Foreign Service Journal

FEBRUARY 1966
60 CENTS

Mary Stuttesman

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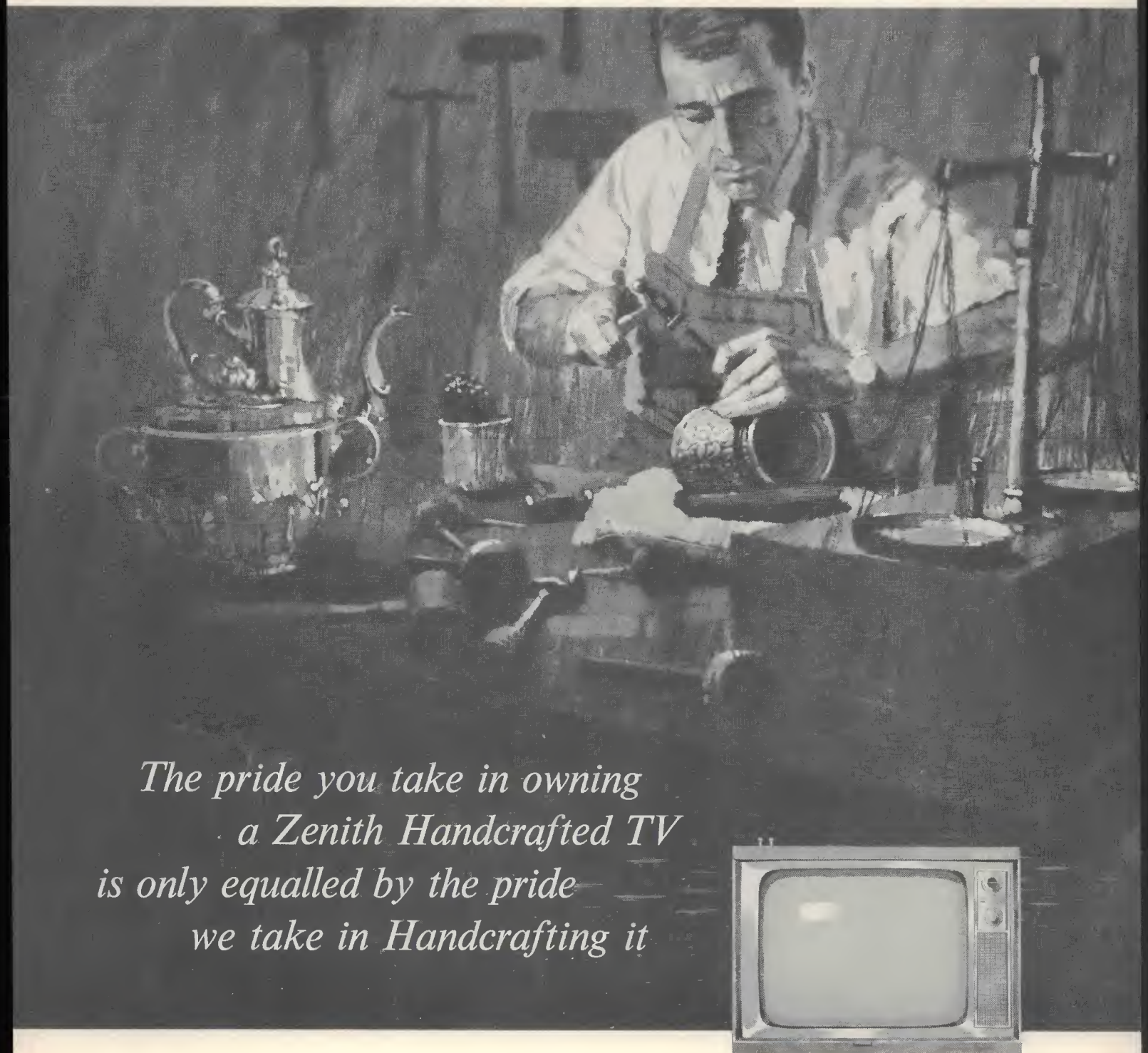

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THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION is composed of active and retired personnel who are or have been serving at home or abroad under the authority of the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended. It groups together people who have a common responsibility for the implementation of foreign policy. It seeks to encourage the development of a career service of maximum effectiveness, and to advance the welfare of its members.

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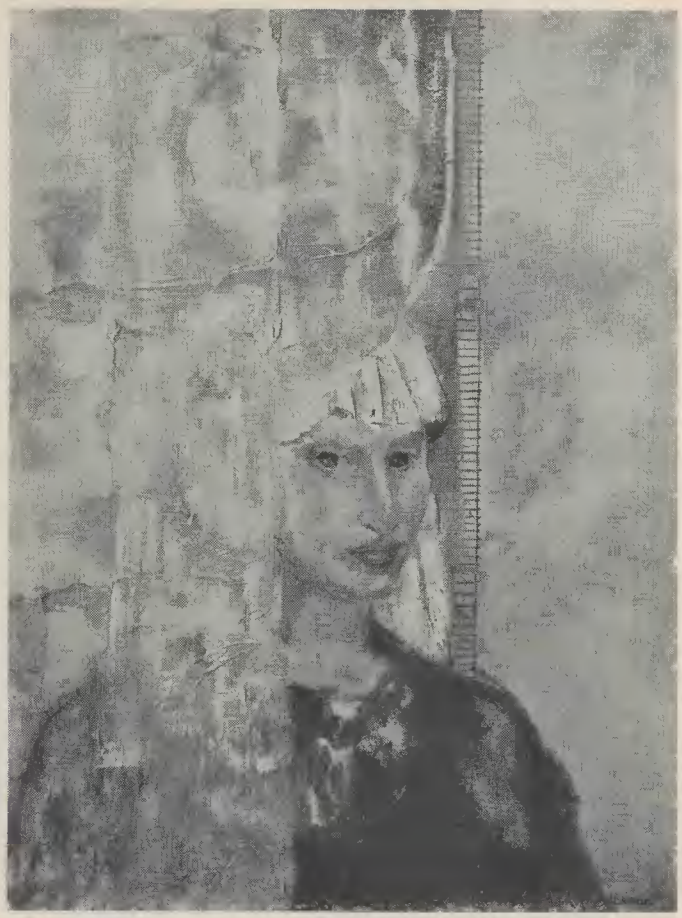

Muslim Woman — *Mary L. Stutesman*

Photographs and Art for February

Mary L. Stutesman, wife of FSO John H. Stutesman, jr., "Muslim Woman," cover.

Library of Congress, Gustave Dore, "Tower of Babel," page 23.

S. I. Nadler, USIA, "Life and Love in the Foreign Service," page 31. Douglas Fairbanks in "Mollycoddle," 1920.

Lynn Millar, wife of FSO John Y. Millar, photograph "Arch in Catalonia," page 37.

Howard R. Simpson, USIA, cartoons, pages 44 and 52.

Ernest Williams, cartoon, page 49.

The Foreign Service JOURNAL welcomes contributions and will pay for accepted material on publication. Photos should be black and white glossies and should be protected by cardboard. Negatives and color transparencies are not acceptable.

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

The JOURNAL also welcomes letters to the editor. Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. All letters are subject to condensation.

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Ambassadorial Appointments

WILLIAM M. ROUNTREE, *to the Republic of South Africa*

Marriages

DONNELLEY-ALLEN. Leigh Patricia Donnelley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon Donnelley, was married on December 18 to Woodrow Mark Allen, in St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington. Mr. Donnelley is on loan from the State Department to the Treasury and Mrs. Donnelley is with AID.

MCDONALD-O'CONNOR. Marcella McDonald of Dublin, Ireland was married on October 6 to Edward R. O'Connor in Dublin. Mr. O'Connor is now assigned to the Department.

Births

BOWLING. A son, Theodore Chesebrough, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bowling, on December 13, in Manila.

PLAMBECK. A daughter, Mary Ann, born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Plambeck, on December 16, at Greensboro, North Carolina.

ROGERS. A daughter, Katherine Marguerite, born to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rogers, on November 14, 1964, in Norfolk, Virginia.

SEMAKIS. A daughter, Katherine, born to Mr. and Mrs. Larry W. Semakis, on December 12, in Washington.

TORJESEN. A son, Erik Peter, born to Mr. and Mrs. Hakon D. Torjesen, on December 21, in Washington.

WALLACE. A son, Andrew Jeffrey, born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wallace, Jr., on November 22, in Rio de Janeiro.

Deaths

ALEXANDER. Carl A. Alexander, public safety adviser in communications for AID, died on January 12, in Saigon. Mr. Alexander entered on duty with AID in 1963 and served at Phnom Penh for several months before going to Saigon.

BENNETT. Mrs. W. Tapley Bennett, mother of Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett, Jr., died on November 20, in Atlanta, Georgia.

CASSADY. Paul F. Cassady of the Office of Security, State Department, died on December 25, at Arlington Hospital. Mr. Cassady joined the State Department in 1949, and served in Manila from 1954 to 1956. At the time of his death he was security supervisor for US Embassies in the Far East.

FERGUSON. Harriet Rankin Ferguson, mother of C. Vaughan Ferguson, Jr., Ambassador to the Malagasy Republic, died on January 15, in Schenectady. Mrs. Ferguson, widow of C. Vaughan Ferguson, Sr., served as national president of the Girl Scouts from 1948 to 1952.

SPRUKS. H. Charles Spruks died on January 11, in Washington. Mr. Spruks entered the Foreign Service in 1927 and

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served at Havana and Warsaw before becoming assistant chief of the Visa Office in 1930. During World War II he served as a member of the Special Mission to South America for the repatriation of Axis diplomatic missions and then as director of the State Department Reception Center in Miami and as Department representative to the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. After the war he was appointed Assistant Protocol Chief and served in that capacity until his retirement in 1960. He then served as adviser to the Protocol Office.

WADSWORTH. Mrs. James J. Wadsworth, wife of Federal Communications Commissioner and former Deputy Representative to the UN James J. Wadsworth, died on December 30, in Washington.

Diplomacy Does Not Thrive Upon Menaces

THE more powerful the prince, the more suave should his diplomatist be, for since power of that kind is likely to awaken jealousy in his neighbors, the diplomat should let it speak for itself, and rather use his own powers of persuasion by means of moderation to support the just rights of his prince than to vaunt his power or the extent of his dominions. Menaces always do harm to negotiation, and they frequently push one party to extremities to which they would not have resorted without provocation.

—Francois de Callières,
"On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes," 1716

CONSUL AT TREBIZOND

by V. LANSING COLLINS, JR.

Today we are often accused of being mere puppets on the end of a telegraph string from Washington. Occasionally the opportunity of independent action arises, but unfortunately not as often now as it did half a century ago when the despatch quoted below arrived from an historic city on the South Coast of the Black Sea. Today it is hidden in "Foreign Relations of the United States—1916," but it is worthy of being again brought to light.

The city concerned was Trebizond, ancient Trapezus but now called Trabzon by the Turks. Known first as the place where Xenophon's 10,000 reached the Black Sea, the area around Trabzon is protected by a barrier of rugged mountains and consists of a sort of fertile, even semi-tropical,

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crescent consisting of 200 miles of coast and 40 to 50 miles of Piedmont to the protecting mountains. It has been prosperous for several thousand years, first as a Greek colony from Sinope, and later after the ghastly sack of Constantinople by the crusaders in 1204, as the seat of the Comnenl Byzantine Empire which flourished for over 250 years.

For nearly 500 years after its absorption into the Ottoman Empire it remained a key center for the trade routes from Persia and Central Asia to Europe.

In World War I, however, the "Young Turks," seized with the idea of advaneing toward the Russian-held land around the Caspian Sea whieh were Turku speaking and whenee their Turkish aneestors had advanced into Persia and Anatolia, made an abortive effort in 1915, under the leadership of Enver Pasha, to drive eastward and fulfill this Pan-Turanian dream. At first quite suceessful, the Ottoman Armies suffered complete defeat in the winter of 1915-1916, and the Russian forees in turn advaneed into Turkey.

Osear Stuart Heizer. Consul at Trebizond, reported as follows:

Trebizond, Turkey, April 29, 1916.
(Reeeived June 16—Department's Note.)

No. 41.
The Honorable
The Secretary of State
Washington

Sir: I have the honor to report that the eity of Trebizond was oeeupied by the Russian forees on Tuesday, April 18, without opposition by the Turks. On Sunday, April 16, the Turkish Governor General left the city, having authorized the Greek Arehbishop to enroll police to maintain order. Monday evening the last Turkish official, a gendarmery officer, departed. I called upon him just before he left and inquired about the arrangements for maintaining order after his departure. He stated that arrangements had been made to have the eity patrolled by Greek gendarmes and there was no oecasion for anxiety. The force, however, was quite insuffieient and without arms. I slept at the Consulate that night and the following morning arose at 6 o'eloek and went out with two kavasses to inspect the city. I soon discovered people earrying bolts of new eloth on their backs, and as they were all eoming from the direction of the eustomhouse, I hurried thither and found the customs warehouse open and several hundred men, women and ehildren breaking open bales and boxes and helping themselves to the eontents. As it was impossible to make any impression upon them in any other manner, I drew a revolver and began firing, whereupon most of the crowd dropped their booty and fled. Those who attempted to earry anything away were stopped by the kavasses. A great deal of stuff had been carried away, however, before our arrival, as the looting had been going on during the night. After leaving a kavass on guard, I returned to the Consulate.

At about 9 o'clock two Russian torpedo boats began to bombard the city from the east. As there were no Turkish forces in the city, it seemed best to try to inform the Russians and thus save the eity from further bombardment, so I rode out on horseback, aeeompanied by a kavass and a representative of the Greek Archbishop carrying a large white flag. After we rode over the crest of the low hills to the east of the eity, the firing eeased and we soon met a Russian officer on horsebaek to whom the situation was explained. We were then taken to the commanding officer, General Liakhoff, and the same evening (Tuesday) he sent in a large force of soldiers to oeeupy the place and maintain order.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS—FEBRUARY, 1966

Although I had received a telegram from the Embassy on April 3, authorizing me to depart for Constantinople to be attached to the Consulate General, when I got ready to leave on April 12 the situation was so critical and the interests entrusted to the Consulate were so important, especially the Russian interests, that it did not seem proper to leave until after the Russians had entered the city. I have now applied through General Liakhoff for permission to travel via Batum, Odessa, and Bucharest, to Constantinople, and if a permit is obtained, will turn over the office to Mr. Montesanto, the Vice Consul, and proceed to Constantinople. . .

Heizer was born on February 7, 1868, and came to Turkey in 1892 in the employ of the American Board Mission in the Near East. He was appointed on May 21, 1906, American Deputy Consul General at Constantinople. He was also, up to 1915, an assessor to the Mixed Court which handled cases involving American citizens or interests.

In 1916 he was appointed Consul at Trebizond (owing especially to his thorough knowledge of Turkish).

When Turkey severed relations with the United States, Heizer left for the United States on April 20, 1917, but returned to Constantinople in 1919 where he was in charge of a relief section of the Consulate General handling funds for distribution to refugees. Then he was appointed Consul at Baghdad and later was assigned Consul General to Algiers whence he retired in 1933. He then settled in Bradenton, Florida.

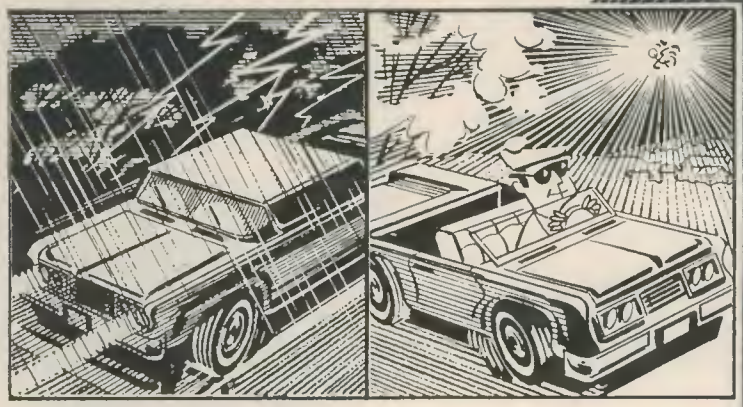
An "old-timer" in the Consulate General in Istanbul who knew Heizer and was in the Consulate General to receive him when he finally got there from Trebizond says that Mr. Heizer's despatch was, as all Foreign Service despatches are wont to be, a slight understatement of what took place. According to this more contemporary report:

"Heizer, who excelled in horsemanship, took an American flag and a white flag and like a Balaklava lancer galloped on his horse toward the Russian vanguard. A Russian cavalry officer hurried to meet him and Heizer thereupon requested an immediate and preliminary occupation of the city for the sake of security. The Russians sent a large number of horsemen who, preceded by Heizer and his flag, made an impressive cavalcade through the streets of Trebizond, thus saving the city, preventing further looting, and restoring law and order." The Russians occupied Trebizond for two years thereafter.

To many of us, Trebizond is but a delightful memory from Rose Macaulay's charming "Towers of Trebizond," or Don Quixote's self designation as "at least Emperor of Trebizond." Actually, it was the birthplace of Suleiman the Magnificent, but to Consul Heizer it was merely a post where, in April, 1916, everything fell apart, and though completely out of touch with and probably even forgotten by the Department (and uninstructed as to what do to by the Mid-Career Training Course) he felt he had to take over and do the best he could, putting off the delicious prospect of his transfer to the flesh-pots of Constantinople.

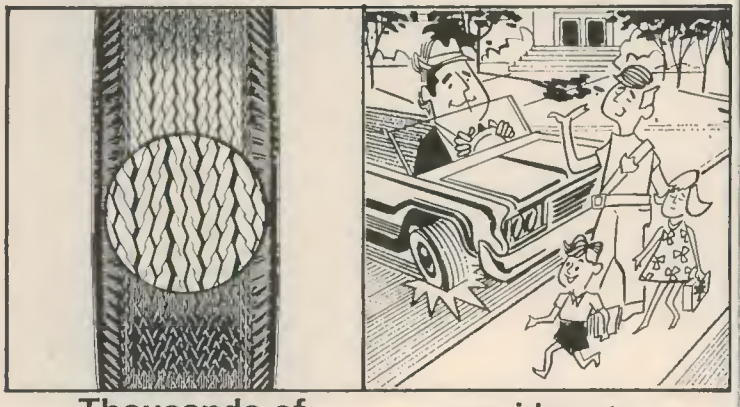
He did not do too badly, either! ■

"Consul at Trebizond," page 4, is the product of the researches of V. LANSING COLLINS, JR., who authored "Palazzo Corpi," in our July issue. Mr. Collins is Consul General at Istanbul.



On wet roads

or dry



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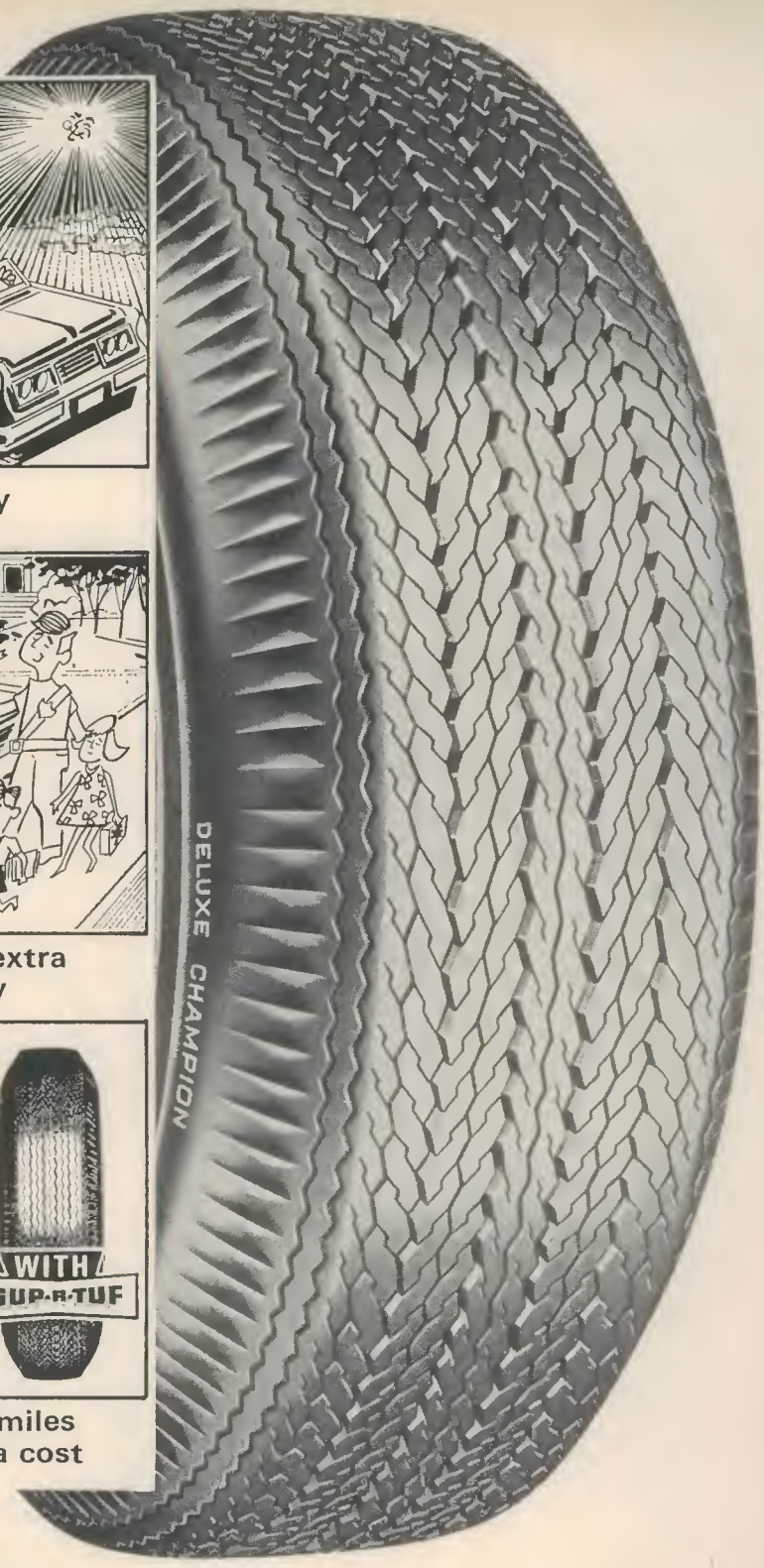

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FEBRUARY 1941 — **IN THE JOURNAL**

by JAMES B. STEWART

A Bullet in Her Brain

HEREWITH are the exeiting final paragraphs from Ralph Totten's second prize winning story in the Journal eompetition, titled "The Lion of Judah and Another":

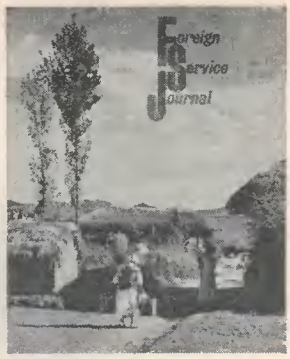
"Going around a thiek bunch of thorn bush, I saw, about twenty feet away, a small Abyssinian non-eom standing on the hank in full view of anything in the donga, and getting ready to shoot. Frantically shouting at him not to fire, I rushed forward to drag him baek from his perilous position; but just as I reached him—almost as I put my hand on his shoulder—he fired. The bush below him seemed to explode. Like a bolt of tawny lightning, up the bank came the great cat. There was no time for me to get my rifle to my shoulder; hut, depressing the muzzle, I fired from the hip. I hit her fairly eenter in the chest, but a little too low, so that the bullet went through the museles without entering the chest eavity. It did cheek her for a seeond, giving me time to throw myself backward out of her line of charge, but she was so close as she passed that I eould have touehed her without mueh reaehing, and eould smell the strong, animal steneh.

