees, danced a chicken dance. Strutting, pecking, fluttering, shaking her "feathers," she moved about the room accepting coins which she held in her mouth. One young man, overcome with the excitement of the moment, rushed out with a coin between his teeth; without once losing a beat, the girl embraced him, transferring the coin to her lips. The Paramount Chief sent an emissary forward with a paper bill, at which everyone cheered.

By this time the excitement of the audience was beyond control. Many had left their chairs and the crowds of shouting schoolboys from the balcony outside had erupted into the room and were pressing against our backs.

When the winner Twelve was announced, I was reminded of the jubilant crowd at a football game back home, rushing on to the field when the home team scores the final victorious goal of a series. People flowed out across the floor, pounded each other's backs, shook hands, congratulated the judges amidst a m el e of dancing, shouting figures. The m.c. shrugged and gave up trying to make himself heard.

In best beauty contest style the winner's ribbon was draped across the Queen's breast, an aluminum foil crown was placed atop her hairdo, and an enormous bouquet of scarlet bougainvillea was thrust into her arms. People dashed up to give her money; another bill was forthcoming from the Paramount Chief. Her sense of the expected thing to do did not fail her:

She cried prettily.



Mrs. Edmund Gullion, wife of the Ambassador to the Congo, toasts a young Congolese mother at a fashion show of home-sewn garments. The hostess was Mrs. Paul Bergman, wife of the labor attach e, assisted by four USIS wives, Mrs. Grace Ball, Mrs. John Graves, Mrs. Bea Hackett and Mrs. Thomas Rodda.

Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's full name. The Journal takes no responsibility for its writers' opinions. All letters are subject to condensation.

Basic Training At FSI: A Rejoinder

I SHOULD like to question certain assumptions which seem to lie behind Mr. Godfrey Harris' criticisms of the present FSI program. ("Basic Training at FSI," JOURNAL, July 1963.)

If I catch his mood correctly, Mr. Harris felt uncomfortable with the "priorities and presentations" of the A-100 Basic Officer course because they tend "to dull any desire for immediate intellectual growth"; because the "resultant pattern of unrelated and uncoordinated information is difficult to mould successfully into the listener's understanding of the subject"; because the student more often than not is pelted with a hail of disembodied facts and opinions." Later, when dealing with the problem of selecting proper instructors for the course, he points out that "Most university survey courses, which also cover a wide variety of disciplines, successfully manage their topics with a similar system (i.e. by alternating permanent instructors with guest speakers)."

What much of this amounts to is a restatement of the perennial problem of what is the proper admixture of "background knowledge"—necessarily ordered and tidy—and confrontation with the brute facts of experience—necessarily chaotic and messy. Unfortunately there is no simple formula for the compounding of the two ingredients. But it would surely be folly to ignore the injunction of the ancients, "mens perficetur rebus," or not to catch the point of Pope's injunction:

Nor will Life's stream for

Observation stay,

It hurries all too fast to mark
their way;

In vain sedate reflections we
would make,

When half our knowledge we
must snatch, not take.

And this is precisely the point at which I feel Mr. Harris goes astray. He wishes to "take" his knowledge in the orderly fashion which was possible in his graduate or undergraduate years. It is significant that he thinks of himself at FSI as "the student" at "a lecture" and that all his terms of comparison involve reliance upon his past university experience. But surely there is a time at which one must become a "Foreign Service Officer" at "a brief-

ing." What political officer charged with the responsibility of commenting upon an impending governmental crisis does not feel that he "is pelted with a hail of disembodied facts and opinions?" What consular officer confronting an involved visa or citizenship case does not feel that he is faced with "a pattern of unrelated and uncoordinated information?" The transition from sedate reflections to snatching knowledge from life's stream must eventually be made. Why not as early as possible, at the outset of the junior officer's career?

