

The **AMERICAN
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JOURNAL**

VOL. 26, NO. 8

AUGUST 1949





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AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL



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AUGUST, 1949

COVER PICTURE: Navaho medicine men gathered together at the dedication ceremonies to sprinkle cornmeal and pray that the evil spirits might be forever barred from the Navaho Hospital at Fort Defiance, Arizona. (Last month an Inter-American Conference at Cuzco, Peru, considered the health and welfare problems of western Hemisphere Indians.)

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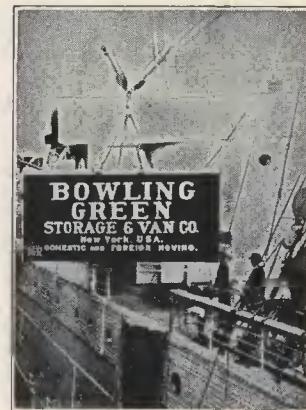
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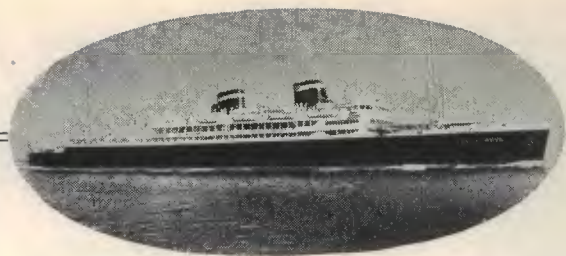
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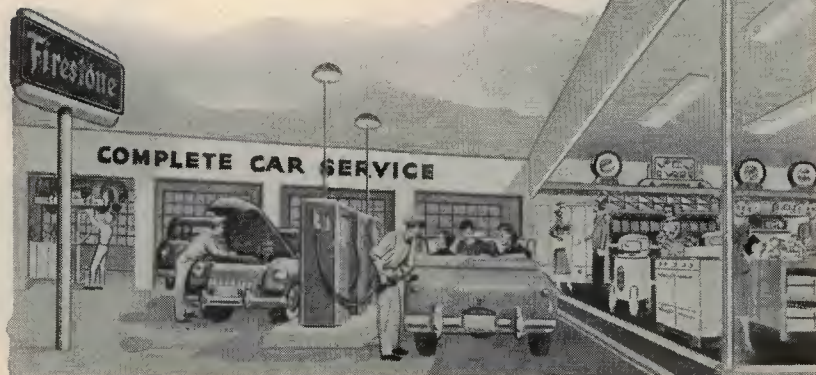
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THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

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VOL. 26, NO. 8

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AUGUST, 1949

Beyond The Tomb of Genghis Khan A Franco-American Expedition to Inner Asia

BY JOHN H. STUTESMAN, JR., FSO

It all started with a blonde.

She came one day to the French Consulate General in Shanghai, where Henri Dumont serves his country, and said she was planning a trip to the Koko Nor and wanted a companion. Dumont accepted with Gallic alacrity; but, concerned for the thoughts his wife might have regarding his flight into the west with a blonde, suggested that I might come along, "pour tenir la chandelle."

And, although the blonde went instead to India with two other men, that was the beginning of the Franco-American Expedition to Inner Asia, labeled by Maurice Willoquet, a twenty-year-old law student in Shanghai and the third member of the Expedition, as Operation Yak.

We prepared for the trip by acquiring visas for inland travel from the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, buying tickets from CATC for the 1,100 mile flight to Lanchow, a cost of \$24 U.S. dollars in Chinese National Currency equivalent, and making reservations through the China Travel Service for rooms at the Northwest Hotel in Lanchow. Other special preparations included the purchase of gifts for officials who might otherwise prove recalcitrant, a bottle of Bourbon for our own morale, and a French-Chinese language guide which included such useful phrases as, "I am too tired to get up this morning."

Cameras, medicine, DDT, sleeping bags, sturdy clothes, and a copy of *The Travels of Marco Polo* completed the baggage. For currency, we took 2½ ounces of gold in watch-pocket size bars, a ten pound load of two hundred million dollars in CNC notes, some U.S. currency and a check book against a CNC account in a Shanghai bank. The gold proved most satisfactory, being immediately exchangeable in any area. The CNC notes were acceptable in Kansu but not in Tsinghai where silver dollars, at an average rate of two silver for one U.S. dollar, were basic tender. U.S. dollar notes were almost useless, although the manager of the Northwest Hotel in Lanchow was willing to exchange CNC for U.S. dollars at a 20%

profit to himself. Checks on the CNC bank account in Shanghai were not desired by Kansu or Tsinghai merchants in contradiction to the premiums paid for such checks in Manchuria and North China.

We planned to leave Shanghai on Monday, July 19, 1948, but the airplane did not take off until the next day. This delay emphasized the speculation which was current in Shanghai concerning the purpose of a trip of French and American consular officers to northwest China. It was suggested, for instance, that we were looking for Hitler and wise remarks were passed at cocktail parties that airfields in Tibet are within bombing range of Russia.

LANCHOW

After a tedious ten-hour flight via Hankow and Sian, the plane dropped over the eroded hills into a large, poorly maintained airfield at the eastern extremity of the Lanchow valley, about five miles from the city. Kaolan (Lanchow) is the capital of Kansu Province, sited at the point where the old silk road from Turkestan to Central China crossed the Yellow River. Huge mud brick walls enclose a sprawling rectangle of the city center, stretching over a mile along the river bank. An iron girder bridge, suitable for one-way vehicular traffic, but shaky from about fifty years of service and the near-hits of Japanese bombers, spans the river on two pilings a few hundred yards to the west of the city wall.

Steep cliffs surround the small valley where the city lies, and along the ridges there are defense lines of trenches and deep shelters. Baked mud block-houses crenellate the horizon like the backdrop of a Foreign Legion film. Soldiers toil from dawn to dusk on the cliff roads and trenches. matchstick figures outlined against the brown chalk color of the loess soil, the wind carrying plumes of dust from their swinging shovels.

On the swift, muddy turbulence of the river, the only craft are rafts of inflated sheep skins upon which the oarsman and cargo or passengers perch precariously. Most rafts are formed of the



John Hale Stutesman, Jr., was born in Washington, D. C., in 1920. In 1946, after four years in the Army, he became a Foreign Service Officer. Shanghai, base of operations for the expedition he so vividly describes here, was his first post. In September Mr. Stutesman expects to go to Tehran.

Harris S. Ewing

cabalistic number of thirteen skins and can be carried on the back of the owner who must struggle upstream along the banks of the river which bore him lightly downstream. We saw one large raft of perhaps fifty skins carrying a cargo of live hogs lashed securely to the wood framework of the raft. Three men formed the crew, one steering, one handling a sweep oar, while the third flicked water on the hogs who squealed shrilly when the cold water hit their steaming flanks.

But the civic enterprise of Lanchow belies the medieval aspect of the ancient walls and unconquered river. Traffic policemen at every major street intersection energetically direct the horse and mule drawn carts, the caravans of donkeys, rickshas, bicycles and not infrequent buses, jeeps, and trucks, the latter mostly relics of British and American motor pools. The modern conveniences of the Northwest Hotel are remarkable despite the outdoor latrines and the weekly baths. Rotary and Civic "Booster" Clubs plan campaigns to develop their city in the best mid-west American style. Visitors are welcomed, and we were repeatedly asked to tell our friends to come to "Northwest China." A typical bit of Babbitt was a party given by all the musicians of Lanchow for an aspiring opera singer who had come from Java to study voice in the rarified atmosphere of Lanchow's 8,000 feet above sea level.

The city streets are kept as clean as animal traffic and excessive dust allow. The headquarters of the area salt administration, possibly not a typical example of government bureaus, provides well-ventilated offices, a clean barber shop, a restaurant, and a recreation hall which includes a stage for amateur theatricals.

Industrial development is encouraged. We visited a factory on the North side of the river where raw Tsinghai wool is washed, carded, spun, and woven into strong plain fabrics suitable for clothing or blankets. The methods and machinery were modern although at several points men were doing work which a machine could have performed more efficiently. A single steam engine drove the entire plant, a waterwheel scooping water from the near-by river. There was good ventilation and sufficient light in the factory, although a question on labor unions was dismissed by the plant manager, "There is no union trouble in Lanchow."

We were told that trained workers are hired on monthly contracts and work six ten-hour days. We were also told that the factory does not shut down on Sundays and often op-

Maurice Willoquet all set to try the muddy current on a skin raft.



erates until midnight. The conclusions to be drawn from these conflicting statements probably benefit the owners rather than the workers.

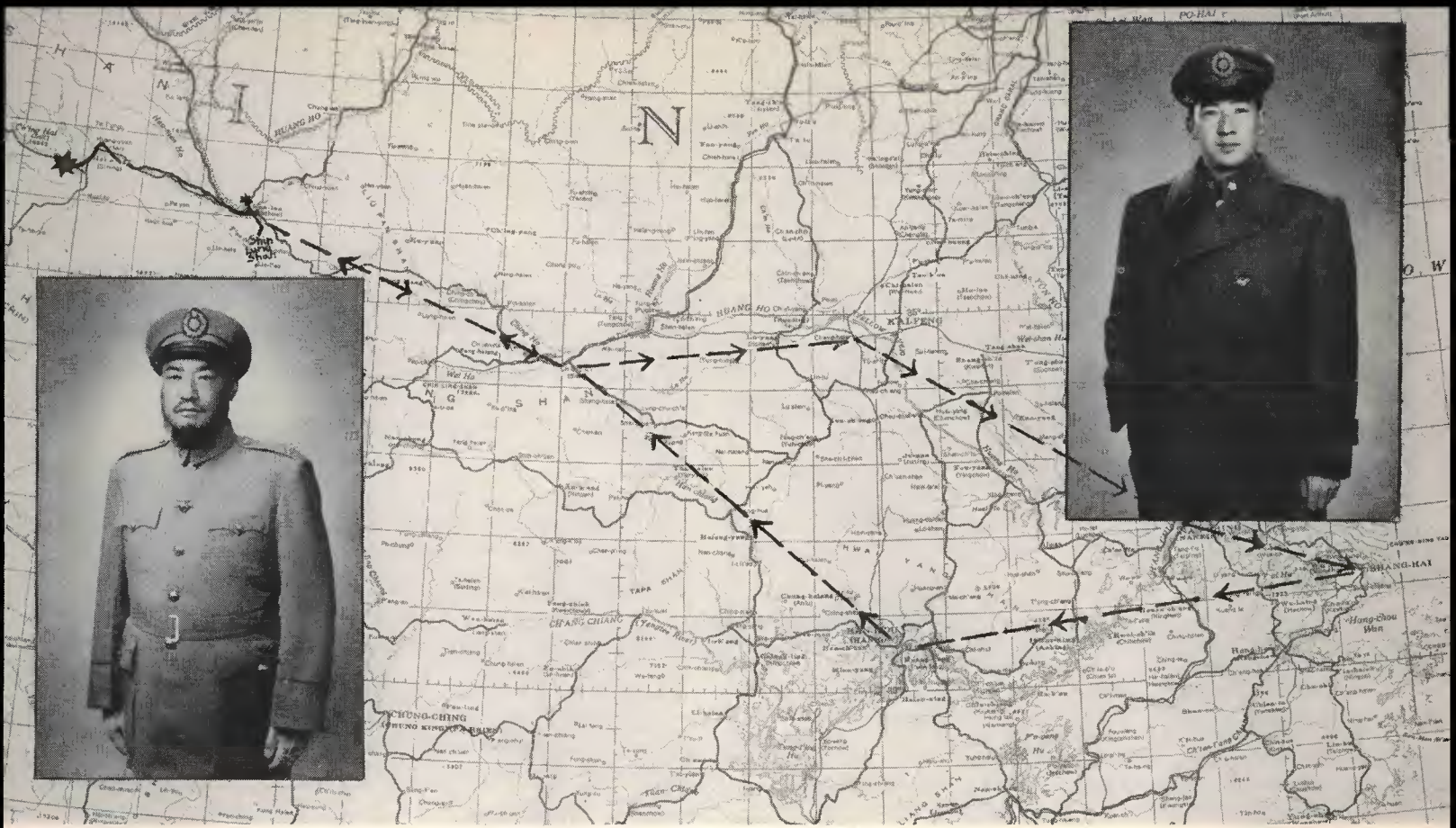
In one large room a group of women and children squatted before baskets of floor sweepings to cull out redeemable wool fragments. There was something weird about the scene which we could not define until we realized that there was absolute silence in this room of women and children, where there should have been a vast babble of voices. "Silence is the rule" said the manager. We watched the overseers walking along the aisles of bent figures, and the fear reflected in the faces of women and children was not a pleasant sight. These workers are chosen from a daily line-up at the factory gates.

We also visited an agricultural experimental station on an island, slipping swiftly downriver from the city on a sheep skin raft. Charts in the main office on the island revealed an intent to quadruple the production of sugar beets in Kansu by 1950, making the province self-sufficient in sugar. Maps showed a network of information centers and experimental stations throughout Kansu, established with funds of both Central and Provincial Governments. There was a small laboratory for the study of plant diseases. American-donated apple trees grew in the orchards. Sugar beets, corn and wheat were being studied under varying soil conditions. Experimental cabbages grew to tremendous proportions. Anti-erosion grass and trees were being developed. Melons of every kind grew about the island—yellow, green and striped melons, watermelons, cantaloupes, honeydews (called Wallace melons because Henry Wallace brought the seeds during his visit to Lanchow during the war). These Kansu melons, particularly the Hami and Wallace types, are renowned in China for succulence; and, along the river to the west, the majority of the fields produce melons, the little vines pushing through the small blue pebbles laid over the fields to protect the moisture in the soil from the sun's desiccation.

The impression we gained from this visit was that a framework for agricultural reform has been established, staffed by a few scholarly, competent, but seriously underpaid men; but that Kansu has little hope of implementing any large plans until civil conditions become more stabilized. We later saw that conditions were quite different in Tsinghai.

All this visiting was performed, of course, under the auspices of Kuo Chi-chiao, the Governor of Kansu. The day after our arrival in Lanchow, we called on him to explain the purpose of our trip. The Governor, a native of Anhwei, is reputed to be a strong Kuomintang supporter. His head is well-formed and close shaven. His eyes are set well apart, and his wide thin mouth below a long nose indicates a solid strength of character which was emphasized by the simple dignity of his unadorned olive drab uniform. He informed us that he had commanded Central China forces against the Japanese during the war; and, in 1945, had been sent to Sinkiang, from where he came to govern Kansu. He spoke proudly of his recent victories over the Communists in eastern Kansu; but we later found that both Marshal Chang Chih-chung, the commander of all Nationalist armies in Northwest China, and Ma Chi-yuan, the "Young General" of the Tsinghai forces, claimed the honor of these same victories. The confused relationships of these generals and their more or less personal armies must make war conferences rather weird sessions of bargains and compromises regarding command and strategy.

We asked, through the interpretation of the Finance Minister, a graduate of New York University, many questions regarding Kansu; but the Governor evaded all political questions and assigned the French-speaking owner of a local



Here is the route taken by the three young travelers on their 2500-mile "Franco-American expedition." They went from Shanghai, via Hankow and Sian, to Lanchow by air. Thence by an assortment of overage buses to Hsining, Huang-yuan and finally Koko Nor. In the upper right is the Young General, Ma-Chi-yuan, lower left, his father Ma Pu-feng, ruler of the provinces of Tsinghai. The pictures are those they presented to Mr. Stutesman.

machine factory, Yu Chiao Sen, to be our guide and guardian around Lanchow. He also promised to arrange with the Tsinghai authorities for our entry into that province, and stated he would provide transportation.

SHIN-LUNG-SHAN

The morning after this visit, a Kansu army jeep appeared at the hotel to take us to Shin-Lung-Shan, a mountain gorge about fifty miles south of Lanchow where the tomb of Genghis Khan was moved nine years ago as protection from the Japanese advance into the mountain ranges of Suiyuan. The hard dirt road climbed gradually up step-like plateaus, winding through cuts in the red loess with eroded precipices falling to dry stream beds below us. In the villages black hogs and bare-bottomed children swarmed in the roads between the mud walls. On the mesa tops, wide golden fields of ripe wheat were edged with green pastures and vegetable crops. Cattle and horses grazed under the guard of tiny children, and the country people appeared healthy, well fed and busy, except in the village tea houses where the international boulevardier observes the passing world.

In the blue hills to the south a darker color appeared, a green chasm in the hills, dark pines ranging massively as an army with banners up and over the mountains. An icy, clear trout stream jangled at the base of the gorge, and an antique covered bridge led from the road to a mountain trail. Bungalows and temples clustered at the foot of a ridge where Chiang Kai-shek sometimes took his ease. A guide led us across the bridge, past three temples, then up the worn stone steps of a fourth building where soldiers halted us on the porch. We moved into a stone-flagged courtyard where a squat, bow-legged Mongol wearing riding boots and a loose blanket-robe, stepped toward a doorway and unfastened a

dirty tapestry to reveal the dusky interior of a small room.

There was a small altar table with a bronze pot into which we thrust a handful of joss sticks to fume before the 5x5x5 cube of wrought silver and gold wherein reposes the quiet debris of the world conqueror who led his hordes from the Yellow River to the Vistula. A slightly smaller cube contains the remains of the Khan's favorite concubine, a mirror of Venetian design beside the tomb indicating the tenacity of female vanity. A spear standard, fully ten feet high, stands upright beside the Khan's tomb; and fastened to the juncture of metal blade and wooden haft is a tumbled mass of human hair of various lengths, said to have been plucked from the heads of the Khan's personal victims.

Lashed to the lower section of the spear is a short double-edged sword, not unlike a Roman Legionnaire's *spada*, with a plain metal grip. The terrifying noise-makers of the Mongol warriors are in the room, a great round gong hanging from a frame beside the spear, and a conch shell lying on the altar table. Under the roof of the small building, a tent is stretched, looping ropes fastening the age-dirty cloth to the corners of the room, the nomad pavilion covering the bodies of Khan and concubine.

The Mongol attendant pulled at the orange covering over the coffin to reveal the gold relief on the silver cube—the charging horses and writhing warriors belying the "peace of the ancient dust within, the old conqueror perhaps restive at his Chinese captivity.

We were stuck in Lanchow a full week for lack of transportation; but, during this time, we learned more about the Chinese people than in all our previous time in China. We banqueted with the Governor and were entertained by Chinese families in their homes, a pleasure we never had in Shanghai where the Chinese usually entertain their foreign

acquaintances in restaurants without the company of wives or children. For casual amusement there were performances at the Chinese Opera House, stunning in cacophony and color, a few curio shops, and long walks along the river or in the hills above the city. On rainy days we told dirty stories in French, English, Arabic, Spanish and Shanghai-Chinese, argued politics and religion with gesticulating violence, sang a great many songs, and refought the war, remembering the cold, the mud and rain, the sound of motors going, the fear of battle and the excitement, and such feats of arms as the time Dumont's platoon captured three Americans in Alsace or when the American bombers missed Cassino by twenty miles and demolished my morale and a French Corps Headquarters in Venafro.

We talked to Morrison, a *London Times* correspondent, who had just come overland from Peiping and was moving on by truck to Sinkiang. Al Mah, the Canadian-born Chinese pilot of our CATC plane, attempted to persuade us that \$24,000 U.S. a year is barely a living wage. We listened to a young American geologist describe the Baillie School experiment of teaching industrial techniques to young Chinese from the laboring classes who will turn their training to practical use and not become office administrators with a horror of manual labor. He was going to the last remaining school at Shantan, north of Lanchow, where he planned to search for mineral resources. We met United States Minister Lewis Clark and his party of AAG personnel whose attempt to fly to the American Consulate in Urumchi (Tihwa) was arrested in Lanchow.

HSINING

We ate vast quantities of melons, slept like logs every night and afternoon, achieved a peak of physical conditioning, and cursed nervously each day of delay. Then, in the early morning of July 28, we mounted a rachitic Dodge of early Detroit Dynasty with about forty passengers including a Living Buddha and his four Lama attendants. Buddha played a hot lick on Willoquet's harmonica, delighting us until we remembered that Tibetans are 95% syphilitic. They were fascinated by our height and hair, tweaking at the pelts on our bare legs and arms, and admiring a disgusting reddish growth on Willoquet's chin which he insisted on calling a beard.

The Dodge had a wooden body in classic Madison Avenue Bus design, with slat wooden seats built for midgets and an overpowering odor of gasoline. It was an instrument of exquisite torture but we remember with gratitude its determination to bear its passengers all the way to Tibet. On this first day it rumbled twelve hours to Hsining along rock roads blasted in the cliffs beside the river, through wastes of

eroded hills and oddly glistening fields of blue pebbles. In the valleys, the mud-walled villages clustered about their mosques in little oases of green trees, resembling amazingly, except for the pagoda shape of the minarets, the bleeds of Algeria and Morocco.

We arrived in Hsining shattered by heat, dust, hunger, fatigue, the stench of gasoline and the malodorous breaths of the passengers who were either car-sick or coughing in our ears. The forbidding city walls, twenty yards thick at the base, were not hung with signs of wild welcome. In fact, the weary, speechless voyagers (we had 59½ words of Chinese between us) found the initial reception downright depressing, but managed eventually to get three beds in the government hotel, hot food and some sleep amid clouds of DDT.