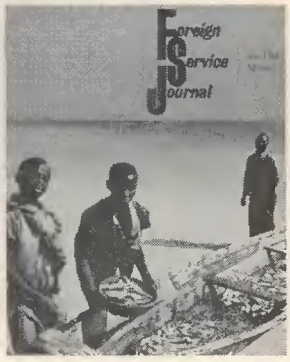
"She hit that little ehap like a battering ram, hurled him to the ground, and hegan to maul him horribly. My backward leap earried me into a thorn bush that pushed my sunhelmet forward over my eyes. It was necessary to push the topi from my eyes, throw another cartridge into the ehamber of my rifle, and drop to my knee to avoid hitting the man before I eould fire—but I did all those things faster than ever I did anything else. My bullet hit her in the shoulder, eausing her to eringe baek just as David, who is one of the most absolutely fearless of men, sprang to her side, and holding his rifle in one hand as if it were a pistol, put the muzzle almost against her head and eompletely finished her with a bullet in the brain."

About the Town with Dudley Harmon

"This week 92 young men, many of them familiar faees around town, are undergoing the painful ordeal of oral exams to enter the Foreign Serviee. The possible future diplomats are the only ones out of nearly 500 who sueeeeded in passing the stiff written tests given all over the country last fall. . . .

"The written examination eoneerns law, economies, government and other subjects in which months of study are required. But the orals are different. A board of offieials simply tries to size up, in a few minutes of eonversation, what kind of a person you are. They ask nervous young men sueh questions as Why do you want to go into the Foreign Service? What are your hobbies? How do you spend your leisure time? What did the morning newspaper say? Oeeasionally there's a controversial question, sueh as What do you think of the prineiple of teaehing Communism in the public schools? A story going the rounds for years says that one young eandidate was asked if he played bridge and on saying yes, was given a paek of eards and told to sort a good hand. But Colonel Campbell Turner,





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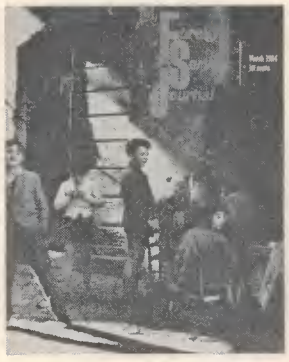

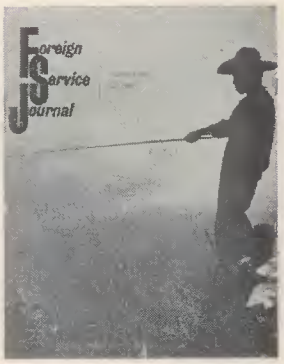

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who runs one of several Foreign Service schools here, is quite sure this never happened."—Dudley Harmon in the WASHINGTON POST.

CURTIS. A son, Glion Curtis III, was born November 13, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Glion Curtis, Jr., at St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Curtis is Vice Consul at Port-au-Prince.

Comment 1966: Glion, or Tig as he is now usually called, was graduated (AB degree) from Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, in 1963 and commissioned 2nd Lt. in the Army following four years of ROTC. He is now on active duty and stationed in Verona, Italy. "Another point about Tig's birth," writes his father, "is that it occurred normally at the proper time despite the fact that in September (1940) our home in Haiti burned down and in the process of barely getting out with our lives, Mary-Ellen fell some fifteen feet onto concrete steps. Miraculously, there was no damage to Mary-Ellen nor to the unborn baby, which became Tig."

Daughter Mary is married to Curtis W. Kamman, FSO-7. Last year Curt was assigned to the University of Washington on a Mongolian language-learning assignment. They are now in Hong Kong.

Frank is attending Westminster College and Susi, 15, is attending high school in El Salvador.

Briefs: Some of the items in the February JOURNAL are accompanied by photographs of the following: North Winship, F. C. Gowan, G. H. Kemper, W. F. Busser, John Ordway, and R. B. Memminger.

► The following retirements from the Foreign Service became effective January 1, 1941: Walter F. Boyle, John H. MacVeagh, Ferdinand L. Mayer, former Minister; Hugh R. Wilson, former Ambassador.

► Daniel Webster said, "A diplomat is a person who is appointed to avert situations that would never occur if there were no diplomats."

RECENT ITEMS

That Was the Day that Was

Unfortunately, I was unable to be in Washington on November 12th for "Foreign Service Day," but Ted Olson and Fletcher Warren were there and they wrote about it.

"The morning was devoted to briefings by Departmental spokesman on the major problem areas," writes Ted. "I'd liked to have heard the 'party line' on Rhodesian independence. For that matter, what about Europe and DeGaulle? . . .

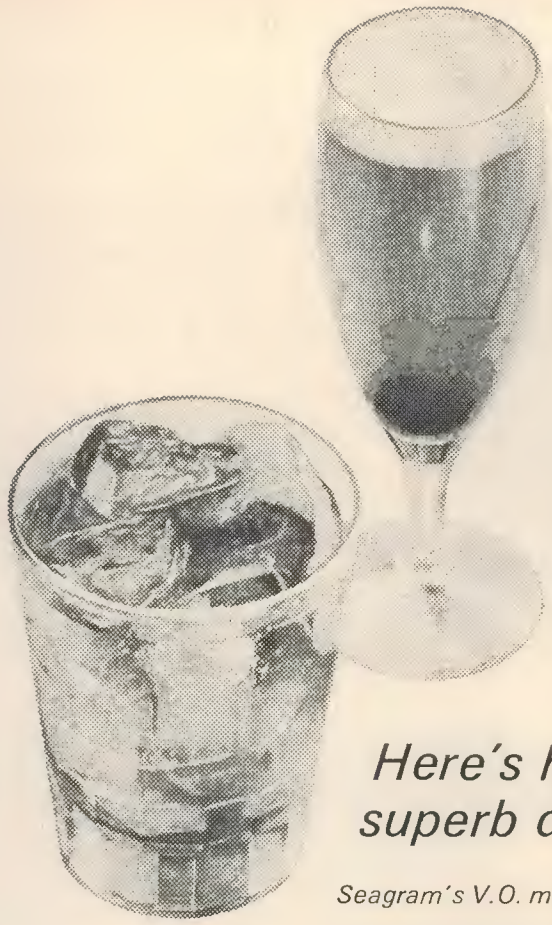
"The afternoon was concerned with practical aspects of relations between retirees and the Establishment. . . .A good deal of what discussion there was concerned the degree to which a retired officer will be, or should be, regarded as an unofficial Department spokesman as when he answers questions about Viet Nam or the Dominican Republic, and how can he keep himself conversant with official policy.

"The gathering was a useful exercise and will, no doubt, be even better next year. Joe Palmer said that his staff would have a full time man to maintain liaison with retired officers. Joe also said the Department BULLETIN would be sent to anyone who felt the need for it.

"Harry Villard received congratulations for his book 'Affairs at State.' I looked for Ellis Briggs but did not see him.

"The busiest person at the meeting was Loren Carroll gathering items for his 'Washington Letter' in the JOURNAL."

Commenting on the program, Ambassador Warren remarked that William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary



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for Administration, stated that "The Administration believes in and intends to accomplish a 'Foreign Service of the United States' as distinct from a foreign service of the Department of State, that is, a foreign service that includes USIS, AID, and so on, so that all Departments of the Government having interests abroad will have their sector in the Foreign Service."

Pet kitten telling friend Eric, 18-months old, about trip "to London to see the Queen."—from Eric's grandmother, Betty Rex-Petersen, American Embassy, B.A.

More About the Reunion: Big headline reads: "Aging Eyes Agape as Beauty Begs for Foreign Service." Dorothy McCardle, at Foreign Service Day, stated in the Washington Post that those aging eyes got back their youthful glitter as they gazed upon golden-haired Michele Mctrinko—she of 20 summers in a peek-a-boo dress. We make bold to suggest to that beauty queen that she not bother her pretty head with examinations but come into the Service by simply standing beside a young FSO and saying to the Padre "I do."

P.S. 'Tis said that the most irritating retiree at the reunion was the FSO who has both hair and money.

Retired?

Former Ambassador Sheldon T. Mills, Santa Barbara, has a job which starts about 7:30 P.M. in the homes in Southern California of those who wish to join AID. He is Home Interview Consultant of that organization.

Shelly recently attended a conference of 16 Home Interviewers. He and four others were former State Department, i.e., Frederick Lyon, Sidney Belovsky, W. L. Kilcoin, and D. V. Stapleton.

To date, Shelly, accompanied by his wife, Francesca, has held many interviews in the homes of candidates for overseas positions with AID. Francesca is very helpful to have along, particularly where the wife and children of an applicant are an element. Her services are, of course, frec.

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Date ..... **Member's Signature** .....

This group picture came to the JOURNAL *some time ago from Ambassador Robert F. Woodward, Madrid. Unfortunately it was neglected like Whistler's father. However, our Friday consultant, Betty Haselton, opines that readers will still be happy to see it.*

The picture was taken at the Embassy residence after the wedding of L. Randolph Higgs, a retired FSO, and Miss Marcia Lingren, FSO. Mrs. Higgs is now assigned to the Department.

Front row, left to right, Mrs. Arch Jean, Mrs. Robert F. Woodward, Mr. L. Randolph Higgs, Mrs. L. Randolph Higgs, Ambassador Robert F. Woodward, Mrs. Paul L. Guest. Back row, left to right, Mrs. George W. Landau, Mr. Charles F. Knox, Mr. Arch Jean, Miss Ruth Grabiel, Mrs. Clare H. Timberlake, Mr. George W. Landau, Miss Evelyn, Mrs. Oscar Guerra, Mr. Paul L. Guest, Ambassador Clare H. Timberlake, Miss Margaret Hussman and Mr. Oscar Guerra.

Service Shorts: We received from Ernest Ives, retired, First Day postage stamp honoring his brother-in-law, the late Adlai E. Stevenson, who was US Ambassador to the United Nations.

► Betty Haselton, wife of retired Ambassador Norris S. Haselton, is a Friday volunteer on the JOURNAL staff and toils in the front office.

Honored: Some time ago George Renchard was told by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Bermuda that Pope Paul had conferred upon him the honor of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The decoration was forwarded to the Department for safe keeping until his retirement.

► The John W. Baileys (Jock and Margaret) retired in Sarasota, Florida, report that their John is attending the Thunderbird Foreign Trade School in Phoenix, having graduated from Trinity College. Margarita is a junior in college.

► Dick and Ka Boyce, retired, were in Acapulco last winter where they associated with iguanas and scorpions: "A small family of iguanas live next door to our hotel and twice we saw scorpions in our room before we stepped on them with our bare feet." Then Dick adds: "Take care of yourselves up there in the frozen North!"

► Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Hornbeck attended the luncheon meeting recently of the D. C. Republican Central Committee.

► Mrs. Lucy N. Johansen, Consul, Turin, suggests that the JOURNAL run a matchmaking column. ■

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A Foreign Service Training Corps?

One of the criteria in judging the worth of any article is the number of replies it evokes. Judged on this basis, Marshall Brement's article in the September JOURNAL, *"Proposal to Establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps" was one of the most useful, most interesting articles the* JOURNAL *has published in many months. For it has stimulated not only letters but four full-blown articles.*

The writer of one of these articles gently chides the JOURNAL *for not printing more "controversial" articles. Those who fancy lots of controversy will find it in these articles. Three of them deal with Mr. Brement's article directly: it would be a slight exaggeration to say that any of them approves 100 per cent. The fourth article which the author acknowledges was inspired by Mr. Brement's article deals not with the recruitment of youth but the utilization of retired officers' talents.*

A More Modest Proposal-Emphasize and Strengthen the FSO Entrance Exam

by FRANCIS J. MCNEIL

MR. BREMENT deserves applause for beginning a debate—if others will take up the gauntlet—on an important issue for the Foreign Service. He has opened up the JOURNAL—whose pages are often distinguished by the absence of the controversial—to a potentially valuable discussion. He has done this in plain English—a dying language in official circles—and those of us who wish to join the fray have no excuse for misunderstanding him.

To begin where one ought to begin, is it THE PROBLEM "to raise the calibre and to increase the qualifications for diplomacy of those who do enter the Service?" Do we not have here two problems for which solutions may be easier to find if we treat them as distinct entities? One is to raise the calibre of entrants into the service. The other—the problem of the base—is now, I submit, primarily one of how to attract qualified Negroes (and members of other minority groups) to diplomacy and, above all, how to provide young Americans from these groups with equal opportunities to qualify themselves for our ancient if somewhat honorable profession. The Department's "tentative views on first consideration of Mr. Brement's thoughtful suggestion" seem to confirm that lumping the two together leads to confusion. If I understand correctly, the Department considers as an "alternate" to Mr. Brement's proposal the continuation of a program for students from minority groups, i.e., a program dealing with one, but not the other of two problems raised by Mr. Brement.

The pursuit of excellence is far from an illusory pastime. The Foreign Service needs to excel to do its job. To start with the best young talent is the first important step in assuring the development of the kind of competence needed at all levels of the profession. Surely this is not an impossible task; a generation of Foreign Service officers has served its country rather well in the post-war era despite heavy stress and strain. Presumably unbiased sources outside the profession have given ample testimony to support the contention that our junior officers are generally good men. Still, there is general agreement that the Foreign Service must strengthen its recruiting system.

In the first place, as Mr. Brement emphasizes, the existence of the Foreign Service and the opportunities it offers to the young and talented still are not widely enough known. The impressive statistic of 700-odd colleges and universities furnishing candidates for the 1964 examinations shows, however, that the Foreign Service has come a long way in this respect in recent years. The gradual elimination of downright ignorance is gradually eliminating as well the old disability of inadequate geographical representation, though we still face the problem of minority group representation.

However, for reasons frivolous and not so frivolous, the Foreign Service is not always an attractive career to those who have heard something about it. Misconceptions of the traditional—"cookie-pushers"—and modern —"ugly (sic) Americans"—varieties peacefully co-exist to the detriment of our recruiting. Beyond that, the young men and women we seek are sought after because they are intelligent and aware. They are, for instance, aware of political ambassadors. They are, moreover, aware that the Foreign Service has been Wristonized, Lateral-Entried, USISed, and may soon be AIDed. Some

of them may be pardoned if the sight of constant surgical intervention leads them to believe that the Foreign Service is a very sick patient and not exactly the most promising place to make a career. One effect of these revampings is to bring substantial numbers of new officers into the service, mostly at ranks above the junior grades and—excepting the junior to middle ranks of USIS—without the distress caused by having to pass the FSO written exam. Perhaps some of our prospective candidates may also be pardoned for inferring from all this that a short-cut to responsibility in Foreign Affairs is to avoid the FSO exam like the plague. To put it another way, the cumulative effect of wrenching change upon wrenching change—regardless of the merits of each particular reform—is to weaken the examination system, the universally acknowledged bulwark of our profession.

Lest there be any mistake, there is no advocacy here of a return to the "good old days" which, if they were good, are beyond recall. The Foreign Service is up to its ears in a world of change and perforce must respond. The point is that the Department ought to be extremely careful from here on out to try to preserve and enhance the credibility of the examination system. In so doing, the Department will take a long step toward the day when our diplomats possess that mastery over a recognized common body of knowledge that stamps the members of a true profession.

Perhaps it is better to dispense with generalizations about the relative responsibilities—and qualifications required to carry them out—of Junior FSOs in State, USIS, and AID. We are, after all, looking for that "common body of knowledge" as the chief weapon in the intellectual arsenal of our incoming officers. In passing, perhaps we may say, with apologies to the denizens of "Animal Farm," that all junior officer jobs are equal but some are more equal than others. Even the Junior Officer Training Program—good as it is in principle—depends heavily upon the supervising officer's judgment about what he should give the trainee to do. Beyond this point lies a vast thicket despite advances in career planning. In any event, no matter how much relevant knowledge an incoming junior officer has, the surest way to prepare him for the exercise of high responsibility in the years of his maturity is to give him gradually increasing doses of responsibility until his system reaches a level of tolerance where it can cope with a really strong dose.

Leaving language study till last, let us consider this question of the common body of knowledge. Perhaps Mr. Brement asks rather much of his candidates, who resemble somewhat more the ideal of an FSO-1 than the bright young man or woman just out of college. Too, lists of ideal, or desirable, qualifications lend themselves to infinite lengthenings. Other professions, which also face an increasingly complex world, set up their criteria of admission on the basis of a mastery of essentials upon which specialization later takes place. You cannot find a heart specialist who is not first a doctor.

The Foreign Service, like the military, has found in-service training indispensable. No matter what programs are created to bring in more qualified people, it is doubtful that the need for in-service training of Foreign Service officers will appreciably diminish. Our careers are too long, the requirements too complex, and change too rapid to permit an officer the luxury of standing pat on his education.

What are the elements of this *common* body of knowledge? (This article does not attempt to deal with equally important intangibles such as initiative, leadership, and intellectual honesty.) By universal consent, our man of many parts should demonstrate possession of a broad, liberal education. Beyond that I would like to suggest four other essentials: 1) a good knowledge of his own country and its history, 2) a good grasp of the fundamentals of international politics, including world history, political theory, modern foreign relations and related matters, 3) a basic knowledge of the principals of economics, especially as they relate to world affairs, and 4) some degree of mastery over written expression. The Foreign Service ought to welcome but not insist on competence in an area or functional speciality.

Certainly Mr. Brement's proposal would prepare substantial numbers of people for the Foreign Service insofar as educational qualifications—those suggested above, or anyone else's for that matter—are concerned. The cure might be worse than the ill, however. In effect, the FSOTC is a hydra-headed Foreign Service Academy, subject to most of the criticisms made about that proposal. I rather think we should cherish our diversity and cast about for other solutions.

For one thing, probably the written Foreign Service Examination, in its present state, is not entirely relevant to the needs of the service. Possibly it doesn't ask enough of the right questions, nor does it always weight correctly the various parts in relation to each other. If the examination were fully adequate, we would not have the present curious situation in which many officers enter fairly well prepared all across the range of essential information while others enter with gaps in certain areas.

Perhaps a one day examination is just too short to survey in sufficient depth the educational preparation of a candidate, especially when there ought to be one or more essay questions to test the writing skills of the officer. The Department found the old three and a half day endurance test too long. Possibly the pendulum swung too far the other way. A two day test might prove the answer.

Regardless of the exam's length, no candidate should pass if he falls below a minimum score on those sections of the test that cover spheres of knowledge deemed indispensable to the incoming officer. (I suggested previously five essential categories covering general knowledge, American civilization, international politics and world history, basic economics, and control of the written word.) For example, if we postulate a minimum score of say, 60 on the essentials, a candidate with a 75 average would not pass if he had a mark of 55 on the basic economics section. The essays could come as part of the other sections (graded separately for content and expression) or by themselves as a separate exercise in report writing. The candidate might then be given an option of choosing one or two topics for testing among a list of geographical and functional specialties. The candidate would also of course take a separate language test.

What about language? Is it, as Mr. Brement indicates, "self-evident" that a candidate who has failed to acquire at least one foreign language is either not a very good prospect or has not seriously gone into the possibility of

a Foreign Service career until after passing the written examination? Realizing that I fitted all too comfortably into the first category, I was rather taken by the analysis until I reflected upon some of our colleagues who are demonstrably good officers, who had seriously considered the Foreign Service as a career prior to passing the examination and yet were, for a time, language probationers. Perhaps we had better look elsewhere to an educational system and a society where, despite recent advances, it is still rather difficult to obtain a decent knowledge of a foreign language without such luxuries as a summer school abroad. If the foregoing is correct, we ought to recognize as a fact of life for the forseeable future the necessity of giving in-service language training that, unlike the entrance examination, stresses spoken ability. The present system works well despite deficiencies. Many one time probationers have reached fluency (S-4, R-4) in one or even more foreign languages.

These remarks have been confined to the pursuit of excellence and its logical—from the point of view of the writer—conclusion that the Department should enhance the credibility and prestige of the Foreign Service Examination and make it more relevant to the needs of the service. Insofar as the question of attracting candidates from minority groups is concerned, the Department's difficulties on this score will not really end until our society at least approaches the goal of providing equal educational opportunity for all. In the meantime, it is difficult to disagree with the method advocated by the Department of assisting promising candidates from minority groups to complete the kind of education which will allow them to compete effectively on the Foreign Service Examination. ■

The Other End of the Stick

by RICHARD HINES

THE AIM of Marshall Brement's proposal for a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps (September issue) is to improve the Foreign Service by recruiting better Foreign Service officers. He writes, "The quality of young officers in the Foreign Service . . . could certainly be improved," and "if [such] a program . . . is established, then we might well be taking a long step towards the day when Departmental officers will have the respect they deserve from the public and from Congress."

