

# *Foreign Service Journal*



FEBRUARY 1960

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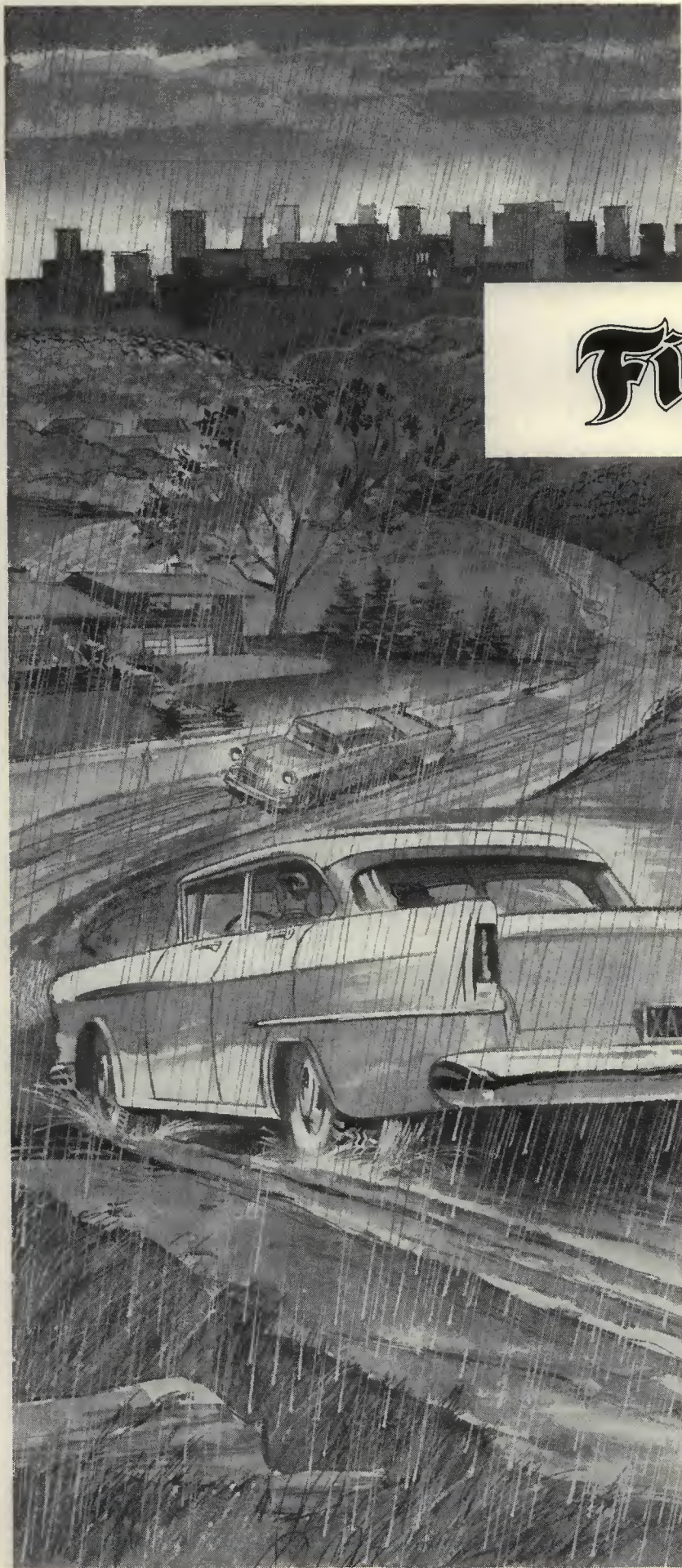
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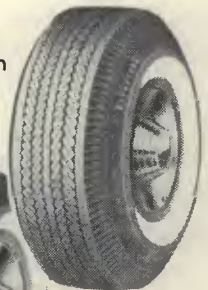
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COVER PHOTO

"Chindowya" *by Lewis Rubenstein*

These Tokyo street musicians, characterized, the artist says, "by high spirits, and noisy with bells and drums and clarinet," are from Lewis Rubenstein's original thirty-foot scroll painted in water color and Chinese ink on linen canvas. The scroll was painted while he was a resident Fulbright artist in Japan last year.