It was raining the next morning, sodden, sullen rain dripping from a dark blanket without clouds, without lightning, without hope. We squattered into the muddy streets to find Miss Ruth Ingram, an American nurse working in Hsining for the World Health Organization, carrying for her, of all things, a package of lama cloth. We hoped to persuade her to set us on the track of the government officials who might help us and, perhaps, translate for us in extremity. She proved to be a guardian angel.

We learned from her and confirmed by other conversations and observations that the province of Tsinghai is a private domain, feudal in character, formed from an area which belonged to Tibet under the Manchu Empire. It is ruled by the benevolent despot Ma Pu-feng whose father came from Kansu to establish a Moslem dynasty. This Governor's son, handsome, "Young General" Ma Chi-yuan, leads the troops to victory and is the idol of the people in the best crown prince tradition. The government is naturally anti-communist and, therefore, allied with the Central Government; but there are no Nationalist troops in Tsinghai, and the border post at the Kansu-Tsinghai frontier marks, without doubt, the separation of Ma's feudality from Kuomintang China.

The capital, Hsining, and an ancient trading center, Huang-yuan (Tangar), are the main centers of population; but an undetermined number of nomadic Mongols, Tibetans and aboriginal "Earth-People" roam with their caravans in the plains and mountains of the interior, herding sheep, yaks, camels and horses. In the city markets, merchants squat before their wares of coarse, flamboyant saddle rugs, brass and iron pots, stirrups, Mongolian knives, Lama rosaries, felt hats and boots, medicines for failing potency, boxes of penicillin, bowls of polished wood overlaid with chased silver, wolf skins, lambskins, a huge dead cat for sale, bolts of wool cloth and cheap printed cottons. In the streets, between rows of open-front shops, Tibetans in sheepskin robes and soft leather boots jostle the tall Chinese Moslems whose hawk noses and scraggly beards descend from the Turkoman and Persian merchants who drifted across Central Asia during the past six hundred years. Round Chinese faces loom beside the dangling top knots of the savage "Earth People" who stroll in boots and fur skirts, their red skins, high cheek bones and long noses proclaiming their kinship to the American Indians. The crowds move on foot in the towns as there are no rickshaws and only a few rickety droshkys. The Government owns perhaps three automobiles and some trucks, but the Army marches on foot or "jines the cavalry," and goods are transported about the province by camel in winter and yak or horse in summer.

There are several astonishingly energetic and successful governmental programs currently under way in Tsinghai.

(Continued on page 34)

Tibetans—people of Tsinghai



American Assignment: 1945-1949

By RAY L. THURSTON, FSO

Looking homewards from Moscow, Ray Thurston reviews his impression of a recent tour of duty in his native land, and draws some conclusions about the future and the sources of strength of the Foreign Service.

All of us in the Consulate were highly amused when the pouch from the Department brought a post report on living conditions in Washington for the guidance of Foreign Service personnel returning for home duties. Although many of us had been abroad since before Pearl Harbor and were aware that the war had changed the American scene, we could not repress the thought that the bureaucrats in Washington must indeed have had time on their hands to conceive and execute such a boondoggle. It was only after the cable came that I dug the report out of the files for a serious perusal. It did not make very cheerful reading: rationing, food and clothing shortages, unavailability of housing accommodations, car "pools," high prices, *et cetera*.

The six weeks on the Norwegian freighter that carried us leisurely homewards afforded ample time for contemplation of what lay ahead, but somehow our thoughts were principally retrospective. The friends and scenes of the country we were leaving were still warm in our minds. Particularly poignant was the memory of the faithful *ayah* whose duties *vis-a-vis* our infant daughter were now literally in our hands as we struggled, really for the first time, to cope with the feeding and laundry problems of a human being aged fifteen months. Compared with this inheritance, the strictly enforced blackout at night and the rough seas occasioned by the onset of the spring monsoon were minor inconveniences. It was good that the voyage was long, for we arrived on American soil as fully qualified American parents, masters of the diaper, so help us!

It was more than an inconvenience on that hot summer morning in Hoboken when a "quickie" strike of stevedores necessitated my carrying thirty pieces of hand luggage from our cabin to the dock. "Coolie-spoiled" though I was, I could not help reflecting that this was precisely the introduction I needed to my homeland; it helped to clear the cobwebs of tropical indolence from my mind. What trace remained was completely effaced a few days later in western Pennsylvania when I helped a farming uncle and his seventy-year-old friend from a neighboring farm pitch wheat onto a wagon from the many neat stacks dotting a four-acre field. After a while the July sun and my aching muscles impelled me to the cool shade of a nearby tree, but the two old men kept working methodically with their pitchforks until the job was done. When I asked how they could maintain that pace, they replied that "hired hands" were not available and that they had no choice but to harvest the crop themselves.

On later visits to the Pennsylvania farm I learned more about the interchange of equipment and human labor that takes place as a matter of course in the American rural neighborhood; and I also learned that despite tractors, cultivators, drills, planters and all the other agricultural gear our technology has developed, eighty-pound

sacks of oat seed and one hundred-pound bags of chemical fertilizer are somewhat heavier to lift and haul than even the most completely filled brief case or overnight bag. Perhaps the most important reward derived from these intermittent rustic labors was a growing awareness of the detachment which tillers of the soil everywhere must feel from the alarms and excursions that concern Foreign Offices. The long and quiet thoughts of the farmer as he follows the rhythms of plowing, planting, and harvesting; as he adjusts to the requirements of season, of animal and fowl, water and soil; these are of a different variety from those experienced by urbanites.

My own early environment was suburban in character, however, and it was while sitting on a freshly cut lawn in the Arlington twilight, less than forty-eight hours after our arrival at Hoboken, that a full sense of home-coming flowed up inside me. It was the hour when mothers were calling their children to supper, the crickets were beginning their chirping chorus, and the smell of fresh greenness and coolness was all around us as we sat comfortably in our lawnchairs and sipped the last of our tall, minty drinks before attacking the cold meats, cheeses, and salads that awaited in the kitchen. My fellows were of my own generation, of my own university, doing one kind or another of war work in the capital. While we talked easily and quietly of jobs and other friends, the wives in their freshly ironed and starched summer dresses exchanged views on food rationing, babies, and clothes. It was simple, it was typical, it was home.

It was later in the evening when the others—they were from Treasury, from OPA, from Agriculture—turned to me as the only State Department representative and asked what we in the Foreign Service did to justify our gilded existence. Their questions revealed a most disturbing blend of ignorance, misinformation, prejudice, and, on some matters, pinpoint accuracy of knowledge. Feeling very much on the spot, I began to talk about welfare and protection cases, political reporting, information libraries and soon found myself reliving the highlight of the years spent at my last post. From their subsequent comments I gathered that to my sophisticated audience the Foreign Service and the problems it wrestles with had for the first time taken a tangible and not too unflattering shape. Here, I thought afterwards, is task number two for the homecomer; the first is, of course, to get his own roots back into the American soil.

The years ahead did not look easy, but they certainly would not be dull.

During my tour of duty in Washington I was fortunate in having several opportunities to try out on a fairly extensive scale the approach to the Foreign Service that had seemed to bring it alive that evening in Arlington: not only to re-value it in terms of

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a freshening American experience but also to interpret it to my countrymen.

On my way to and from the Pennsylvania farm, I travelled through Pittsburgh. Despite a predilection towards suburban lawns I came in time to recognize in the tremendous blast furnaces and steel mills that line the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers and in the dazzling red-hot ingots of steel that one sees through the factory windows a great symbol of our industry and our capacity to extract and mould the materials of the American earth to our own desires.

Official details in connection with the General Assembly and the Security Council of the United Nations took me often to our ably-staffed and efficiently-run Mission to the U.N. at 2 Park Avenue in New York. In course of time almost all Foreign Service personnel become acquainted with the New York area. It, too, is a great symbol of our American way of life, and one feels there the central throbbing of our heterogeneous society in the fields of commerce, finance, journalism, law, education, the fine arts, entertainment, and architecture. Not so well known to many of our field officers is the highly important role of New York as the headquarters of the United Nations. The work done by the 2 Park Avenue Mission is, of course, closely coordinated with policy decisions in Washington, but because of the tempo of UN activities fast and responsible foot-work must take place in our Mission on many occasions. Although there is at present only one FSO on the Mission staff on a full-time basis, I understand that responsible officers in the Department and in the Mission are fully aware of the mutual benefits to be expected from assignment of FSOs to the UN and that appropriate plans are being made.

Though the Washington-Pittsburgh-New York triangle embodies within it much of the dynamic character of contemporary America, to appreciate our heritage in a fuller sense one must include in the picture the flamboyance of California, the frontier bravado of Texas, the preserved-in-cold-storage traditions of New England, and the somewhat decadent gentility of rural Virginia; and I was fortunately able during my American assignment to become acquainted or reacquainted with these important components of our culture.

In this connection I should like to recommend to all field officers serving in Washington that they try to fit into their busy schedules the evening seminar on cultural anthropology offered by the Foreign Service Institute. Although these sessions are principally concerned with providing what the instructors call "conceptual tools" to assist in understanding the "strange" ways of other peoples, considerable light is also thrown on American folkways and mores. There is a great deal of talk about our representative capacity abroad, but perhaps too little attention has been given to the task of ensuring that we have a deep understanding of just what it is that we represent.

It was, moreover, the Foreign Service Institute which gave me my best chance to re-discover what I represent and to discuss the Foreign Service with people all over the country. The Institute sent a number of Foreign Service Officers to universities and colleges to talk with faculties and interested students about the Service as a career. For two weeks I rode the Pullmans, the day coaches, and the buses of the South and West to keep appointments at nine institutions of higher learning.

I shall not forget the reporter from the local newspaper who met me at the railway station in one small Southern college town and was so excited at meeting a "diplomat" from the State Department that she ensnared her bumpers with those of an adjoining parked car as she started to drive me to the campus. The "diplomat" had to take off his

coat and do a bit of manual labor before the "interview" could take place; nor was this the last time on which the coat came off on that journey through faculty lunches and classrooms. There were many old friends discovered along the route including my high school principal of twenty years ago whom I encountered by chance in the diner of a train near Laramie, Wyoming; a former Foreign Service colleague with whom I had served at a previous post and who is now teaching; and a number of other friends who have remained in the academic world in one capacity or another. But there were new ones too: a brilliant scientist and his politically-minded wife in Tulsa; a taxi-driver in Oklahoma City with shrewd and caustic ideas about the *nouveaux riches* of the Southwest; a Veterans' Hospital doctor who enlivened the long trip across Texas with his account of work among the DP's in Germany; a petroleum engineer met on a train in New Mexico who talked knowingly about our critical shortages in domestic oil production; and a nationally known philosopher who made a faculty lunch memorable by his profound analysis of the conflict in the West between individualistic and communistic concepts and the even more important long-run problem of the differences between the Orient and the Occident.

Added to this human stimulus was a backdrop of changing regional patterns of the American Spring: floods in the Ohio valley; unusual drought in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas which brought drifting dust even into the classrooms and blighted the Texas bluebonnets; placid cultivation as usual by primitive irrigation ditches in the Indian villages along the Rio Grande in New Mexico; a sudden snowstorm that marooned motorists in Colorado; turbulent mountain streams in the Great Snowy Range of Wyoming where vast fields of old, crystalline snow were slowly melting under the pines in early May; and heavy rains in Iowa which seen from the window of the Pullman were making even blacker than usual the freshly-plowed cornfields of that state. I shall never know whether I was able to enlighten the friendly and hospitable but searching and critically-minded teachers and students with whom I came in contact on the tour with regard to my own profession; but I do know that I returned to Washington with an enriched consciousness of the geographic and human variety which contributes to the greatness of our nation.

In going out to the American academic field to "justify" the Foreign Service, I was fortified by the memories of a long journey undertaken a year and a half before in the company of one of the Department's economic experts. Although our mission then was limited to discussions in the capitals of four countries, our travels brought us into contact with more than twenty American diplomatic and consular establishments in Africa and Asia. What I saw and heard convinced me that the hundreds of American men and women serving at the remote and unhealthy posts we visited needed the strongest possible support in Washington and in the United States generally. They need not only the material tools to do their job, adequate salaries and allowances, physical equipment, housing, medical care, and the like, but also the psychologically essential assurance in every form that can be devised by the Department that their thoughts and actions are being taken into account in Washington.

Later, as I sat in Departmental conferences dealing with political, economic, personnel or informational matters, I found myself raising such questions as "what about getting the opinion of our Consul General in Calcutta on this point" or "how will the scheme proposed affect John Smith in Nairobi." It is unfortunately true that on many issues it requires such an effort to achieve concerted volition with-

in the Department or other Government agencies in Washington that only by extraordinary determination and persistence can the practice of bringing the field into the picture be maintained.

New lines are now being drawn on organization charts, old positions are being abolished and new ones established, and our supposedly creaking machinery of foreign affairs is apparently about to endure a stream-lining that will enable it to go full speed ahead on a mid-twentieth century basis.

We hear that one of the principal studies under way looks to an amalgamation of the Departmental and Foreign Services.

All of us concerned with such matters are too inclined to attach an almost mystic value to the impersonal and abstract symbols of organization and to neglect the fundamentally human aspects of administrative problems. The key to high morale in any group of human beings is shared experience, past, present and prospective. Such experience is more than preparation for the achievement of any given organizational objective; it actually projects itself into the formal shaping of the objectives in such a way that the latter are recognizable to all participants as products of their common efforts and aspirations.

The application of this simple truth to the complicated administrative structure of American foreign affairs can, of course, vary according to the perspective of the individual observer. I think that we have to begin by recognizing that two types of "shared experience" are relevant to our problem: one, the processes whereby we become and remain true representatives of our country sensitive to the main currents and even cross currents in American national life; and, two, the more personal kind of human relationships which develop during years of close association in common professional work. It is this second bond which looms so large in the mind of the "old line" Foreign Service Officer as he ponders over the implications of prospective organizational changes. Critics of the old order feel, on the other hand, that Foreign Service Officers not only are inclined to take too narrow a view of their professional responsibilities but, even more importantly, that whatever their degree of "Americanism" at the outset of their career, they do not remain full sharers of the "American way" as the years of foreign residence take their toll.

Are we to conclude from this that the Foreign Service as we know it should be dissolved and that the United States would be better represented abroad by officers recruited for limited periods of duty who come fresh from American homes and from successful achievement in American governmental or private life? Or perhaps that diplomatic and consular work abroad should be performed by the regular Civil Service. Or, at least, that the barriers which now exist between those serving on the home front in the battle of foreign affairs and those who have dedicated themselves to foreign service be eliminated?

The men who drafted the Foreign Service Act of 1946 attacked the problems posed by these divergent views, boldly and, given time and money, effectively. Unfortunately, neither sufficient time nor money was given. I hope it is not entirely academic to pause in the midst of the onward rush towards newer and bigger things to consider what ten or fifteen years of real implementation of the 1946 Act could mean: hundreds of officers and employees in the Foreign Service benefiting from the "re-Americanization" provisions pertaining to home leave, Departmental assignments, training details in the Foreign Service Institute and elsewhere in the United States; a significant number of permanent Washington officials from the State Department and

other agencies working in the Foreign Service abroad as Reserve Officers on assignments which not only enable them to contribute their specialized skills and professional knowledge to our Missions and Consulates but enhance their effectiveness on return to home base; the net result being that "orchestrated heterogeneity," an employee group composed of highly diverse elements which nevertheless work together in effective teamwork, of which Frank Hopkins speaks in his lucid and penetrating article on "State Department and Foreign Service" in the April JOURNAL.

To unify by fiat is not in the best American tradition, though we do honor the precept that in union there is strength. To achieve the strength so essential in the conduct of our foreign affairs, we must ensure that conditions exist under which the general practitioner or career diplomat and his specialist colleague work effectively together at home and abroad. Let us, however, beware of the facile assumption that a "lumping together" in one organization chart is the means to the goal. Should we ask the economist, historian, or political scientist now ably contributing his efforts on the home front of foreign affairs to give up forever his dream of an eventual return to research and teaching, to subject himself and his family to the vicissitudes of language, health, climate, and housekeeping to which they will be subject at many posts and for which they will not be prepared, to long exile from the professional world in which he has been able to share at home and which helped to sustain him in the quagmire of Washington bureaucracy—all this in order to meet the inexorable demands of a unification chart? Should we be wasteful of an important national asset in giving over-long periods of home service to the relatively few Americans who have entered the Foreign Service as young men, learned to meet early in life along with their families the thousand and one problems and difficulties of foreign life, and have over the years learned the art of easy intercourse and negotiation with alien governments and peoples? And is it not obvious that a different system of incentives, rewards, and discipline is necessary to maintain the existence and *esprit de corps* of each group?

Whatever may be the answer to these questions or the other problems touched upon in these observations, of one thing I am sure after four years of duty at home. The American people are more conscious than ever before in our history of how important it is to them that they be represented in Washington and abroad by fellow-citizens who are vigilant for the national safety and diligent in their search for paths to international peace and prosperity.

No matter how far away special details may take the officer assigned to the Department, the center of his life is Washington and, more specifically, a rather massive, grim building at 21st and Virginia Avenues and the adjoining "temporary" annexes. It is here that the "operating level" and the "high level" strata of our machinery of foreign affairs strive daily to cope with an ever-increasing number of problems in which American interests and welfare are immediately and directly involved; and to the study of questions which may at some future time be of concern to us. Foreign Service and ex-Foreign Service personnel occupy responsible positions in both strata and naturally bring to bear upon the formulation of policy their first-hand knowledge of the peoples among whom they have lived.

Important as it is that our foreign policy be hammered out on a sturdy anvil which contains a goodly portion of the strong alloy that comes only from years of familiarity with foreign conditions and peoples, just as essential is it that the Foreign Service Officer during his sojourn in the United States heighten his awareness both of American so-

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Burma's Gift To America

By HERBERT D. SPIVACK, FSO

One day in late October 1948, Dr. Frederick L. Jochem, Public Affairs Officer of the American Embassy in Rangoon, was visited in his office by a Burmese newspaper editor, U Thein Tin.

"Dr. Jochem," said U Thein Tin, "the books are ready."
"Books? What books?"

"The Buddhist books Mr. Hobbs wanted. They are ready to be presented to whoever can take charge of them. Maybe we ought to arrange a public ceremony."

Dr. Jochem sensed that he was in the presence of news. "Sit down, U Thein Tin," he said. "Let's hear about the books."

And so the story came out.

In January of 1948, Cecil Hobbs, Reference Librarian for Southeast Asia of the Library of Congress and authority on the languages and cultures of South-east Asia, made a tour through that area in search of books and manuscripts to fill in the Library's collection. Mr. Hobbs' task was a difficult one because there were so many books worth acquiring, Library funds were limited, and vast treasures of the sort he was seeking were not for sale but were in monasteries or private collections.

Mr. Hobbs combed the bookstores of Rangoon—including Zabu Meitswe Pitaka and Hanthawaddy which issue many Buddhist books—for the best Burmese publications and was able to purchase some fine works for the Library's Burmese collection. He felt sure, however, that there were many books of value which were not available in the bazaar but were in safe keeping in private homes and Buddhist monasteries throughout the country. Upon discussing this with a friend in Burma, Mr. Hobbs was urged to meet with a group of the leading pongyis (priests).

Burma has been for many years one of the important strongholds in Asia of Hinayana Buddhism, one of the principal sects of the highly ethical religion arising out of the teachings of the Indian Prince Gautama, who, in the fifth or sixth century B. C. (there is some difference of opinion as to the actual date), is supposed to have abandoned his princely existence, his wife, and his newborn son, to wander about the earth in search of the eternal, transcendent truth. The state religion of Burma, Buddhism, is an important factor in every phase of Burmese life, including politics.

On three different occasions Mr. Hobbs conferred with the officers of the All Burma Buddhist Pongyis Association, some of whom were a part of the Mahasangha Council, and discussed the Library's needs with them. Finally he left the matter completely in their hands. As a result, influential Burmans, members of Buddhist societies, and the other

members of the all-powerful Mahasangha Council which exercises supervision over all Buddhist monasteries in Burma suddenly awoke to the fact that the largest library in the United States of America was enough interested in Buddhist writings to send a representative to Burma to try to procure a collection of Buddhist books.

To the earnest and devout Buddhist of Burma this was a challenge: if the people who used the Library of Congress in Washington wanted to be able to consult Buddhist texts, they ought to be able to do so. Furthermore, here was a chance for Burmese Buddhists to obtain a goodly share of merit by performing an act of benevolence and charity—and Buddhism teaches that the soul of man wanders about the earth in many successive incarnations, always seeking the peace of Nirvana, which can be attained only through the merit earned by charity and the love by mankind.

Committees were organized; meetings were held; individuals and organizations were approached for contributions. The ferment which started during Mr. Hobbs' brief visit continued and increased long after he had departed. But the strange thing was that none of the participants bothered to let any Americans, either in Rangoon or in Washington, know what they were doing.