I believe Mr. Brement is viewing the situation from the wrong direction: The Department must strive to develop a true professionalism within the Service. Then any problem of recruiting will disappear, as it has in the medical and legal professions.

The quality of the junior FSO is not the Department's biggest headache. Its problem is rather to mold the typical enthusiastic, generally-educated and mentally alert junior officer into a middle-ranking diplomat and international affairs executive whose ability is beyond serious dispute. In general, the Department has failed in this task.

At the moment, the Department finds itself in the position of seeking this elusive goal of professional prestige based on competence, while restructuring the whole framework of that profession, expanding it and diffusing it. Even in this difficult period, however, the crux of the matter remains the transformation of the officer from competent apprentice to excellent master.

To accomplish this transformation, the protection of the officer from bureaucratic rut and simple mental fatigue should receive much greater consideration. Last month a middle-ranking officer said to me, "For once I'd like a job that tested something more than my stamina." When governmental economy requires each officer to work at 110 percent of capacity 100 percent of the time, there is no wonder that the Service has to call on fresh blood in the upper levels. Secondly, the Department must pursue vigorously the reclassification of FSO job positions as Staff slots. No FSO should ever be posted to a job which does not challenge and stimulate his ability. If the "needs of the Service" dictate otherwise, the Service must be changed.

We should not spend our energies on programs to beef-up the prospective recruit: the fault lies not in the American educational system, but—let's face up to it—in ourselves. ■

The Wrong Problem

by JOHN D. STEMPEL

IN his article, "Proposal to Establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps," in the September Foreign Service JOURNAL, Marshall Brement proposes establishing a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps as a solution to the following problem:

> To raise the caliber and broaden the base of entrants into the Foreign Service and to increase the qualifications for diplomacy of those who do enter the service.

In reply, the Bureau of Personnel suggested other problems which would develop were Brement's training corps established. What distressed this writer was not the proposal, persuasively presented, nor the response, outlining serious and valid criticism, but the ease with which both Brement and Bureau slid over serious practical and philosophical implications of such a scheme.

The most serious criticism of the FSOTC is that it would not improve the unsatisfactory conditions its originator seeks to change. Assume such a proposal were approved by Congress. Would not the "broad education" outlined in Brement's six-year college program, terminating with a master's degree, create high-grade dilettantes rather than trained scholars? Since the early 1950's, more than half a dozen Foreign Service personnel reports have argued that the State Department badly needs more social scientists with graduate training. Are we sure that the program outlined by Brement would do the best job? Would FSOTC produce the most effective representatives of America in other countries, or would it substitute academic standards for Foreign Service standards? We feel that the requirements of Mr. Brement's ideal education would lead students to conclude falsely that such a background would be the magic key to open the gates of Foggy Bottom—forget fact, personal relations, awareness of the contemporary world; seek academic knowledge. The qualities which make a first-rate intellect are not always those which make a first-rate diplomat, though both sets of characteristics may be found in the same person.

Mr. Brement's program would also generate friction

with the ten universities to be involved. One of the most jealously guarded academic privileges is that each professor control his own courses. Hence high-level peace treaties would need to be negotiated between a resident FSO program and the academic bureaucracies.

Particularly questionable is Mr. Brement's assumption that contemporary American university training could produce the desired level of language competence (S-4/R-4 in a world language; the two level in a hard language). Three years ago, when evaluating Foreign Service examinations, the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs concluded that language training in American universities is not good enough to qualify students at the minimum professional level. Furthermore, working for a summer in an American embassy, as Brement suggests, would ease but scarcely overcome this deficiency.

Would FSOTC lead to Mr. Brement's hoped-for development of diplomacy as a "profession?" Today we are uncertain just what constitutes the essence of professional diplomacy. The introduction to the Herter Committee Report, "Personnel for the New Diplomacy," suggests that it is a profession in flux; that all types of training—both academic and practical—are needed. The impact of Brement's program would adversely affect the development of professionalism by tending to make non-FSOTCs entering the service second-class citizens.

There is also another problem. As head resident of a large men's dormitory the past academic year, the author has graphic evidence that many—perhaps even as many as half—of today's college students are not definitely decided about a career by their junior year in *college,* let alone their junior year in high school, as Mr. Brement suggests. This undecided group includes many of the most able individuals, not the marginal ones. A profession must be sufficiently broad to recognize the late developer as well as the early bloomer. How many of today's top diplomats were considered "comers" at the age of 18—or even 25—and how many of them grew into their responsibilities. Can we afford to rely so heavily on FSOTC?

Abolishing the beginning officer course in favor of academic and on-the-job orientation would also eliminate one extremely important function of in-service training: an introduction to bureaucratic folkways and survival techniques which can mean the difference between a worker and an effective worker. Even recruits with advanced degrees need this orientation. The osmosis which accompanies exposure to working officials and diplomats is essential for creating wise, persuasive officers. Particularly since many universities recognize that they are suffering from bureaucratic illness (witness the Berkeley demonstrations and the "agonizing reappraisals" of other colleges and universities), the initial phase of training should remain a departmental affair.

Aside from the fact that the FSOTC has the technical defects already noted, it also consumes scarce resources—time, money, and energy. The emphasis is solely on the pre-recruitment phase. We have suggested that even under the best of circumstances, the return on the investment would not be worth the cost to educate an individual who still might decide against the Foreign Service. Interestingly enough, Mr. Brement cites the Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps as "a convincing argument that this proposal is both feasible and practical." The Navy, however, retains only 25 percent of its NROTC officers beyond their required 3-4 year tour of duty. The program itself is not designed to be the primary source of career naval officers, as the FSOTC would be. Furthermore, the NROTC program in the past few years has emphasized regular university work more, specialized programs less—exactly the reverse of what Mr. Brement prefers. The Navy is also able to use program drop-outs as enlisted men, a money-saving alternative unavailable to the FSOTC.

Attempting to meet all training needs at the beginning of a career is an impossible task. Perhaps the focus on training should be shifted from the embryo recruit to the junior officers already in service. Large organizations tend to regard new personnel as already "in the fold," and devote their attention to further recruiting. Consequently, good junior officers leave the service for essentially avoidable reasons. The recent reorganization of the Junior Officer Division suggests that the State Department recognizes this problem. After all, it should be easier to keep a good, experienced officer than to train four others, one of whom may eventually be able to take his place. Let us stop worrying about a mythical ideal education until we are better able to determine how good junior officers become good senior officers. Once we can offer an exciting future, plus firm patterns of career development, then those interested in the Foreign Service will take responsibility for their own education and those with the necessary academic training will be more motivated toward such careers. ■

And Then the Case of the Oldsters

by Leon B. Poullada

The Foreign Service as now constituted has no real Reserve Corps. The employees bearing the "Reserve Officer" designation are in fact on *active* and *quasi-permanent* duty and are not a "reserve," in the accepted sense of that word, upon which the Department of State can draw to beef up its operations during critical situations or for special operations where some additional talent or skill is temporarily required.

It is proposed that the Department seek legislation which would permit it to organize a true Emergency Reserve Corps composed of individuals, not in active service, possessing special skills and talents which might be drawn upon when the national interest so requires.

One obvious source for this Emergency Reserve Corps would be former Foreign Service officers who have retired or resigned for personal reasons and who still maintain their skills and know-how, now largely going to waste.

Under this proposal when an FSO retires or leaves the service under conditions in which he could still render valuable service to the nation in times of need, he would be offered a commission in the *Foreign Service Emergency Reserve Corps* in the highest grade he held while on active service. His skills, special contacts and know-how would then be IBM'd, his security clearance would be kept current and to the extent possible he would be kept up-to-date on his specialties, either by short periods of active duty or by correspondence courses, etc. In this way his special contributions would be pre-evaluated and known

to officers in active operations both in the Department and the field. This would constitute a very valuable addition to the total manpower pool of the Foreign Affairs establishment. Emergency Reserve commissions would of course also be offered to selected individuals who have served with the other closely related Foreign Affairs agencies such as USIA and AID.

From this Emergency Reserve pool the Secretary of State could, under certain conditions of need previously determined by him, ask an Emergency Reserve officer to volunteer for "active duty" for a specified temporary period or indeed in certain circumstances to re-enter the service for a more extended period, provided he was still below mandatory retirement age. This would give the Secretary great flexibility in tapping a very valuable and highly skilled manpower source which is now largely dissipated. It would also make it possible in certain special cases to recall a retired or resigned officer, on short notice and with his consent, for more extended assignments without going through the contortions of designating him as a "consultant" (which in any case excludes him from line of command duties) or of having to seek his re-appointment which involves drawn out security investigations, a great deal of administrative processing and a new Senate confirmation, etc.

A *Foreign Service Staff Emergency Reserve Corps* could also be established either as a parellel service or as a specialized branch of the *Foreign Service Emergency Reserve Corps*. Into these Staff Reserve units could go former Staff Corps officers and employees with special skills in short supply such as communications, medical and nursing, secretarial, translating, and certain administrative functions such as Budget and Fiscal, etc. Ability to draw temporarily on such a corps in case, for example, of a massive Emergency Evacuation situation, could add greatly to State Department capabilities in discharging its overall responsibilities during critical situations.

An extension of this proposal would enable the Department to commission in the Emergency Reserve Corps certain civilian specialists whose talents or special skills are not readily available within the active or retired FSO Corps. Specialists of this kind from business, finance, academic institutions, and communications would thus add a great new source of skills making them readily available to the Department on a voluntary basis and on relatively short notice.

Members of the *Foreign Service Emergency Reserve Corps* would draw no compensation except when on active duty assignments at which time they would draw the regular pay and allowances for officers of their grade. As an added incentive to volunteer for active duty when called, it might be desirable to count periods of active duty by retired officers as additions to the total service credit for retirement. ■

FSOTC--A Reply to a Reply

by MARSHALL BREMENT

In the belief that none of the objections raised by Personnel to the "Proposal to Establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps" (FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, September 1965) were necessarily overriding, the following reply to PER's commentary is provided for the readers of the JOURNAL. For their convenience, the points in PER's critique are quoted in sequence and then responded to.

1. *The size of the Program—"The most obvious difficulty in initiating such a program would be its size. The Office of Education reports that 802,000 high school seniors competed in the last National Merit Examination; the top 3% of this group would represent over 24,000 candidates each year or 144,000 for the six year cycle. No matter what system were devised to produce an original pool of candidates, the Department would have to establish a large-scale and expensive secondary screening operation to determine the suitability of candidates on factors other than their record of academic achievement."*

One system which could avoid this pitfall would be as follows:

1) each student being tested for the National Merit Scholarship (or the College Boards Examination) would indicate on the test paper whether he would be interested in becoming a Foreign Service Fellow;
2) the top 800 students who so indicated would be sent by the Educational Testing Service (along with notification of general test results) a letter notifying them of their success;
3) the letter would state that the Foreign Service is interested in the recipient and would ask him to write a brief autobiography and a short essay explaining why he wishes to enter the Foreign Service;
4) he might also be asked to submit three character references;
5) if the applicant with the highest mark submits a satisfactory autobiography, essay and references, he would qualify to become a Foreign Service Fellow;
6) if not, the screening board could move to the next candidate;
7) the first 100 candidates to qualify would fulfill the yearly quota;
8) the candidates who fail to qualify would receive letters from the Deputy Under Secretary for Administration congratulating them on their high achievement and encouraging them to pursue a career in foreign affairs.

Other than the time involved in screening the essay and autobiography (a board of three officers should be able to select the successful 100 candidates in a period of two or three days), this system, thanks to modern computers, would involve only a minor expense and a minimum of trouble to the Department.

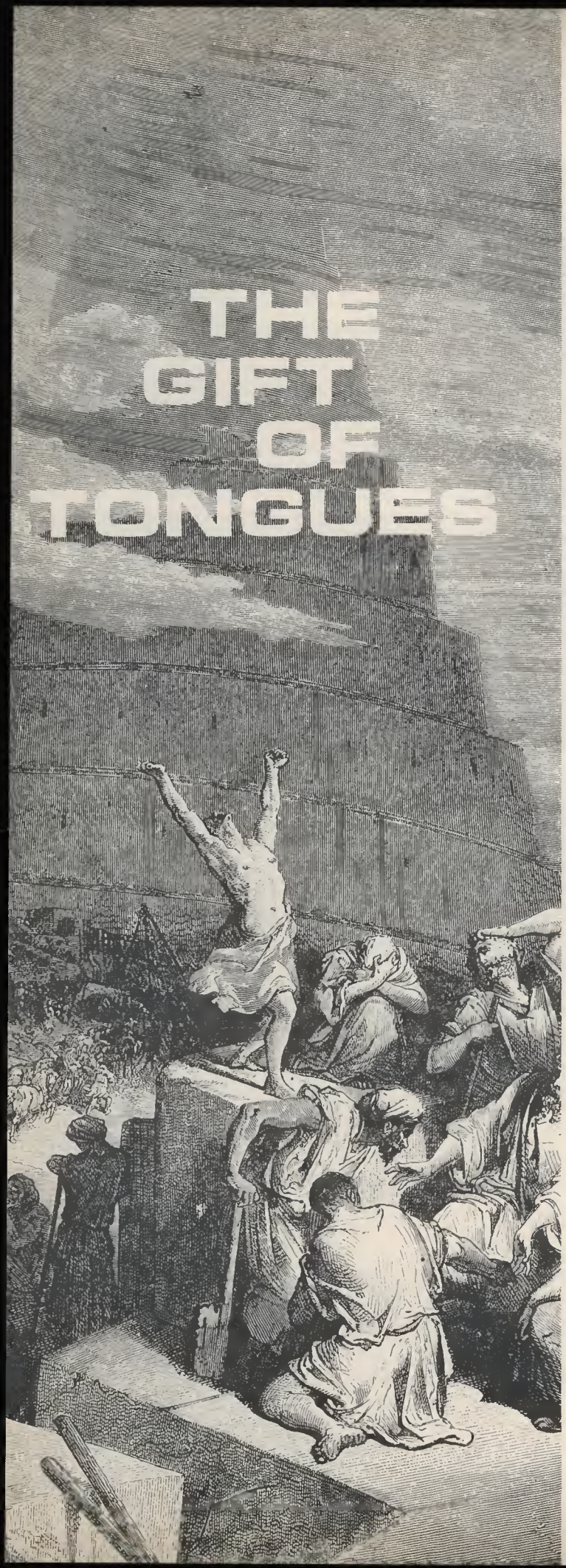
2. *"The National Merit Examination is not administered in all Areas, and we would therefore be in effect shutting out potential sources of talent."*

This, of course, is unfortunate and perhaps the College Boards Examination would be a more suitable test. We would not, however, be shutting out potential sources of talent since the traditional methods for entering the Foreign Service would still, under the program proposed, provide the bulk of those entering the Service.

3. *The Cost of the Program. "If we were to appoint 200 officers annually from among the 24,000 who would qualify, costs could amount to as much as $4 million to maintain 1,200 students through the six-year cycle."*

In the first place, the program proposed would involve only 100 students per year. While $2 million annually is

(*Continued on page* 45)



by DAVID E. SIMCOX

"He who shoots up like a palm tree falls like a coconut."
—Ancient Gharduan Proverb

THE scrapbook I started when Phil Pettibon was first named Chief of Mission is barely three years old. But as I flip its fading pages I notice that it is rapidly acquiring the dusty, neglected look of an ancient document I might have withdrawn from a time capsule. Like Phil Pettibon's professional career the book has a curiously unfinished look: the entries cease abruptly, leaving the unused leaves to testify mutely that the grand triumphs it was to memorialize in newsprint and mucilage did not come to pass.

And so they did not. I thumb the yellowing pages and some of the old distress returns at having stood by helplessly while a close professional associate and friend slipped from an ever ascending path into deep obscurity.

Former Ambassador Pettibon—and it cheers him when I address him as "Ambassador"—writes to me now and then. More than ever he sprinkles his letters with literary allusions and fragments of esoteric languages, Haiku, and classical Etruscan poetry. The effect is an ominous one, reminiscent of Ezra Pound's verse with the onset of his disintegration. He has not ceased to glory in his unsurpassed linguistic ability, in spite of all that has happened. From time to time he comments that he expects another Chief of Mission assignment, once ascended from his present purgatory. But we both know this is not to be, no matter what monstrous jokes a badly wired IBM sorter in Personnel might play.

At the time I accepted Phil's offer to be his Deputy Chief of Mission at Ghardua, I was not at all confident that I should again hitch my career to his. My own was going well enough in its plodding way. At 38 I headed the political section of one of our larger embassies in Latin America. But I was attracted mothlike to Phil's own glowing penumbra of success. A year younger than I, he had already undertaken two important special missions, charmed Congress at the budget hearings, and earned the attention of major newspapers by devising the brilliant face-saving formula that ended the postal fees deadlock in the International Horticultural Organization.

I would have regarded the Ambassadorship to Ghardua as the summit to my career; Phil, however, saw it only as a way station in his ever-ascending spiral. The country was newly independent, populous, prosperous, and still throughly uncommitted. The assignment would be a supreme challenge to the finest of our officers. Phil would succeed Cato J. Barnsted, a notably monolingual former Congressman.

Barnsted had not been an unsuccessful Ambassador. By travel and maximum exposure he had made the Gharduan press and public opinion—such as it was—aware in the critical first days of Ghardua's nationhood that there was a United States of America. He had not captivated the volatile young Prime Minister, who from the first showed a personal if not political preference for the emissaries from the pair of violently nationalistic states that touched Ghardua's northern and eastern frontiers. But Barnsted had at least won the respect of Nahobo Nohome, the tribal Patriarch who had been

boosted to the Presidency with Ghardua's independence. True, the relationship had not yet yielded major diplomatic gains. But a healthy dialogue was underway. No mean accomplishment for an envoy who knew neither French, Ghardua's lingua franca, nor Gharduan.

Among Phil Pettibon's many talents his ability with language was supreme. He spoke five world languages like a native. He was fluent in Greek and Swedish, and possessed a useful knowledge of Tagalog, Hindi, Japanese, and Polish. To this impressive array he added the tricky Gharduan tongue in the brief weeks between his first inkling of the assignment and the swearing in ceremony. Watching him toil in a near frenzy over the tapes at the Foreign Service Institute I was convinced that he was beginning to see himself as a sort of Ambassador MacArthur White of "The Ugly American": an austere, dedicated professional anointed to go forth and erase the blunders of lesser emissaries.

Scant weeks later to the amazement of the Senators at the confirmation hearings he had recited the preamble of the Constitution in rapid Gharduan as a riposte to one legislator's taunts that American diplomats were language boobs.

It was after this bit of virtuosity that the prestigious New York RAMPART began to take editorial notice of Phil. Here it is, the first of the clippings I lovingly filed in the scrapbook Phil asked me to start on his mission to Ghardua.

That day the RAMPART'S editorialists adjourned briefly from their normal instructions to the Secretary of State on the conduct of international affairs to make the following observation:

> . . . We would be the last to fault Ambassador Cato Barnsted's distinguished record of public service, within this country and in foreign fields. His service in Ghardua, though not dramatic, saw American-Gharduan relations through a period that was at least unmarked by major setbacks.
>
> Ghardua's recent contrariness at the UN and the the threatening merger of anti-Western, ultra-nationalist forces there suggest we may be approaching some dangerous shoals just beneath the deceptively calm surface of our present relations with that key country. For that reason this newspaper can only applaud the choice of a brilliant and energetic careerman, C. Philip Pettibon, as Ambassador to Ghardua. His articulateness, resourcefulness, and above all his mastery of the Gharduan tongue will he valuable tools in disposing of what we must sadly admit is "unfinished business" in Ghardua.

The Gharduan Ambassador's farewell party for Phil provided us with our only opportunity to meet Ambassador Barnsted. He had left the post some two months before and was living again in his beloved Washington.

I was concerned that Phil had not consulted him earlier. I recall telling Phil, "at least call on him, ask for a briefing or for his advice even if you are convinced he hasn't got anything to tell you." But Phil, whose First Family of Virginia origins made him too much of a gentlemen to be openly arrogant, had mumbled that he had too many other obligations.

Barnsted, relaxed in his rumpled suit, sipped bourbon on the rocks and chatted with the Gharduan Counselor, two Embassy secretaries, and someone from the desk when Phil and I introduced ourselves.

After pleasantries, congratulations to Phil and "great jobs" for Barnsted, it was the Gharduan Counselor who erred by mentioning Phil's language ability.

"No doubt we need people who speak the language and speak it well," Barnsted said, "but I don't think a man should be disqualified as a diplomat just because he can't speak languages, any more than you would have kept Nelson from leading the fleet because of his seasickness."

"Languages can be learned with a little effort," Phil snorted, "and I'm sure Nelson would have been happy to take dramamine if it had existed in the 19th century."

"In fact," the old Ambassador ignored Phil, "most of the time you are better off speaking your own language and letting the interpreter worry about making you understood. I was in this business just long enough to know that in diplomacy you've got to be precise. Hell, it's hard enough to be precise in plain English. Much more so when you are stumbling around blindly in some morass of foreign words."

Pettibon eyed him coldly across the rim of his cocktail glass, refusing to dignify Barnsted's heresies by debating them.

The Ambassador ate three salted peanuts, conspicuously wiping his oily fingers on his pants leg. "My staff people pressured me to take classes everyday. They said just a few words and phrases would make me more acceptable to the people. Listen, if I had spent the time necessary to learn the language, I wouldn't have had time to learn anything else. English was good enough and had its advantages. If I said the wrong thing, I just blamed it on the interpreter. The interpretation gave me more time to think of answers in interviews and saved me from falling into traps. As for being acceptable—I was more acceptable speaking English. I used to open every public address with a brief statement of regret that I was unable to address them in Gharduan. This disarmed them a little, I found. It thawed them and made them more receptive to what I had to say."