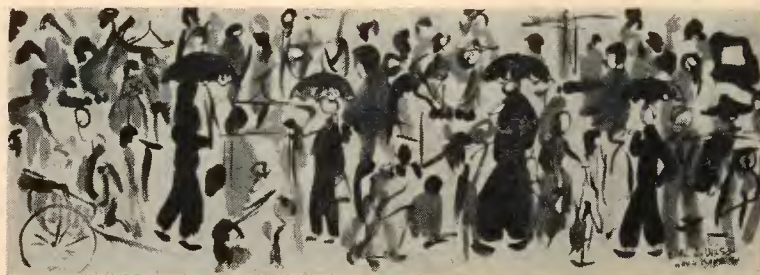
One of the most disturbing aspects of Mr. Harris' article is his series of strictures against the FSI language testing program. He states that "It takes but thirty minutes to transform a crumbling FSO into a shattered human wreck." And further, "It is this intense pressure (built up by the examinations) which also often leads to totally inequitable results."

I think I can illuminate the fallacy in Mr. Harris' criticism by drawing upon a parallel experience which was mine while undergoing flying training with the Air Force. I and other members of my class were subjected to check rides upon which our continuation in the program depended. It should be noted that failure of such a "check ride" was far more final in its implications than any language test at FSI, since to fail was to be wholly eliminated from the flying program after what might have amounted to a solid year's expenditure of effort, whereas FSI allows a "retake" after six months. Of course there were pressures—many of them admittedly artificial—generated by the "one-shot" approach. But much of flying is at-

tended by pressure, and it is the nature of many decisions that they are "one-shot" in character. As one senior officer put it quite tersely, "Buddy, if you can't take the pressure of a check ride, I don't want you flying formation with me when you get a sudden engine failure."

At the risk of being open to the charge of over-dramatization, may one not assert that the same necessity for adequate response under pressure must be part of a Foreign Service Officer's language equipment? Is it not prudent to note what might be the reaction were the officer suddenly faced by an angry crowd menacing an American tourist who had just involved himself in a traffic accident, or when he is asked to interpret for a senior officer in a somewhat delicate situation? Why shouldn't the language trainee be judged in terms of the concrete realities he will have to face, rather than on the basis of academic standards?

Mr. Harris argues that the present method of presenting the area training course is of doubtful value in that "the student is assailed by a string of ideas nearly impossible to assimilate into a useful body of new knowledge." Again I am disturbed by the insistence that all knowledge be neatly packaged. When the student reaches his first post of assignment he is going to be exposed alternately to coffee house gossip, the judgments of his fellow officers, plus the vast multiplicity which a foreign society will present. One should be exposed to multiplicity and contradictions, rather than given "a useful body of new knowledge," particularly since the body may be little more than a corpse by the time it is presented.



Street Crowds, Hong Kong

Earl Wilson

Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's full name. The Journal takes no responsibility for its writers' opinions. All letters are subject to condensation.

Rejoinder (continued)

Mr. Harris suggests the seminar approach as an alternative manner of presenting the contents of the Area Training course. He overlooks the amount of academic preparation necessary before a seminar can be of any value. It is simply a fact that most of the individuals who take the Area Training Course do not have an undergraduate major in the field about which they may be asked to report.

At one point Mr. Harris complains of "the variety and complexity of questions raised by each formal presentation" in the A-100 course. Could one not argue with equal cogency that such "variety and complexity" of response offers proof of the vitality and appropriateness of these same presentations?

I have elected to say little or nothing about what might be my own criticisms of the FSI program for junior officers, because I feel there is no lack of the critical self-evaluating spirit in either present-day America or the Foreign Service. Perhaps there is too much. At any rate I am somewhat fatigued by the constant clamor for "fresh looks" and "agonizing reappraisals." Perhaps the only "new look" required is that involving patience and a disinclination to tinker with the existing structure in the nervous hope of finding Utopian solutions. It might also not be inappropriate to urge an emphasis on obtaining good "briefing officers" (I deliberately avoid the term "teachers") rather than upon a change in the course outline. It may be unfashionable, but I trust not outmoded, to insist on people, rather than methods.