An original committee of three members, one of whom was U Thein Tin, had set as their goal 5000 rupees (about \$1600) with which to purchase a set of the basic Hinayana Buddhist scriptures, the Tripataka. But when the committee actually began soliciting, it found everyone so eager to contribute that the original amount was oversubscribed three times, a total of 15,000 rupees being offered (12,000 rupees in cash and 3000 rupees' worth of privately owned

books). Contributions were received from the President of the Union of Burma, His Excellency Sao Sbwe Thaike; from the widow of the martyred Aung San, Burma's national hero; from the Religious Uplift Society, whose president is Thakin Nu, the present Prime Minister of Burma; from many other societies and dozens of private individuals, down to the contribution of 2 rupees (about \$0.60) from a Burmese peddler woman who had her stall on the stairway leading to the gold-covered Shwedagon Pagoda, Burma's national Buddhist shrine, which shoots up like a tongue of flame from the highest of the gentle hills overlooking Rangoon town.

With the money, the committee was able to purchase, in addition to the Tripataka, a fine collection of representative Burmese writings, both ancient and modern. The whole donation, of over 500 volumes, all beautifully and expensively bound, was housed, in three magnificent



Seated by a table on which some of the beautifully bound volumes are displayed is the pongyi who is the president of the Mahasangha Athin with whom arrangements were made for the books.

Herbert D. Spivack was born in New York City in October 1917. After receiving an A.B. and M.A. from New York University in 1937, he did graduate work at Columbia and Pennsylvania State College. He was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1945 and has served at Tehran, Tabriz, and Rangoon, where he is now Second Secretary and vice consul.

cases of superb teakwood whose exterior decoration was executed by one of Burma's leading artists. On one of the cases the words "Burma's Gift to America" appeared in English, while on the other two the same legend was written in Burmese.

This was Burma's answer to America's desire to have books on Buddhism. As the story was unfolded to him in his hot, dingy office on Rangoon's war-battered Phayre Street, Dr. Jochem scribbled a few hasty notes. Then he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and rushed across the street to consult with R. Austin Acly, American Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*, to decide just exactly what should be done. Could the Embassy properly accept such a gift on behalf of the Library of Congress? Was there money available in the Embassy's current appropriations for the expensive project of crating and shipping the books and teakwood cases to the United States? What kind of public ceremonies would be appropriate?

The whole affair had far outgrown the scope of the original plan and had now become an international gesture of good will—a demonstration of friendship by the people of Burma for the people of the United States. Telegrams whizzed back and forth between the Rangoon Embassy and the Department of State in Washington. Discussions of ways and means took place between Library of Congress officials and State Department political experts.

In the morning of Monday, November 15, 1948, on the Buddhist holiday of Tazaungdaing, or the "Festival of Lights," an impressive ceremony was held in the large ballroom of the residence of Burma's President. Gathered there in the shadow of the towering teak and gilt throne of King Thibaw, last of Burma's kings, were the staff of the American Embassy, led by Mr. Acly, the Chargé d'Affaires, the protocol officials of the Burmese Foreign Office, and representatives of the various societies which had contributed. The Americans, dressed in business suits, were a sober contrast to the colorfully attired Burmans, resplendent in brightly colored silk longyis (the long skirts which tuck in around the waist, worn by Burmese men and women alike) and gay silk filets bound around their heads.

The President of Burma, a figure of dignity and calm in his flowing robes, sat on a raised chair in the center of the room, his lovely wife, the Mahadevi, at his side. The books and cases which were the object of the ceremonials were on display on both sides of the presidential couple. Sir U



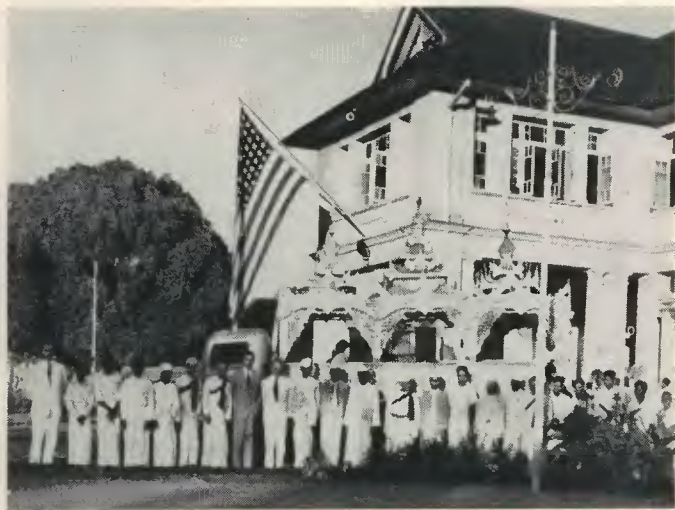
Sao Shwe Thaik, President of Burma, presents the books to Mr. Acly. On the right is the Mahadevi, the President's wife.

Thwin, leading Buddhist scholar and head of the Board of Trustees of the Shwedagon Pagoda, presented the books to the President, who then turned to Mr. Acly and offered the books to him as the representative of the American people. In a speech of acceptance, Mr. Acly expressed the thanks of the American people and the Library of Congress for this gift so freely and generously offered, and uttered the hope that "this most important first step be followed by a planned program of Burmese information and cultural activities in the United States for the benefit of both our nations."

But this was only the civil presentation of the books. In view of the preeminently religious character of the gift and the importance of Buddhism in all phases of Burmese life, it was fitting that a religious ceremony be held. The site chosen for this ceremony was the awe-inspiring Shwedagon itself, the shrine of all Burmese Buddhists, said to enclose in its base a hair of Gautama himself. Thus, on the afternoon of the same day a procession wound its way up the innumerable steps of the eastern approach to the base of the Pagoda: yellow-robed Buddhist monks, Burmese dignitaries in their bright longyis, dozens of porters carrying the gift volumes on their backs, newspapermen with their cameras and notebooks, and the officers of the American Embassy, stepping gingerly up the long path, barefooted like the rest, for no one wears shoes when he enters the precincts of this holiest of Burmese pagodas. On the huge paved circular platform which forms the base of the golden cone itself, the procession turned to the left and proceeded to one of the many small chapels which devout Buddhists have built in this favored spot that they might gain merit towards their eventual attainment of the eagerly desired Nirvana.

There the books were reverently disposed on a large table for all to see. The participants in the ceremony took their places on the rug-covered floor—all of them, that is, except the monks or Pongyis. These, the object of great respect and veneration in Burma (as shown by their name, which means "Great Glory") can never be seated on the same level with the laity. So the monks sat on an elevated platform, an im-

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Glittering in the sunlight against the white Embassy building is one of the gilded chariot-buses which carried the books in procession through Rangoon.

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The American Foreign Service Association

The American Foreign Service Association is an unofficial and voluntary association of the members of *The Foreign Service of the United States*. The Association was formed for the purpose of fostering *esprit de corps* among the members of the Foreign Service and to establish a center around which might be grouped the united efforts of its members for the improvement of the Service.

IN LINE OF DUTY

Many members of the Foreign Service will have lost personal friends among the 13 correspondents who died in line of duty in the crash of an aircraft near Bombay on July 12, and all of us will mourn the loss of men outstanding in a profession which has so much in common with our own.

The bond between men in our service and those who serve our press abroad is of long standing. It is the product of fraternal association in similar work in a foreign setting; of shared tips and views and hours of stress and relaxation; of a common fund of recollections, grave and gay; and, we like to think, of considerable mutual respect.

None knows better than we how much the American newspaperman contributes not only to the enlightenment of the American public, but also to the correctness of our own despatches to the Department; for there is probably not a reporting officer who has not at one time or another checked his observations with those of the trained news observers.

In war and peace the American foreign correspondent has created for himself over the years a strong tradition. There is no American representative abroad who is more American, more vigorous, more gallant; and none more so than those who recently died very much as they would have wished: in the full course of an important assignment and in good company.

THE BLOOM BILL

Many retired officers of the Foreign Service whose annuities are totally inadequate to meet the elevated costs of living are sorely disappointed that the Congress has done nothing to alleviate their situation. The Bloom bill (H.R. 2786) still rests in committee, without sign of a hearing and with little indication of active interest in the measure in quarters where support would count, namely in the Department of State and among annuitants, who know all too well the predicament which confronts them each month.

The Bloom bill, if enacted into law, would provide an increase in annuities ranging in amounts from \$84.00 per annum to \$420.00, depending on date of retirement. This is far below the amounts payable under the Act of 1946 to officers retiring under that act, but in the light of Bureau of the Budget opposition to the Department's original proposal to place annuitants under the Act of May 24, 1924, as amended, on the same plane as those retiring under the Act of November 13, 1946, the former retired officers feel that they should at least receive treatment as beneficial as that

granted Civil Service annuitants by the 80th Congress, last session. Retired FSO's have naturally taken note of the relief granted to Civil Service annuitants at that time and of the further fact that the Congress has just appropriated funds granting an increase in annual pay, retroactive to July 1, 1948, of \$330.00 to members of the Foreign Service, whose salaries do not exceed \$10,000 per annum.

In view of this deserved increase to members of the Foreign Service and the similar increase granted last year to the vast personnel on the Civil Service list, with increases as well for retired Civil Service personnel, is it not illogical and discriminatory to withhold legislation to increase the annuities of the few hundreds of officers on the Foreign Service retired list under the act of 1924, many of whom are drawing amounts far less than the maximum allowed by that law, as amended? It behooves both the Department and the FSO's on the retired list to take an active interest in this legislation. The "forgotten man" is not imagination. He is real.

BITTER TEA FOR THE FOREIGN SERVICE

Senator Connally, the distinguished gentleman from Texas, entered the lists the other day in defense of a lady, our gracious new colleague, the Minister to Luxembourg, Mrs. Perle Mesta. He jostled with Senator Donnell of Missouri who politely wanted to be shown cause for Mrs. Mesta's nomination. The scene of the tourney was the old Senate Chamber which once echoed with the oratory of Webster and Calhoun and is now being used by the Senate while its regular quarters are being revamped.

Senator Donnell feared the appointment did violence to the career principle. Senator Connally broke a lance in favor of the appointment of "strong men" (and women) of vision from the outside.

It happens that the Senator from Texas, a canny man in the rough and tumble of debate, leveled his barb at that familiar punching bag, the Foreign Service. Career men were "all right in their places" but they "get into ruts." They say: "I have to go. We must have tea at 4 o'clock. I am sorry." And so on.

Well, like many people, we may get into ruts. But as for tea—we can take it or leave it alone, just like Bourbon. If our people in Mukden or Shanghai or Jerusalem are getting much tea these days it must be rather bitter. As bitter as the cup the Senator offers them.

We can't take this very seriously. We esteem the Senator as a true Nestor of American foreign affairs. We are grateful for his sponsorship of the Kee-Connally bill (The Foreign Service Act of 1946), which so strengthens the career he now finds rather effete. We respect Senator Donnell's point although we never have wanted all chiefs of mission to be career officers. And we like Mme. Minister Mesta, too.

Perhaps, though, out on the firing line and in the shadow of the iron curtain, where there are not so many political appointees, there may be some Foreign Service men and women who take the Senator's little sally more to heart than we do here on a hot July day. The Senator is a forthright man and we know he will understand if we tell him they won't like it.

ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP BROADENED

For some reason which we have never been able to fathom members of the Foreign Service Staff corps below class 12 were not eligible before May 24, 1949, for Active Mem-

bership in the Foreign Service Association but could become Associate Members. At the General Meeting of the Association on that date, however, the Articles of Association were amended to remove this distinction.* (See June JOURNAL, page 13.) The category of Associate Member is now reserved for those not actively in the Foreign Service. We think the change will make the Association more representative and should increase its membership. With a broadened membership base, the Association ought to be able to undertake more services for its members.

Now that this sensible step has been taken, the JOURNAL hopes for a freshened interest in expanding the activities of the Association. Send the JOURNAL your suggestions about what you think it ought to do and we will translate them in terms of our limited budget and small staff. Enroll now in the Association if you are not already a member.

Did you know:

1. That out of approximately 6000 members of the Foreign Service about 2300 are members of the Association and that of this number only 345 come from the Reserve and Staff categories?

2. That the membership of the Association has increased more than 860 in number since July 1, 1947, and that another 860 can be enrolled before July 1, 1950, if members in the field will lend their help to the same degree that members in the Department have done?

3. That from Association funds 47 children of members of the Foreign Service have received scholarships and other financial aid since 1933; that, in addition, the Association has participated in the awarding of approximately 30 Oliver Bishop Harriman scholarships to Foreign Service children, and that increased membership will make more funds available for more Association scholarships?

4. That the Association has introduced literally hundreds of officers to each other and to outstanding Departmental officials through its monthly luncheons in Washington?

5. That the Association renders innumerable services to members in welfare and whereabouts cases, in minor controversies with the Department, and in attentions at funerals of members of the Service; that it advances funds to the Despatch Agent in New York and to the Department's Welfare Fund to assist in financing private purchases by members of the Foreign Service; that it maintains a lounge, reading room and office facilities at 1809 G Street N.W., Washington; that these headquarters often serve, in effect, as a Wailing Wall for officers who have grievances to redress and feel the need for advice before starting on the long and tedious journey through the myriad of Government offices dealing with the matter in hand?

Finally did you know, that the JOURNAL is the Association's pet child; it never needs to be disciplined; it is never told what it can or cannot do by the Association. It is free to choose a thorny path and do its job the hard way or take the short cuts and avoid the pitfalls so recurrent in journalism, especially in publishing a magazine that belongs to 2300 people?

The Association and the JOURNAL try to speak for the Service in a time of change in the Department. Ours is not, nor should it be, the only voice; but if it is to be effective, we must feel that we speak for a whole Service, enrolled in the Association, vigilant for our shortcomings and directing us by frequent counsels to better efforts.

*For application blank turn to page 28.

EXCERPTS FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD JULY 5, 1949

(Debate on the occasion of Mrs. Mesta's appointment,
Senator Connally speaking.)

The Senator from Missouri further complains that 14 out of 15 ministers in Europe, I believe he said, were career men. Career men are all right in their places, but I may say to the Senator that I do not favor having the whole Foreign Service of the United States dominated by career men. Career men enter the service as clerks, and keep stepping up and up, making a lifetime of it. Mr. President, they get into ruts. They often fall into the habit of treating matters in a purely routine manner. If one visits abroad, especially in peace time, and goes into the Embassies and the Consulates, he will observe that, wherever he goes, it is the same old story. There is a routine. The career man says, "I have to go. We have tea at 4 o'clock. I am sorry, but I must go to tea." They nearly all wear the same kind of clothes. They do the purely routine things over and over again. Their minds have little grooves in them, so that they repeatedly do the same things in the same way. I rather favor bringing some fresh air from the outside, some new strength, some strong men from industry, strong men who have distinguished themselves at the bar, businessmen, men from the school room, from colleges and universities, rather than simply placing the entire Foreign Service in charge of a few professionals who are in it for the profession's sake. They are in the service because they have a living there. They have been having a living, and they want to keep on living. I should like to see in the Foreign Service a few men who are there because they desire to render high service, because they want to contribute something to the peace of the world and to the welfare of the world, men with an enlarged view, men like Myron Taylor—

MR. MURRAY. And like Andrew Mellon?

MR. CONNALLY. Andrew Mellon was an ambassador for a short time only. John W. Davis is another able man. There have been great numbers of them in the past. I should rather have in our Foreign Service a few men of that kind than simply to call the roll of the many men who have been in the service ever since they could break out of college and go to the Foreign Service School here at Georgetown, subject themselves to an investigation, pass an examination, and get a commission. From then on they are on the pay roll for the rest of their lives. They have nothing to do except to read little bulletins from the Foreign Service School and to keep up on protocol, so that they will know when to say, "Do not go ahead. This man comes ahead of you. Do not do that."

That is the kind of person the Senator from Missouri would have dominating and controlling our Foreign Service.

Luxembourg is an important country. I had the pleasure of being there on one occasion. I do not like to differ with the Senator from Montana, but the country is somewhat industrialized. It has a steel and iron industry—

MR. MURRAY. It is very small, however, and it is owned by the steel cartel of Germany.

MR. CONNALLY. It is there. I do not care who owns it. It is in Luxembourg, and we have to deal with it through Luxembourg. Luxembourg is in the heart of Europe. How it has ever survived I do not understand, unless it has some clever diplomats and some smart rulers.

Let me say another thing to the Senator from Missouri. Luxembourg is what is called a Grand Duchy. Its ruler is a Grand Duchess, a female—a woman, if you please. Would

(Continued on page 26)



Personals

MRS. PAUL ALLING, widow of the former Ambassador to Pakistan, is now an instructor at the Foreign Service Institute. With her long experience as a Foreign Service wife, Mrs. Alling's advice and assistance should be invaluable to new women employees and the wives of new Junior officers.

FSS ELEANOR SHIELDS, recently of Shanghai, has taken Miss JANET BARKER's place as assistant to FSO ROBERT F. HALE at the Institute's School of Basic Officer Training, while FSS HELEN SULLIVAN has come from Berlin to take Mrs. OLLIE EDMUNDSON's place in charge of training in Foreign Service filing. Mrs. Edmundson has been assigned to Seoul.

FRANK SNOWDEN HOPKINS, Assistant Director of FSI and a stalwart on the JOURNAL's Editorial Board, was among those invited to lecture at the University of Denver's Institute of International Administration. During the week he spent at Denver Mr. Hopkins lectured on United States activities abroad, particularly the human problems involved in administering the Foreign Service and developing the abilities of its personnel.

Now awaiting evacuation from Mukden, where the Consulate General was closed in May, are Consul General and Mrs. ANGUS WARD and their staff, FREDERICK E. FARNSWORTH, RALPH C. REHBERG, HUGO PICARD, JACK C. FEIGAL, WALTER S. NORMAN, ELDON B. ERICKSON, SHIRO TATSUMI and WILLIAM N. STOKES.

Vice Consul PETER RUTTER was one of the witnesses when Jennifer Jones and David Selznick went through a second marriage ceremony at the Genoa City Hall. (For details see the story by Nancy and Peter Rutter in next month's issue.)

After 37 years of Government service, Miss FLORENCE E. FRISBEE, of the Department's Division of Finance, retired on June 30. Despite her request that there be no fanfare, her co-workers staged a friendly celebration at which she was presented with a wrist watch engraved with her initials and date of retirement, and she received a letter of commendation from Secretary Acheson.

MARYANNA PLEVIAK, now FSS 11, here on home leave before taking up her new duties in Brussels, hopes the gal who takes her place in Geneva is wise enough to arrive with trunks empty and clothing budget intact.

On May 24th, 1949, ROBERT L. BUELL, Consul General at Alexandria, was made a Commander of the Order of St. Mark by His Beatitude Christophorus II, Patriarch of Egypt and North Africa. The second American to receive the Order, Consul General Buell explained that its presentation was a token of the gratitude of the Greek people for American aid rather than a personal tribute. The blue, black, and gold cross is suspended on a little blue and black ribbon, the black symbolizing "the vicissitudes during life" and blue "the joys of heaven for all those who toil and labor in this world."

Mr. Buell is on home leave now and expects to go to Edinburgh in September.

Liquidation of the Liquidators and Farewell Swink!

On June 30 the State-Army-Navy-Air Force Coordinating Committee was formally dissolved and its records transferred to the custody of DCR in the Department. SWNCC ("swink") later SANACC ("sanak") preceded the National Security Council in the field of coordinating military and foreign policies and the historians of the future will find in its files the records of many vital decisions of war and postwar days. Also on June 30, with the disposition of foreign surplus under MAJOR GENERAL CLYDE L. HYSSONG completed six months ahead of schedule, the Department's Office of Foreign Liquidation Commission officially expired.

Pomp and Protocol

An all-star audience of front-page personalities from Capitol Hill, the Diplomatic Corps, Government and women's organizations, plus a dozen home town folk, had a little difficulty seeing around the crowd of press photographers who swarmed down front in the State Department Auditorium on July 8 to watch Mrs. PERLE MESTA sworn in as our first Minister to Luxembourg. Before actually leaving for her new post, sometime around mid-August, Madame Minister, like other new Chiefs of Mission, will have received special briefing at the Department and the Institute.

The day before Mrs. Mesta signed her Form 1041, President Truman remarked at his weekly press conference that he had several other outstanding women under consideration for diplomatic posts.

Austere by contrast was the swearing in a week later of JEFFERSON CAFFERY, former U. S. Ambassador to France, who is taking the post of Ambassador to Egypt, replacing STANTON GRIFFIS, who resigned because of ill health.

International Conferences

The three State Department officers among the delegation approved by the President to represent the United States at the recent International Labor Conference at Geneva were WALTER M. KOTSCHNIG, Chief, Division of United Nations Economic and Social Affairs; WALTER W. SOHL, JR., Division of International Conferences; and THEODORE T. KIBLER, Division of Research for Europe.

HOWARD B. CALDERWOOD, Division of United Nations Economic and Social Affairs, and GEORGE M. INGRAM, Office of United Nations Affairs, were the State Department Advisers to the U. S. delegation to the Second World Health Assembly, held at Rome in June. ELLEN M. DUGGAN of the Department's Division of International Conferences, was Documents Officer.

Among the members of the United States Commission in the Pan American Railway Congress Association is Assistant Secretary of State WILLARD L. THORP. The appointments were announced early in June and the first meeting was held a few weeks later.

At the Inter-American Conference on Indian Affairs at Cuzco, Peru, early in July, FSS ALBERT A. GIESECKE was a delegate and SIMON N. WILSON of the Department's Division of Special Inter-American Affairs was Adviser-Secretary.

ALWYN V. FREEMAN, formerly Assistant to the Legal Adviser in the Department, was appointed by the President to the Inter-American Juridical Committee at Rio de Janeiro.