There was some embarrassment among our Gharduan hosts. Onlookers snickered. Others opened conversational escape hatches, seeking to flee the discomfort of the Ambassador's candor. Phil bade a coolly proper goodbye to Barnsted, claiming he had to attend another party.

Ambassador C. Philip Pettibon's debut in Ghardua was a total success. Credentials were presented with ease and adroitness and President Nohome and his ministers were duly impressed as Phil traded post-presentation banalities in facile Gharduan.

As our auspicious opening led onward in the following weeks to new and more substantial successes, I began to regard my earlier twinges of misgivings as a nagging but minor neurosis. Phil made the expected contacts quickly and, aided by his fluency in Gharduan, was able to open channels to opposition tribal leaders ignored by his predecessor.

An air agreement, our first, was wrapped up in three weeks of talks, the US negotiators prodded to the point of exhaustion by the indefatigable Ambassador Pettibon. Phil also persuaded the Foreign and Defense Ministers to accept a military mission which, though neither as populous or high-ranking as the Pentagon would have preferred, was a major enterprise in a coun-

try whose recent denunciations of American militarism were still echoing in the chambers of the UN. His public relations were no less rewarding. The scrapbook I finger now bulges with clippings from the early months of Phil's mission. One of the drying specimens of newsprint shows him on an elephant in an outlying province. Another has him presenting a trophy to the winner of a Fourth of July canoe race.

Many of our early successes—and I say "our" humbly aware that Phil bestrode the mission like a colossus while I no less than others moved merely in his shadow—were made possible by the official intimacy Phil had carefully cultivated with President Nohome.

Our clever Ambassador cleverly recognized that the President craved more power and influence than the first constitution had allotted to the Chief of State. Nohome had assumed some of the powers of his Ministers and frequently used the pressure provided by his immense following among the tribes to force changes in day to day policy matters. That Ambassador Pettibon requested his help, thus recognizing him as the real fountainhead of power, was immensely satisfying to Nohome.

Phil's own gifts were the lubricant that kept this relationship friction free. Nohome loved his charm, his wit, his ability to translate an American anecdote, humor intact, into nearly flawless Gharduan.

But even then while we walked in brightness, the storm clouds that were to darken our days were gathering in a neighboring republic.

It all started unmenacingly enough. The daily sheaf of repeated cable traffic between the Department and our Embassy in the neighboring Republic of Wekamba had for weeks painted a dreary picture of the steady destruction of Wekamba's corrupt but constitutional regime by left-wing guerrillas. Two of land-locked Wekamba's neighboring republics scorned Wekamba's regime as a stooge of imperialism and openly supported the guerrillas. Ghardua, Wekamba's remaining neighbor, maintained cool but correct relations with the Wekambese government and ignored the rebels. Phil had worked assiduously to have Ghardua stick to that position, fully aware that the sympathies of the Republic's quarrelsome labor and student groups and its frenetic press saw the insurgents only as the wave of their continent's glorious future.

Phil had just addressed the Rotary Club—in Guarduan of course, when he was called to the Embassy by the Duty Officer. A telegram from the Department that we had half expected for weeks awaited us in the code room. It gave unneeded background on Wekamba's struggle and spun a legal justification for our decision to respond to a request for military help from Wekamba, "a friendly democratic government sorely threatened by insurgents backed by a hostile power."

A small military relief force with helicopters and supporting weapons was being sent to Wekamba immediately. But the cable noted as dryly as telegrams can be dry, "fact that Wekamba land-locked and that only two adequate airfields now in rebel hands makes direct troop lift impracticable. Accordingly Embassy Ghardua should approach GOG at highest levels to permit land troop transports at Ghardua International Airport for subsequent transportation overland and by helicopter to Wekambese frontier. Personnel and equipment would need remain Ghardua only until adequate bridgehead established Wekamba and airfields secured. Cable GOG response soonest."

Phil memorized the cable at a glance and told me to make an immediate appointment for us to see the Prime Minister. To my suggestion that we wrap up the whole proposal in a brief memo to hand the Prime Minister, Phil snorted that there wasn't time.

Returning to the Chancery after the interview, Phil sat glum and speechless beside me in the limousine. He did not ask me what had gone wrong. I knew what was on his mind. Why had the Prime Minister turned down such an eminently reasonable proposal, even after Phil had skillfully and eloquently demonstrated the fundamental reasonableness of the whole thing, speaking to the Prime Minister in his own beloved Gharduan tongue?

My own conclusion was that nothing had gone wrong. Phil had been magnificent in the démarche. But there are limits to the efficacy of eloquence. I felt like a bureaucratic Sancho Panza, wanting to bring the knightly Ambassador back to the realities of day to day foreign relations. The Prime Minister had turned it down flat on the spot, without even consulting his Foreign Minister or cabinet. He did not even have the decency to ask for a day to think it over. To have done otherwise would have been inconsistent with every tenet of his young nation's foreign policy.

But No was not the answer C. Phillip Pettibon could take in this particular diplomatic test. Just before the limousine pulled into the Embassy parking lot he leaned forward in his seat and snapped: "We're going to the top. Make an appointment with Nohome."

Nohome would receive us at the Presidential Palace the first thing next morning. Phil wired the Department he had been "momentarily thwarted" but he was gambling on the "admittedly unusual step" of going over the Prime Minister's head in view of the President's "great influence," "fundamental sympathy with our aims," and "awareness of realities and dangers of Ghardua's exposed position." I almost believed it myself as I read Phil's cogent telegraphese.

Disarmed, out-argued, mute, I followed my master dumbly next morning to the Presidency. Nohome awaited us with Gabilya, his lifelong friend and European educated personal secretary. He was cool, distant, business-like. Phil did most of the talking. I noticed that Nohome failed to smile when the Ambassador dropped some currently stylish piece of Gharduan argot or a timely proverb. This was just the sort of personal touch Phil would have missed most if he had used an interpreter.

Phil made his proposal. With a poorly trained ear for Gharduan I could only follow the outlines of the discussion. The Ambassador seemed to be mounting his arguments skillfully and methodically, building upward fact by fact and premise by premise like an expert mason building a wall.

Nohome paused before answering. In carefully chosen terms, using the formal "you" and special declensions used only in discussions between great tribal leaders, the aging President summarized our problem and his. Nohome, as was his wont, reduced the problem at hand to simple terms. It was his custom to

speak of his country as one great tribe entrusted to his care.

"Many of us know who our real enemies are. Many do not. If I agree to your request many of my young people will be unhappy and disturbed."

The president paused, stared straight ahead and stated simply: "I will do it."

His reply seemed to me to be unambiguous enough, and I could see that Phil, who was already beaming, considered it the answer he wanted to hear. Yet I was a little confused by what I thought was a tone of regret in Nohome's voice as he uttered it.

Phil was jubilant and in no mood to wait around for further clarifications. Clutching our prize, we left the President and his personal secretary only with a smile and the comment that we had to inform our government immediately of his reply.

The telegram to the Department was the apogee of Phil's triumph. He himself wrote and quickly polished it, understating the magnitude of his victory, leaving it to his many admirers in Washington to bestow the recognition he knew must be his alone. Such savory moments are rare in most careers; but for Phil they were as numerous as cobblestones in his high road of success.

Ghardua's primitive bureaucracy was usually thoroughly snarled by even a modest crisis. But the mounting confusion of the following 24 hours, I began to suspect, stemmed from more than just the normal lack of communication between the top and bottom levels of Ghardua's government. With only twelve hours remaining before the troop transports would land at the airport, the Foreign Minister professed to know nothing of the whole arrangement. The young Prime Minister, of course, had suspended all personal relations with the Embassy in disgust at our refusal to accept his decision as final.

Phil, however, was still euphoric. A great field commander executes the strategic master strokes and allows the subalterns to concern themselves with tactical problems.

We waited at the airport for the planes in the predawn darkness. Though surrounded by a Wagnerian chorus of embassy officers, military attaché and staff, and MAAG personnel, I felt somehow—well—lonely. Not one ranking Gharduan official had come to the airport. Two perspiring national policemen in rumpled khaki dozed in the airport's flyblown waiting room.

But I was comforted when the first of three giant transports rolled to a stop in the strip with a roar that brought the airport to life. The other transports followed and all three began disgorging orderly columns of troops, machines, and material.

Victory was ours and it was indeed sweet for those brief moments. But as the USIS photographers prepared to photograph the Ambassador with the troop commander, an obscure functionary of the Foreign Ministry's Protocol section, whom I recalled seeing uninvited at one of my cocktail parties, materialized incongruously in the tableau and tugged at Phil's elbow.

He must have practiced his statement all the way to the airport: "My government demands an immediate explanation of what it considers to be a flagrant violation of this nation's sovereignty." A contingent of Gharduan police and soldiers could now be seen in the growing light taking positions around the airfield in sort of a symbolic *cordon sanitaire.*

"The government of Ghardua considers the action by aircraft and soldiers of your country to be a hostile act and demands their immediate withdrawal." The protocol secretary droned on, striving hard for gravity. It was the peak moment of his career and perhaps he sensed that Gharduan history would remember him as the clerk who saved the fatherland with a memo.

The day was still cool, but I felt warm and moist. A dark and endless tunnel seemed to open before me. Phil seemed confused, his ears reddened and a tic throbbed on his right temple. For the first time in his life he stammered —in English.

After six hours of telephoning we had still not been able to locate President Nohome. The household staff would reveal only that he was at one of his several remote hill stations, happily untroubled by telephones. The Prime Minister was still carrying on his very personal diplomatic boycott and apparently had convinced the Foreign Minister he should do the same thing.

It was my misfortune to be on hand to answer the phone when the Department finally pushed through its first long distance call. It had apparently learned through Army channels that the expeditionary force had not been welcomed in Ghardua. Ghardua's UN Representative had already called for action by the Security Council against the "flagrant American intervention."

I noted with meek respect that the voice crackling out of the phone had lost none of its authority in traveling halfway around the world. Would Ambassador Pettibon be able to return to Washington within 48 hours for consultations? I replied in the affirmative without consulting Phil. I knew the question was not a question at all. I was crating the sacrificial lamb for immediate shipment to the high priest. Euphemisms at that tragic moment failed me. I could only admit that we had messed it up somewhere and promised a complete report.

Our relations with Ghardua fortunately were only suspended in a few bitter weeks following the incident. Phil left on schedule, catching a ride westward on one of the troop transports as they made their ignominious departure. I stayed behind to look after the mission until someone could be sent out to sweep up the fragments.

It was two days after Phil left that I finally was given an appointment with Gabilya, President Nohome's personal secretary. I considered it best just this once to ignore the ban on official contacts during the suspension of relations because the Department was pressing me to find out what had caused the confusion.

Gabilya was pleasant enough, greeting me with a scattering of vague regrets and sincere hopes that all would be well.

"You were there the night we talked to the President. Perhaps you have some idea why he changed his mind about allowing the landing."

"Changed his mind?" Gabilya spoke flawless English. "No, it was not that at all. He stated most emphatically he would not permit the landings. Both His Excellency and I wondered at the time why your Ambassador seemed so pleased with what was obviously not the reply he hoped to get."

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THE FINGER LAKES WINES OF NEW YORK STATE

by TOM MARVEL

EASTERN North America, from the Gulf to Labrador, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Plains and even to the Rockies, is the home of more species of grape vines (Vitis) than any other region on earth; more, in fact, than are native to all the other continents combined.

Little wonder that the very profusion of these native wild vines inevitably suggested to the early settlers, as well as to those who came after, that the European vines they had left behind in the Old World would surely find a congenial home in the New.

Thus was born one of the great horticultural deceptions of history; one which lasted for a good two and a half centuries.

For the tender European Vitis vinifera, the sole species from which all Old World wine grapes are but varieties, was unsuited to the rude North American climate, both the extreme cold of winter and the high humidity of summer, and particularly vulnerable to the indigenous insect and fungus pests. Indeed, it was one of the former, the phylloxera which, when it finally did escape in Europe in the 1870s wrought such havoc as to bring about a national crisis in the French economy.*

But this is getting ahead of our story. By the early 1800s it was dawning on nurserymen and others that the future of American grape growing lay with the development of our own indigenous fruit.

Once this was accepted, success followed on success. Mid-19th century saw a virtual grape growing craze in the United States. The purpose of most of those nurserymen and enthusiastic amateurs seems to have been to produce a better eating grape, but many were found to be readily adaptable to wine making also. Wineries, large and small, sprang up in many parts of the country. The Longworth vineyards, near Cincinnati, were famous. Missouri, in pre-Civil War days, thanks largely to German immigration, led the nation in wine production. As far back as 1829 the Rev. William Bostwick, first rector of the newly founded St. James Episcopal Church, in Hammondsport, N. Y. on Keuka Lake, planted grape vines in his parish yard whose flourishing growth encouraged others to do likewise. Thus was started the Finger Lakes wine industry which has today made New York State the leading premium quality wine and champagne producer from native American grapes.

It was not for some 30 years after the Rev. Bostwick's pioneering, however, that Champagne production was seriously undertaken in the Finger Lakes District, which has since become famous for that sparkling wine. In 1860, a "sparkling wine factory" was founded on the shores of Keuka Lake by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. This was hailed in Boston at the Parker House

*Grafting on resistant American root stock proved the final remedy.

as the "great Champagne of the Western World," from which was soon born the name Great Western which the brand bears today.

Many commercial wineries, large and small, soon followed, until at the onset of national prohibition there were some 40 operating in the Keuka-Canandaigua Lakes region. The 13 years of national drought found only a few survivors able to resume wine making. Today there are but four large wineries operating in the Finger Lakes, all of them dating from well before the turn of the century. These are the aforementioned Pleasant Valley Wine Company; its owner, the separately operated Taylor Wine Company, largest of the group, dating from 1880; the Gold Seal winery, founded in 1865, and the Widmer winery, at Naples, near Canadaigua Lake, dating from 1888.

As for the wines themselves, (the table wines, primarily) the first thing which can be said about them is that they are like no other wines on earth. This is only natural when it is realized that the grapes from which they come are indigenous to North America and nowhere else. Nor have these been transplanted, to any notable degree, to any other part of the world, save Europe, where they are used as resistant root-stock, not for fruit or wines.

In America, their homeland long before it was ours, or even the Indians', they do very well. Crossed, as they have been, with their European cousins, the vinifera, they produce some astonishingly good wine. Even the pure-bred Concord (Vitis labrusca), with modern techniques of wine making, can give a very acceptable wine. Others, such as the Delaware, the Diamond, the Catawba, the Elvira, all giving a white wine, and the Isabella, a pink wine, are varieties in which some vinifera, or European blood, is traceable in their parentage. Some, such as the Delaware and the Catawba, were probably accidental crosses, the gift of whimsical Nature, while the others were purposely bred, the offspring, if you will, of a contrived and happy marriage.

The work of crossing goes on. The French took it up in earnest in the post World War I interval. They sought hybrid vines whose American parent would confer resistance to insect pests and whose European parent would maintain the fruit qualities demanded of the vinifera. Thus the onerous grafting of each vine could be eliminated.

It was painstaking work and several plant breeders literally gave their lives to it. For hybrids, planted from seed of the hand-pollinated grape flower, are never predictable. They may be sterile, they may be hypersensitive to cold, or to humidity, they may lack vigor, they may have scanty and useless fruit, they may fall an easy prey to disease, both fungus and insect, and they may, and frequently do, have all of these drawbacks together. In this work, failures are the rule, success the rare exception. But once a successful vine—one which meets all the requirements listed above and several more—is achieved, maybe once in a thousand attempts, that vine can become, in a sense, immortal, for it needs only to have cuttings planted from the original, and successive cuttings from these and so on, to reproduce itself identically and perpetually.

A goodly number of successful hybrids, red and white, are now producing good wines in Europe. Wines from hybrids account for about a third of the wine in France today. Their pest-resistance, thanks to their American parent, has obviated the necessity of grafting on American root-stock. Their fruit qualities produce a wine acceptable to the discriminating European taste. The New York Agricultural Experiment Station scientists, at Geneva, N. Y. have also been increasingly active in developing better wine and table grapes through hybridization.

In the Finger Lakes District, the success of these French-produced hybrids did not pass unnoticed. But over here, growers were seeking, not relief from grafting, but fruit qualities, with the necessary acclimation to local soil and weather. Here again, many were discarded, a few retained. The latter have flourished as well, sometimes better than, the full-blooded native vines themselves. As for their wines, they have been largely used in blending, where their more neutral flavors tone down the sometimes too aggressive overtones of aroma and flavor possessed by certain native grapes.

Of late, a further step has been made: Production and bottling 100 % pure hybrid grape wines. These, as might be expected, possess a greatly attenuated American grape flavor and are similar to many of the better wines of France.

Another recent development in Finger Lakes wine growing must be mentioned. This is production of pure vinifera wine, the vines of which are grafted on hardy American roots. Carefully grafted and with some winter protection, the Riesling of the Rhine and Moselle, for example, has produced a "Rhine Wine" which more closely resembles the German than Rieslings from California. This is due, at least in part, to the fact that the stony, rather slaty soil of the Finger Lakes District, combined with the sterner winters, brings out acidity in the Eastern wine without which the characteristic Riesling bouquet does not develop. (It may be remembered, in passing, that some of the finest German wines are grown in approximately the latitude of Labrador).

With all these developments, Champagne production still remains the outstanding activity, in the public's mind, at any rate; of the Finger Lakes District. "New York State Champagne" has acquired a prestige connotation which is reflected in the fact that nearly half the United States production of this sparkling wine comes from this relatively tiny area. There is a tingling freshness about Eastern Champagnes for which we have the natural acidity of the native grape to thank. Such examples as The Taylor Wine Co.'s "Taylor Brut"; Pleasant Valley Wine Co.'s "Great Western Brut" and Gold Seal Winery's "Charles Fournier Brut" could claim high honors in any European circle of Champagne experts.

Of the still wines, it is probably the dry whites which will contribute most of the future fame of New York's Finger Lakes District. They possess the fruity "bounce" of northern European whites: the Alsatians, the German and Swiss vintages. The best are as dry as a fine Chablis, with a touch of added tartness and bouquet which faintly and unmistakably proclaim their American origin.

Such qualities are less sought after in a red dinner wine, where full body, with substance and a softness of finish are desirable. To one taster, at least, Finger Lakes native grape Burgundies and their like are typically American with little resemblance to their foreign counterparts. Advances, however, are being made in red table

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EDITORIALS

GOOD WORK, DACOR

EFFECTIVE April 1, 1966, the annuities of retired Foreign Service officers and their survivors will be subject to cost-of-living adjustments comparable to those granted Civil Service annuitants. Public Law 89-308 (HR-4170) which was signed by the President on October 31, 1965, provides that if the change in the price index from 1962 to 1965 equals a rise of at least 3 percent each Foreign Service annuity which began before January 2, 1965, will be increased by the same percentage as that of the price index. Before April 1, the Civil Service Commission must determine the proper percentage increase, now estimated at 4.5 percent. PL 89-308, familiarly known as DACOR Legislation, requires review by the Civil Service Commission each year to determine if further cost-of-living adjustments to Foreign Service annuities should be made.

This most welcome and long-needed improvement in our retirement system is but a part of the DACOR Legislation. The primary objective of the law is to (a) help widows of Foreign Service officers who retired before October 1960, and for whom adequate provision was not made and (b) to assure that widows of officers who retire in the future will not be destitute. Because of a much lower salary level, the high cost of annuities in the past as well as the fact that before October 16, 1960, a survivor's annuity could not exceed 25 percent of an officer's annual salary for his five highest consecutive years, a significant number of officers who retired before October 1960 were unable to provide an annuity for their widows or provided only a meagre one. Prior to the retirement legislation of October 1960, (Public Law 86-723 "meant" a $1,200 reduction in the retired officer's annuity) a $2400 annuity for a surviving widow cost $1200 while since that date an annuity of $2400 could be obtained by a reduction of only $300 in the retired officer's annuity. A number of widows have thus been left in very straitened circumstances. As a measure of the problem created, of the 344 officers who retired before October 16, 1960 and are still living, 78 provided widow-survivor annuities of $2400 or more; 91 provided annuities of less than $2400 while 175 provided no annuity.

Public Law 89-308 is the result of five years of effort by DACOR, the Administration and Congress to ameliorate this situation. Although DACOR'S efforts were not wholly successful, commendable strides forward have been made. The new legislation guarantees that on March 1, 1966, a surviving widow of an officer who retired prior to October 16, 1960, and who died subsequent to August 29, 1954, will be granted an annuity of $2400 if not so provided by her husband. At the moment, this applies to 27 such widows who have no annuities as of March 1, 1966. Officers who retired before October 16, 1960, and provided annuities of $2400 or more for their wives will have the benefit of having their annuity reduction computed under the more liberal provisions of Public Law 86-723. Officers who provided an annuity of less than $2400 or none at all may obtain an annuity of $2400 at a cost identical with that of officers who retired after October 1960. Unfortunately, the cost to officers who provided no annuity would be prohibitive in that they would have to pay $1200 per year since their retirement date and accept a $300 annual reduction in their annuities from now on. The original bill provided that such officers would pay an amount equal to $300 per year back in 1960 and then accept a reduction of $300 in their annuity from now on. The Senate struck out this provision. Rather than risk losing the bill in its entirety, the sponsors of the legislation wisely accepted the Senate amendment. This remains, therefore in the category of unfinished business. We understand DACOR is continuing efforts to effect a workable arrangement for this category of retired officers.

To assure that widows of Foreign Service officers who retire in the future are provided for, Public Law 89-308 amends the Foreign Service Act of 1946 in order to require that retiring Foreign Service officers provide a minimum annuity of $2400 for their surviving widows.