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### PHOTO AND ART CREDITS FOR FEBRUARY

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 Charles C. Adams, map, p. 10  
 Robert W. Rinden, p. 20 (photo of Ethel Barrymore in  
 "Life's Whirlpool," Metro)  
 Tom Gladden, cartoon, p. 23  
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 exhibition at the National Gallery of Art, of "Haniwa—  
 Japanese Burial Mound Figures"  
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## Appointments

### AMBASSADORS

John J. MUCCIO, to Guatemala

G. Frederick REINHARDT, to United Arab Republic  
 Tyler THOMPSON, to Iceland

Harry R. TURKEL, to be U. S. Representative on the Inter-American  
 Economic and Social Council of the OAS

### MINISTER

Edward PAGE, Jr., to Bulgaria

### BIRTHS

- CROSWELL. A son, Paul Andrew, born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin G.  
 Crosswell, November 27, 1959, at Rome.
- GERMAN. A daughter, Elizabeth Lynn, born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert  
 Kenneth German, October 5, 1959, at Yokosuka, Japan.
- HODGE. A daughter, Damaris, born to Mr. and Mrs. Max Elwyn  
 Hodge, March 21, 1959, at Dacca, East Pakistan.
- HOLLY. A daughter, Moira Charlotte, born to Mr. and Mrs. Sean  
 Michael Holly, September 7, 1959, in Panama.
- JOHNSTON. A daughter, Margaret Elena, born to Mr. and Mrs. Don-  
 ald A. Johnston, October 22, 1959, in Washington.
- MCCLELLAND. Twin daughters, Katherine Ann and Mary Elizabeth,  
 born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. McClelland, November 21, 1959,  
 at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia.
- MOORE. A daughter, Nancy Clare, born to Mr. and Mrs. John H.  
 Moore, November 27, 1959, in Oslo.
- THOMPSON. A son, Luke Henry, born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard H.  
 Thompson, November 11, 1959, in Auckland, New Zealand.
- WALLACE. A daughter, Anne Mercedes, born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald  
 B. Wallace, Jr., October 30, 1959, at Wabash, Indiana.
- WEAST. A son, Thomas Estes, born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S.  
 Weast, December 7, 1959, in Lagos.

### MARRIAGES

- BURKE-DOW. Mary Virginia Burke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent  
 C. Burke, and Edward A. Dow, Jr., were married at St. Thomas  
 Apostle Church in Washington, December 14, 1959. Mr. and Mrs.  
 Dow will live in New Delhi where Mr. Dow is assigned as First  
 Secretary of Embassy.
- MERIAM-CLAUDIUS. Anne Whitfield Meriam, Second Secretary-Consul  
 at New Delhi, and Major Roland William Claudius, Indian Army  
 Retired, were married in the Chapel of the Apostolic Inter-  
 nunciature, New Delhi, November 7, 1959. Mrs. Claudius is being  
 assigned to the Embassy in Mexico City.
- POTTER-WARNER. Jacqueline Potter and Arthur S. Warner, son of  
 FSO and Mrs. Gerald Warner, were married in Winston-Salem,  
 North Carolina, on August 29, 1959. The young couple are living  
 in Boston where Mr. Warner is finishing his last year at Massa-  
 chusetts Institute of Technology.
- WILCOX-WENZEL. Sandra Wilcox and FSO Robert H. Wenzel were  
 married at Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, November  
 21, 1959. Mr. Wenzel is currently assigned to the Department,  
 Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs.

### DEATHS

- DAWSON. Claude I. Dawson, FSO retired, died in Anderson, South  
 Carolina, August 31, 1959. Mr. Dawson was a charter member  
 of AFSA, having joined on July 10, 1918, when assigned to Tam-  
 pico. He entered the Foreign Service in July 1910, and retired  
 as Consul General at Barcelona on August 31, 1936.
- LAMB. Richard H. Lamb, FSO, died in Washington, December 3,  
 1959. Mr. Lamb entered the Foreign Service in 1947 and served  
 in Japan and the Far East until his assignment to the Depart-  
 ment in 1957. At the time of his death he was Chief of the East  
 Asia Division in the Office of Research and Analysis for Asia.

ADDENDUM: The fine photograph titled "Swan's Way," with  
 the sign of the swan hanging at the left, which we published in  
 our October issue, was taken by Howard J. Hilton, Jr., First  
 Secretary at Bonn.

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Busy Port of Khorramshahr

**Letter from Khorramshahr**

by PETER P. LORD

**K**HORRAMSHAHR was once a familiar name only to date traders, merchant seamen, and petroleum engineers. In recent years, however, an increasing number of American construction firms, petroleum technicians, and experts in the field of economic development have come to know Khorramshahr, and four years ago an American Consulate was opened here.