Dr. Freeman has written many articles on international law, both in Spanish and English.

State Department members of the American delegation to the International Wheat Council, which met here in Washington a few weeks ago, were EDWARD G. CALE, Associate Chief, International Resources Division, and URSULA H. DUFFUS, Division of United Nations Economic and Social Affairs.

Point IV

Convening in Geneva early last month, the United Nations Economic and Social Council got down to business at once. Assistant Secretary of State WILLARD L. THORP, who heads the U. S. delegation, urged that a subcommittee, composed of members from both industrially advanced countries and those considered undeveloped, be set up immediately and that it have ready for the UN General Assembly in September three alternate programs based on possible budgets of \$15, \$20, or \$25 million. Although Secretary General Trygve Lie recommended a budget of from \$35,900,000 to \$50,100,000 for the first year of Point IV development, Mr. Thorp declared that the most that could be spent effectively was somewhere between \$15 and \$25 million.

Once legislation has been passed and funds made available for the Technical Cooperation Program, it is expected that FSOs will be assigned as Technical Cooperation Officers to assist local governments in making sound plans for their economic development, to advise the State Department on local program progress, to negotiate agreements or understandings as a basis for projects and to coordinate projects conducted within a country by various agencies of the U. S. government.

Assisting Mr. Thorp on the U. S. delegation are representatives of the State, Labor, Commerce, Treasury, and Agriculture Departments, the Federal Security Agency, and the U. S. Mission to the United Nations.

Reorganization Progresses

Aides have been assigned to the new Assistant Secretaries of State (See July JOURNAL News from the Department). They are: Office of European Affairs (headed by Assistant Secretary GEORGE W. PERKINS), FSO LLEWELLYN E. THOMPSON, Deputy Assistant Secretary; ARTHUR G. STEVENS, Executive Director; Office of Near East and African Affairs (headed by Assistant Secretary GEORGE E. MCGHEE), FSO RAYMOND A. HARE, Deputy Assistant Secretary; FSS JOHN W. JAGO, Executive Director; Office of American Republic Affairs (headed by Assistant Secretary EDWARD G. MILLER, JR.), WILLARD F. BARBER, Deputy Assistant Secretary; FSS WILLIAM P. HUGHES, Executive Director; Office of United Nations Affairs (headed by Assistant Secretary JOHN D. HICKERSON), DURWARD W. SANDIFER, Deputy Assistant Secretary; CALVIN J. NICHOLS, Executive Director.

IN MEMORIAM

EVANS. Mrs. Marie Louise Evans, mother of Mrs. Robert L. Smyth, whose husband is Consul General at Tientsin, China, died on June 25, 1949 at Charlottesville, Virginia.

ROBINSON. Mrs. Bessie Forbes Robinson, died on July 3, 1949 at Fredericksburg, Va. Mrs. Robinson's daughter is the wife of retired Consul General Butler Franklin.

BOWMAN. Mrs. Howard Bowman, whose husband is Consul at Hamilton, Bermuda, died on July 20, 1949 at Hamilton.

BRADEN. Robert G. Braden, Foreign Service Officer, died July 29, 1949 in Belgrade, where he was assigned as Third Secretary and Vice Consul.

AUGUST, 1949

JOURNAL STAFF CHANGES

The JOURNAL wishes to express its great appreciation for the services of Barbara Chalmers (Mrs. Philip O. Chalmers) who has shouldered the editorial duties of the JOURNAL in addition to her work for the Association ever since Jane Wilson left us to become Mrs. Jack Pool. In this arduous duty, Mrs. Chalmers has shown the most helpful spirit to members of the Association, the most painstaking care in putting the JOURNAL together, and the greatest patience with delinquent contributors and her fellow Board members. But finding double duty on the JOURNAL and the Association too great a tax on her strength, she finally asked to be relieved and will henceforth devote full time to the expanding affairs of a growing Association as Assistant to the Director, Mr. Lockhart. She continues to lend a helping hand to us on the JOURNAL when time permits and to represent the best traditions of the Service in which she and her late husband formed so many friendships.

The JOURNAL Board is pleased to announce the appointment of Joan David as Managing Editor. An honor graduate of Radcliffe, Mrs. David is a freelance writer and has contributed to many magazines, ranging from *Nation's Business* to *Skyways to Parents' Magazine*. She has also worked as a fashion model, directed a nursery school, and done public relations work at the Netherlands Information Bureau. Mrs. David is the wife of Washington attorney Nathan H. David and the mother of Steven, Tony and Debbie. She has met only a few members of the Foreign Service so far and will be glad to meet many more of our colleagues. We think they will be glad to meet her.



Harris & Ewing

Joan David

BIRTHS

LUDY. A son, David Bruce, was born on June 4, 1949, to FSO and Mrs. Albert K. Ludy, Jr., at Washington, D. C. Mr. Ludy is detailed to the Office of International Trade, Department of Commerce.

McAULIFFE. A son, Eugene Vincent, Jr., was born on June 27, 1949, to FSO and Mrs. Eugene Vincent McAuliffe, at Berlin, Germany, where Mr. McAuliffe is Vice Consul.

DIETZ. A daughter, Sheila Elizabeth, was born on July 12, 1949 to FSS and Mrs. George Dietz at Buenos Aires, Argentina, where Mr. Dietz is Assistant Agricultural Attache.

MARRIAGES

NASMYTH-JOHNSTON. Mrs. Pauline C. Johnston and Mr. William R. Nasmyth were married on July 7, 1949 at El Paso, Texas. Mrs. Nasmyth has been a Foreign Service Clerk at the Consulate in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico.



FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Argentina—Dixon Donnelly
Australia (Canberra)—Donald Lamm
British Guiana—George W. Skora
Colombia—John M. Vebber
Dakar—William R. Gennert
Ecuador—Benjamin L. Sowell
Ethiopia—Arthur L. Paddock, Jr.
France (Northern)—Alfred H. Lovell, Jr.
France (Southern)—William H. Christensen
French Indo-China—Dallas M. Coors
Germany (Hamburg)—C. Melvin Sonne, Jr.
Iceland—William S. Krason
India—William Witman II
Ireland—John P. Walsh
Italy—Outerbridge Horsey

London—Jesse D. Dean
Mexico—Carl W. Strom
Noumea—Claude G. Ross
Panama—Oscar H. Guerra
Paraguay—Henry A. Hoyt
Portugal—William Barnes
Rumania—Donald Dunham
Singapore—John Hamlin
Southampton—William H. Beck
Switzerland—Ruth Madsen
Turkey—Clifton B. English
Union of South Africa—John C. Fuess
Uruguay—Sidney Lafoon
U.S.S.R.—Charles G. Stefan
Venezuela—Thomas D. Kingsley

HAMBURG

A record seldom equalled in the Foreign Service was achieved on April 18 of this year when Mrs. Ida Hafermann, a German clerk at the Consulate General in Hamburg, completed half a century of service for the United States Government.

Mrs. Hafermann joined the Hamburg Consulate in 1899. Having already lived in the United States for about four years, she well understood American interests and immediately developed the enthusiasm for her work and devotion to duty which her present-day associates admire in her.

Although during Mrs. Hafermann's fifty years of service the Consulate General staff has grown in numbers from four to over one hundred, she continues to be one of its best-known and best-liked members. She continues steadfastly American in her outlook, and her only regret is that the tides of war have prevented her from becoming an American citizen. She has nevertheless visited the United States five times during the past half century.

Mrs. Hafermann's anniversary was, of course, the occasion for many congratulations and gifts. The entire staff, including that of the new Consular Sub-Office at Wentorf, greeted her on April 18 at an afternoon party given by Consul General Groth and later Mrs. Hafermann and the older members of the staff were Mr. Groth's guests at a dinner party. Telegrams and letters came from Mrs. Hafermann's old friends all over the world; among them were messages from George F. Kennan and John E. Puerifoy of the Department; Retired FSO Wilbur Koblinger of New York; Wainwright Abbott, Consul General at St. John's; Warren M. Chase, Counselor at Helsinki; Minister John G. Erhardt at Vienna; Ambassador J. Klahr Huddle at Rangoon; Ambassador John J. Muccio at Seoul; and E. Talbot Smith, Consul at Göteborg. C. MELVIN SONNE, JR.

GREECE

Assignment in Athens has never been dull. But my recent inspection tour was a bit above par even for this course. Here is a sample.

While our party was lunching in the military compound at Ardhea, we heard a series of explosions spaced about

thirty seconds apart. I asked Brigadier Petropoulos (of the Greek National Army) where the blasting was taking place. He replied, through an interpreter, that the blasting was probably not quite what I may have had in mind. It seems that a GNA reconnaissance force had just spotted about thirty men entering a house in a neighboring guerrilla-held village. As Petropoulos expressed it, "I gave orders for the artillery to place a few shells in their soup."

JACK K. MCFALL.



Counselor of Embassy Henry S. Villard (Chargé d'Affaires at the time) signs the Fulbright Agreement between the United States and Norway at Oslo on May 25. Seated beside Mr. Villard is Mrs. Margaret Hicks Williams of the Department's Northern European Branch. Standing are Lars Moen, Norway's Minister of Church and Education, and Foreign Minister Halvard M. Lange.

TURIN

Three and one half years ago, when I came to Turin, Italy, my first post, the physical and mental scars of the war were fresh and evident throughout Piedmont, particularly in its

**UNITED KINGDOM CONSULAR CONFERENCE—LONDON,
MAY 9-13**

Seated, l. to r.: Herbert P. Fales, John W. Bailey, Jr., Hon. Julius C. Holmes, Hon. Howard K. Travers, Dayle C. McDonough, A. Cyril Crilley. Standing, l. to r.: Nathaniel Lancaster, Jr., Leo F. Gentner, John F. Huddleston, Richard H. Hawkins, Jr., Charles H. Heisler, William H. Beck, John H. Lord, William A. Smale, W. Stratton Anderson, Phil H. Hubbard, Frederick C. Johnson, David Wilken, Henry B. Day.

large industrial centers where machinery was at a standstill and morale at its lowest ebb. My chief, Consul Richard B. Haven, told me at our first meeting that from personal experience gained through many years of prewar residence as Consul at Turin, he felt sure it would not be long before great strides would be made by the Piedmontese toward a return to normalcy. (A year later industrialists were rebuilding their factories with confidence and production was up to 60 percent of the prewar level. Today, in many industries, it exceeds or equals prewar levels.) While keeping uppermost in mind the protection of American interests, Mr. Haven consistently devoted his spare time and untiring energy toward the rehabilitation of Piedmont.

It was due to Consul Haven's efforts that Italy's first, and so far only, blood bank was started in this city. Mr. Haven is chairman of its board of directors. He founded and organized the Italo-American Society for Piedmont, of which



Tokens of appreciation presented to Consul Haven included a bronze emblem of Turin presented by the Chamber of Commerce, a miniature silver model of the first Fiat car, two marionettes presented by the Turin Family Club, a gold commemorative medal from the Rotary, paintings, and a generous number of scrolls and parchments.

he is Honorary Chairman, for better cultural relations between the United States and Italy. He reorganized the American Chamber of Commerce for Italy, Piedmont Branch, of which he is Honorary President. He reorganized the Turin Consular Corps of which he is Dean. He is a member of the International Rotary Club and took an active part in many other ways looking toward greater aid from the United States to assist in the rehabilitation of Piedmont's industries.



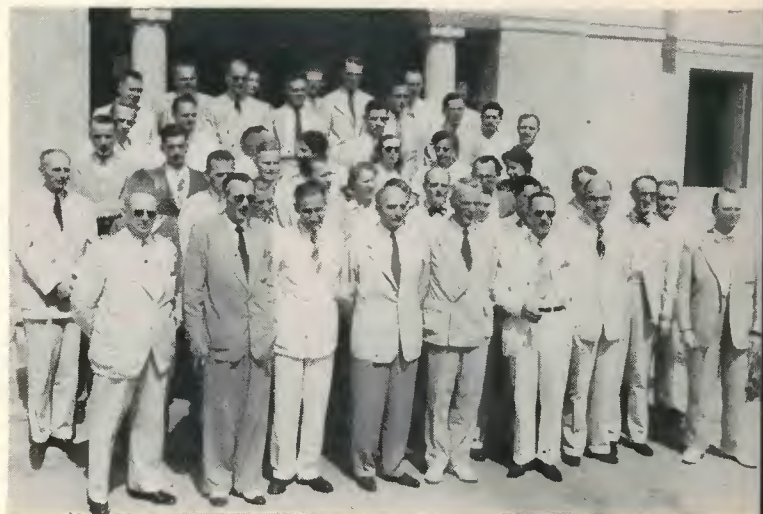
Mrs. Haven, too, although at all times behind the political scenes, worked day and night to promote better relations among the citizens and affiliated herself with very many charitable organizations. Her seemingly boundless energy was poured into her position alongside that of her husband.

As a token of their appreciation the people of Turin took it upon themselves to show their gratitude to the man most responsible for aiding Piedmont medically, financially and spiritually through its years of hardship by feting him with dinners, luncheons, cocktails and mementos. In the accompanying photograph Consul Haven poses beside some of the gifts so spontaneously bestowed.

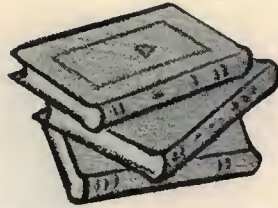
WALTER M. MASTERS

**NEW DELHI REGIONAL FOREIGN SERVICE CONFERENCE
APRIL 4-9**

Among those attending the Conference and appearing in the picture below are: Hon. Loy W. Henderson (front row fourth from left), Messrs. Derry, Abbott, Simons, Langdon, Wolf, Chartrand, Timberlake, Maynard, Mathews, Fisk, Berkov, Gilmore, Streeper, Roser, Andrus, Abbey, Mill, Maddox, Newsom, Wharton, D'Donnell, Parsons, Sokolov, Steves, Clark, Barton, Wilson, Ladejinsky, Hanna, Brecker, Smith and the Misses Hersey, Ellis, Lewis and Randles.



The BOOKSHELF



Francis C. deWolf
Review Editor

The Fateful Years. By Andre Fraicois-Poncet. *Harcourt Brace and Company, New York, 1949, 295 pages, \$4.00.*

Reviewed by JACOB D. BEAM

Mr. Francois-Poncet, the French Ambassador in Berlin during the Nazi period, who has recently been appointed to serve his country in Germany once again in the responsible office of French High Commissioner, has added a valuable personal contribution to the chronicles of those fateful times, which is most readable in an excellent English translation. While he does not profess to parallel the historical record laid bare at the Nuremberg trials, the author provides a highly intelligent and vivid subjective account which is as indispensable as Shirer's "Berlin Diary" to an understanding and recapture of the atmosphere of an epoch unparalleled in modern experience.

The book is chiefly remarkable for its series of character sketches of personalities of the times. The influence of Hitler is the dominating theme of the book and that demoniac figure is exhaustively analyzed in all his moods, manifestations of evil and unrestrained exercise of power. The remaining Nazi personages are chiefly dismissed with incisive feelings of contempt, flavored by disgust. The book perhaps does less than due justice to the malevolent competence of such leaders as Goering and Himmler. The author moreover does not attempt to explain the integrated efficiency of the Nazi regime and its hold upon the vast millions of Germans. The significance of certain events is sometimes passed by, as for instance the failure of the Nazis to understand that the undiplomatic strictures of the mild-mannered college professor, Dr. Dodd, who was the American Ambassador, represented the patient indignation of a mighty people who, when provoked, would rise in their wrath to abolish the Nazi scourge.

Mr. Francois-Poncet's account of events is urbane, and accurate. He is restrained in dealing with some of his tedious colleagues in Berlin and the short-sighted politicians in his own and other countries. He relates as a matter of fact and without rancour that his advice was rarely asked in the formulation of French policy. It is hoped he will fulfill his half promise that he may write a sequel concerning his later Ambassadorship in Italy where he says he suffered even greater indignities than in Germany. It is reassuring that a high official of Mr. Francois-Poncet's perception and balance is being sent back to Germany where his proven qualities, however much overlooked in the past, can be of future benefit.

The Development of the Law of Belligerent Occupation. By Doris Appel Graber, Ph.D. *Columbia University Press, New York, 1949. 343 pages. \$4.00.*

Reviewed by KATHERINE B. FITE

This is a survey of the development of the law of belligerent occupation during the years 1863-1914 as reflected in contemporary international agreements, military manuals and the works of leading publicists.

In an interesting introductory chapter, the author sketches the historical background of the "landmark codes" which

she has chosen for study, all of which included the law of belligerent occupation. The "Lieber code," which was the first attempt to codify the rules of land warfare, was prepared at the request of President Lincoln and was primarily the work of Francis Lieber, an émigré German scholar. It took the form of instructions issued to the Union Army in 1863 and was said to have inspired the drafting of the code prepared at an international conference in Brussels in 1874. The code there drawn up, which was intended to form the basis for a subsequent treaty, had profound influence on contemporary continental military manuals and on the Hague conventions. The code adopted by the Institute of International Law at Oxford in 1880 did not differ substantially from it. It is interesting to note that one of the reasons that the codes prepared at the two Hague conferences were annexed to the conventions regarding land warfare there adopted, while the signatories' obligation to issue instructions to their armies in conformity therewith was embodied in the conventions themselves, was to allow for flexibility in the terminology of national military manuals.

In subsequent chapters the author considers substantively the principal problems of belligerent occupation, namely: its nature and legal consequences, the people's duties to the occupant, the government of occupied regions, the treatment of public and institutional property, the protection of personal rights and private property, and requisitions and contributions. The treatment of each topic in the landmark codes and the writings of contemporary publicists is outlined.

In a final chapter she considers the application of the law of belligerent occupation in the major wars from 1863 to 1914, pointing out that the data for such a study are "scant and often unreliable." She adds some brief conclusions based on the study as a whole, finding a difference of emphasis in the Lieber code and the Hague code of 1907, the former stressing an occupant's rights, the latter his duties. An appendix reproduces the texts of each code grouped under subject matter, thus permitting the reader at a glance to compare, for example, the various provisions relating to public movable property. An extensive bibliography is appended.

Though the book stops short of the first world war, it will be of value and interest not only to the historian but also to the lawyer who will find such an analytical study of the antecedents of the Hague convention of 1907 of assistance in determining the intent of the drafters of that convention, which, except for the prisoner of war and Red Cross conventions, constitutes the latest attempt of the international community to revise the rules and practices of land warfare.

The Power in the People. By Felix Morley. *D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., New York, N. Y., 1949. 293 pages. \$3.50.*

Reviewed by JOHN C. HOSKINS

To the task of examining the significance of the United States in the panorama of history, Felix Morley brings the singular qualifications of a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, a distinguished educator, and a student of history. The re-

sult is a highly readable, almost exciting treatise on political theory.

The title of the book was supplied by William Penn. A century later the concept of government implied in the title was advanced by the Constitution-framers when they carefully refrained from giving sovereignty to any department of government in the young republic. The cause of liberty was bulwarked by a number of "Thou shalt nots" in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. James Madison (to whose memory the book is significantly dedicated) wrote of the "honorable determination" of the founding fathers "to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government." Spiritual strength, bold liberalism—these have been the distinctive characteristics of American political theory, as Mr. Morley sees it.

The author devotes his final chapters to the nature of the challenge we face and our hopes for success in facing it. Besides the obvious ideological threats to our system, Mr. Morley is concerned about the dimming political faith of the American people. This faith, he points out, was and must be based on a religious feeling of responsibility for oneself and one's government if the power in the people is to be preserved.

Quotations are numerous and well-chosen; authorities standard and not-so-standard are marshalled to support the argument. A select bibliography accompanies the text, and for convenience of readers who wish to go deeper into any phase of the thesis it is arranged to conform to chapter sequence.

In a time when to profess liberalism is almost to excite suspicion of disloyalty, when words like "democracy" and "Americanism" are bandied about indiscriminately, this book makes thoughtful and refreshing reading; I would recommend it to anyone who has used either of these words casually in recent conversation.

Turkey: An Economic Appraisal. By Max Weston Thornburg, Research Director, Graham Spry, Research Associate, and George Soule, Editorial Associate. 324 pages, one map, 8 photographs, 43 tables, 4 charts, cloth, *The Twentieth Century Fund, New York, 1949.* \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM COOPER

This Twentieth Century Fund publication could not have appeared more opportunely. It coincides with American interest in encouraging and orienting private capital investment in underdeveloped areas. *Turkey: An Economic Appraisal*, the conclusions based upon a recent survey in Turkey by a Twentieth Century Fund group led by Max Weston Thornburg, an engineer and business consultant with long experience in the Near East, presents a platform by means of which American capital and technical skill may be of assistance in Turkish economic development and the advancement of Turkish welfare. The entire volume, written more with the trained eye of the engineer, although economic implications are well considered, may be said to be addressed to the Turks themselves. Of the nine chapters, the first seven are prolegomenon to the final two, the latter summary and critical assessment and recommendations respectively. Following a cursory survey of the major historical events leading to the founding of the Turkish Republic in 1923, there is substantial material, more in terms of patent deficiencies, on agriculture, transportation and communication, mining and manufacture, energy resources, and the range of banking, monetary and fiscal problems, to render the volume, together with a large statistical appendix, a valuable reference on the economic history of the Turkish Republic.