The JOURNAL commends the efforts of the Administration, Congressional supporters of the Bill and DACOR in obtaining this legislation which significantly improves our retirement system. We are sure that similar efforts will continue to evolve a workable arrangement for securing survivor annuities by those officers who retired before October 1960, and were not able to provide them. ■

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME"

THE DAMES have done it again! From all reports the Association of American Foreign Service Women (AAFSW) Book Fair of October 25, 26 and 27 was a tremendous success. We are told that over $8,000 will be available for scholarships as compared to $6,000 in 1964. The "blood, sweat and tears" which went into the Fair did not all come from State. Liberal amounts were also contributed by the women of AID and USIA—both organizations, of course, benefit from the scholarship fund.

In five years, the women have created an organization of great usefulness to Foreign Service personnel. They have developed information on available housing, baby sitters, etc. for incoming staff. It has long been recognized that Washington needed a Post Report. It was the women who finally prepared one in the form of a booklet—"Assignment Washington." The booklet is of such usefulness that non-Foreign Service people coming to this city have requested copies. The Book Fair is typical of the efforts of AAFSW.

"Girls," the JOURNAL salutes you both for the Book Fair's success and for the contribution which your organization is making to the Foreign Service. We never really had any doubts, but you have proven that "there is nothing like a dame." ■

WASHINGTON LETTER

by LOREN CARROLL

CAN you guess which city in the United States leads in the number of federal employees? But how clever of you! The Washington Metropolitan area harbors 280,019. California is second with 251,371, and New York third with 177,187.

Since this is a Washington letter we have a right to concentrate on Washington. How are the 280,019 distributed over the Washington area? If you make your observations on Wisconsin Avenue any morning or evening you will swear that the lot of them live in Maryland. But if you take up your stand on the Memorial Bridge you will swear they all hole up in Virginia. Both untrue. The district holds 193,486, Maryland 43,448, and Virginia 43,086.

No More Alarm Clock

The President's Committee on Retirement is making a searching study of retirement problems and many seers, haruspices, etc., are predicting an increase in annuities. If an increase does come to pass, it will probably lure many eligibles to renounce the old 8:45 to 5:30 routine.

What to Do With Holidays

The year 1966 will bring six three-day holidays to federal employees: Memorial Day, Independence Day, and Labor Day fall on Monday; Veterans' Day is a Friday and Christmas and New Year's are Sundays. Federal employees are given Friday off when a holiday falls on Saturday and a free Monday makes up for a Sunday holiday.

This is the time then to plan all those joyous jaunts over the weekends —to see the silver grotto at Obermürtrengenheim, the Hall of the Druids at Pecksnackle-on-Snivey, the Black Madonna at Dirimpetto, the government asbestos plant at Marlo Trinks, etc.

If you are moored in Washington, however, other esoteric thrills await you: spreading mulches, repairing the back fence, repainting the iron deer on the rear lawn, or pruning. However, if you are one of those flighty types who must be forever on the gad, you can motor to Ocean City.

Too much jubilation about holidays can have adverse effects. It might persuade others that we find our week days pretty bleak between 8:45 and 5:30. An example comes to mind:

A local employee in an embassy once arrived half an hour late for an assignment. "I'm late," he said airily. "There were so many people waiting in the mimeograph room for the list of 1960 holidays. I got my copy all right!" He tapped his breast pocket.

His supervisor later related in a surly tone that he had not been able to concentrate on work that day. Every few moments he removed the list from his pocket and a beatific smile spread over his face as he contemplated the non-working days—American holidays, his own national holidays, his own provincial holidays. It caused the ambassador to say, "Perhaps it would be simpler to draw up a list of the days we do work."

Why Admit It?

Headline in the New York TIMES: "Little Is Known About the Shrimp." Weren't we trying to stay away from sensationalism in the press?

Strauss on the Red Star

The Metropolitan Opera Saturday afternoon broadcasts are now going full blast. Texaco, the sponsor, is a public benefactor for presenting such an imposing program every Saturday of the opera season for a quarter of a century. And for its discreet use of commercials.

One of the broadcasts was particularly valuable because it presented a little heard opera, Strauss's "Arabella," thus giving millions of listeners a chance to compare it with the Strauss standbys, "Rosenkavalier," "Salome," and "Electra."

"Arabella" is a tricky score and it would be rash to rush into a fixed opinion. In some stretches it sounded as if Strauss simply couldn't shake off the memory of "Salome." There were moments when it sounded as if Strauss was imitating Samuel Barber's "Vanessa." Anyway, it was beautifully sung by Lisa Della Casa, William Dooley, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Donald Gramm.

February Award

Schonheidt is an elegant Doberman pinscher who lives in Chatham County, Georgia. The police decided that Schonheidt with his sharp scent could be very helpful in running down moonshine stills. He was thereupon enrolled in a training course and given intensive instruction in the art of sniffing out clandestine booze in the deep woods. But none of it worked out. Schonheidt was willing to sniff out red foxes, grouse or even boll weevils but he drew the line at moonshine stills. For this he gets the award for taking a firm stand. If the police want to sniff out moonshine stills, that is *their* affair. But why ask a high-class dog, with lofty moral standards, to engage in a sordid prowl after sour mash? Why ask a high-class dog to snoop into people's private affairs? Schonheidt is the first dog to get the award. For the spelling of his name, incidentally, the New York TIMES is responsible. Even if it should turn out that Schonheidt spells his own name Schönheit, we are not going to tangle with the New York TIMES on matters of usage.

Peaks on Parnassus

What is the most beautiful line in all world literature? Another candidate:

> By the waters of Babylon,
> There we sat down,
> Yea, we wept when
> We remembered Zion.
>
> *Psalm 137*

Listen But Don't Read

Every record collector knows the *Anthologie Sonore* as one of the most admirable producers of records in the world. Not only does the *Anthologie* ransack the world's archives to find rare and forgotten works, but it finds the musicians and singers capable of bringing *recherché* items to life. With every record comes a scholarly discussion of the music, a biography of the composer and in the case of vocal music, the complete text with the original in the case of non-French languages—and a translation into French.

One of the prizes of the collection is a series of songs, dances, arias, etc., from the period extending from Henry IV to Louis XVI. One of these is a series of bawdy ballads, very difficult to grasp without the accompanying brochure. The brochure carries this warning:

En raison de leur caractère licencieux, les textes imprimés des chansons

ne doivent pas être laissés en de jeunes mains. Par contre, l'audition du disque ne présente aucun inconvénient, car le français du XVIe siècle n'est pas de compréhension aisée. Seule la musique retient l'attention.

Unsolicited Advice

Many people harbor the naive idea that any trip, documented by postal cards to friends and colored slides to be inflicted on friends after the return, will raise their status. This is not true. They should learn that some places are out and some places are in. Places like Menton, Gstaad, Taxco and the Vale of Kashmir have had their day. If you want to be dashing these days, you must go to the Anatolian Coast or Isla Mujeres. But even these will soon lose their glamour so why not be original? Plan your future trips now. What about Celebes? The Andaman Islands? The Orkneys? Upper Burma, especially if you have any cousins among the Flowering Lisu. Kenya might give you the thrill of living dangerously. Have you ever tried Duluth, Minnesota?

In some places, including Duluth, Minnesota, it is perfectly correct to admit you stayed at a hotel. But if you go to Nassau or Newport you must say firmly, "No, I was stopping with friends." And if the friends amount to anything, get their names in!

Treasures

Are you an Anna Russell fancier? Do you own one of her giddier adventures called "A Square Talk on the Popular Song?" If the answer is "yes," you need to be told that the record is out of print. It's hard to find. Put your copy therefore, in a safe place, with your George II candlesticks and Fabergé snuff boxes.

Telephonitis

Of all world cities Washington is the most addicted to the telephone. At the last count (1963) there were 88.3 telephones for every 100 people or a total of 706,794 telcphones. This does not mean, however, that Washington leads in the number of telephone conversations. That honor goes to Canada where every citizen averaged 597.7 conversations per year. Top marks for telephone gabbling would seem to go to the city of Quebec. One notable feature of Quebecois addiction to the telephone is the performance of servants. Many of these, particularly those from rural regions, spend so much time talking to their friends that there is scarcely time for mopping bathroom floors and sweeping under sofas. The country maidens regard unlimited telephoning as an inalienable right; they stand ready to hand in their aprons at the slightest protest from disrespectful employers. One Foreign Service officer in thc role of employer considered installing a telephone for himself and his wife in a locked cupboard.

Something New on Love

It is strictly against our principles to work advertising plugs into the "Washington Letter." But surely an exception must be made for Cupid's Rendezvous, Loveland, Colorado. Let's let Cupid's Rendezvous tell it in its own way:

"Here's a new way to say those three little words, 'I love you.' Send your sweetheart (or parents or mother-in-law) a LOVE-U-GRAM from the "Sweetheart Town," Loveland, Colorado. The LOVE-U-GRAM is an attractively printed, two-color takeoff on the telegram. On the reverse side are nearly a dozen interesting and unusual facts about Valentine's Day, the Cupid and love. Your message (in fifteen words or less) is re-typed on the LOVE-U-GRAM, which is mailed with a special cachet from the Land of Love. Although primarily designed as a unique valentine, it is also ideal for birthdays and anniversaries. The LOVE-U-GRAM is available for only $1 from: Cupid's Rendezvous, 900 E. Kelly Dr., Loveland, Colorado.

Surely this enterprise deserves the support of all who believe in love, even illicit practitioners of same. The advertising does not say if there is any extra charge for sending LOVE-U-GRAMS in cases involving sin.

Mitigation of Stupidity

Overheard outside a telephone booth:

"She's stupid but she speaks Norwegian."

Philological Note

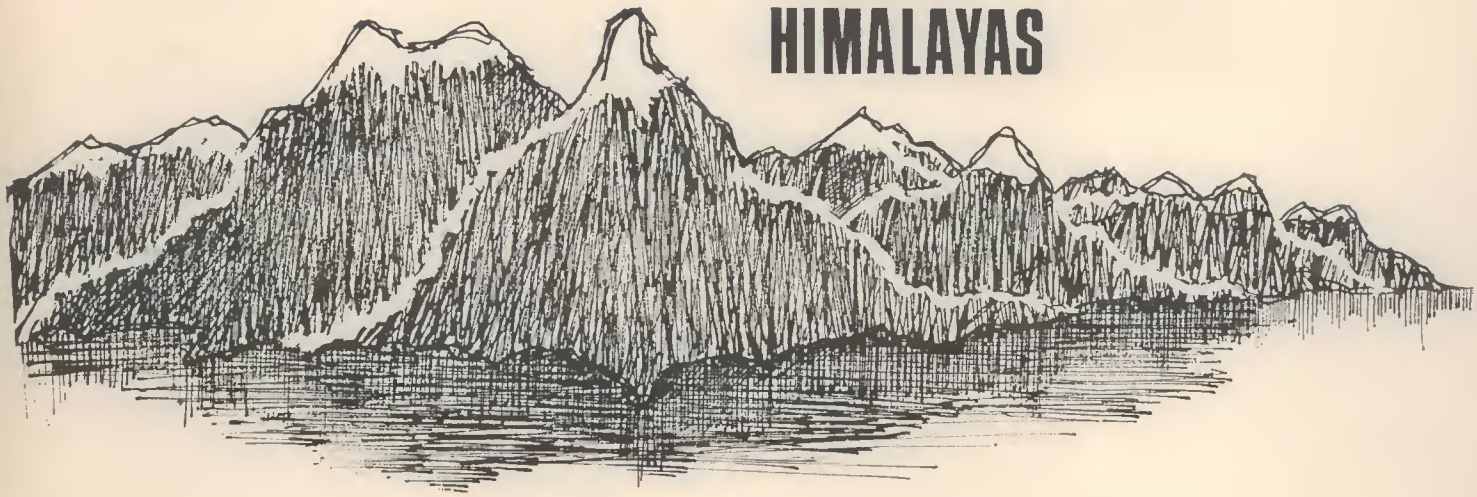
Some "French words" exist only in the English language. For instance, you will find *nom de plume, epergne,* and *paramour* in Webster's but not in *Littré*. Certain other common words in English such as *connoisseur* and *table d'hôte* are archaic in French. *Connoisseur* has been modernized into *connaisseur. Table d'hôte* pops up now and then but it has mostly been supplanted by *prix-fixe.*

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by S. I. Nadler

"During all my 30 years in the American diplomatic service, my dear, I was able to save at least half my salary and still put a brother, two sisters, and four nephews through college. My summer villa here was one of my first investments. I was a local employee, of course."

CORONATION in the HIMALAYAS



It was a little coronation in a small corner of the world's attic. There were no other kings of Asia there and the howl that rose up from Europe, dear William Blake, was music for the twist. The sun shone as requested.

A week before the Coronation Day the Himalayan weather had reverted to wintry snow and rain, so lamas were assigned to pray the Gods for sunshine on the auspicious day, the fourth of April, 1965. On Coronation Eve, as cars climbed slowly up from India bringing guests flown in from airports across the globe, the rain and cold went on and on until the last hour before sunset, then stopped: at sunrise on the fourth, the small steep town of Gangtok was frosty clear.

Morning tea and hot water were carried early to the several hundred foreign guests in houses throughout the town, as those in far-off accommodations had to be dressed in coronation finery by 7:30 to begin moving toward the temple on the sacred ridge above the highest house. (For me the night had been too short to rest enough from traveling and too cold to go soundly to sleep. For the Queen's tailor there had been no night. He sewed right through the darkness to finish the red coronation robe ten minutes before the Queen donned it in the morning.)

I lent my second long petticoat to a girl from South Africa who feared the sun might divulge the legs beneath her long white skirt. I hid most of my own long gown with a warm sweater covered by a borrowed embroidered coat, and, putting on my long white gloves, I thought of the owl who for all his feathers was a-cold.

Then in jeeps and small cars, because some of the Twentieth Century's apparatus have reached Sikkim, we were driven up the precarious roads to the small level lawn between the palace and the temple. We stepped out into early sunshine and waiting crowds of Sikkimese, silent in their long robes of fine colors. Slender prayer flags flew from the tops of tall poles along the driveway and the festive mountain was encircled with the white points of higher Himalayas. Time, with its arithmetical subdivisions, may exist only in the mind of man, but this was a palpable moment and I stepped into it with a thrill.

The palace is a medium-sized cream-colored clapboard house with a wide front porch such as New Yorkers built a hundred years ago in Bar Harbor for their summer sojourns. Two of the second-story front windows are bright with small panes of colored glass and painted frames; except for this there is no hint that the house stands on the far side of the River Oxus. The royal temple is also a small building, square, with white walls relieved by dark timbered windows and with a peaked golden roof that curves up slightly at the eaves and reminds one of Tibet and China.

On dismounting from our cars, we were hastened through the crowd and into the temple. Or perhaps there was no sense of haste among the Sikkimese, perhaps there was hurry only inside of me, a compound of my curiosity and my anticipation. Handling pocketbook, two ceremonial scarves and the sides of my brocade skirt, I walked without motion, as in a dream, up the few steps, through a narrow vestibule, up steep wooden stairs and emerged in an upper room. My first impression was of brilliant colors everywhere and of low white-cushioned benches in a tight square of rows across the room and of breathing in expectation with the very air.

The square void of the room was interrupted by six great blue wooden pillars topped with gilded brackets. Long cylinders of cloth hung from the ceiling, shaped to a short point at the floor, they looked to my space-age eyes like home-sewn rockets. They were made patchwork style of dozens of different kinds and colors of brocade, each piece about the shape of a flat hand with its fingers held close

by Icy Lent

together. On the west wall, opposite to the entrance, were three golden Buddhas in glass-covered niches and also behind glass were shelves of cloth-wrapped rectangular packages. I thought for an instant of a heavenly shoe store with elegantly wrapped boxes for the Gods' selection, but then I guessed I was looking at sacred books. On the south wall beneath colored glass windows were seats for the royal family, so that the Queen Mother and the others faced the invited guests. On the north wall the colored windows were open and camera fans were leaning out to take pictures of the palace and the crowds.

It had been determined that the propitious direction for the King to face was the northeast, so the two carved golden thrones stood aslant near the corner where south and west walls joined. This corner was now busy with lama officials arranging the sacred accessories on a long narrow table, lama musicians settling themselves and their drums and cymbals, lama assistants bringing in the sacred robes and foods, and all the comings and goings and the whispered consultations preliminary to such ceremony.

These priestly preparations seemed familiar to me, seemed something not unknown, although I had never participated in a Buddhist ceremony. The long rust-red robes, the bare right arms were novel to my eyes, but the priests themselves seemed characters whose counterparts I had watched in other religious dramas. My seat at the end of the fourth row, in front of the throne, and near where the lamas were standing, permitted me to watch their faces and their actions closely.

In the crowded space between the lamas and the throne were two delicate French armchairs and footstools upholstered in white and gold brocade. (If the Gods on Kanchenjunga were peering through their everlasting snow with a celestial telescope, they must have laughed in puzzlement at such a pair of fragile seats.) The thrones were platforms elevated four feet above the floor, the King's somewhat higher than the Queen's. Each was covered with a beautiful rug and cushions. Each was backed by gilded, flamboyant carving. (Sikkim seemed a country rich in wood. I did not see many precious jewels or metals in the temple, but I saw much wood made precious by the workman's art.) Across the golden woodwork of each throne the lamas had draped a narrow white scarf, the Buddhist sign of greeting.

I asked the young woman on my left what I should do when it was time to present my scarves. Though she was wearing Sikkimese dress, she was an American contemporary of the Queen, a young New Yorker who had flown to this Asian mountain to help her friend get ready for the coronation. She took my scarves, one for the King, one for the Queen, and folded them expertly so they would fall open gracefully at the moment of presentation.

The royal family entered and took their seats. All were regal in the flowing lines and heavy, elaborate jewelry of Sikkimese, that is, Tibetan, style; but two were remarkable. The Queen Mother and one of the King's sisters wore ancient royal Tibetan clothes and headdress. I have seen crowns and tiaras and hats and turbans and helmets and wimples and bonnets and sombreros and fezes and creations of feathers finer than birds' crests, but never such a headpiece as this. Imagine a letter Y in the round, as big as your forearm and eighteen inches long. Picture it covered solidly with pearls. Then see this great pearl-studded thing placed on the Queen Mother's head with the top two branches of the Y above her face like gleaming white antlers, the leg of the Y pointing down her neck and shoulders. This will give you an idea of part of the headdress I saw; I can not guess its symbolism. Next drape the front portion of her long black hair over a frame just below the shining prongs of the Y so that the hair falls like a black veil on either side of her face. Then in front of each veil hang a string of three or four turquoises each half as big as your fist. The bright blue stones almost touch her shoulders. And even this does not complete the headdress. What other elements there were, what mechanical contraptions to hold it in place I do not know. After the Queen Mother sat down, I could study it no longer. The face of the Queen Mother looked serene and brown and Tibetan to me. (Later I heard that it was her first public appearance since her last child was born twenty-three years ago.)

As one of the honored guests, seated early behind the most honored guests—two lady ministers from the Indian Government, ten ambassadors to India and Nepal, and three representatives of Bhutan—I was in a position to see the coronation itself but not the procession of the King and Queen (in Sikkimese, the Chogyal and the Gyalmo) from their palace across the grass to the temple. I missed only a little, for their Highnesses walked the distance, reviewed the red-coated guards and appeared in the doorway of the upper room just eight minutes after they stepped off their front porch. I heard the horns and drums of the procession but the moment of the King's arrival in the temple was silent, except for the small sounds of people rising in respect. The atmosphere was more religious than political, or possibly more Eastern than Western, for I have heard crowds of Christians in St. Peter's Basilica shout at the Pope's approach "Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!"

I saw their Highnesses pass down the narrow aisle, between the royal family and the front row of guests, toward the white pair of chairs. Then the lamas and a pillar intervened and I could see no more of the principals for a half hour while the preliminary prayers were being offered and the sacred robes of state put on the King's shoulders. The last and supreme item of coronation was the crown. I saw one lama take it from the table and pass it to another who turned and placed on the King's head the thick dark circle of brown fur surmounted by a wheel in the center of which was an upright golden piece much like the "handle" of a pumpkin. We human beings, whether white or yellow or brown or black, whether primitive or sophisticated, revere the head. We differ about which parts of

the body are to be despised and hidden, some thinking the loins are obscene, some thinking the feet are obscene; but we all respect or fear the head. If there were a biology of the spirit, I can imagine many of the spirit-biologists opting for the head as the cell, as the unit that can sustain spirit.

The correct number of days and nights and minutes had now been counted since the old King's death more than year ago. Precisely at 10:00 A.M. on April 4, 1965 the new King walked up onto the throne and sat down on the rug facing the people. The bright light, from neon tubes nestled between the big ceiling beams above, shone on the brilliant gold carving of the throne and on the topmost layer of regal robes which spread so stiffly around the King that he appeared a pyramid of gold brocade capped by a man's quiet face and a circle of shining fur. Here was the new Chogyal of Sikkim, the Denjong Chogyal Palden Thondup Namgyal, present for his consecration by the Venerable Lamas and by the Grace of the Tri Ratna.

Then into the bright light came the new Queen, the new Gyalmo of Sikkim, formerly Hope Cooke of the USA, a slight, thin young woman simply dressed and unbedecked. Her bright red brocade gown was the same pattern as any woman of Tibet might wear. The sleeveless upper half had a closing just below the right shoulder; the straight floor length skirt was folded back over the hips and tied by a narrow back belt. Beneath this tunic she wore a white, long-sleeved, diaphanous blouse; its long neckline was folded out on top of the tunic neckline in a soft, round roll. Her straight light brown hair was cut an inch or two below her ear tips and combed as simply as a school girl's. Around her neck was a long gold necklace. On the back of her head was a single-strand circle of pearls with two center crossing lines of pearls. From the front this narrow circlet could not be seen and the Queen appeared to be entirely without jewels. Her face was very white, but whether from nature or rice powder I do not know. She sat lightly down upon the rug, turned her head to the left and looked gravely toward the lamas already standing before her husband to begin the consecration ceremony. As an American who can sit comfortably only on a chair, I marveled at the Queen's stillness for the next few hours. She sat motionless. She did not even move her eyes to look at the hundreds of faces staring in her direction. She maintained her grave regard of the progress of the ceremony and made a slight nod toward the chief lama each time he approached her throne. She seemed entirely at rest, except perhaps in the lower half of her face where I thought I saw tension.