JOHN R. COUNTRYMAN

Istanbul

Cryptic Critique

I respectfully and wistfully suggest that all drafting officers, from Ambassadors through the most junior trainees, be given a course in cryptography and I earnestly urge that it be made mandatory that each officer personally encrypt every fifth cable he drafts. I firmly believe that this procedure would rapidly and definitely decrease verbosity and effect a considerable financial saving to the Department in communication costs and overtime pay.

G.R.A.

Antwerp

To Redress a Capital Offense

THE JOURNAL's October editorial, "Beyond the Call of Duty," praising Secretary Rusk's forthright testimony on civil rights before the Senate Committee on Commerce, ended with the words: "The only permanent solution to this issue lies in the attitude of the individual to his fellow men. All of us in the Service who deal constantly and intimately with people of all races and colors might well think of these things."

Taking these words to heart, I have been thinking about our possible role as a professional group in seeking to end discriminatory practices with regard to race.

At some period in the career of each of us, our capital city, Washington, becomes our home. We live here during our Washington assignments, participate in community life, and usually manage somehow on our meager savings to acquire a house. When we go abroad again, we rent or sell this cherished property. We usually put the care and cultivation of our property interests in the hands of a reputable real estate agent.

With pitifully few exceptions the communities which comprise the national capital area follow a segregated housing pattern. The trim and comfortable suburbs to which so many Foreign Service families flock have come to form a white noose around a colored ghetto.

Our capital city should present a favorable image to the rest of the country and to the world. Instead its segregated housing practices are an offense to citizen and foreigner alike.

I recently heard of an example set by one of our own number which should thrill and inspire us with pride in our Service. In a heretofore lily-white residential area of Washington the lessee of a fine house was about to move to a home he had just purchased. He responded enthusiastically to a request from a member of the staff of the Department's Special Protocol Services that he sublet to a newly arrived African (South of the Sahara) diplomat. He had reason to believe, however, that the realty company would be reluctant to execute the lease on the assumption that the owner would be unwilling to rent to a Negro. The lessee, therefore,

cabled to seek the owner's consent. This reply came by cable from the owner, a USIA officer in a Southeast Asia mission: "Would feel honored having _____ of the _____ Embassy and his family as tenants."

What an impact there would be on the offensive segregated pattern of the Washington area's housing if every Foreign Service property owner would follow this example, if we would all insist when going abroad that open occupancy apply to the rental or sale of our dwellings. Furthermore, we have a golden opportunity to involve ourselves, as a professional group, even more deeply in our country's well-being by actively seeking suitable colored tenants or purchasers for our houses and by doing everything possible to facilitate their adjustment in their new surroundings, whether these tenants and purchasers are African diplomats or fellow citizens.

We have always been in a privileged position to render a very special kind of service to our country abroad: now we are in a unique position to render a very special kind of service at home. To aid in eradicating the offense to human dignity and democratic ideals which segregated housing in our national capital represents will serve the national interest both at home and abroad. What we set in motion in the nation's capital could set a pattern for the entire country.

RALPH A. JONES

Washington

Parks Scholarship

FRIENDS of FSO Benjamin Parks who wish to contribute to a scholarship in his name at the University of Pennsylvania may do so by sending their checks to Mr. James E. Shada, Assistant Director of the Office of Student Financial Aid, The University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania. Checks should be made payable to the University of Pennsylvania. The University will establish a Benjamin Parks Scholarship for male, undergraduate students whose fathers are employed in the Foreign Service.