The burden of the argument is that the Turkish state, under the inspiration of an étatist (state capitalist) policy, has, since the early thirties, created two Turkeys, one a residue of primitive and neglected agriculture and the other an "advanced" industrial Turkey which, in the haste of its erection, fashioned gigantic industrial structures, inefficiently operated and managed, and by so doing leaped over a development more ordinally and positively related to the true requirements and capacities of the nation. The blame for this situation, which the authors call an economy "characterized by stagnation," is placed squarely upon Turkish authorities, whose culpability arises from their utter neglect of the well-springs of private initiative and resources in the nation.

The recommendations of the authors are basically three in number. The first calls for the assurance of political and economic freedom for the people of Turkey, with the implication that Turkish government funds not be utilized in such commercial undertakings as can be managed by private capital. The second point stipulates the provision of American financial assistance, skills and experience, to render Turkish capital resources productive, but by no means as substitutes for available Turkish resources. The third requires the regularization and legislation of the status of private Turkish enterprise, to remove it from the arbitrary whim and control of individual bureaucrats.

The authors envision tremendous fields for both government and private initiative in Turkey, in roads, irrigation, processing and farm equipment industries, and the like, possibly assisted, where necessary, by American capital and technical know-how. They add this word of caution: "Little opportunity either for the Turks or for American collaborators will exist, however, unless there is a fundamental change in the attitude of those who exercise political control in Turkey."

The Twentieth Century Fund survey was completed before the onset of extremely serious economic problems for Turkey, notably arising out of adverse foreign trade balances and the consequent decline of gold and foreign exchange reserves. These difficulties have encouraged the continuation of stringent controls by the state over private foreign investment through exchange regulations, so that, at the moment, the implementation of proposals in the volume under review has been made infinitely more difficult of realization.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

The Fourth of July must have been a big event all over the world. Celebrations, according to the scores of delightful pictures received at the JOURNAL, ran the gamut from the old-fashioned picnic—complete even to a pie-eating contest—which was held at Tegucigalpa to the formal garden party at Madras. Unfortunately, printing schedules are so rigid that we are unable to include any of the pictures in this issue, but we have every intention of explaining to the Treasurer (with our most appealing smile) that the engraving budget for the September issue simply must be stretched to include a bang-up, though belated, Fourth-of-July spread. Meanwhile, we want our correspondents in Lyon, New Delhi, Manila, Hong Kong, Madras, Bordeaux, Cape Town, Managua and Tegucigalpa to know that we appreciate their thoughtfulness and we hope they'll continue to send their best pictures.

FOREIGN SERVICE RETIREMENTS

| | |
|-----------------------|------------|
| Gordon P. Merriam | Retirement |
| Katherine E. O'Connor | Retirement |
| Christian T. Steger | Retirement |



Reception at the Embassy Residence at Asuncion following the wedding on May 17 of Second Secretary Henry A. Hoyt to Miss Joyce P. Lowmes. l. to r. Ambassador Fletcher Warren, Mrs. Warren, Tom Allen, Flower Girl Maria Stokwitz, Mrs. Hoyt, Robert Moore, Henry Hoyt, Matron of Honor Mrs. Elizabeth Rhodes, Mrs. Ranson Fullinwider, Captain Oscar Bradford and Best Man Ned Holman.



Vice Consul Don B. Reynolds with a little orphan boy at DP Visa Office, Salzburg.

Service Glimpses

At the Consulate in Rotterdam members of the staff presented Miss Johanna Koolen with a silver vase at a party celebrating her 65th birthday and over 30 years of service.



FSO Jack McFall poses with Greek fighters at Tourkokhori a few days after they had been repatriated and reestablished at the village.

Ambassador and Mrs. Nathaniel P. Davis with President Jose Figueres and members of the Embassy staff at the airport on June 8 when the Davises departed following Ambassador Davis' nomination as Minister to Hungary.



Letters to the Editors

NAOMI MANSOUR

1765 P Street, N. W.,
Washington 6, D. C.
8 June 1949

To The Editors,

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Just a few days before the receipt of the May issue which announced the death of Naomi Mansour at Baghdad I was telling my wife some of the things Naomi did for us who were assigned there. Mr. Getch has summed up Naomi's character perfectly but I should like to record a few incidents that endeared him to us all.

The Christmas I spent in Baghdad Naomi suggested he accompany me to Midnight Mass at the Chaldean Church from which he was buried. I had just got new uniform overcoats for the two Kavasses. Naomi would not wear his until he had consulted with me as to whether I thought he should. I left it up to him and he wore it as he was very proud of his uniform. Upon arrival at the church Naomi told me to sit down and wait and, thereupon disappeared into the sacristy. In a few moments he came back to me and led me to the space in front of the first pews where the French Consul and Vice Consul were sitting. He had produced a chair for me to which I was conducted with ceremony. After Mass I asked him why he had done such a thing. "The Sahib must have the same as the French" was his reply.

On another occasion he accompanied me to the consecration of a bishop of some sect or other. On this occasion I was seated right in the middle of the aisle—Naomi's doing again.

One pay day Naomi came back from the bank looking very dejected. I called him in to ask the reason and took a long while to get a reply from him. It seemed that, making all the deposits for us, which he carried in his inside pocket, he had carried his own pay in his outside pocket and it had been stolen. He invariably turned over his pay to his wife and he was distracted as to how to explain it to her and how they were to exist for the ensuing period. He was taken care of but the following pay day wanted to repay what had been given him. Naturally, he was refused for it was small compensation for what Naomi had done for us.

My clearest recollection is of Naomi at sundown. Many an evening I had watched him lower the flag. He would lower it slowly in a way that would put the military to shame, fold it and then, unconscious of the fact anyone was watching, kiss it. It is a pity we cannot adequately reward such true faithfulness.

BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON

GOD BLESS PAPA AND MAMA AND SENATOR CONNALLY

To the Editors,

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Come right down to it, the Senator has something. At first glance, the Congressional Record of July 5th* makes a Foreign Service Officer go all bug-eyed and goose flesh. The gentleman from Texas is quoted thus: "I rather favor bringing some fresh air from outside" and he proceeds to gaze out over the great open spaces in search of "strong men from industry, strong men who have distinguished themselves at the bar, business men, men from the school room." He wants to see in the Foreign Service "a few men who are there because they desire to render high service, because

*Ed.: See page 17.)

they want to contribute something to the peace of the world, men with an enlarged view." These selfless Titans would replace careerists who "must go to tea at four o'clock, who nearly all wear the same kind of clothes, who have nothing to do except to read little bulletins from the Foreign Service School and to keep up on protocol."

At first hearing, them's fighting words, stranger. But we can recognize the grin which crinkles the eyes of an old campaigner, so let's lower our guns. You've got something, Senator, and up to a point we'll ride herd with you.

We agree with you that a very slick way to win a tussle is to persuade the opponent to underestimate your strength. The whole course of the history of this nation's foreign relations provides examples of us naive, inexperienced, cookie-pushing nit wits (close quotes) up against the suave, cultured Machiavellis of the world—and walking off with the plums in our coat-tail pockets. This little memo, which gives our game away, won't be seen by many, but your smallest word is read with minute care in the world's chancelleries, your stature being what it is. Let 'em have it, boss! We'll continue to bring you the plums.

Trouble is, Senator, when you throw dust in the eyes of our foreign friends and foes—for which respectful thanks—there's a grave risk that some of the dust may lodge in the eyes of our own home folks. A mere politician wouldn't care. You'd care. You'd care a hell of a lot if the public's confidence in its Foreign Service were unwarrantably shaken, for you are a statesman. (Pardon the interruption, but this writer may say that he has had personal evidence of it during the course of his er—er, may I say "routine?" duties in India. He's seen the support you've given to one of the regrettably few Indian strongholds of democracy as we understand the term, namely, the Protestant missions.)

Isn't there a way to ditch the other side without undermining the support of our side? How's for inserting a few words of outrageous praise, quite as fantastic as the obstreperous pokes? That'll keep them guessing abroad, which is even more effective than merely fooling them for it adds the element of fear. At home, even the most innocent John Q. Public, unaware that a sort of game is being played, can derive satisfaction from the thought that he has a splendid Foreign Service, kept on its toes by the vigilant men on the Hill.

Although not a strong man who has distinguished himself at the bar, I'd invite you to have a drink with me, Senator, were I close enough to ask you to do me the honor. We understand each other. However, distance prevents a mutual skol. May I venture instead to pray for you? I never saw a little bulletin from the Foreign Service School in my thirty years in the salt mines, but am sure that there must be one which gives the text of prayers for loved ones.

FSO, Retired

CONSUL GEORGE F. KELLY

Kingston, Jamaica
May 20, 1949.

To the Editors,

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Consul George Francis Kelly, FSS-8, Consul at Kingston, Jamaica, died suddenly on May 17, 1949. Mr. Kelly, 47, was well known and liked throughout the Island, and his passing has been mourned by persons of all classes in Jamaica.

Mr. Kelly had returned on May 6 from an emergency sick leave in the United States, but was stricken ten days

later at his home and died of coronary thrombosis before a doctor could reach his bedside.

Born in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, on January 21, 1902, Mr. Kelly was a clerk in the Massachusetts State Government for three years before accepting an appointment as clerk in the American Consulate at Kingston on April 10, 1923. He was appointed vice consul there in 1925 and received his promotion to consul on February 12, 1948.

He is survived by his wife, Majorie Desnoes Kelly, and by three children: Tony, Eugene, and Patsy.

Consul Kelly's funeral reflected the esteem in which he had long been held in Jamaica. The Consular Corps provided a Guard of Honor, including representatives from Cuba, Panama, Costa Rica, China, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and Colombia. Consul General Nelson R. Park and Vice Consul Stephen Winship acted as pall bearers in addition to other intimate friends. The funeral was attended by many officials of the Government and by hundreds of businessmen and other local residents who had known Mr. Kelly during his long career in Jamaica.

STEPHEN WINSHIP.

BERMUDA SADDENED BY DEATH OF WIFE OF AMERICAN CONSUL

FROM THE WASHINGTON *Times-Herald*, JULY 26, 1949
(Reprinted by permission of International News Service)

Hamilton, Bermuda, July 25.

THERE was a saddening little funeral service at the Hamilton cathedral the other day. Mrs. Howard A. Bowman, wife of a veteran U. S. consular officer who has just reported in Bermuda to serve as our consul, had died suddenly the day before.

The nature of her husband's work had taken her, for the last 27 years, to a lot of big and little posts in the foreign service, and had forced upon her the task of making friends for our country under often trying circumstances. Like so many consular wives, she worked—and for comparatively meager returns.

Their last post was Danzig. As a fresh young consular officer Mr. Bowman had been sent there on his first mission, 30 years ago. He had met and married his wife there.

Returning to a police-state Poland, where even Americans as sober and discreet as the Bowmans are considered spies and thus people to be watched and followed, must have been a disheartening experience to both. When they left these fine and authentic representatives of the United States were forced by the Communists of Poland to leave some personal effects behind, including clothing.

At the little parties that welcomed them to Bermuda, especially the one given by the good-natured and generous J. Lakin Baldriges of New York, the modest Bowmans expressed their relief at getting out of their last post.

But they expressed it not much in what they said about Poland, for years of consular training made both prudent in the extreme. They expressed it in their quiet joy in landing in a place of blue skies, green water, and rolling hills flaming with hibiscus and oleander. And their nice house.

But then she died. Among those who showed up for her last rites were American visitors and curious Bermudians touched by the tragic little event.

The handsome Francis X. Bushman-like acting governor

of Bermuda, William Addis, sat through the sweltering service in formal morning dress. That vigorous veteran of the carrier war in the Pacific, Vice Adm. A. E. Montgomery, headed a little group of U. S. Navy officers from our leased base. Towering Col. Jack Merrell, late of the 8th Air Force, and now commanding at Kindley Field, joined with his wife in "Abide With Me."

Mr. Bowman sat in the first pew, near the flag-draped coffin which held the woman who had walked with him through the world in the name of the United States, and wept very softly. He knew that none of these touched strangers who sat behind him could see his woe, and that the Lord Bishop of Bermuda, Rt. Rev. John Arthur Jagoe, who faced him, would understand.

At last the little service was ended. Four scrubbed sergeants from Kindley field and four groomed young seamen from the naval operating base picked up the flagged wooden case and walked out in slow cadence. Mrs. Bowman, who barely made it to a pleasant land, was gone.

We take our consular corps too much for granted. These faithful workers and their wives spend their lives perpetually in the alien corn. The plums of our diplomacy and the prestige and publicity are usually reserved for flossier and richer men who, having made suitable contribution to the campaign of the White House incumbent, draw the choicer posts during their brief brushes with diplomatic careers.

The consul, and the career diplomat who forgot to marry money or come equipped with his own, stay on and work when the temporary kingpins come and go. They are the true representatives of the greatest power in history: superbly trained and dedicated.

But one seldom knows they are alive until it is read in a newspaper that one of their number has been slain or jailed . . . or has died far from the land he has served.

FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

(Continued from page 17)

it be so much out of harmony with the concept of women in government if we should send a minister to the Grand Duchess who was also a woman?

The Senator from Missouri wants a man with striped britches, and a silk hat, perhaps. But, Mr. President, the record, so far as I know it, is that Mrs. Mesta is a woman of high character, and possesses a great deal of business experience, grace, and ability to get along with people. It is said that she entertains. That is what career men do so she has at least that qualification. She will have contacts with diplomats of other nations, and with the Grand Duchess. It is no discredit to her that she meets people without offending them, that she can get along with them, and that she can extend hospitality.

So, Mr. President, that is all there is to the issue. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, by a unanimous vote of all Senators present—and there was a quorum—recommended confirmation. There was no objection by any Senator, Democrat or Republican, to the nomination of Mrs. Mesta. The Senator from Missouri was not present, or, if he was, he was under the table and we did not know he was there. He sent no message or note; he sent no telephone call; he asked no Republican or Democrat to oppose the nomination. Under those circumstances, it seems to me that the lady's nomination should be confirmed.

Isaac Walton-Italian Style

By PAUL HYDE BONNER, FSR

It was after dinner while the men were drinking their coffee and warming their brandy that Giorgio Mameli and I discussed trout streams within striking distance of Rome. Talamo, I remember, overheard us and joined in, saying that he knew nothing about the sport but that a General Browning of the British Army had, during the war, found excellent fishing in the headwaters of the Calore near his estate in the Province of Lucania. Mameli and I were particularly impressed when he quoted Browning as having stated that the trout had rushed to take his artificial flies. When Talamo ended his recital by asking us to visit him for a week-end, we accepted with alacrity.

Except in the Alpine provinces fly-fishing is unknown in Italy. Mameli had learned it as a career diplomat serving in northern countries where the English had introduced their methods and Hardy's equipment. I could tell from his expression that Talamo, an archeologist, thought the whole idea very childish. He was willing to indulge us solely for the opportunity of taking us over the ruins of the Greek city of Velia a few kilometres from his home.

Like so many spontaneous plans, months elapsed before fruition. Week-ends were selected only to be postponed because of the intervention of wives or governments. It was some three months later that we actually took off.

By the time we drove up to the plain of Alento where stands the ancestral villa of the Marchese Talamo di Castelnuovo, the sun was sinking into the Tyrrhenian Sea. It had been a long hard eleven-hour journey and we were glad to stretch our legs on the terrace and wash the dust from our throats with a glass of vermouth.

There we were joined by Cavaliere Passerelli, a neighboring landowner and sportsman, who knew every centimetre of the country for miles about. During dinner he told in vast detail and with immense enthusiasm of the surveys he had made in the back country. The best reach of the Calore River, he declared, lay between a certain gorge and a bridge known as the Ponte Rosso. Trout here were fat and plentiful. Furthermore, he had arranged that we fishermen be met at the red bridge at eight o'clock next morning by a local woodsman who knew the stream by heart and the trout by name. "This is a new sport for Lucania," he explained. "Your success may bring other sportsmen. That is why I have made the arrangements so carefully."

The nightingales were still singing in the orange trees outside my window when I woke up. Dawn was just lighting the high Apennines, and their rocky peaks cut a jagged silhouette against the roseate sky. I was wide awake, tingling like a boy with the excitement of anticipation. Towards most events these days I have a jaded outlook. But the thrill of stalking trout with a dry fly is as strong today as it was twenty years ago. For three months now I had waited impatiently for this Lucanian dawn to break. I was going to be ready with line greased and every bit of tackle stowed in its proper pocket in my fishing jacket.

It was late, half-past seven, when our two Fiats started off, duly loaded with fishermen, tackle and picnic lunch. Southward, in the direction of Calabria, we climbed steadily through well-groomed farming country until we reached

the thriving community of Vallo della Lucania. Beyond Vallo we left the main highway for a narrow twisting dirt road that wound up through the mountains in an endless series of spirals and tight hairpins. Soon we had left the farms and cultivated fields and entered the woodlands of the higher Apennines. The forest was carpeted with bright flowers and the fresh green leaves of oak and beech made a soft canopy overhead. Occasionally we passed a woodcutter riding a donkey, his axe and saw hanging from the saddle.

We had been driving uphill since the start from Castelnuovo. Now we broke out above the timber line and skirted the rocky pastures of the summit. The view was breath-taking, towering mountain peaks and wooded valleys. Two thousand feet below we could see the winding river. My fingers tensed. I could almost feel the trout-tautened line.

For miles before we reached it we could see the Ponte Rosso. Why it was called the Red Bridge, I do not know, for it was a typical medieval arch of gray stone. As both cars finally drew up on its span a dingy little sprite of a man and a fresh faced boy jumped out of the thicket at the far end and approached us, bowing and sweeping their caps like Renaissance courtiers. Young Talamo asked them if they were our guides and the man replied that he indeed had been appointed to see that their Excellencies got some trout. A shabby, pinched little man with beady eyes and three-day beard, he looked the typical poacher. He seemed quite awestruck by the two cars, the two chauffeurs and the important visitors, for he stood by silent, hat in hand, while we hauled our gear out on the roadside and prepared to put our rods together and get into our waders.

As we started down the bank he stopped us. "*Aspetti!*" The little man hurried off the bridge into the bushes. He emerged in a second with a wet white bundle which he put on the parapet of the bridge. We gathered about to see what he had—a snack for lunch or some crawfish bait? The cloth fell away and there, shining in the sun, was a wet mass of splendid trout—seventy shining specimens!

The little man's unshaven face was grinning with pride. "*Ecco!*" he exclaimed. "Here are the trout for your Excellencies!"

So great was my amazement and horror that my limited Italian vanished and I stood there speechless. Mameli was the first to recover from the shock. He pushed us aside and stepped up to the little man with a stern commanding air. "But how did you get these," he asked, "with a net?"

The little man was quite content that he had performed the very miracle we sought. He took Giorgio by the lapel and in a stage whisper designed for a larger audience he said "I knew that your Excellencies would want them fresh so I came early this morning and put just a pinch of explosive in each pool!" He winked at us all and stood back for the applause.

Well, that was that. He had done a thorough job, as we found out during the course of the day. There was no point in returning to Talamo's villa. We had our lunch with us so we made the best of it, wading the river here and there in the hope that we might find one sur-

After a successful business career, interrupted by four years in the Army, Colonel Paul Hyde Bonner held a series of important administrative positions for the Government overseas. Early in 1947 he was appointed a Foreign Service Reserve Officer and assigned as economic adviser to the Rome Embassy where he is now Attache.

vivor. Mameli tried to explain to the little man as we wandered along the stream the nature of fly fishing as a sport. He seemed interested but unconvinced. To him sport was competition between humans—not even remotely connected with procuring edible fish. He was amused by our antics with rod, line, leader and fly, but obviously did not consider it in the least effective.

Finally, towards the end of the day, I managed to take a small trout on a dry fly far upstream. The little man leaped from the rock where he had been watching and dashed down the bank to the edge of the stream. He would have rushed right into the water to help me retrieve the fish, but I motioned to him to stop. The trout was too small to require a net, so, after wetting my hand, I took it gently, removed the hook and let it swim away. It was



our guide's turn to look astonished.

"Perche?" he asked. "Why don't you keep it?"

"Because it is only a child," I replied. "Next year when I come here he will be big enough for a meal, provided, of course, he has not been dynamited in the meantime."

"Ah, *Eccellenza*, I understand now," he said sorrowfully. "You enjoy waving with those canes. You see, *Eccellenza*, it was the soldiers *gli americani ed inglesi*—who taught us to bomb the stream with grenades. We thought that was what you wanted."

He tried hard to refuse our tips when we left him on the bridge. We even had to chase him to stuff the notes in his pocket. When we won this game he laughed again, for the first time since he had displayed his catch in the morning.

The American Foreign Service Association

CARE, DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I hereby apply for ^{active} _{associate} membership in the American Foreign Service Association. In payment therefor there is attached to this membership blank (check form of remittance)

- (1) personal check on a United States bank
- (2) draft on New York
- (3) American Express money order
- (4) American Postal money order

payable to the American Foreign Service Association in the sum of ^{eight dollars (\$8.00)} _{five dollars (\$5.00)} in payment of my dues for the fiscal year 1948-49.

NOTE: *Chiefs of Mission, FSOs, FSRs on active duty and FSS Corps are eligible for Active membership. Former Active members and professional personnel of the Department of State and other officers and employees of the Department holding positions of comparable responsibility are eligible for Associate membership.*

It is my understanding that this membership will include a concurrent subscription to the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. It is my further understanding that renewal dues are payable prior to July 1 each year.