The chief lama intoned the ritual prayers and the lamas seated along the wall played their drums and cymbals in brief antiphonal responses to the words. The lama presented the sacred objects to the King placing them before him on the throne. I could see many small silver pots for holy water and tea, each with a bright colored cloth skirt around its middle, and little bowls—rice bowls, I guessed—and the silver symbol of the thunderbolt. As I was unhampered by a knowledge of the language being used, I could think my own thoughts. I speculated about the similarity of religious objects, such as the Buddhist sacred vessels for rice and tea and the Christian ones for bread and wine; a similarity which seems to deny the differences of religious dogmas. I puzzled about the central fact of a coronation: power. Were the priestly old men giving power to the young King? Was a power which the King already had being merely confirmed by the others? Was power, regardless of what the King and the priests thought about it, something contingent upon the people and the times? Or was it something loaned by the Gods? Is power a shadow on the wall of Plato's cave, or is it the soft heart of Hegel's stone? If one has power, must one suffer? I wondered and looked at a King.

The culmination of the ritual was, as in so many religions, a symbolic eating. The lama offered the King a cup of tea, of which he drank a sip; the Queen likewise.

Then the lamas removed the sacred objects from display and the King, still seated, read his speech from the throne. Abruptly there was English in my ears. The ruling family of Sikkim is descended from a group of Eastern Tibetans who migrated three hundred years ago. The present population of Sikkim is predominantly Nepalese. The common language among the mixed mountain people is the one the British left behind them when they recently withdrew. The going of the British also left Sikkim within the political boundaries of independent India, a fact to which the King referred indirectly in his speech with a graceful mention of Sikkim's "geographical situation" and of Sikkim's confidence that the Government of India will continue to hold out the hand of friendship. The King said further, "Our good neighbors, Bhutan and Nepal, are also much in our thoughts today." I thought again of Blake's Song of Los. The King read his speech calmly and, with a determination that I humbly admired, he pronounced every word written on the paper in his hands despite his speech defect of stuttering.

One by one the members of the royal family arose to make obeisance: the Queen Mother, the three royal children by the King's first wife, the royal sisters, and at the end the nursemaid carrying the infant son of the Queen—Hope-la as she is known affectionately in Sikkimese. (The baby had been "good" throughout the long morning. Sometimes when his nursemaid stood very near the throne, the baby grabbed at a golden dragon's head. But he was not restless nor noisy and he looked like a golden doll in his tiny coronation robe, gold skull cap and bright red socks.) Each royal person made obeisance to the King by touching the forehead to the floor below the throne several times. The two with the heavy pearl "antlers" had to steady the huge headdress with one hand while getting down and up and down and up. The nursemaid bowed and tipped the baby solemnly. After the obeisance each presented a white scarf to the King and to the Queen. Then the front row of most honored guests filed up to bow and to present scarves; after them all the rows of guests and the scores of standees from the edges of the room, so that the two piles of white silk rose high on the thrones.

When my turn came to pass before their Highnesses, the first of my folded scarves opened neatly. I wished the King a happy reign, laid my scarf atop the others, responded to his smile, walked to the Queen and offered my other scarf, noticed her nodding her head toward me, and joined the line of people moving toward the door.

On coming out into the sunshine and the waiting crowds of Sikkimese, the people whose lives furnish the King with a kingdom, I realized that the great majority of us in the temple had been outsiders, foreigners who had come for reasons of curiosity or friendship or business or diplomacy. We foreigners stood about near the shiny automobiles and had our pictures taken, and then there were two days and two nights of Western style receptions with cocktails and dancing and meals eaten standing up amid the crowd of six hundred guests and hosts. On the third day we drove down the mountain to the modern world. ■

A Modest Proposal with Apologies to Jonathan Swift

by MARY STUART

THE Loch Ness Monster, in an agony of stomach ache, could give no greater evidence of discomfort than the Foreign Service sometimes does in its dealings with the Foreign Service Wife. Our career Foreign Service, largely male, is well disciplined, tidy, you might almost say well-digested. But the distaff side, alas. For years there have been indications of discomfort; and I suppose, all along, thoughtful people Who Care have been weighing different solutions. I remember a brochure of several years back, unhappily anonymous (for *I* like to know the people who are willing to come to grips with things), which was getting at the evil of the uncensored letter home. Anyone who has read the indiscreet correspondence of Abigail Adams will know precisely what I mean. No one, this brochure suggested, should make any comment about politics, domestic or foreign, in letters home, unless she was writing to her Congressman. Whatever happened to this suggestion?

At any rate, there has been indigestion and responsible thinkers have realized only too clearly that the dolor is in a sensitive spot. When I was very new to the Foreign Service I was once asked to speak to a group of high school teachers in the Antipodes on "America, the Melting Pot." While this was hardly an original subject, the man in charge of the post saw in a flash that it could be a dangerous and controversial one and demanded that the topic be changed. Like lightning I reorganized my mind and produced "Robert Frost, the New England Poet." Although my audience was disappointed, perhaps a country was saved for SEATO. Suppose I had been unable to make a rapid adjustment! Can we afford young wives in our service who might not be able to behave with equal presence of mind? Let no one underestimate the hazard of the Foreign Service Wife. She must be watched and directed, curbed and evaluated.

Oh, we have always had a sort of inspection of the Foreign Service Wife, an inspection which is only now approaching competence. Formerly, the Department was *satisfied* with the phrase: "Mrs. Muggins is a charming hostess." The obvious evasion of responsibility which this expression embraces is no longer good enough. But, while the last directive to the rating officer begins to show that disciplined thinking which we all look for in our Service, the sad fact is that it does not go far enough. And I do not wish to denigrate Form FS-315A, (Development Appraisal Report) Section B. One day it may be considered the great turning point, the Runnymede, of the Foreign Service. It is simply amazing that there should be wives who object to it. There are even some husbands who do not seem to see on what side their bread is buttered.

Let us, then, analyze the weaknesses of Form FS-315A, Section B. From such an analysis I am convinced that my modest proposal will appear inevitable.

Comment on Family, particularly the wife. Is family a source of strength or weakness to the officer in his performance on this or future assignments? Include, where applicable, comments on the following: (That phrase, "where applicable," it has been suggested, might be changed to "where not impertinent," but this is begging the question.) *What is the family's attitude toward the host country and the people?* (Here a shrewd, unprincipled wife could throw off suspicion completely, without the further check of psychological testing.—Does she *really* like living in Jugarum and has she discovered that the Jouvesse are *people* like you and me?) *What is the wife's representational ability?* (Now, this is too hard on the rating officer. He isn't a lead. He doesn't like to have to say, "Mrs. Muggins has only twelve plates and rather inferior hollow ware." It's a nasty position to be put in.) *To what extent does the family mix with nationals of the host country and attempt to learn their language?* (By God, these people who shy away from Icelandic and Tamil have got to be weeded out.) *Does the wife participate in the local community organizations?* (Here is the nub. The government should expect a portion of the wife's time. It is a privilege, as we all know, and not a right to work for the government and every wife should expect to do so.) *Does the family entertain and visit with the local people in addition to Americans at the post? Does the wife participate in US program activities where appropriate, e.g., English language seminars?* (One wife that I know exclaimed at this point, "There goes the rest of my spare time." This is the sort of attitude which we cannot afford in the Service.)

These questions show a commendable effort to get inside the Foreign Service Family, but obviously they do not go far enough. Let us strike at the root of the problem and so end it. By this I mean giving an examination, factual and psychological, to all Foreign Service Wives. With our IBM knowhow, the mechanics could be simple and inexpensive; I am sure that Congress would gladly appropriate the money. Let it become mandatory for every young woman engaged to be married to a Foreign Service officer to take this examination. In cases where the officer is already married the difficulties are not insuperable. We must adjust to the idea that a failing wife, one who does not qualify, should be willing to retire from the arena. After all, service to one's country is more important than selfish considerations. (This

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AAFSW

F. S. JUNIORS HOLIDAY DANCE

The familiar twang of amplified guitars greeted the 260 Foreign Service juniors as they arrived at the Women's Club of Chevy Chase on December 30 for the annual AAFSW Christmas Dinner Dance for Foreign Service Teen-Agers. The young guests, ranging in age from apple-cheeked 13-year-olds to weary sophisticates of 19, were entertained before dinner by a well-known team of Washington disc jockeys. Andy Dorman, the talented son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dorman, sang a medley of American folk songs to the accompaniment of his guitar.

Chris Horner and Mary Dorman hit their stride in a slow number.

After an exotic buffet supper of egg-roll with pecan sauce, sesame chicken, braised bananas, Chinese vegetables, and fruit kebabs, the tables were moved away and a three-piece combo took the band stand. From then until midnight the chic young ladies in their pretty Mod dresses and their handsome partners kept the dance floor filled. The evening's pace was varied by a number of competition dances, with Susan McIntyre winning the limbo contest, and Babs and Charlie Blackman awarded the prize as best-couple-on-the-floor.

AAFSW President Mrs. Samuel D. Berger and Ambassador Berger, as well as the Director General of the Foreign Service and Mrs. Joseph Palmer 2nd, arrived to chat with the young party-goers. On hand throughout the evening to supervise arrangements were the following members of the AAFSW Christmas Dance Committee: Mrs. John Dorman (chairman), Mrs. Joseph Greenwald, Mrs. James Potts, Mrs. William Stokes, Mrs. Thomas Dillon, Mrs. William Rosch, Mrs. John Horner, Mrs. Joseph Wagner, Mrs. Harold Levin, Mrs. Herbert Spielman, Mrs. Barr Washburn, Mrs. Charles O'Donnell, Mrs. Donald McIntyre, Mrs. Robert Stutz, and Mrs. William Lakeland. The husbands of the committee members were kept busy moving tables and manning the soft-drinks bar.

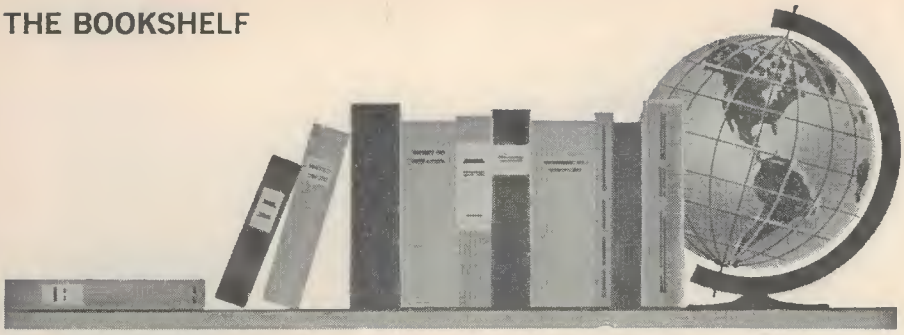
As they left the party, the young guests were full of thanks to the Dance Committee for this opportunity to renew old friendships and to make new acquaintances within the Foreign Service family. ■

Two of the committee members, Mrs. John Dorman, chairman (left), and Mrs. Thomas Dillon (right), chat with Charles O'Donnell (left), Roswell McClelland, just back from Rhodesia (center), and John Dorman.

Jaird Byrne and Phyllis Taylor (center) are ready to register with Mrs. Horner and Mrs. Washburn.

Jaird and Phyllis await the arrival of their partners for the next dance.

THE BOOKSHELF



Long Time Passing

WHERE have the Spanish flowers gone?

Where are they, the defenders of the Alcazar, the Lincoln brigadiers, the Asturian dynamiters?

We pinch ourselves to remember that thirty years ago we all felt partisan to a civil war desperate enough in Spain itself but much more desperate in the pressrooms and broadcasting booths of Europe and America.

Benjamin Welles, the competent New York TIMES reporter, has become a chronicler of life as it is now in the quiet afternoon of the Caudillo, when the falangist has become the *petit bourgeois* and the demobilized anarchist has resumed his place as barber on the village square.

Spain herself, seduced by unaccustomed affluence and peace, presents, in Welles' book, a commonplace enough picture, a picture of bureaucracy, "national planning," and perhaps middleclass complacency, the very antithesis of the heroic Spain of legend. One wonders if the nation needed to endure its unique bloodletting to come to this, the common fate of the "developed" nations.

The reader notes that Spain has had the last ironic laugh on the ideologists of the 1930s who used her soil as battleground and her people as pawns in the tiresome and cynical game of power politics. La Pasionaria must be fuming, robbed as her side has been of martyrdom, while surely those who felt the *Alcazar* to be a symbol of aristocratic resistance to the mob, must feel just a bit let down to read that Don Juan, the pretender, has become a democrat.

Welles covers the period from 1956 to 1962. He is at his best in presenting Franco as a working Chief of State and explaining the functionaries around him. His record of events should be valuable to the Foreign Service officer interested in US relations in the era of the air bases.

—SAXTON BRADFORD

SPAIN: THE GENTLE ANARCHY, by *Benjamin Welles. Praeger, $7.95.*

Arch, Palamos *by Lynn Millar*

Washington Dateline

THAT all humans are biased and even reporters are human; that every President since Washington has tried to "manage the news"; and that the 1965 composite "Washington Correspondent," sometimes thin skinned or pompous, has nonetheless long since shed the cigar-chewing police reporter image of a generation ago and become accepted as an educated, responsible fixture of the Capitol scene—these and other truisms emerge from William L. Rivers' recent treatment of how and by whom national opinion is made.

Mr. Rivers, who is now an Associate Professor of Communications at Stanford, was previously a member of the Washington Bureau of THE REPORTER. While some will doubtless question a few of his conclusions, his knowledge of and feeling for the Washington opinion-making scene is sure.

James Reston, Walter Lippman, and David Brinkley are given separate chapters as prototypes of three major categories of Washington correspondent. Another chapter on the "Outcasts" deals with Drew Pearson and TIME magazine in which the "devils" are given their due in reasonably objective fashion.

Mr. Rivers' own "bias" or "objectivity" (depending on the reader's bias) comes out in the chapters on "news management." Having stated that all Presidents have tried it, he goes on to conclude that some did it better than others which would seem to point the morale—"It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."

All in all an entertaining and interesting book—of particular value to FSOs who have been far from the Washington scene. The discussion and definition of ground rules for "off the record," "background only," "not for attribution," etc., make it must reading for denizens of Foggy Bottom (not excluding the 7th floor) who sometimes show an alarming ignorance of what these "ground rules" really mean.

—ROBINSON MCILVAINE

THE OPINION MAKERS, *by William L. Rivers. Beacon Press, $4.95.*

Travels of the Six Virgins

THE vigorous and persistent westward expansion of the United States accounts, in part, for the rugged, often ruthless, individualism of its people and the "Wild West" symbolizes the romantic idealism that has often characterized America's view of the outside world. For Russia, Siberia symbolizes the suffering through which the Eastern Slavs seem to seek their redemption, the unrealized potential of an immense continent, and a cold Asia that tugs Russia away from European civilization. The Russian movement east "To the Great Ocean" was hardly a massive voluntary expansion of frontiersmen seeking prosperity and greater freedom. This "cesspool of the Tsars," as Siberia was called, inspired less romantic literature of heroic exploits than grotesque travelogues and brooding memoirs from a few of the nearly one million "exiles" that were banished to Siberia between 1800 and the outbreak of the First World War.

Harmon Tupper has added some important research on the building of the "Transib" to a large number of choice selections from the first-hand observations by early travelers (mainly British and American) to Siberia. His book is a scholarly and highly enjoyable description of early Siberia and the building of the "longest continuous railroad in the world," or, as the British of the 19th Century deprecated it, "rusty streaks of iron through the vastness of nothing to the extremities of nowhere."

The author's feel for the anecdote helps give scale to the immensity of his subject. For instance, to convey some idea of the distances in Siberia he tells about the six Kamchatka virgins whom the Empress Elizabeth

Petrovna summoned to St. Petersburg. These "chaste maidens" set out from their home near Alaska for the Royal court, escorted by imperial officers. By the time they had reached Irkutsk each had given birth to a child and by the time they had reached St. Petersburg these children had half-brothers and sisters.

In another chapter devoted to Count Muravyev-Amurski, we are told in brief how this wily conqueror extracted from the Emperor of China the Treaty of Aigun that set the Amur River as the Russo-Chinese border and gave Russia the valuable valley of the Amur. The Chinese have not gotten over that deal to this day. There is a separate chapter devoted to "Convicts and Exiles." Mr. Tupper also delved more deeply than other historians into the role of that "honest, persuasive, and immensely likable" American, Perry McDonough Collins, who had "fixed in his mind the River Amoor as the destined channel by which American commercial enterprise was to penetrate the obscure depths of Northern Asia." This American, Collins, had "advanced the first proposal in Russian annals for a Siberian Steam railway."

The Tsar's bureaucrats dragged their feet for decades in the face of the seemingly impossible task of laying out and building a railway across thousands of miles of frozen waste. Then in 1891, Alexander III, in a fit of frustration (that reminds one somewhat of a few of Kosygin's recent remarks) declared, "It is time, it is high time," that construction begin. After some thirteen years, 250 millions of dollars, 5500 track-miles of great hardships, sacrifices, and occasional despair, and several hundred fascinating pages the "Transib" was completed. The Russians "had done a first class job of building a third class railway." The venture brought many headaches to the Tsars for the immediate economic-political returns they got, but, as Mr. Tupper points out, the heirs of the Tsars have made the real profit from the "Transib."

Siberia still presents immense logistic problems to her occupiers but the expansion and growth there—however unspontaneous and often wasteful—reminds a visitor in many ways of what our own West must have been like many decades ago. Foreign Service readers should find this book a fascinating historical glimpse at this vast and rich area separating the two Eurasian giants. The old Moscow hands will find the book a delight.

—William H. Luers

To the Great Ocean *(Siberia and the Trans-Siberian Railway), by Harmon Tupper. Little, Brown & Co.*

"Opium of the People"

"Opium of the People — The Christian Religion in the USSR" combines the personal observations of Michael Bourdeaux, Anglican Priest who attended Moscow University in 1958 as an exchange student under the first British-Soviet Exchange Agreement, and the results of his study and research. The author has brought to life a history of the organized religions of the Soviet Union by intermingling factual material with accounts of his visits to historic churches and personal contacts (or lack of contact) with Soviet church leaders and citizens from the believing and atheist groups of Soviet society.

The reader is always aware of two balancing considerations: (1) what is happening to the ordinary Christian inside the USSR, and (2) the relations of the Russian Orthodox Church in the USSR with churches in foreign countries; and the use which the Soviet Government is making of these relations. The author makes clear the discrepancy between the benign image of a free church which the Soviet Government seeks to create and the grim reality of a church being quietly restricted out of existence.

Father Bourdeaux hopes to arouse public interest in the fate of the Russian church and to stimulate fearless publicity. He believes that only by making known that the West is not impressed with the Soviet show of religious freedom for foreign consumption, while actually persecuting Christians inside the Soviet Union, can any advance be made toward a change in the Communist Party attitude on religious questions. Soviet tactics in the World Council of Churches are described.

"Opium of the People" is a creditable contribution to the literature about religion in the Soviet Union. For the lay reader it has several points in its favor which are lacking in the excellent Kolarz book, "Religion in the Soviet Union"—it is short, easy to read, and full of personal interest. At the same time, it is highly informative and forcefully makes the main point—that the Christian church is severely persecuted in the Soviet Union and Westerners should unite to bring about a change in Soviet policy toward religious worship.

—Virginia H. James

Opium of the People—*The Christian Religion in the USSR, by Michael Bourdeaux. Faber & Faber, London, 1965.*

An Opportunist—Not a Monster

This little book would have been a big help to the small group of officers who joined George A. Morgan when he set up the Eastern Element in Berlin in 1950 to report on the course of events in the Soviet Zone of Germany. Actually the book probably could not have been written in 1950. Even now, as the author admits in her preface, there are many gaps in Ulbricht's personal and political life. She has not resorted to conjecture to fill those gaps but rather has stuck to those facts which can be reasonably well substantiated. She has also stuck to her purpose which was to produce a political biography. Had she gone into the details of the difficult role of exiled Communists living in the Soviet Union during the purges of the thirties and the Hitler-Stalin pact period, her book might have been much longer and more valuable to the scholar. However, it would not be as easy to read nor as handy for the reader who wants to know something about the ugly little man with the *Spitzbart* who has outlived so many others as head of a Communist regime.

Those who have simply seen Ulbricht as a Soviet puppet and as the easiest of all Communist leaders to hate may be disappointed in the book. Carola Stern has tried to be objective and has come up with a portrait of a man who is an opportunist but not a monster, a skilled and dedicated Communist bureaucrat.

—Albert W. Stoffel

Ulbricht, *A Political Biography, by Carola Stern. Praeger, $5.95.*

Decision Making for Defense

The Gaither Memorial Lectures in Systems Science was the occasion for Charles J. Hitch, formerly Assistant Secretary of Defense (Comptroller) to reflect on the management system he installed at the Department of Defense.

It was this system that President Johnson, on August 25, 1965, told the members of the Cabinet and the Heads of Federal Agencies, he wished introduced throughout the Government. The President's purpose is to enable identification of national goals; facilitate choice among the goals of the ones most urgent; search for alternative means of reaching those goals; and permit accurate measurement of the performance of programs to insure a dollar's worth of service for each dollar spent.

Mr. Hitch's lectures have now been published by the University of California Press. His earlier work, "The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age," written with Roland N. McKean, a Rand Corporation research study, was originally published by

Harvard University Press in 1960. These two volumes bid fair to become must reading in the bureaucracies around town.

The system of planning, programing and budgeting proposed by Hitch is not as revolutionary as has been said. It seems to be more an evolutionary development stemming from operations research experience in WW II, and polished to its current state by a number of people including Frederick C. Mosher who was Staff Director for the Herter Committee.

What then does Hitch attempt to do in the Gaither Memorial Lectures? He outlines the Department of Defense effort to find the best "organizational instrumentalities for bringing our resources to bear on the task of survival." No mean task.