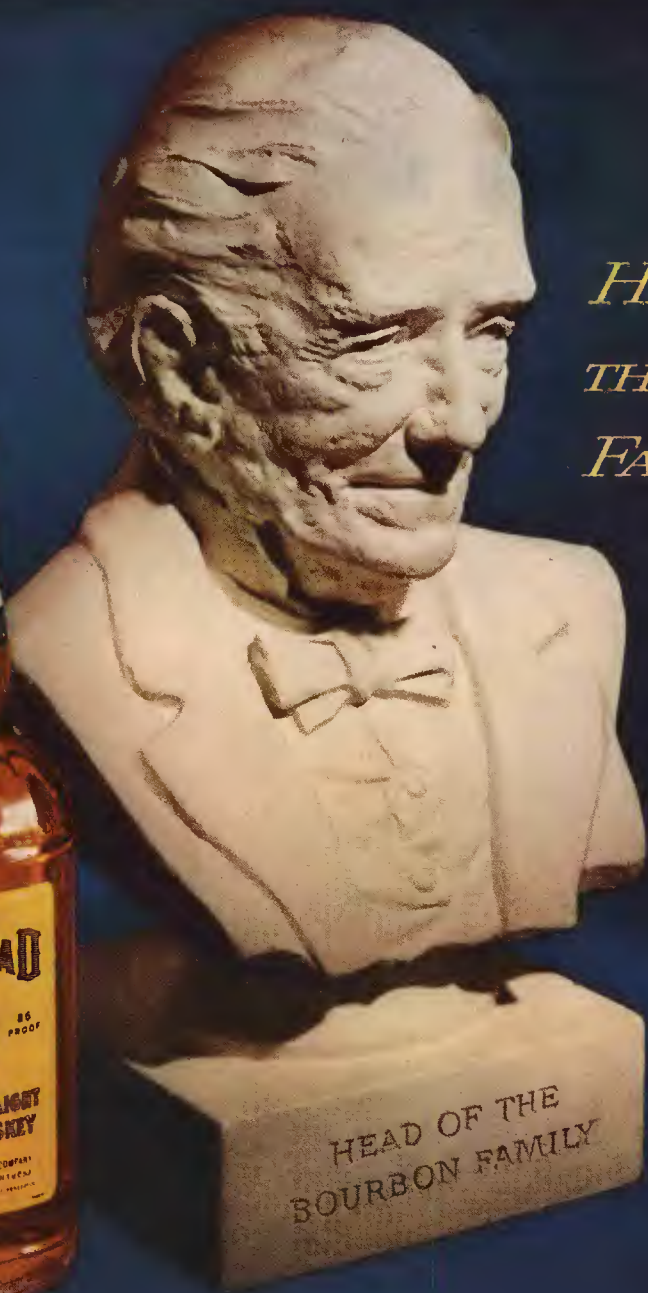
STEPHEN T. JOHNSON, FSO

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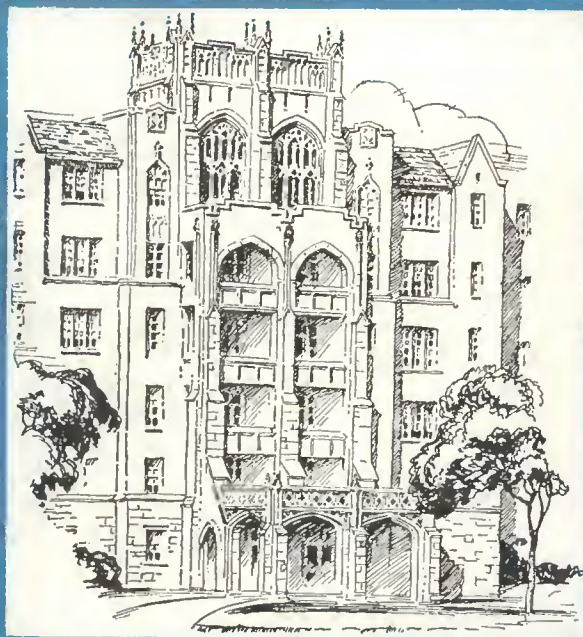
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