(Signature)

(Address or Post)

FIRST PRIZE IN THE JOURNAL CONTEST

"HOW TO IMPROVE THE FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL"

(After three years in the newspaper world, two in business, and four years in the Navy, Californian Curtis W. Prendergast, our first prize winner, was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1947. He has been Vice Consul at Seoul since February 1948.)

Specific suggestions for improving the JOURNAL (such as hiring an art editor on a fee basis to revise the typography and then supervise, monthly, the page makeup) are easy enough, but I believe the Editorial Board will have to go deeper and do two things—first, clearly define the JOURNAL's purpose, and then get the actual production of whatever sort of magazine is decided upon off its present semi-voluntary, house organ basis.

As for purpose, the JOURNAL now appears to fall midway between the Foreign Affairs Quarterly and the Director-General's News Letter, with a little that should have gone into the Department of State Bulletin and a little that shouldn't have gone into *any* monthly magazine (like the three-line flash on President Truman's election in the November issue) thrown in besides.

My feeling on the sort of purpose the JOURNAL should serve goes like this: the magazine circulates to people who have two main interests in common—their work, (that of Foreign Service), and the problem of living *abroad*. Beyond those two fields, I believe, the JOURNAL should not attempt to go; otherwise, the impact of good articles which are pertinent is lost through dilution with unlikely surrounding material.

Broadly speaking, articles on almost any subject could be considered pertinent to Foreign Service work, but it is just here that the JOURNAL should sharpen its aim. Leave the articles on China policy to the Foreign Affairs Quarterly or the Bulletin, but dig up more like Gullion's on an amalgamated service and Hopkins' on the field officer stationed in Washington, to name a couple of recent good ones that I think had high readership. I think the professional alley can be run down for years without ever encroaching on the field covered by Foreign Service Institute manuals on circular instructions. Some good reporting on the attitude in the Department toward various aspects of Foreign Service work, some of the same on the attitude in other departments (Commerce, Agriculture, Justice, etc.) that have an influence on Foreign Service, some interviews (not blurbs) with the important figures in Congress who are interested in, or great critics of, the Foreign Service as it now stands, all would be good. The Hoover commission report on Departmental reorganization should, if it hasn't already been, be carried very completely. Where else do we get her out? The JOURNAL could also run a series on the foreign services of other countries. Picture stories on an actual immigrant going through the mill at a port of entry, or an important shipment being processed through customs, would be interesting, easily justified in such a magazine as the JOURNAL, and highly instructive without giving off the pedagogical or regulational smell. The Department itself could be done in pictures, Life-style, by divisions. (These suggestions have run almost entirely to strictly technical subjects. Articles on policy could be included too, but I think the approach could be altered so that instead of discussing policy as it concerns the United States, policy could be treated as it concerned the individual officer or employee charged with implementing it. Perhaps this is impossible, for security and other reasons. But perhaps it could be tried.)

In this matter of living abroad, the JOURNAL has a chance to do a specialized field, treated at present by no other magazine, superlatively well for an audience that would appreciate it. To start with, I think some continuity should be established; this might be done with a series of illustrated post reports. What Foreign Service person didn't hear of the Life story on the embassy at Prague? The JOURNAL should, though, attack the thing more practically, with less on the gilt of the embassy drawing room and more on the average plumbing around town. A retail price survey of the post in question would go well too; no need to elaborate on this point.

The JOURNAL's present department in this field should be kept, although I think the columns on Foreign Service changes could be expanded with a little more personal data (if possible) to avoid duplication of the same in the Director-General's News Letter. The JOURNAL should be capable of writing its own service biographies and obituaries, without going to the newspapers. More consistent currying of the files in FP should produce more personal notes (it would have produced the fact of my son's birth last April) and better page makeup would improve whatever was gathered. A monthly Washington, D. C., retail price list would be good, and some sort of New York entertainment guide (for nostalgia's sake if nothing else) would be well read. In Seoul, Korea, at least the Welfare unit's catalog doesn't circulate, and this section could be covered, from a news point of view, without divulging manufacturer's confidential export price lists. An exotic recipe column (both for food and drink) could be tried to test interest, and the same cautious step might be taken with a column on what's new in such living impedimenta as cars, furniture, electrical devices, and so on.

Letters from retired officers have their reader appeal (some of it candidly, for the unconscious revelation of the personalities involved) but they don't deserve their present space or position; they should go back, or forward into the advertisements, and down to smaller type.

The present condition of the News from the Field and Foreign Service Glimpses pages emphasizes, it seems to me, what is probably the major rub in getting out the JOURNAL—the problem of putting together a professional-looking, and sounding, magazine on a virtually voluntary, house-organ basis.

I apologize for the personal pronoun but let me speak of myself. I am an ex-newspaperman, stationed where there is no JOURNAL correspondent, and I should write for the magazine. I don't. I cannot spare office time to write, and I am simply so busy with my mandatory social life and the day-to-day problems of living abroad, that the money I might make writing for the JOURNAL cannot possibly mean anything. Time means much more.

Last, stricter editing has simply got to be done. The editors of the magazine must set the magazine's tone and then hold the contributor to it; somebody has to recognize that all statesmen are not writers, and that if what an officer has to say, in a poor way, is important enough, the editors have got to take him in hand and quote him, to sharpen and tighten his stuff. THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL reader is no different from any other. He also can get bored.

C. W. PRENDERGAST,
Vice Consul, FSO-6
Seoul, Korea.

See Editor's note on page 52.

Marine Insurance

By C. A. ASPINWALL

Insurance is a practical device by which man protects himself from the contingencies of life. It is an application of the law of averages. Its use goes back to antiquity, particularly marine insurance, which was the earliest form of insurance. With the great increase in commerce during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the generally accepted tenets and practices of marine insurance agreements became crystallized into law. The earliest English statute dealing with the subject appeared in 1601.

In the intervening years the archaically worded British insurance policy has been clothed with a multitude of court precedents, so that every word of the policy, it is said, is a peg on which legal decisions have been hung. This explains the opposition with which any effort to modernize the document is met.

To the ordinary person shipping his furniture—or even a few pieces of baggage—the question of whether or not to insure presents itself as much the same problem as whether or not to insure these same things in his house. If he has taken the risk of loss by fire and theft while at home, why not take the same gamble at sea? The impelling argument for marine insurance which does not hold for other forms of insurance lies in the phrase, “general average,” well understood to all engaged in commerce but Greek to the layman. (A question on average occasionally appears on Foreign Service examinations.) A marine insurance policy may be expanded to cover many other risks, but in its simplest form it covers “general average and salvage charges, sinking, stranding, burning and collision.” With the exception of general average and salvage charges, all of this coverage applies to your particular goods. But general average applies to your liability for sharing the cost of any “voluntary sacrifice of part of the cargo or incurring expenses for the common safety of the adventure.” You may be willing to assume this risk also, but the rub comes (general average charges having been incurred) when you are informed that your effects cannot be released for forwarding to you until you have deposited cash or a satisfactory bond to insure the payment of your share of this cost when ascertained. This may take a very long time, for while the underlying principle of general average is well understood, its application is extremely complicated. The laws of all countries vary as to what losses are to be treated as general average. The general average expense must have been an extraordinary one, a judicious one, and in the face of real danger. The matter is so complex that an average adjuster must be a person of great knowledge and experience.

“York Antwerp Rules” are those which now govern practically all average adjustment proceeding. They were adopted at conferences in Antwerp in 1864 and since frequently revised.

We turn now to what in marine insurance phraseology are known as “particular average” losses. These are losses which your policy covers when the loss is a partial one. Total losses are payable when due to perils of the sea

or fire, but partial losses are often not insured against unless certain perils only have occurred. There are various particular average clauses.

The most common particular average term in marine insurance phraseology is “F.P.A.E.C.” which means free of particular average (English conditions) *unless the vessel be stranded, sunk, on fire or in collision*, whereas American conditions (A.C.) stipulate *unless the loss resulted from sinking, stranding, burning or collision*. It is apparent that quite a difference exists between these two conditions, the English Form being broader and more favorable to the insured. English conditions are more usually granted by American underwriters.

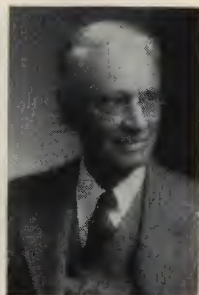
Another limiting clause frequently found in marine insurance policies is known as the “3 per cent particular average clause,” which specifies that, as to particular average losses other than those due to sinking, stranding, fire and collision, 3 per cent of the loss will be deducted; however, the 3 per cent is generally applied on the value of each package. Thus if a shipping package is insured for \$1,000, and salt water damage is covered, no loss of that nature would be paid unless it amounted to more than 3 per cent, or \$30. This also explains another phrase encountered in policies, “irrespective of percentage,” which means simply that all proven losses from perils covered by the policy will be paid, no matter how small. A “with average” policy is one fully insuring the shipment from the perils of the sea if the damage reaches a certain percentage on each shipping package, usually 3 per cent.

It will be seen that the basic “F.P.A.E.C.” policy is a policy covering the major sea perils, but for the shipper of household goods, personal effects or luggage, losses from these perils today may occur less frequently than from such other hazards as theft, pilferage, water damage and breakage.

A marine insurance policy, unlike some other insurance policies, may be issued on a broad or limited basis. The basic policy may be qualified as above stated by the 3 per cent average or similar clauses. It also may be broadened by including additional risks, and it is these additional risks, or as many of them as it is possible to obtain, that should be embraced in a policy protecting household furniture and personal effects.

Theft

A clause insuring against theft (excluding pilferage) is usually phrased and understood to cover the theft of an entire shipping package, that is to say, an entire package must be stolen, otherwise there is no recovery. Even when the entire contents of a package have been stolen, but the container itself remains and the entire number of cases in the shipment arrive at destination, the underwriters might refuse liability. The theft clause is obtainable in nearly all cases, no matter how remote the destination of the shipment.



Mr. C. A. Aspinwall was born at Titusville, Pa., Aug. 6, 1874. He began as clerk in Security Storage Co., Washington in June 1892. He has been its President since 1918. His positions include: director Am. Security & Trust Co., Terminal Refrigerating & Warehousing Corp., Sterrett Operating Service, Washington Market Co., Major U.S. Army Res. Corps. Trustee George Washington U.; director Garfield Memorial Hosp. Member S. R., Soc. Mayflower Descendants, Author: Household Goods Warehousing in the U. S. 1925.

Theft and Pilferage

This clause offers a great deal more protection to the shipper of household goods. The policies containing it cost more and may not be obtainable at any price on shipments to certain destinations where the conditions surrounding the handling and delivery of shipments are such that it is difficult to locate the responsibility for pilferage and obtain redress.

The underwriters also may consider as an important element in the risk, the reputation of the packers and the precautions that they are known to exercise in protecting their shipments to make pilferage difficult.

Water Damage

This is a very important risk to have covered. Even with adequate waterproof lining of cases, long exposure in congested ports, on uncovered cars or piers, or on shipboard during heavy weather, may let water seep in. The damage from this source may reach large proportions.

War, Riot and Civil Commotion

Practically all policies exclude the risks arising from the above causes, but for a trifling fee in times of peace, this risk can be covered while the goods are waterborne. In addition to covering loss due to the possibility of outbreak of war, damage by floating mines is also insured. In time of war, of course, it is a most important clause, and the premium for such a clause is a very high one.

Breakage

This is a risk that few, if any, underwriters can evaluate when applied to shipments of household furniture, unless certain standards of packing are established. The law of averages here fails to operate unless it is limited to the shipments packed by one packing firm or those of a limited few firms equally skilled. Breakage is not so much a marine risk as a packing risk. How then can the underwriter apply the proper premium for this risk, knowing nothing of the skill and experience of the packer or the availability of proper and adequate packing materials?

The obvious answer is that if he does not know, he must decline this risk or charge what may be considered by the assured an exorbitant rate.

To a certain extent and within certain limits there may come to the aid of the underwriter a shipping firm with long and wide connections and knowledge of the packing firms in many parts of the world, especially in the world capitals. By calling on this knowledge an underwriter may restore the law of averages to an extent that will make the fixing of a premium for this a reasonable business risk.

All Risks of Transportation and Navigation

This simple designation of a policy describes itself. The policy covers general average and salvage charges, sinking, stranding, collision, fire, theft, pilferage, non-delivery, fresh or salt water damage, damage by shifting cargo, use of hooks and breakage if the case itself shows breakage, unless there are exclusions in the policy to the contrary.

A policy covering the above risks during any shipment is written on an annual basis and includes the risks of fire, theft, pilferage and some other minor hazards at destination residence. This policy is available only to Government personnel.

Rates and Premiums

The field of marine underwriting is one requiring vast knowledge and rare judgment. In evaluating a risk to decide on accepting or rejecting it, there must be taken into con-

sideration the kind of vessel, its age and condition, the character of its officers and crew, the weather, probable length of the voyage, harbor conditions, character and state of the peoples at either end of the voyage, at ultimate destination and in the countries traversed. These are some of the factors affecting every marine risk. Wide variance in rates accord-



LARES AND PENATES IN LIMBO

Furniture, clothing and other household effects in a recent shipment from Czechoslovakia to Costa Rica were (except for silver and china) water damaged beyond repair. Insured for \$20,000, a claim of \$17,450 was paid within two months.



ing to locality is illustrative of this point. For example: from Washington to London, the premium covering shipment against all risks of transportation and navigation is \$11 per thousand dollars; Washington to Buenos Aires, \$14; Washington to Karachi, \$22; and to Singapore, \$50 per thousand dollars. Needless to say, the differentials in rate bear direct relation to the need for insurance. Because of this great complexity, marine underwriting amounts to a profession. Like other professions, it tends to subdivision into specialists in one type or another of marine risks. It might be mentioned in passing that many marine policies cover goods and merchandise that never go near the water. These are inland marine policies, covering shipments by

rail, truck and plane, also jewelry and other valuables that move about.

Rates and types of policies, then, are, in many instances, not fixed; and, generally speaking, those most experienced in a special field of marine insuring are able to offer the most practical contracts. In the very limited field of insurance on shipments of household furniture, for instance, the underwriter who has access to knowledge about the character of the packer, the reliability and experience of the agent handling the shipment at destination, etc., has an advantage in assessing the risk and fixing the rate.

Filing Claims

If the shipment is received short or damaged, the proper and timely presentation of claim to both the insurance company and the carrier is a matter of importance, as both insurance policies and carrier bills of lading contain clauses prescribing the time in which claim must be filed.

Many bills of lading require notice to be given of claim before goods are removed from the dock. Where this is a reasonable provision, it will be enforced. There is considerable difference, however, between notice of damage before goods are removed from the dock or terminal and actual filing of claim.

In filing a preliminary claim against a carrier, it is necessary only to make statement that loss or damage has been sustained, with description of the goods, markings of cases, the name of the vessel, and that claim is thereby filed and reparation demanded.

The final claim should include claimant's detailed statement of the loss; surveys, inspection reports or other proofs of loss; in lieu of invoices, such evidence of values as it is possible to produce; original copy of the bill of lading.

A claim may be amended or supplemented at any time before settlement, accompanied by supplemental proof. If the bill of lading requires that suit be filed within one year or two years after delivery of the goods, this requirement should be strictly complied with, otherwise rights of recovery from the carrier may be forfeited.

When a shipment is insured, the insurance company usually prefers to relieve the assured from the actual recovery proceedings as respects the carrier to the extent that the insurance company is liable for the loss or damage; but the assured, nevertheless, must first have made claims against the carrier for the loss or damage in accordance with the bill of lading requirement.

In presenting claims to the insurer or its agent, the same documents are necessary, plus the policy or certificate. Prompt preliminary notice of loss or damage should be sent to the insurance company and to its claim agent at foreign destination or port of arrival.

If there is no agent of the insurance company at destination or port of arrival, the representative of the Board of Underwriters of New York or of Lloyd's should be called on to make survey of the loss or damage and present a report. If neither the Board of Underwriters of New York nor Lloyd's have a representative available, some other independent surveyor should be used. If the loss is one caused

by "perils of the sea," copy of the Master's protest is secured through the steamship company or the consulate of the country under whose flag the ship operates. This Master's protest is the report every Master makes upon arrival at port when heavy seas have been encountered or other perils which have, or may have, caused loss or damage to the cargo.

Immediate steps should, of course, be taken to protect the shipment from further damage. If the goods are wet, they should be opened and spread out to dry, so that further damage from mold or rotting should not take place, and other precautions of this kind should be followed to keep the loss as little as possible. The consignee should follow advice given by the surveyor, whose recommendations are without prejudice to the rights of the assured and the insurance company. The surveyor strives to minimize the damage and save the property for all concerned.

When the claim papers are completed, they should be sent to the insurance company or claim agent with the claim. These papers should include the survey report, and possibly the Master's protest, and copies of such correspondence as may have passed in regard to the loss.

When there is a loss by pilferage and the policy taken includes the risk of pilferage, it should be borne in mind that some evidence of pilferage must be shown. Usually in cases of pilferage there will be evidence in or about the case itself, or the contents, indicating that it has been opened. If there is no evidence of this kind, yet it is believed that something is missing from the case, satisfactory legal proof must be provided that the article or articles claimed missing were in the case when it was shipped, and were missing when the case was delivered.

Small Claims

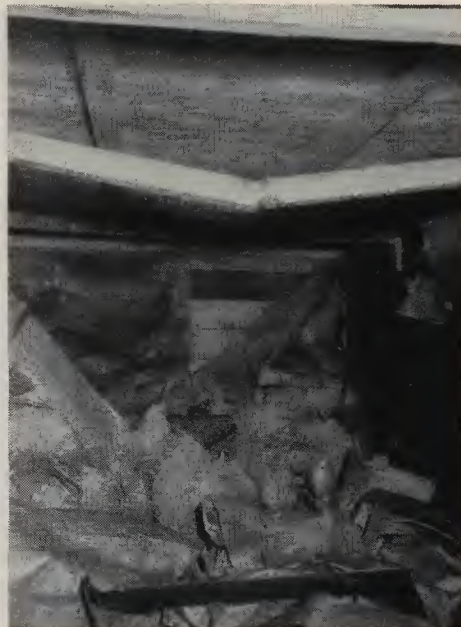
The above applies to claims of an important amount. For small claims, the claimant's detailed statement of the loss with proofs thereof; his statement that preliminary claim has been presented in proper form to the delivering carrier; and reference to the policy number are all that will usually be required.

It should be borne in mind that individual trip policies of insurance covering shipments of household goods are usually valued policies, that is: the value of the goods, and generally the value by categories, is declared by the owner. For the successful prosecution of a claim for partial loss, the value of the goods lost should bear a reasonable relationship to the value of the same category of goods remaining undamaged.

Subrogation

To enable the assured to receive immediate benefit of the use of the money represented in a loss attributed to the carrier but collectible from the insurance company under the terms of the policy, the procedure frequently practiced is for the insurance company or its agent to settle the loss with the claimant under the so-called "loan agreement plan." The assured agrees to assist the insurance company at the company's expense in securing recovery from the carrier and pledges repayment of the loan to the extent of any recovery obtained.

(Continued on page 54)



Interior of van showing top beam broken by handling pressures, permitting water seepage and damage to contents.



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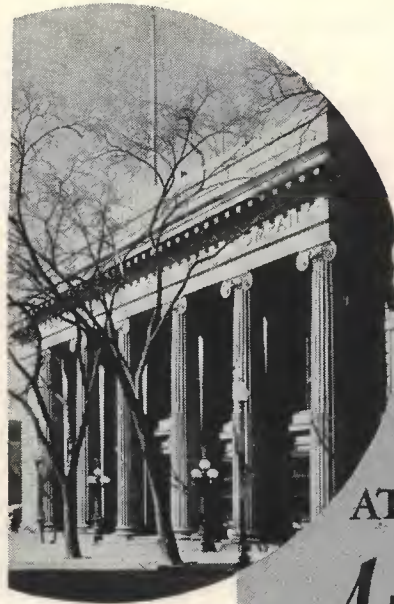
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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 10)

The provincial highways are startlingly superior to Kansu roads, winding on well-engineered, well-maintained routes through the rugged terrain. Bridges were, for the most part, solidly constructed; and, at three dangerous points, we found engineers and labor crews vigorously constructing more satisfactory approaches and supports.

The reforestation program is evident in the miles of seedling poplars planted beside the highways and on the hill-sides. Arbor Weeks are proclaimed when all soldiers, government officials, school children, and other citizens plant trees furnished by the government in areas and along lines designated by the government. We were casually informed while we were admiring the success of the program that anyone who destroys one of the new trees of course gets his head chopped off.

Irrigation is being spread throughout the valley of the Hsining river; and, although we did not study any of the projects, we know from observation around Lanchow that the loess soil produces excellent crops when properly irrigated.

Another ambitious program of paternalistic Ma Pu-feng is his desire to make literate every child in his province under twelve years. The tolerance and vision of this Moslem warrior is indicated by the fact that this education is offered not only to all creeds but even to the usually despised female sex. We visited a kindergarten for over a thousand children in Hsining, where a nurse and a teacher attend each section of about thirty children whose clothing and books are furnished by the beneficent government. Propaganda opportunities are not lost as Ma Pu-feng's picture hangs in every classroom, although there is never a sign of Sun Yat-sen or Chiang Kai-shek. The children learn their alphabets with large doses of patriotism, and once a fervent group of six-year olds sang for us a wild song about the glory of serving in the Tsinghai cavalry.