The four lectures became the four chapters in his book. The first chapter traces the evolution of the defense problem over the course of our nation's history under the Constitution from 1789 to 1960. The second describes the purpose and function of the programing system installed in the Department of Defense and "how it fits into the over-all management of the defense establishment." The third deals with the application of the techniques of operations research or systems analysis. And finally, in the fourth chapter, there is an evaluation of the innovations, discussion of unresolved problems, and an assessment of their place in the future.

The book is simply written and its reading requires no special economic or mathematical competence.

As early as March 27, 1794, when the Congress authorized the building of six large frigates to form the nucleus of a new United States Navy, six private yards were "so selected as to spread the work among the States as equitably as possible—." This activity led, in the spring of 1798, to the establishment of the Department of the Navy and "the cause of 'unification' was lost for the next century and a half."

Unification of the armed forces is indeed important in any consideration of decision making for defense. The magic wrought by Mr. Hitch, if indeed magic it is, enabled the Secretary of Defense to set out cross-service programs which do more to promote unified activity than do declarations of intent or fiat. The existence of the unified and specified (military) commands also contributed to the meaningful employment of the unification concept in day to day activity.

It was President Eisenhower who, in 1958, stated the imperative that planning and direction "rest not with the separate services but directly with the Secretary of Defense and his operational advisors." Hitch picks up this theme and states, "the revolution in military technology since the end of World War II, alone, would make necessary the central planning and direction of the military program." Not only the character of military programs but the lines of demarcation among the various services have been blurred by this revolution.

The national security bore a great burden and was degraded because of the way in which reductions in the amount of money available for defense were allocated. It was difficult, if not impossible, in the absence of an equation of the objects of appropriations with programs to determine the impact on military real strength as against military appropriations. Cutting the head, foot, or middle out of a program was often the way in which a reduction in appropriated funds was accomplished and this would often result in blunting or killing the effectiveness of a proposed program. Conversely implications of programs unrelated to budgeting imperatives resulted in the defense establishment being regularly overtaken by the harsh realities of the resources available for ongoing programs. Hence the decision to scrap SKYBOLT for which there had been a gross underestimate of costs in 1961.

In Mr. Hitch's view cost-effectiveness is getting a bigger bang for the buck or the same bang for fewer bucks. Programing, Mr. Hitch says, was relatively well received in Defense, but cost-effectiveness has been associated with "cut-rate, cut-quality, cheapest-to-buy weapons." This is not a matter to be easily dealt with; lay concepts of dollar costs are in conflict here with economic concepts of all the factors of cost. The matter is further complicated since the decisions being sought rarely relate to a unique goal or a unique way in getting to it. Both, however, are embedded in the vise of national survival. At play is the search for alternative goals to achieve a national purpose and the optional ways in reaching the goal.

Hitch, in the final chapter of his book, says again that even at the Secretary's level, Defense cannot manage all its activity by programing. There are significant overhead items such as pay and allowances and other benefits set out in law and not subject to program manipulation. Also, there are overhead costs which cannot realistically and accurately be apportioned by program.

Budgeting, tied to the Congress and the calendar, is still separated from an intrinsic relationship to planning and programing. Executive proposals for any change, the need for which I suspect is more apparent than necessary, would be dependent finally on the wishes of Congress. In any event, Defense has solved this for the time being by placing the entire planning-programing-budgeting system on an annual cycle.

Having set the framework for accomplishment, Hitch says that Defense is seeking more trained people to make the system work better. Cost estimates independent of contractor estimates; a cost and economic information system; moving away from cost-plus a fixed fee contracts; improvements in accounting reporting systems to yield operating costs by program elements—are some of the changes Defense is striving for to improve process.

Hitch concludes by saying that the management changes in Defense have now downgraded the role of military judgment. The changes are aimed at enhancing the value of unification by cutting through the years of management stagnation during which each Service sought to identify and attend to defense problems in its own way.

Only unfolding history will reveal whether this potent management tool is also a useful one.

—SEYMOUR LEVENSON

DECISION-MAKING FOR DEFENSE, *by Charles J. Hitch. University of California Press, $2.95.*

Israeli Vignettes

DAVID PRYCE-JONES' avowed purpose is to discover the characteristics of the "Second Generation" of Israelis, to try to understand the human tensions, desires, aspirations, and anxieties which are creating a common present from a ramified past. Bearing in mind the social complexities necessarily resulting from the birth in violence of Israel hardly sixteen years ago; the tripling of its Jewish population since that time, with people drawn from over seventy different nations and speaking as many different tongues; and which exists today surrounded by hostile neighbors; it will be apparent that the author has undertaken a formidable task—and one which is almost certainly too large in scope for the size of his book and the length of his stay in Israel. (The author nowhere tells us just how long he was in Israel, but it is a reasonable

assumption that his visit was a relatively brief one.)

Having made the above observations, it is only fair to note that Mr. Pryee-Jones writes well, and that he is a gifted observer who is able to give a good aeeount of what he has seen and heard. The beginning of his book, and the strongest part of it, is an aeeurate, vivid and apt deseription of Israel's major cities (Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem) whieh ineludes an aecount of the social groupings found in them today. He goes on to give us what is in effect a number (unfortunately not a very large one) of ease histories of individual Israelis and Arabs whom he eame to know more or less intimately, and whose characters, viewpoints and baekgrounds he deseribes in some detail. It is evident that the writer has hoped thereby to give us a cross section of contemporary Israeli life with its many conflieting eurrents. This he has done with some suecess. However, the serious student of Israel, or he who knows it well from firsthand experienee, will not find that it adds to his knowledge. Others will find it to he an entertaining and readable introduetion to modern Israel.

—Donald S. Harris

Next Generation, Travels in Israel, *by David Pryce-Jones. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.00.*

U. S. Foreign Policy Again

Among the flood of writings on American foreign policy, John Spanier's "Ameriean Foreign Poliey Sinee World War II" is a book that has in a sense already stood the test of time, since it is now in its seeond revised edition. The author's basie thesis seems to me to be a sound one —that the Ameriean state misunderstands the role of power in international affairs. The national preoeeupation with ensuring peaee and seeurity for all mankind leads to situations where power is employed indiseriminately in pursuit of these goals. The US is eonsequently unable to relate military force to political objeetives in a properly balaneed way. Its wars tend to beeome eonfliets where the will to win dominates all other eonsiderations.

Spanier presents a good, readable review of world events in the postwar period and the US part in them. He offers a partieularly interesting, though brief eommentary on the era of liberation, rollback, brinkmanship, massive retaliation and sundry other sloganeering. His assessment of more reeent events seems, however, lacking in perspective. One wonders whether the author is not overly optimistie in asserting that the Ameriean nation has begun to adapt its traditional view of the world to eontemporary realities.

"Foreign Poliey in the Sixties" is not really what its title announces. It is a eolleetion of essays of varying quality, some of whieh have a rather tenuous conneetion with eontemporary foreign affairs. The book is most useful in terms of its individual contrihutions. Here I would single out four—a pereeptive piece by Laurenee Martin on the problems of NATO, a comparison of US and Soviet foreign aid programs and polieies by Lueian Pye, Paul Davis' assessment of the 1955 Geneva Summit Meeting, and an exeellent study of Dean Aeheson's seeretaryship by David McClellan. Those who are interested in these subjeets will find the book of use.

—James A. Ramsey

American Foreign Policy Since World War II, *by John W. Spanier. Praeger,* $6.50.

Foreign Policy in the Sixties: The Issues and the Instruments, *edited by Roger Hilsman and Robert C. Good. Johns Hopkins,* $6.95.

Of Bombs and Men and Staying Alive

If the readers of this review are regular devotees of the New Yorker, they are alerted to the faet that the short, well-written, literary eompositions by writer Daniel Lang onee graeed its pages before appearing in hook form. The book's eontents, introdueed with a new foreword, are, in one sense, not out-dated, for the dilemmas they depiet are still with us. Our representatives are still attending unoffieial "Pugwash" eonferences such as the one Lang attended. Diplomats continue to seek some common grounds for agreement at disarmament eonferenees in Geneva where the author spent three summers. Guided and misguided marehers in various areas of the world join in protests against the armaments raee as he witnessed in Aldermaston. Demareation lines between the peaeeful as opposed to the non-pcaeeful uses of atomie energy are still sought after as Lang reeounts in the chapter on the underground nuelear explosion project "Gnome." And, "Getting to know you" remains one of the refrains of seienee and politics as it was during Wiesner's tenure as the President's Scienee Adviser. Finally, the real brain buster posed in the ehapter entitled, "An Inquiry Into Enoughness," namely the definition of an armed suffieiency, continues without resolution among the major nuclear powers.

Whether intentionally or not, Mr. Lang's various forums, be they national or international, official or unoffieial, appear to lead to the conclusion that today's approaches to security find a readier response to armaments questions than to arms eontrol questions. Fretters over this aspeet of foreign affairs are cautioned to expeet no easy solutions in Mr. Lang's account, while optimists will find it a gentle reminder to get on with the task of nuelear arms eontrol.

—Frank K. Hefner

An Inquiry into Enoughness, *by Daniel Lang. McGraw-Hill,* $5.50.

Political and Biological Evolution

William J. Thorbecke, a former politieal adviser of Radio Free Europe in New York as well as a former eareer diplomat in the Netherlands Foreign Serviee, believes that a new Science of Evolution is arising which "is bound to revolutionize the very proeess of human thinking and the entire field of human relationship." With this in mind, Mr. Thorbecke has written a book containing his recommendations as to the approaeh to Ameriean foreign policy problems whieh will take maximum aeeount of these evolutionary trends "whieh mankind is just about to diseover."

The author draws heavily on the writings of the biologist Caryl Haskins and the French priest-philosopher Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Most of his policy reeommendations, however, are ones which others who share them have arrived at without benefit of sueh explieit philosophical underpinning. He favors, for example, greater efforts to end the cold war and "transform a elimate of ideological tension into one of cooperation between the free and Communist world." He also thinks that some kind of understanding between the two Vietnams ought to be attainable, and that "it is doubtful whether North Vietnam would go out of its way to have South Vietnam beeome Communist."

These and other controversial points of view on short-run politieal problems are presented with little faetual discussion of their pros and eons. What interest the book may have for a poliey maker, therefore, will lie more in its persuasive exposition of long-run evolutionary trends, rather than in its pretense of contributing to the resolution of current foreign affairs problems.

—T. D.

A New Dimension in Political Thinking, *by William J. Thorbecke. Oceana Publications,* $6.50.

EDUCATION IN SEARCH OF QUALITY

by FRANCIS D. KEPPEL
U. S. Commissioner of Education

WITHIN the past decade, American education has grown massive in quantity—but without a matching growth in quality. This is our central concern today. It is this concern which has brought the Federal Government, through the Congress, into a new role of responsibility for the strength of our schools and colleges.

Today education is our Number One domestic enterprise. It embraces more than 125,000 schools, more than 2,000 colleges and universities, some 2 million teachers, some 100,000 administrators. More than one-fourth of all Americans —about 55 million of us—are involved one way or another in our educational process.

In dollar terms, education calls for the second largest expenditure in the United States for a public purpose. With local, State, private and Federal funds, education's budget now totals more than $40 billion a year.

The rate of growth of this enterprise has been astonishing. Between 1900 and 1940, the number of children attending high school doubled every decade. No other nation even remotely approached this rate of expansion.

Then, immediately following World War II, came the "baby boom." Education has by no means seen the end of this abundance. It has called for the sweeping expansion of our high schools in the late 1950s, and now of our colleges and universities.

With this educational growth came a growing discontent. Americans began to agree that our schools were not good enough, that their quality was not high enough, that plenty of improvement was needed.

At the same time, State and local taxes which built the education enterprise were reaching the outer limits. Local debt was increasing about ten times faster than the Federal debt. But even this indebtedness could not cover up the immense differences between the quality of the schools in the wealthy suburbs and in the slums, between the quality of the schools in the towns and in the poor, rural areas.

Clearly something new was needed. There had been discussion for years about bringing Federal funds and responsibility strongly to the aid of education. The turning point came in 1958 with an unexpected lesson from an unexpected educator, Nikita Khrushchev. When Sputnik went up, confidence in

From remarks at a luncheon of the American Foreign Service Association, Washington, D. C., October 28, 1965.

our schools went down fast—and the Congress began to listen.

The National Defense Education Act was passed at that time to try to improve the quality of instruction in mathematics, science, and foreign languages. But the real momentum of Federal assistance awaited the 88th Congress in 1963.

The 88th and 89th Congress—justly labeled by the President as the "education Congresses"—have passed more legislation affecting schools and colleges than all the Congresses in American history put together. They have done so in response to three basic principles:

—*First*, that Federal money shall be an addition, not a replacement, for existing State, local, and private expenditures . . .

—*Second*, that the Federal Government should be and reasonably can be asked to invest in research to improve the quality of American education . . .

—And, *third*, that the Federal role in education is that of a *junior* partner, that decision-making in education shall remain in the hands of our States and localities, that programs for education shall be monitored by the States, not by Washington.

With the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, the Federal Government for the first time accepted its junior partnership in America's schools. Through this Act, the Congress acknowledged that the quality of education for the children of the poor was shocking, that it was in the national interest to try to secure equal educational opportunity for all Americans. The Congress appropriated almost a billion dollars this year for this purpose. These funds will be employed under State and local plans.

Under the Higher Education Act, the Congress also seeks to raise the level of educational opportunity. It provides for scholarship grants, expanded loans, and work-study programs to make college and university study possible for all young people who can benefit by it. It also provides increased funds for enlarging the physical facilities of higher education and extending fellowships for future college teachers.

But money alone will not make the difference in the quality of education. We need knowledge to guide the placement of our Federal investment. Which brings up the subject of research.

Although the Federal Government—through such agencies as Defense, Atomic Energy, and the National Science Foundation—has invested substantial amounts in the development and testing of new ideas, we have not done so in education. But now the Congress has asked for the nearest equivalent in education to the research and development we have employed so successfully in the sciences.

For the first time, the Office of Education today has research funds to build on—nearly $100 million to expend in developing new curricula, trying out new ways of teaching, testing and putting new equipment to use, exploring new ways to raise the quality of education.

I remind you that research does not pay off in a hurry. It takes time to prove out new ideas, time to put them to use in the schools. But the important point is that a vigorous research program for education is at last under way.

These are the key areas in which the Federal Government has expressed its interest, passed legislation, and appropriated funds—to achieve equality of education in fact, not merely in precept; to raise the quality of education through research; to extend educational opportunity to match the ability of our youth.

Through the Office of Education, the Federal interest is now expressed in $3 billion appropriated for this fiscal year. Last year, Federal funds came to $1.5 billion, and the year before, to $700 million. Thus, within three years, the Congress has quadrupled the Federal investment in education.

It is perhaps to be expected that when you put up a few billion dollars, you tend to be curious about what happens to it. The Congress and the President will expect an annual accounting from us on what effect these funds are having, how they are employed and with what results.

Obviously, we will need a far better reporting system than we have ever had on the quality and progress of American schools. This has raised a question in many parts of the education community as to whether or not we should have a national testing system comparable to the British or French method.

We do not have such a testing system today. Should we have it? Would it be in the national interest to examine every 13-year-old and see where he stands in English, math, physics, history? Should we test every youngster at the end of primary school, at the end of the secondary school? I doubt it. I would oppose it.

There are several dangers in such national testing. There is a tendency for teachers to teach for such examinations. There is a tendency for the well-born to succeed in such tests, and for the disadvantaged to fail. There is, moreover, the possibility that national testing could lead to the very danger our decentralized system is designed to prevent: a dulling conformity throughout education.

What I do argue for, however, is a sound national assessment of our progress in education. The techniques of statistical sampling have been thoroughly tested in the political world and in the business world. We have found that through small, carefully-selected samples, we can detect meaningful trends.

It is this sampling procedure that I would recommend in education. By taking samplings of the knowledge of school children over a period of time, we will have a far better idea of where we are moving in education, how we are moving, and where we shall need to strengthen our investment. ■

SONG OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE MOTORIST

by BETTY KALISH

Shades of Christopher Columbus,
Perry, Byrd, Magellan too
Think you had a slight adventure?
I could scare the spit from you!
Brave boys! Come and cry for mama
On a drive through Yokohama!

Grissom, White, and you, McDevitt!
Taking rockets to the moon?
Come with me, I'll show you travel
That would make a spaceman swoon.
Bet your nerves would come apart, a-
Zooming into old Djakarta!

Swept away are traffic patterns,
Signals, lights and all those toys
In a swirl of cars and rickshaws,
Waves of screaming little boys.
Want to split your spaceman suit?
Try a jaunt around Beirut!

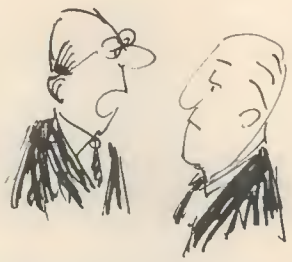
Costeau, climb from deepest waters,
Shed your silly diving vest.
Come where cops by Charlie Addams
Beckon cars both north and west!
For excitement, never knock a
Morning drive in downtown Dacca!

(*Continued from page* 35)

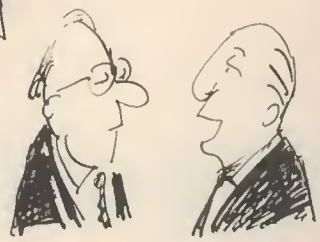
had to be pointed out to me once when the doctor had ordered me to bed. In extenuation, I can only plead extreme youth). Soon we would grow accustomed to the logic of a marriage dissolved under such circumstances. As the poet says, "Time makes ancient Good uncouth."

There only remains now the drawing up or framing of the actual questions. The complete questionnaire I must leave to wiser heads than mine. I intend to suggest only a few categories, the larger brushstrokes, as it were. Included should be such questions as: Are you willing to work at least a four hour day for the government? For nothing? Does your committee membership compare favorably with that of other women of your age and size? Are you willing to learn two exotic languages, plus French and German? Are you poor in languages? Are you poor? Do you find it difficult to dress well? How difficult? Are you interested in politics a) much b) very much c) I don't consider politics suitable for the drawing room. Are you docile? Do you like to travel, pack and unpack a) very little b) a lot c) adore it? Can you "express yourself" in a) dinners b) canapés c) morning coffee? In what order of importance do you think your children come a) before the government b) before their father c) before you d) after everything? Could you adjust to your husband throwing you to the wolves if his career required it? Are you able to agree enthusiastically with the opinions of your superiors?

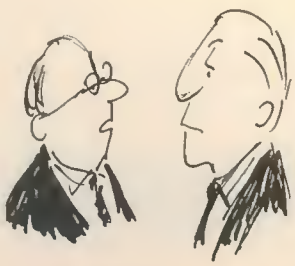
These and similar questions could soon become famous far and wide as the SATs of the Foreign Service. With their help we could weed out those unsuited to serve their country. It would be a great work. We would then become a truly disciplined corps. ■



"He's a top officer, his wife is President of the Women's Club, she gives English lessons at the Cultural Center and distributes candy to underprivileged children. . ."



"What does he do at the Embassy?"



"I don't know. . ."

(*Continued from page* 22)

nothing to sneeze at, it is still a minor sum compared to the annual costs of West Point, Annapolis, the Air Force Academy or the Coast Guard Academy. Furthermore, it is a small sum compared with the current annual expenditure called for under the National Defense Education Act. The funds needed to underwrite this program could conceivably be appropriated as part of the National Defense Education Act. Funds might also come from the Office of Education as well as from the money programed for the Department and for other foreign affairs agencies since the concept being proposed would involve training personnel for all the foreign affairs agencies, and not just for the Department.

4. *The Age of the Applicants. "Is it safe to assume that we can bank on career decisions by youngsters in the 17-18 age bracket?"*

Of course not. However, the system outlined provides six years for the applicant to change his mind and see the error in his original choice. Furthermore, the system calls for FSO faculty advisors at each of the universities where Foreign Service Fellows would receive their educations. One of the prime responsibilities of such FSOs would be to gauge the suitability and motivations of the Foreign Service Fellows under their supervision. In addition, the system also calls for practical work experience for these Fellows in both the field and the Department during summer vacations. Obviously, six years of intimate observation by competent Foreign Service Officers should provide the Department with key insights into the maturity of these candidates for the Foreign Service and should be a better basis for judgment of these qualities than a two-hour oral examination.

5. *Would the Applicants Have Other Necessary Qualities? "We run the risk of encouraging into the Service the academic type of student with a narrow intellectual interest who might not have the other attributes we seek in good FSOs."*

The answer to the previous point is doubly applicable here. The system proposed would ensure that all candidates would be under the supervision of experienced Foreign Affairs personnel, both while at the university and during summer vacations, for a period of six years. This should be ample to gauge the personal qualities of the Fellows—a much better basis than the oral examination. There are many US Government agencies who would like to recruit brilliant people interested in foreign affairs, i.e. Foreign Service Fellows who do not choose to become or do not qualify to become Foreign Service officers. Simply because a percentage of the Fellows failed to follow a Foreign Service career would not rule out the value of the proposed program. Many graduates of the various service academies have left the armed forces. This does not mean that the training they received at West Point, Annapolis or elsewhere was a waste of the Government's money.

6. *Concentration on Ten Universities Narrows our Intake. "By concentrating in but ten large universities, in contrast with our present policy of seeking those from diverse university backgrounds, we would open ourselves to the charge of favoritism and unquestionably lose out on a large number of otherwise well-qualified students who did not happen to attend the ten universities selected."*

Most candidates for the Foreign Service would still be entering the Foreign Service in the traditional way from

a large number of universities. The proposal is intended to broaden the number of qualified applicants for the Foreign Service by bringing the attention of a group of brilliant young people to the fact that a Foreign Service career is open to them. This should, by no means, discourage others from applying.