A Middle School for four thousand students has classes in reforestation, engineering, telegraphy, pre-medical work, animal husbandry and other predominately practical subjects. The students appeared to lead a simple, rigorous, rather military life; and, in fact, we were informed that many of them enter the army upon completion of their formal education.

Miss Ingram, who was in a position to know the facts, stated that every resident of Hsining had been vaccinated for smallpox, probably a record in China. We later visited the laboratories where the vaccine is produced, and Ma Shen Jui, the Chief of the Veterinary Service, an earnest young Moslem who has led the struggle to vaccinate the ignorant and superstitious in city and countryside, became our closest friend and constant guide in Tsinghai. The USIS in Shanghai is now attempting to assist Ma to get a scholarship at a good U.S. agricultural school.

Other health problems are being approached along preventive lines. The general hospital is being reorganized under Miss Ingram's vigorous supervision, and clinics for mothers and children are being established. Nearly all the Mongols and Tibetans have venereal disease, and the stinging dust throughout the province carries trachoma. City sanitation is extremely primitive, and plagues often grow unperceived as families fear to bring the sick persons or the corpses to the authorities. A serious epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis was literally arrested by the quick action of the police through the Pao Chia system by assembling the chiefs of city districts and warning them that the sick and dead must be brought forward.

Industrial development is being encouraged by the development of an area near Hsining where factories are being established under special inducements to plant owners. For instance, Mr. Yu, our guide in Lanchow, the owner of a factory for making small machines, has recently been persuaded to move to Hsining to produce agricultural instru-

(Continued on page 36)



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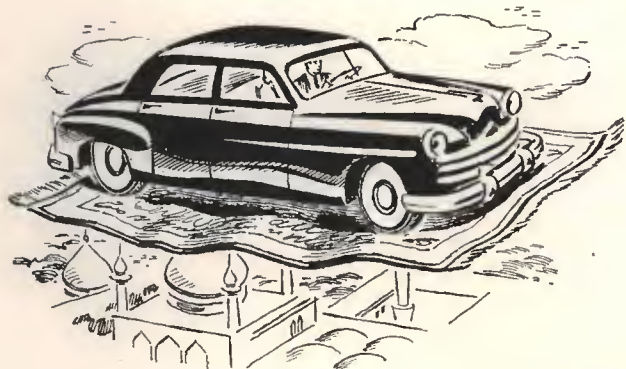
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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 34)

ments and machine tools. Already a hydraulic electrical power plant and a leather tanning factory have been established in the area, and Mr. Yu's factory is on the way.

KUM BUM

Governor Ma Pu-feng was out of town during our visit but Secretary-General Ma Chi called on us, informed us that we were guests of his government, and said he would help us to reach the lake which by this time had become for us a shining aspiration. He procured a driver for the Kansu Government bus which had brought us to Hsining, filled the thirsty beast with gasoline and oil, assigned a guide and several interpreters and sent us off to visit Kum Bum, the monastery of three thousand Yellow Lamas. Here lives the Panchen Lama, the 11-year-old spiritual leader of Tibetan Buddhism. The Dalai Lama, in Lhasa, is the temporal ruler of Tibet and leader of the Red Lama sect, but he is forced to recognize the spiritual dominance of the Panchen Lama.

The road to Kum Bum leads along a lovely valley of green and gold fields where women working in the crops wore flat white hats like the graceful Tanagra terra-cotta figures of the Mediterranean. Blue, craggy mountains reared on the horizon with August snow on their peaks. Then, around a sudden hill, the voyagers caught the glint of gold beneath the sun, the roofs of the lavish temples built about the holy tree which sprang from the birth place of Tsang Ka Pa, the founder of the reformed Yellow Lamaism.

Cautiously we walked past a huge white dagoba with brilliant blue tile decorations into a fantastically decorated temple courtyard. From a balcony a stuffed steer leaned drunkenly towards us, a stuffed monkey clambering in his horns. Indescribably filthy priests moved toward us, their greasy red, tattered robes loosely looped over their muscular shoulders, their strangely wise, incurious faces expressing the sinister depression of their superstitious, magic-infested Buddhism. A drum and cymbal struck simultaneously and a weird mumbled chant poured from the lips of a seated priest in a corner of the court, a scripture reading to the accompaniment of the barbaric sound of cymbal and drum.

Beyond the courtyard, when our eyes became used to the gloom of the interior of the temple, we discerned the stuffed figures of a horse, a bear, a tiger, a yak, and a huge mountain goat. Bows, arrows, spears, guns of all makes from flintlocks to shotguns, swords, knives, presumably votive offerings from hunters who had cause to be grateful for divine grace, were scattered in profusion in the dingy corners of the smoky room. Five small golden idols squatted behind a large seated figure of the Buddha, flames of butter fat flaring on the altar tables before them. A priest slipped silently past a dusty arras to explain to our Tibetan interpreter that the idols represented the five virtues of Lamaism. I do not remember the precise definitions, but neither Faith, Hope, nor Charity were mentioned.

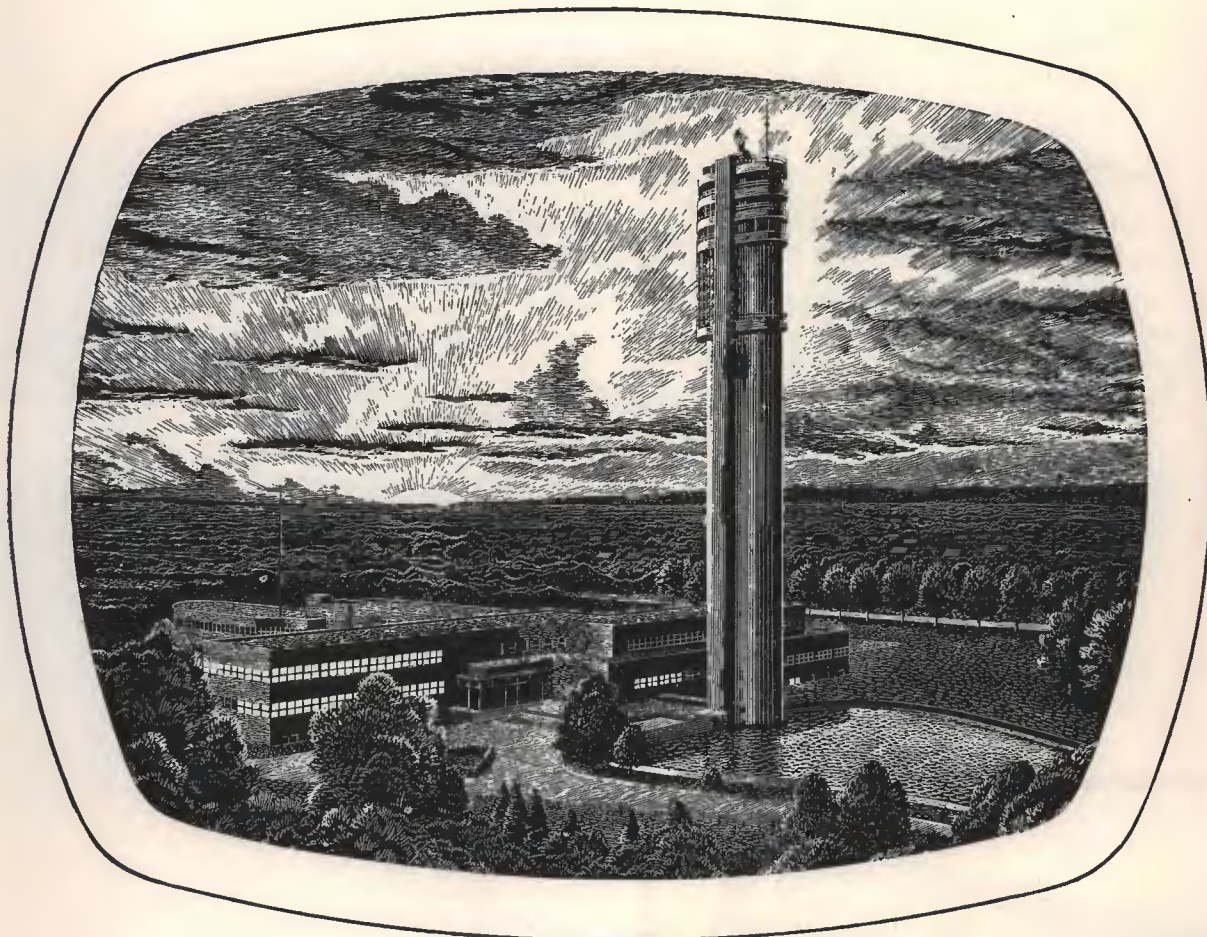
We climbed to a flat roof overlooking the monastery where two golden deer kneeled below a golden wheel representing the inescapable Buddhist life cycle. Below us, along a narrow corridor before an iron mesh screen, lamas prostrated themselves rhythmically, standing and falling in grooves worn for hands and feet in a wood floor which has to be replaced every year. We saw the three great copper vats where the rice is boiled for the entire monastery. We walked through the devious corridors connecting the temples where elephant gods dally with terrified humans, where sacred stones and trees are enshrined for human worship, and rows of passive golden Buddhas sit before flickering lamps of butter fat.

In one great hall, hung with banners and tapestries, a

(Continued on page 38)

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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 36)

group of lamas were fashioning a pedestal of bricks made from tsampa. Our Tibetan guide later asked if we would be interested in seeing him make tsampa; and, when we assented, took a bowl, placed a handful of rancid yak butter in it, poured in hot tea, then heaped in several handfuls of roasted grain and sugar and kneaded the mixture into a firm mass of vitamins, rolled into the shape of a Tootsie Roll. He broke off pieces which we ate slowly, noticing that his hands which had previously been caked with grime were now shiny as a New York debutante's Woodbury Cocktail hands. We later wondered if perhaps he had been asking us not to eat the stuff, but only if we also wanted to wash our hands.

This visit to the monastery of Kum Bum was an experience which could be equaled only in a trip to high Tibet where the other great monasteries of Lamaism are situated in nearly inaccessible mountains. Even then, the exotic lavishness of the gold roofs, golden figures, and multi-colored tiles of Kum Bum probably would not be equaled; and, for the Tibetan Buddhists, there is no place more holy than this residence of the Panchen Lama.

RETURN TO HSINING

Upon our return to Hsining, we found three red cards covered with gold Chinese characters, which were translated as invitations from the Young General to a "tea party" at nine o'clock that evening. It was the month of Ramadan, and Moslems may not eat or drink from three in the morning until nine at night, so we figured that this would be a mild form of tea fight in strict accordance with the Koran's prohibition of alcoholic beverages. We were mistaken.

A government sedan whisked us past a series of gates and rigidly attentive sentries into a courtyard where the tall, Turkish-looking Young General met us with his entourage. We were taken into a room cleared for dancing where about thirty girls were seated along the walls. Anticipating all sorts of oriental delights, we jostled each other around the room, each girl rising during the introduction, a novelty we savored after our two weeks of monastic life.

We presented to the Young General our carefully carried gifts—four victrola records ranging from Bing Crosby *Knee Deep in Daisies* to Glenn Miller *In the Mood*, two flashy powder compacts (which the General firmly stated he would give to his mother) and a bottle (economy size) of "Breathless" eau de cologne. In return, he later gave us autographed pictures of his father and himself and enough Tsinghai wool cloth for each of us to make a suit.

Our first shock came when the dancing started. We had thought, from the heights of our sophistication, that the natives of Tsinghai would probably dance fast clogs or variations on frontier hoe-downs. But when the lithe Young General stepped on the floor with a sleek partner, the subtle devastating beat of an Argentine tango turned all eyes on a tigerish performance which Valentino might well have envied.

Our second shock came half way through the "tea party" when the Young General asked us to sing for him. We demurred, inferring modestly that we rarely sang outside bathtubs in Shanghai and that we knew few songs suitable for mixed company. The Young General stared at us from hard black eyes—"Sing"—he commanded; and we, remembering reports that he had chopped the heads off 150 prisoners after a recent campaign in eastern Kansu, rushed together to render "Madclon," "Home on the Range" and other selected *lieder*. Then the General sang, with a companion, melodious haunting songs from Sinkiang and some of the military chants of his own Moslem troops.

(Continued on page 40)



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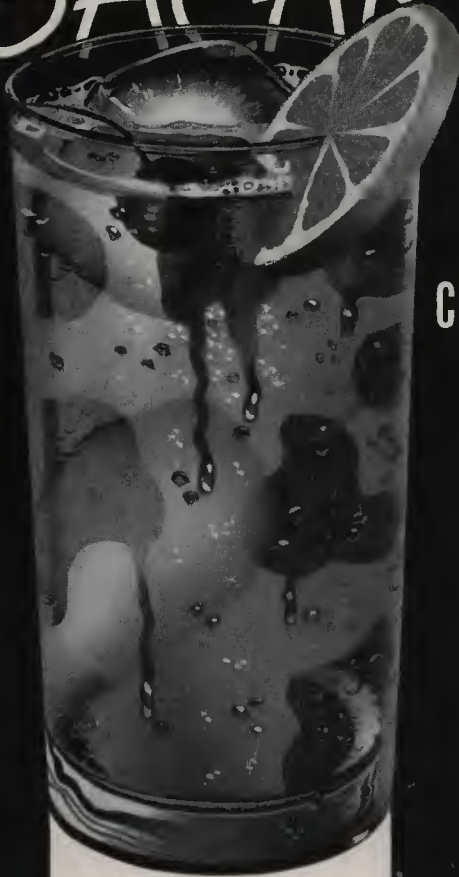
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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 38)

Our third, and most lasting, shock was ushered in with tallnecked bottles of a cider-colored liquid, labled—*** FINE OLD BRANDY. It was neither fine nor old nor brandy, but when consumed neat from water glasses it produced an effect very similar to a jolt on the head from a steel girder falling fifteen stories. The well organized Moslems would step up in rotation, explain that they were not used to drinking but that for us—"Noble Foreign Friends"—they would drink a glass of brandy to the bottom. We, of course, had to equal this handsome gesture of friendship by draining a similar amount.

Each of us soon developed variations on this theme. Dumont, a clever strategist, coughed each mouthful into a handkerchief, pouring the liquid down his collar. Willoquet sought refuge in the arms of a gorgeous dish on the dance floor where the heavy drinkers could not tab him. Stutesman, convinced that no Chinese could outdrink him, took a tank-like approach to the problem, crushing resistance before him until his turret was shot off. It must be noted that we committed considerable havoc in the opposing ranks, and remained in positions which might charitably be described as "on our feet," but the next morning, as we rumbled towards the Koko Nor in our foul-smelling bus, we remembered Moslem hospitality as something to admire but avoid.

KOKO NOR

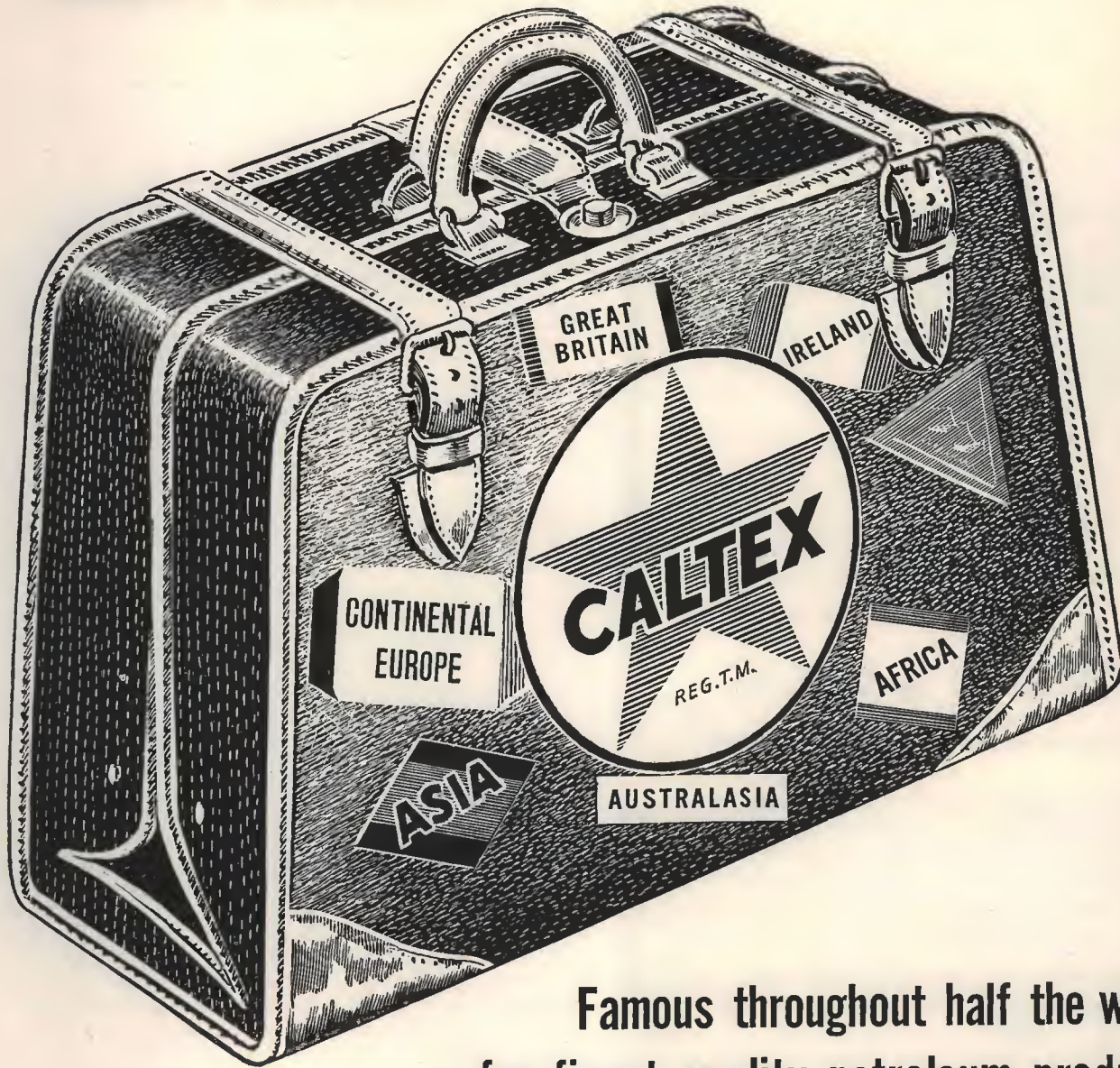
We arrived at the Huang-yuan (Tangar) guest house in a small wooded plain below the mud walls of the city after a trip of five hours along a well-maintained road. We were given the usual hot tea and a typical Tsinghai meal of hot soup, blazing in temperature and taste, dishes of chopped mutton cooked with green and red peppers and other vegetables of unknown species, followed by "Mutton-Grasped-In-the-Hand," long bones of cold boiled mutton from which we gnawed, with the aid of sharp Mongolian knives, thin strips of lean meat and great flabby chunks of white fat. Steamed bread, a doughy tasteless mass, accompanied every dish and was particularly useful for wiping our fingers after eating the mutton. We drank tea and a violently alcoholic local wine which burned with a blue flame. We also developed during the trip a liking for boiled yak milk, a tasteless buttery fluid which we consumed in vast quantities.

Early the next morning, we set off on the final advance towards the great salt lake in the center of China, 10,500 feet above sea level on the northern edge of the Tihetan plateau, closer to Lhasa, India and Russia than to Shanghai, mysterious land of wild Mongolian and Tibetan horsemen, caravans and yaks, a country rarely visited by Europeans, and our final objective. Our party was led by Ma Shen Jui, the provincial veterinarian, with two of his college classmates, both Moslems and students of animal husbandry, accompanied by the chief of the Huang-yuan district and several of his subordinates who brought the baggage—food, bedding, guns and a Chinese girl named Mrs. Chen who appeared to belong to a Mr. Ma.

As a matter of fact, practically everyone in the party was named Ma. In Hsining we met General Ma, Secretary Ma, Mayor Ma, Chief Mullah Ma, local banker Ma, Hotel manager Ma, School director Ma, and a host of lesser Ma's. As a result, we called everybody Ma and achieved a not inconsiderable social success for our accurate memory of names. Mr. George Harris of the China Inland Mission in Hsining, a devoted student of Islam in China, told us that during the Moslem migration to China in the 14th and 15th centuries the common name—Mahomet—was recorded by Chinese border control officials as Ma.

(Continued on page 42)

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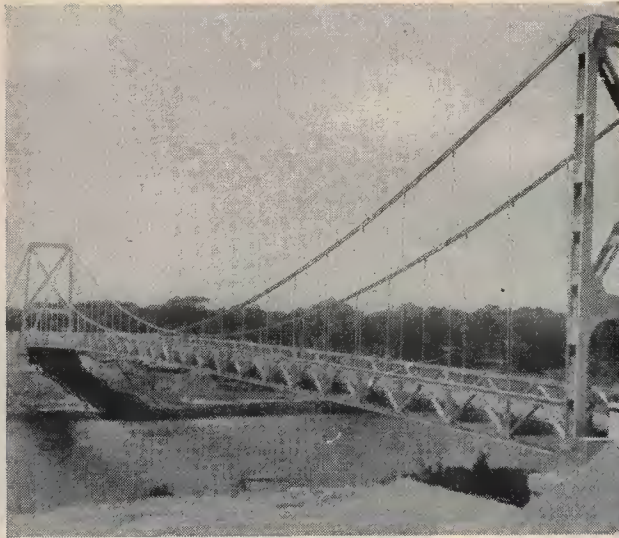
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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 40)

We came upon Koko Nor from the east, crossing a steep pass below the snow-peaked Mountain of the Sun and Moon then crawling along a rutted cart track through the grass lands which rolled gradually down to the lake. We walked to the lake shore to taste the salt water and to study the evidence of changing water levels which confirmed Abbe Huc's observation of lake tides.

The entire party, except for the baby-faced girl who remained on the bank with modestly averted eyes, splashed into the icy water in varying stages of nudity, then lay on the hot pebbles of the beach. On the horizon, in the center of the lake, an island lay veiled in blue haze, mysteriously isolated from the mainland for lack of boats until the winter ice allows firm passage. We were told that superstition, ignorance of boat-building crafts, and the danger of sudden storms account for this fear of water travel; and, although we later saw bundles of dried fish which had been caught in the lake, fishing is presumably through holes in the ice.

In the grazing lands about the lake we saw herds of slow-moving sheep, horses and yaks guarded by mounted herds-men. Dumont and I clambered past the eastern edge of the lake to find a small camp of Tibetans on a rise of ground above a marshy pasturage where a dozen horses grazed. Two white tents, shaped like Chinese roofs with intricately embroidered designs on the sharply sloping walls, were pitched before a campfire. Saddles and rifles lay near the tents and inside, reclining on small rugs, several older men were drinking tea from silver-covered bowls. These friendly nomads willingly stood with us to be photographed, showed us their belts of semi-precious stones, silver charm boxes, boots, rifles, stirrups; and one young man even saddled and mounted a horse for our instruction.

Later in the afternoon, after our tenth consecutive meal of cold boiled mutton, we mounted Mongol ponies and trotted up the first steep slopes of the ridges which rise above the lake to snow-covered peaks at twelve thousand feet. We perched unsteadily on the tiny tough-mouthed beasts, the high cantles and pommels of the saddles battering us fore and aft as we raced through the upland pastures. When we dangled our legs (the stirrups were set high in Mongolian jockey fashion) our toes almost brushed the ground. And although we boasted that we rode in the tradition of Genghis Khan, we must admit that flesh and muscle preferred a car.

We slept that night in a drafty board shack wearing our wool shirts and trousers inside our sleeping bags. The Moun-

(Continued on page 44)

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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 42)

tain of the Sun and Moon loomed beyond the dark prairie where one campfire flickered beside the stream called Running-Backward-River because it flows west in this area where all other water sheds eastward. In the adjacent cabin, the drivers, cooks and house-boys, the inevitable following of any Chinese expedition, clustered about a charcoal brazier to



At the Nomad camp—central figure is FSO John Siutesman, Jr.

pass a bottle and sing moaning choruses to endless verses sung in a quavering falsetto by the local pasture guard, a Hemingway character who wore a weather-beaten bush hat and carried a rifle of Viennese make, vintage 1899.

BACK TO SHANGHAI

The next day, after an early departure from the lake, we rattled all the way to Hsining. We had three days to return from the Koko Nor to Lanchow and catch the CNAC flight to Shanghai. We had taken thirteen days in the opposite direction. Tsinghai officials, however, saw no reason for our hurry—"Don't you like Hsining?" and we had to resort to a program we had developed during the trip of outrageous flattery, monotonous reiteration of our desires, refusal to accept negative answers and emphasis on our self-inflated importance as representatives of the great nations of France and the United States. When all else failed, we indicated extreme displeasure at the lack of cooperation and scowled furiously at the interpreters. This process of forcing our desires on the wily Chinese officials with only our wits and calling cards was an invaluable educational experience for two beginners in the diplomatic service like Dumont and myself, and our efforts were crowned with eventual success in every instance.

Once, on the trip from Hsining to Lanchow we even resorted to dramatics to prevent the bus from halting overnight at a halfway point, indicating that if it rained—great gestures of pointing at clouds and shouting "Shao yu"—the roads would be impassable—sounds of motors racing—and we would miss the Shanghai plane—"Fei chi, fei chi," flapping our arms up and down. We were almost too successful that time, for the bus pushed on until nightfall caught us without lights on a horrifying bit of road, barely the width of the bus, with a sheer fifty foot precipice dropping down to the river below us. We stopped at the next town, and slept the rest of the night on the ground beside the bus.

We spent one night in Lanchow, then flew to Sian, Chenghsien, Nanking and Shanghai, a grueling descent into the bake-oven heat of the Yangtze delta. A group of scrawny old Kansu Moslems were aboard, commencing a pilgrimage to

(Continued on page 46)

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BEYOND THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN

(Continued from page 44)

Mecca, reminding us of our visit to the main mosque in Hsining where the Chief Mullah Ma and his brother, the Mayor of Hsining, showed us the calm unadorned interior of the temple and the school where the students sleep in long rows on a stone platform covered with richly designed rugs. The Mayor, looking like a well-fed city burgher who has risen to his position by dutiful attention to peaceful trade, revealed that he had recently retired as a veteran division commander of the Moslem cavalry, and his older brother, a tall bearded intellectual who had completed a voyage to Mecca, casually remarked that he had seen thirty years of military service. We wondered what rapes and razzias, flaming towns and battles these smiling old men had seen; and, when Dumont and I told them that we too had fought in a big war, both of us having served with North African Moslem troops, their old eyes glowed with approbation as they patted us excitedly on the shoulders.

So ended our 18 day vacation. We spent, including our purchase of silver bowls and boxes, scarves, knives, stirrups and jewelry, less than one hundred U.S. dollars each. We were never sick, met with courteous and even pro-foreign treatment, had excellent weather and in this strange exotic land we had a close, friendly acquaintance with the Chinese people to an extent unequaled elsewhere in China today.

FOREIGN SERVICE CHANGES

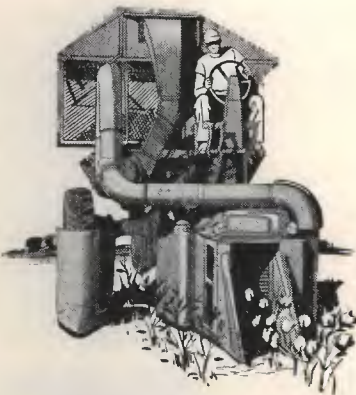
(Continued from page 5)

| NAME | POST FROM | POST TO | TITLE |
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| McCloskey, Elizabeth M. | Dept. of State | Bangkok | FSS |
| McDaniel, Ellen A. | Salonika | Algiers | FSS |
| McDonald, Fred H. | Gdansk | Dept. of State | FSS |
| McDonald, George | Bucharest | Istanbul | Regional Exhib. Offr. |
| McDonald, Mary Ruth | Dept. of State | Frankfort | FSS |
| McIvor, Carlisle C. | Vienna | Geneva | Attache - Economic Adviser |
| McKenney, Warren H. | Genoa | Rome | Attache (Maritime) |
| McLeod, Dorothy June | Mexico, D. F. | Praha | FSS |
| Machemehl, Ida K. | Dept. of State | Belgrade | FSS |
| Maggio, Sam L. | Paris | Jidda | FSS |
| Mallory, Lester D. | Habana | Buenos Aires | Counselor |
| Manchester, Mary F. | Dept. of State | Seoul | FSS |
| Marsh, Robert H. | Pusan | Seoul | Budget & Planning Analyst |
| Martin, Grant P. | Cairo | Dept. of State | Courier |
| Martin, James V. | Dept. of State | Tokyo | FSO |
| Martin, Ruth M. | Dept. of State | Cairo | FSS |
| Martini, Phyllis L. | Dept. of State | Tel Aviv | FSS |
| Maxwell, Virginia M. | Dept. of State | Madrid | FSS |
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| Menzel, Margaret L. | Berlin | Nassau | FSS |
| Merrick, Norman E. | Dept. of State | Dacca | FSS |
| Milberger, Shirley B. | Dept. of State | Reykjavik | FSS |
| Moore, William P., Jr. | Dept. of State | Helsinki | FSS |
| Morrell, Robert E. | Paris | USPOLAND Berlin | FSS |
| Mosher, Nancy A. | Cairo | Dept. of State | FSS |
| Munguia, Margarita | Mexico, D. F. | Port-au-Prince | FSS |
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| Newberry, Daniel O. | Dept. of State | Jerusalem | FSS |
| Newland, Paul | Berlin | Dept. of State | FSS |
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| Nyren, Albert V. | Belize | Barbados | Vice Consul |
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(Continued on page 48)



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FOREIGN SERVICE CHANGES

(Continued from page 46)



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| Rozier, John W. | Seoul | Chungking | Vice Consul |
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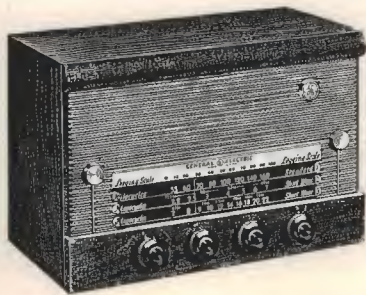
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AMERICAN ASSIGNMENT

(Continued from page 13)

ciety in the broadest sense and of the concepts of American national interest that will give his later work in the field a more stimulating and profound frame of reference. To observe and participate in the intricate interplay of personalities and influences from which our policies emerge in these times of American global responsibilities is a rich and instructive experience. Whether one serves on a "geographic" or a "functional" desk, the daily contacts with the American public, the press, the foreign missions in Washington, and the other government agencies interested in international affairs store up a reservoir which, released in later years at Quito or Bangkok, can provide an effective antidote against boredom, localism, cultural isolation, routine, and the numerous other psychological ills which tend to afflict officers on foreign duty.

The travel order which has stimulated these reminiscences directs me to proceed to a post where political, social, and economic conditions provide a maximum contrast with those which prevail in the United States. Though my belief is yet to be tested by experience, I feel strongly that I shall be able to face the peculiar difficulties of this new assignment more staunchly for having worked and lived in the United States during the years immediately preceding. Certainly, no system of "briefing" or other synthetic kind of indoctrination could have approached the effectiveness of this natural process leading toward reinvigorated faith and loyalty.

IS OUR FACE RED!

We blush to admit it, but we never even noticed until a rival Editor called it to our attention that the printer had switched Presidents on us in our description of the cover picture in last month's issue. It was, of course, Andrew Johnson, not Andrew Jackson, who reviewed the victorious Union troops after the Civil War.

SAIGON

June 11th, 1949

Gentlemen Consuls, Directors of the U.S.A. of
the Information Services, No. 31 Catinat Street
Dear Gentlemen,

I thank very much of your good kindness to send me one pack of six books, I forgetn't to thank for you sincerely I'm very happy in reading your books, I may know the best news and modern life of the U.S.A.

Grace your English books I'm very satisfied that the past days.

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IMPROVING THE JOURNAL

(Continued from page 29)

ED. NOTE:

Insofar as possible, we are going to try to put into effect some of the many excellent suggestions presented in this and the other entries in our prize contest. But lest you be disappointed, we think we should explain just what we are up against in getting the JOURNAL to press each month. Not that we want to excuse our shortcomings. We know that a better JOURNAL can be produced. That's why we ran the contest. But the JOURNAL'S Managing Editor is its only full-time employee, and she must handle proofreading, make-up and keep a tally on advertising, as well as editorial work.

There are four ways in which you can help. Sit down and write up some of those things you're putting off now. You'll never write them if you wait "until there's time," and now is when we need them. Second, if you won't write for us, you can at least send us pictures—"pictures of people at work rather than the family album type" are what our more vocal

\$\$\$ 330 \$\$\$

As we go to press money has just been appropriated for the \$330 pay raise authorized by Congress for Foreign Service personnel. Although the raise is retroactive to June 30, 1948, it will be considered as 1949 income for tax purposes. As an example of "in pocket" vs. "on paper" raise, the Division of Finance tells us that the officer whose salary after deductions for dependents, etc., is around \$4,800, will know that he is in the \$5,000 tax bracket, net some \$270 of his \$330 annually.

readers demand. Third, we'd like to know what you think of Mr. Prendergast's ideas. Unless you make a counter suggestion, we will have to assume that he speaks for you too. Last, if you help us boost the Association's membership income, you put an extra length on that shoestring budget which the JOURNAL now finds so constraining.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From the Consular Bulletin of August, 1924:

Appointment of Mr. Carr

On July 1, 1924, Mr. Carr became Assistant Secretary of State. The new office was created under the Act of May 24, 1924, known as the Rogers Bill. Mr. Carr's appointment to the new office follows thirty-two years of exceptional service in the Department of State and when notified of his promotion he was presented with a silver box from Mr. Hughes, Mr. Grew, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Adee and Mr. Wright whose autograph signatures were engraved on the lid.

In presenting the gift to Mr. Carr, the Secretary of State said he desired to express on behalf of himself and his associates the satisfaction and pleasure they felt from the fact that loyal and devoted services had been given recognition and reminded him that the high standard of duty which he had set had long been an inspiration to all the men in the Foreign Service.

Death of Mr. Adee

Hon. Alvey A. Adee, who died on July 5, 1924, was born in Astoria, N. Y., November 27, 1842, and educated by private tutors. In 1870 he was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Madrid, serving as Chargé d'Affaires at different times. In 1877 he was transferred to the Department and in 1878 appointed Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau, made

(Continued on page 55)

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BURMA'S GIFT TO AMERICA

(Continued from page 15)



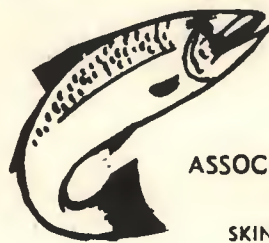
Library of Congress photo
Burmese Ambassador U. So Nyun (right), shows Librarian of Congress Luther H. Evans one of the Burmese books.

pressive sight with their shaven heads and their yellow robes. Presiding at this religious ceremony was the Weluwn Sayadaw, the Head of the Mahasangha Council which governs all monks and religious bodies in Burma, and himself a monk. This time it was he who made the speech of presentation, after which took place the rare and significant libation ceremony—the ritual pouring out of a jug of water to inform the spirits of the other world of the meritorious act and to invite their approbation. Finally, as at the end of most Buddhist ceremonies or prayers, the ceremonial gong was struck and a conch shell blown to mark the event. Then the Welawun Sayadaw presented the books to Dr. Jochem, as the representative of the Embassy, and the latter's speech of acceptance was translated into Burmese.

As the Americans present filed out of the chapel, they saw the books borne past them on the shoulders of 100 Burmese nuns, clad in robes of pale orange pink. Down the steps of the Shwedagon approach they were carried and out into the street. There special gilded carts were waiting to transport them through the streets of Rangoon to the residence compound of the American Embassy. For two hours the procession wound through Rangoon's hot, dusty, bomb-scarred streets, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of Buddhist Burmans, Indians, and anyone else who wanted to see the show. As the carts passed by, devout Buddhists fell on their knees in the street in reverence for the holy scriptures of the Tripataka being borne past. Finally the procession reached the Embassy residence, where the books were unloaded and tea and refreshments offered to the participants.

There is little left to be told. On December 26, the S. S. *Express* left Rangoon harbor bearing three large cases which the Captain promised to store away from boilers, steam pipes, or leaky cargo. Now Buddhist Scholars in the United States can consult, in the original Burmese and Pali texts, documents and sources previously unavailable to them. Most Americans, it is true, will never see any of the books which Burma assembled with such enthusiasm to send to that far-off land where a seed of Hinayana Buddhism might thus be sown and flourish, to the great merit of those who contributed to that good work. But to the Americans in Rangoon who know the whole story this spontaneous and disinterested gift of religious books by the Burmese people to the people of the United States will long be remembered as a striking demonstration of man's good will to man, expressed across ten thousand miles of sea and land, over and above the barriers of language, race, and religion.

Canned Salmon

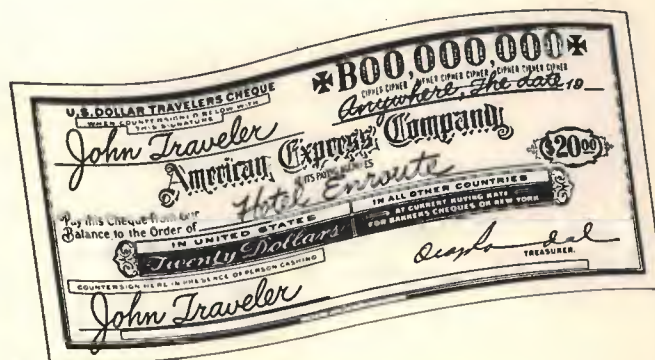


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HARRY K. BARR, President

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MARINE INSURANCE

(Continued from page 32)

Carrier's Limitation of Liability

When referring to recovery from carriers, it must not be presumed that carriers are fully liable for the goods shipped. They are not responsible for loss or damage due to Act of God. Furthermore, ocean carriers, by bill of lading terms, exempt themselves from hazards of navigation and sometimes stipulate a released value for other causes of loss or damage. Domestic carriers, particularly as applying to household goods, limit their liability to various amounts, such as \$30 per hundredweight, in consideration of granting



"Better hide the paper clips, pencils, pads, erasers and rubber bands, darling, Daddy's bringing the boss home to dinner!"

a lower freight rate. These are added reasons why shippers insure with insurance companies for the full value of the property at risk.

If insurance order forms are unavailable, a letter along the following lines would assure comprehensive coverage:

"Please insure the shipment of my effects from _____ (Origin) _____ to _____ (Destination) _____ in the total sum of \$_____ against all risks of physical loss and/or damage to the property insured from any external cause irrespective of percentage.

Please } cover floating mine and war risk on my shipment.
Do Not }

These effects will leave house or warehouse on or about _____ for immediate packing and shipping, and my shipping agent will furnish copy of the bill of lading or notice of date shipment goes forward.

The shipment to be insured consists of effects of estimated values as follows: (Categories, such as Automobile, \$_____; Books, \$_____; China and glass, \$_____; Furniture, \$_____; Liquor, \$_____; Personal effects, \$_____; Rugs, \$_____; Silver, \$_____; etc.)

My effects will be packed by _____ (Company) _____ into approximately _____ (vans, cases, boxes, etc.)"

In the event of claim against the Government for loss of goods where insurance was obtainable at the time of shipment but was not taken out, such claims will be disallowed by the Government.

It may be borne in mind that, while insurance premiums are not recoverable from the Government, such costs are deductible from Federal Income Tax, as a necessary business expense.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(Continued from page 52)

Third Assistant Secretary of State in 1882 and Second Assistant Secretary of State in 1886, which office he continued to hold until the time of his death.

On the death of Mr. Adee, Secretary Hughes said:

"The death of Alvey A. Adee brings to an end a service which is unparalleled for its length and efficiency in the history of the Department of State. Mr. Adee entered the Diplomatic Service 54 years ago, and he held for nearly 38 years the position of Second Assistant Secretary of State. He was a man of broad scholarship, rare diplomatic insight, and for intimate knowledge of our foreign relations easily held first place. During a long period, and until his health failed, he was the constant and the most trusted adviser of Secretaries of State. It is not too much to say that the Government has never had a more faithful and competent servant."

Consulate General Struck by Lightning

Hit twice by lightning in the same place within an hour, with no casualties, is the unique distinction accorded the American Consulate General at Athens during a terrific thunder storm which broke over the classical city on May 29th, 1924. The two bolts constitute a phenomenon as it is said lightning never "strikes twice in the same place." All the staff received a shock, the office cat shed eight lives and as the electricity played around the chandeliers, record high jumps were made by officers and clerks, the distance being

in inverse proportion to the size and physical condition of the individual. Both bolts fell just within the main entrance of the building where in each instance balls of fire disappeared in the tiles of the corridor.

A Clean Promotion

A visiting consular officer in Washington, not to play upon the gullibility of the Editorial Staff, vouches with solemnity that in the days before the World Code, when no one was ashamed of getting a promotion, he received *en clair* the following telegraphic instruction from the Department: "You have been promoted to Consul Class Five. Take bath before American Diplomatic or Consular Officer and proceed immediately thereafter to ———."

Items

The *Bulletin* contained an interesting article entitled "In the Frozen North" by G. Bie Ravndal, describing his tour of duty at Dawson City, Alaska. There was also an interesting article in the same issue by Walter A. Foote, entitled "Picturesque Czechoslovakia."

Among the interesting items was an announcement of the marriage of Miss Robertina Harty and Vice Consul Herbert S. Bursley at Constantinople on June 2, 1924. The same issue contained the announcement of the engagement of Miss Nancy Robinson and Consul John Farr Simmons.

Among the assignments contained in the *Bulletin* were those of Hiram A. Boucher to Belfast, Richard F. Boyce to Hamilton, Ontario, John K. Caldwell to the Department, John G. Erhardt to Winnipeg, John R. Minter to Breslau, Harold Shantz to Toronto and Marshall M. Vance to Windsor.



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An announcement of October 1, 1947, concerning the plan has been sent to each post. If the office copy is not available, perhaps a colleague will loan his copy for perusal, or the Protective Association will be glad to mail one upon request. Application and Declaration of Health may be typed if blank forms are not handy.

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