7. *We run the risk of creating an undesirable public image. "We would run the risk of creating an undesirable public image in having a hand-picked group of officially sponsored 'favored candidates' who have been especially prepared at State Department expense for the competitive examination."*

The Foreign Service is an elite service trying to attract the best candidates available. This is what we are and this is the public image we should encourage. The Department should always want the American people to know that it leaves no stone unturned in searching for the very best talent. There is no reason to feel that implementation of the program proposed would create an undesirable public image. The fact that the military officer corps contains elite groups trained at West Point and Annapolis creates a desirable, rather than an undesirable, public image. (This is not to suggest that there is a necessary parallel between the situation in the armed forces where the West Point or Annapolis ring is often an unstated prerequisite for becoming a General or Admiral, and the proposed Foreign Service Officer Training Corps.)

8. *Train at the Graduate Level. "The alternate idea was proposed that our efforts be focused on the graduate level."*

This is an excellent suggestion. Many FSOs have long felt that no one should enter the Foreign Service directly after receiving a B.A. from his university (except in the case of proven financial hardship) and that a year of training at the graduate level for such potential FSOs would greatly benefit the Department. However, graduate training of this type cannot be an effective substitute for a guided six year program and such graduate training should not be thought of as precluding the proposed Foreign Service Officer Training Corps. For example, under the program proposed each Foreign Service Fellow would be required to become proficient in at least one world language and one hard language. However, the Department now considers it necessary to train officers full-time for two years in Chinese, Japanese and Arabic in the hope that the officers selected for such training will emerge after completing the course with a "useful" knowledge of these languages. ■

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Our cover artist, MARY LUDEKENS STUTESMAN, attended the California School of Fine Arts and Finch College where she studied under the renowned Zorach. Mary worked as a fashion editor on TOWN AND COUNTRY and traveled extensively in Europe and South America, before her marriage to FSO John H. Stutesman, Jr. As a bride she went to Tehran where her house burned down during her son's first-month birthday while she was suffering the first attack of a malignant malaria. Also, it began to snow as her mother carried the baby from the burning house. The child, the mother and the marriage have survived that and other aspects of the romantic diplomatic life at world capitols such as La Paz and the Maryland suburbs of Washington. A daughter has been added to the menage and now all live in a Georgetown house which has a small studio. Mrs. Stutesman has exhibited at the Corcoran and the Washington Gallery here. She has also exhibited in Paris. The cover painting is from her latest exhibit in December at the Washington Gallery.

MARY STUART, who proffers "A Modest Proposal" on page 35, has cheerfully survived more than two decades of Foreign Service life. This seems incredible, particularly to her.

ICY LENT is the wife of FSO Robert F. Lent. After tours in Italy, Turkey and Germany, the Lents are now at their second Far East post, New Delhi. Mrs. Lent's first-hand account of a "Coronation in the Himalayas" is on page 32.

DAVID E. SIMCOX, author of "A Gift of Tongues," page 23, entered the Foreign Service in 1956 and has served at Mexico City, Panama and the Department. He is now Principal Officer of the American Consulate at David, Panama.

The JOURNAL's debate on Marshall Brement's proposal to establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps, beginning on page 18 of this issue, is advanced by the following:

JOHN D. STEMPEL—who graduated from Princeton in 1960, after four years in NROTC. He spent two years in the Navy, with a five month tour in Vietnam, then entered graduate school at the University of California at Berkeley. John and wife Nancy were "a housemother" for a 204-man undergraduate men's dormitory last year, while he was finishing his Ph.D. in Political Science. He entered the Foreign Service in June and is currently completing language training at FSI before departure for China in February.

FRANCIS J. MCNEIL—who graduated from the University of Florida in 1954 with a BA in Political Science. After two years as a citizen soldier, he entered the Foreign Service in September of 1956. Mr. McNeil has served as consular officer in Tokyo, on the delegation to the COAS in Washington, and as political officer in Guatemala. Mr. McNeil writes "I am now engaged in an unequal struggle with the Japanese language at the FSI Field School in Yokohama. I mention this because of its relevance to my having presumed to write an article about the qualifications of junior officers. It hasn't been so long since I was a junior officer myself. In those days

I had the honor of being President of JFSOC and one of the founders of the now venerable Fourth of July party."

RICHARD HINES—who graduated from Harvard in 1960 and entered the Foreign Service in August of that year. He has since served in the Department and in Port-au-Prince. His current assignment is head of the visa unit in Rio de Janeiro.

LEON B. POULLADA served eight years as an Army officer during and following World War II. He then entered the Foreign Service and served in Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, the Department, and as Ambassador to the Republic of Togo before retiring in 1964. Ambassador Poullada says "my principal interest in and out of the Foreign Service has been to make it a better tool of preventive diplomacy which, as I see it, is the only alternative to extinction."

MARSHALL BREMENT, whose "Proposal to Establish a Foreign Service Officer Training Corps" in the September JOURNAL elicited the responses in this issue, is serving in the political section in Moscow. Mr. Brement prepared this month's reply to PER's comments on his original article ■

(*Continued from page* 28)

wines with new American hybrid grape varietals being marketed by some wineries.

For time will inevitably, as it is doing today, bring ever-increasing consumption of table wines, as compared to the heavier types. 1964, to illustrate, saw a nationwide increase in table wine consumption of nearly 10 percent, while the corresponding increase in the so-called dessert wines was a bare .4 percent.

With increasing demand for table wines, America is bringing itself closer to the type of wine—the dry table type—which makes up the overwhelming preponderance of the wines which wine growing countries in Europe drink. Hence there will come increasing demand, more quality competition—and more specialization. At the moment, with less than one gallon per capita of annual consumption of all types of wine in the entire US (France's figure is 36), no winery can afford to specialize to anywhere near the extent which the famous fine wine regions of France do, for example.

And so inevitably, Finger Lakes wineries, as do those in California, turn out complete "lines," embracing such diverse vinous items as dry, medium and cream sherry; sweet and dry vermouths, four or five table wines, red and white; a rosé or two, as well as Ports, Muscatel, Madeiras, "cooking sherry" and anything else for which there is a sale.

To the serious wine drinker, few of these are of commanding interest. Their character reflects little if any relation to the region where they were grown.

It is only in the table wines that this regional identity makes itself felt—and delightfully. Along with the Champagnes, such noteworthy wines as Great Western's Diamond or Delaware (from white grapes of that name); Taylor's Rhine Wine, Gold Seal's Fournier Nature, or Widmer's Elvira (again a grape name) could not possibly be mistaken for a California wine or a European wine. All are distinctively Eastern American, unmistakably New York State.

It is such wines and others which point the way toward development of the Finger Lakes district as a source of very special wines with their own uniquely American appeal. ■

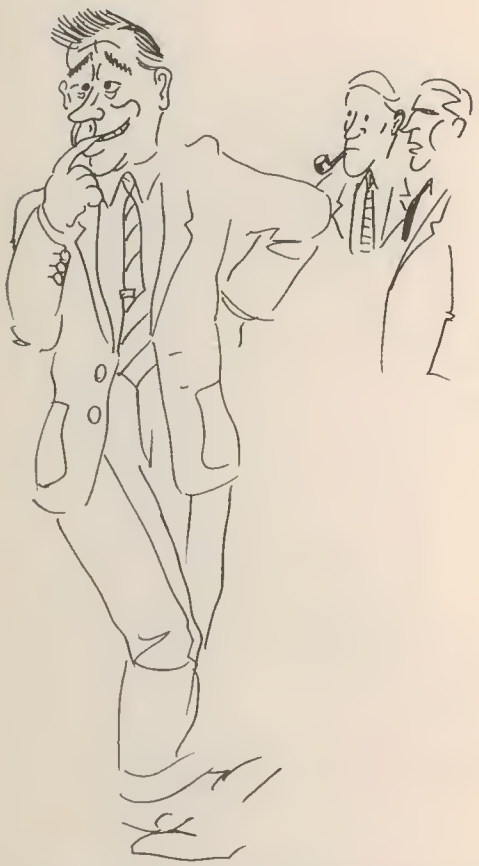
AFSA: NEWS

How Not to Lose Your Will

WHERE was the will? When a Foreign Service officer and his wife died at the same time a few weeks ago, relations were unable to find the will. Intensive sifting of papers failed to produce any memorandum on whether the will had been put into a safe deposit box, had been left in some lawyer's office or was hidden somewhere in the house. It was a trying period because the children of the family needed cash.

The disappearance of the will caused William J. Crockett, the Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, to propose that the Foreign Service Association might perform a valuable service for its members by consenting to become a repository for wills and other valuable papers. The Association's Board of Directors has now decided to adopt the proposal. From now on members may deposit in the headquarters of the Association, for ready availability, copies of personal documents, such as wills and other papers which may be needed promptly on short notice.

The Association lacks the security facilities which would be needed for the safekeeping of original wills, bonds, stocks and similar instruments but it is prepared to serve as a repository for copies of documents. It is suggested that any documents brought to the offices of the Association be put in a sealed envelope with the owner's name on the outside.



"Around SY we speak of him in awe as 'The Man of a Thousand Faces' . . . that's number four hundred and twenty two right there."

(*Continued from page* 26)

"Mr. Gabilya, I am not a student of Gharduan as is Ambassador Pettibon. But even with my limited understanding I am sure the President stated quite simply, 'I will do so.' It seemed unequivocal enough to me, a plain declarative sentence, if you will, expressing simple futurity."

Gabilya was obviously a pedant. He pursed his lips as if he enjoyed word games immensely. "Oh dear, I have told the President he must speak more simply when talking to foreigners. You're quite right. In one way, that's precisely what he said. But only another Guarduan could recognize that the President was using the verb 'I will' in a different sense. We have no grammarians in Ghardua. But a Frenchman who wrote the only Gharduan grammar there is called that particular verb form 'the improbable conditional.' He was impressed that a primitive society such as ours could have evolved such sophisticated grammatical forms. You see, he was saying he would agree to your proposal only if a long series of obviously impossible conditions were fulfilled."

"Something like 'in a month of Sundays I will,'" I said. Gabilya nodded uncertainly.

"Or you might say he was saying 'the hell I will.'" Gabilya nodded, this time smiling his approval of the translation's precision.

"Most Gharduan verbs have at least 27 tenses," Gabilya said, "no westerner has ever mastered them all."

There are no tear stains on the pages of the scrapbook. For I am happy to report that Gharduan-American relations have not suffered as much from these contretemps as have Phil's career and mine. Here is a clipping announcing our resumption of relations with Ghardua and a big increase in US aid.

There are only a few clippings to go. Here is one of the last: this one announcing the appointment of William C. MacVitus of the Leviathan Foundation as Ambassador to Ghardua. I hear from the grapevine he's done well. He's picking up French as he goes along. The Gharduans like him and his interpreter too. As for Wekamba, I have no clippings. But things seem to be straightening themselves out there, proving again one does not always lose the kingdom for want of a nail.

This is the last entry. Nothing but naked pages lie ahead. I thought it was fitting that this last clipping should be from Phil's best booster, the RAMPART. When I thumb through the book—and lately I have done it less frequently—this entry serves to remind me where he is now and that I owe him a letter.

In this critical period of our history, the skillful management of our foreign relations may well provide the very key to our survival. If we accept this then it behooves those who choose the officers who staff our posts abroad to choose wisely and carefully. Diplomatic talent is too scarce to be wasted through a capricious or inefficient assignment process. This newspaper would be the first to affirm that our vast neighbor to the north, Canada, takes second place to no nation in its importance to us. However, we affirm with equal vigor that those few men of our foreign service who have the rare ability to speak hard foreign tongues should be assigned to those countries where their language will be best put to use. In any event, we do not believe our Consulate at Edmonton is a post fully commensurate with Ambassador Pettibon's proven abilities. . . . ■

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Information? "It is Here to Stay"

SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL'S revealing statement on the "amalgamation" of USIA officers into the Foreign Service and, more generally, on the Foreign Service itself is revealing. The Senator, as we know, is a former officer of the Foreign Service whose comments on it have usually been informed and friendly. Those which appeared in the November issue of the Foreign Service JOURNAL are no less so. But they do raise more serious questions than they suggest good answers.

"I . . . believe that the Foreign Service should be small and immensely able and competent." Presumably the Chiefs of Mission and Political Officers would constitute the "small" Foreign Service staffs abroad ". . . assisted in their work by specialists in various categories—information, aid, economic and labor reporting, administration and other specialized visa and citizenship functions."

But granting the primacy of policy and negotiation in the Foreign Service, the diplomatic functions *par excellence,* are they not increasingly technical, requiring ever more specialized knowledge and, hence, specialists? The experienced officers in the economic, labor, information and cultural fields, are they not as generally knowledgeable as Foreign Service officers? The "two cultures" in the Foreign Service, the generalist and specialist, are less a reality than many believe. Certainly this is true in those fields mentioned above, and especially among the officers of the middle and lower grades.

As for information, which Senator Pell alternately calls propaganda, it is, for better or worse, here to stay. So that, rather than fight it, the Foreign Service might wish to make it less brash without, heaven help us, converting it into the tight-lipped primness of diplomatic correspondence. After all, the Foreign Service officer is, in a very real sense, an information and propaganda officer. Else, what is informing and persuading foreign governments about specific policies?

Nevertheless, the "amalgamation" of USIA officers adding twenty percent more jobs to the Foreign Service would seem to add a disproportionate share of Information to it. Not so, however, if Information includes, in Senator Pell's definition, Cultural Affairs as well. For foreign cultural activities, rightly conducted, show abroad what is unique or worthy of attention in the culture of a given country. As such they should be a pride rather than embarrassment to any civilized Foreign Service.

The Cultural, like the Information and Economic and Labor Officers, might or not be part of the "small and immensely able and competent" Foreign Service. If not, they should at least have parity—separate but equal if you like—in diplomatic status and Foreign Service benefits. There is no earthly reason why a Cultural Officer should have to fight his way into the airport to meet a VIP merely because he does not have a diplomatic carnet. Nor should he be denied retirement after twenty years of loyal service and after fifty years of age if, by that time, he or the Government has had enough.

PHILIP DI TOMMASO

Madrid

He Doesn't Know How It Ticks

HAVING been much impressed with Martin Herz's comments on "The Ambassador" by Morris West in the September JOURNAL, I took his advice and read it. The effect has been to drive me also to set down some impressions of it.

In writing the book, Mr. West appears to have had two purposes—to spin an action-packed yarn which would sell, and to deliver up some moral observations and judgments on the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem. His characters are largely paper patterns each representing a type; the cynical plotter, the idealist, the indecisive but thoughtful schizophrenic, etc., which are used to mouth the author's moral pronouncements. We must, therefore, admit that his usual statement that the characters are figments of his imagination was made in good faith.

Considered purely as a story, "The Ambassador" has a tempo and excitement which makes it good reading. However, even as a what-might-have-been picture of a real situation, it is woefully weak and distorted. It is obvious that Mr. West knows little about how an American Embassy operates or about how American foreign policy is made and carried out—or at least he does not demonstrate such knowledge. His story is almost entirely concerned with one incident, the assassination of Diem, and the problems it allegedly involved are depicted as the central issues of the Viet-Nam situation, to the practical exclusion of all the broader and deeper policy questions. Finally, presumably in order to keep his story moving, Mr. West has telescoped the action to such an extent that he has injected still another dimension of unreality, time, into the ensemble.

To even a superficially knowledgeable reader, therefore, the novel has a surrealist quality analogous to Dali's famous limp watches, they resemble the real thing but their creator had no intention of portraying objects which tick and tell time in a real world.

It is obvious that the events taking place in Vietnam and the issues involved are too important to the world to warrant distortion by a best-selling novelist merely to produce an adventure story which will add substantially to his earnings. It's also obvious that such distortion has taken place in "The Ambassador" and that world opinion has hence to some degree been misled and confused.

In order to clear Mr. West of the charge of gross irresponsibility and to assess how much of the damage he has done is outweighed by the moral points he has endeavored to make, we must consider the morality play aspect of his novel.

The book is sprinkled with humane and highminded moral pronouncements and it turns the spotlight dramatically on the disregard for the sanctity of human life which political or power politics considerations are supposed to cause. Most readers would probably find this a high-minded approach. The trouble is, the author resorts to double-standard reasoning to make his point. In his treatment of the auto-incineration martyrdom of Buddhist priests he implies that this is not a very moral political trick and that the human lives involved therefore have little significance. However, when Diem insists on martyrizing himself for apparently analogous reasons, his action somehow has a high moral tone to it and imposes a tremendous guilt-complex on the "good" morality play characters.

We must conclude, then, that in "The Ambassador," Mr. West has given millions of readers who don't know any better a very inaccurate and misleading view of how the US develops its policies and conducts its foreign relations. At the same time he has given them some superficially plausible but illogically emotional moral observations which further cloud and confuse the tragic situation in Vietnam.

This is a high price to pay for the entertainment value of a current novel.

JAMES K. PENFIELD

Reykjavik

"A Little Arch, Perhaps"

THERE is no branch of snobbery more fascinating to observe than wine snobbery. The practitioners of this little peccadillo obviously find it thoroughly satisfying. As you move from country to country you see that wine snobbery varies with the climate and the drinking habits of the natives. One could write a short book on the subject: comparisons of wine snobbery would bring out diverse other national traits.

The writer Roald Dahl in a short story called "Taste" (part of "Someone Like You") supplies a sample of what the well-equipped British wine snob is capable of:

"A very interesting little wine—gentle and gracious, almost feminine in the aftertaste.

"It is too tender, too gentle and wistful for a Pauillac. The wine of Pauillac has a character that is almost imperious in its taste. And also, to me, a Pauillac contains just a little pith, a curious, dusty, pithy flavor that the grape acquires from the soil of the district. No, no. This—this is a very gentle wine, demure and bashful in the first taste, emerging shyly but quite graciously in the second. A little arch, perhaps, in the second taste, and a little naughty also, teasing the tongue with a trace, just a trace, of tannin. Then, in the aftertaste, delightful—consoling and feminine, with a certain blithely generous quality that one associates only with the wines of the commune of St. Julien. . ."

DAVID CORSTAPHNEY

Stepney Wells

Senators Also Make Mistakes

I RECENTLY wrote to our United States Senator asking him to support the Bill H.R. 4170 which is concerned with adjusting the annuities of those Foreign Service Officers retired before 1960. I spent some time in composing the letter with the hope that I could convince the Senator that the bill was not asking for any special favors, was merely adjusting a deep inequity, and was worthy of his support. A few days later I received a reply addressed to the proper address, a very cordial note indeed, which stated: "Dear Mr. Maynard, I am glad to know of your support for legislation to provide controls and regulations governing the treatment of animals used in scientific research"—Is this some new form of "Senatorial Courtesy"?

DAVID M. MAYNARD

Los Altos, California

Problems For the Future

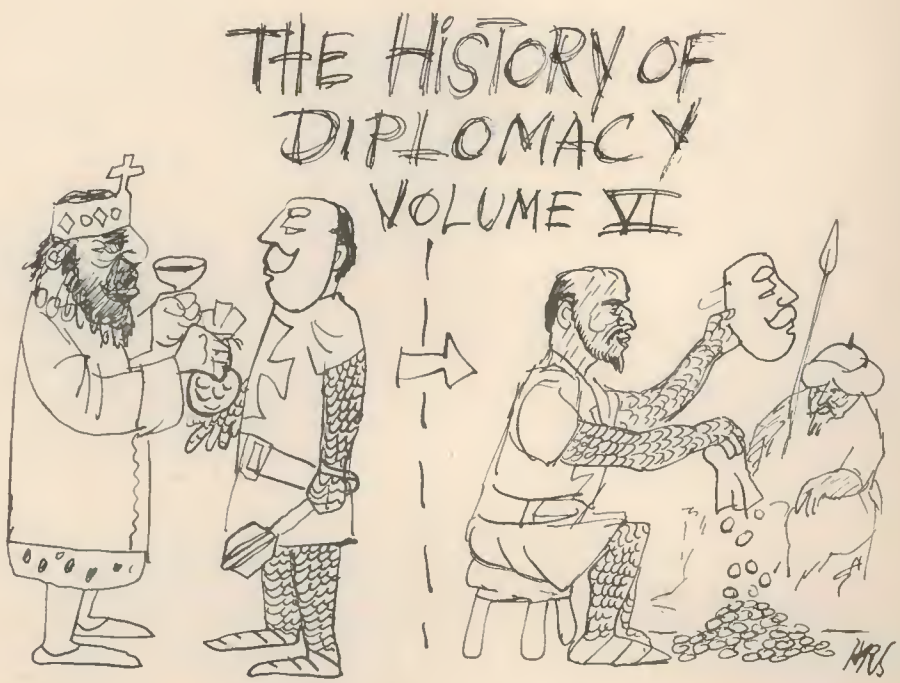
AMBASSADOR BERGER'S extremely interesting address to the AFSA General Meeting on September 30 clearly pointed toward a number of extraordinarily difficult administrative problems confronting the contemporary Foreign Service. Their resolution must be vigorously pursued during the next few years if the government is to evolve a real capacity to formulate and implement a reasonably rational foreign policy. If anything, Ambassador Berger may have understressed the degree to which traditional foreign policy processes in our Government have during the past few years tended to be engulfed, in part because of the greater budgets and political support tendered to disparate, conflicting, even irrelevant, and at times pernicious foreign operations sponsored by other agencies of the United States Government.

It may be that before substantial progress can be made with respect to the Larger Issues the career Foreign Service must strengthen itself and its operating apparatus by giving unprecedented attention to just those problem areas delineated by Ambassador Berger. For this reason it is encouraging to hear of the role to be played by the Committee on Career Principles and the special seminar to be convoked next spring.

In all such approaches many of us are hopeful that stout efforts will be advanced to retain those elements of our Foreign Service traditions relevant to the growing complexities of international affairs—and particularly to principles. In particular we would hope that our necessary institutional adjustments to the required degree of specialization will not bring excessive rigidity into the assignment process. Also we would hope that in connection with the perennial pleas for "fresh blood" at intermediate to senior levels (normally reaching a cyclical climax every four years) more stringent "admission criteria" could be developed. The aims should presumably be to screen out inadequately qualified applicants who might subsequently choke up certain arteries because they actually do not have qualifications of Career officers at the same or lower levels. Our failure to be firm enough in this matter over the past few years has brought the Department much grief.

JOHN J. HARTER

Washington



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