Two thousand years ago Khuzistan, the province in which Khorramshahr is located, served as the route for Cyrus' and Darius' armies as they marched to Mesopotamia and Asia Minor from Fars, or Pars, whence Persia derives its name. In more recent times Khuzistan and the Persian Gulf have been an area of particular interest for the British, especially during the last century. In 1908 a British company discovered oil in the Zagros foothills, the Anglo-Persian (Iranian) Oil Company was formed in 1909, and in 1913 the AIOC refinery went into operation in Abadan. The United States did not become involved in the area until World War II when Iran became a supply line for American lend-lease aid to Russia. Long a lazy, date-growing, Arab river town, Khorramshahr was developed by the U.S. Army's Corps of Engineers during the war into an efficient port, and has ever since served as Iran's major port. Upon the nationalization of AIOC by the Mossadegh government in 1951 and the subsequent formation of the Consortium with 40% participation by American oil companies, American interest in Khuzistan was renewed, and in June 1955 the American Consulate was opened in Khorramshahr.

The name Khorramshahr holds particular significance for a city in a hot and arid area, for in Persian it means "the city that is always green." The town itself, with its yellow-brick municipal buildings, business offices, and larger residences situated mostly along the Karun River as it approaches the Shatt-al-Arab through the Haffar Channel, and with its more crowded native quarter and bazaar made of baked mud and straw standing inland and further up the Karun, is much like any predominantly Arab city of 60,000. Life in Khorramshahr is closely bound with life on Abadan Island—the date groves, the Imperial Iranian Naval Base,

# 15

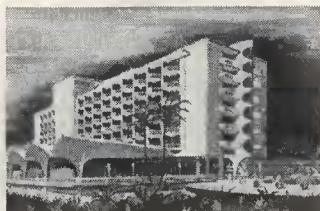
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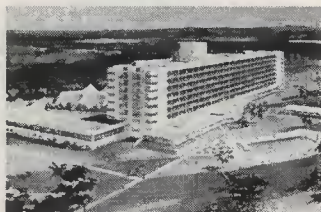
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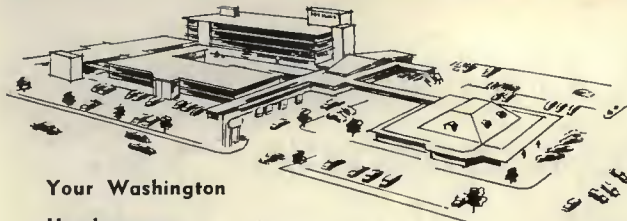
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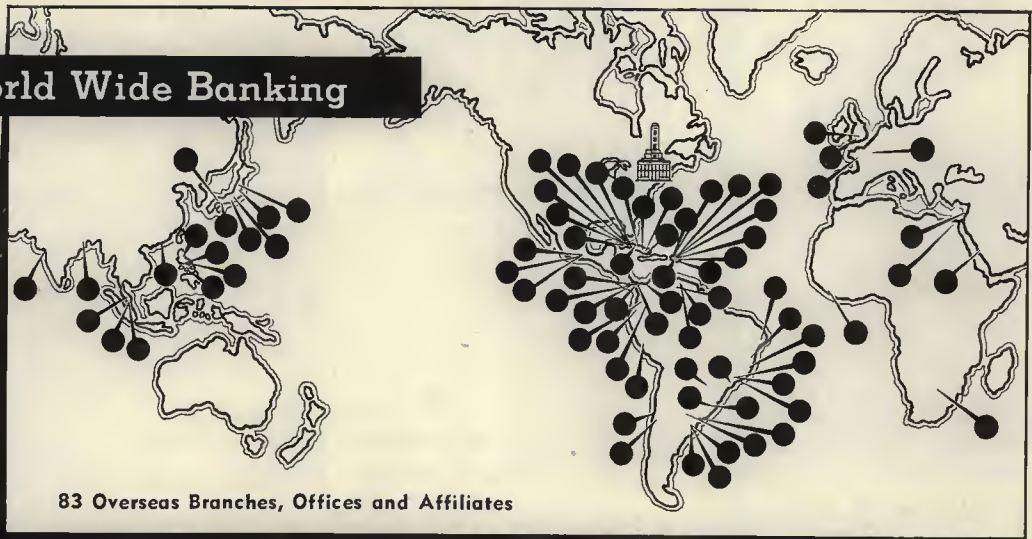
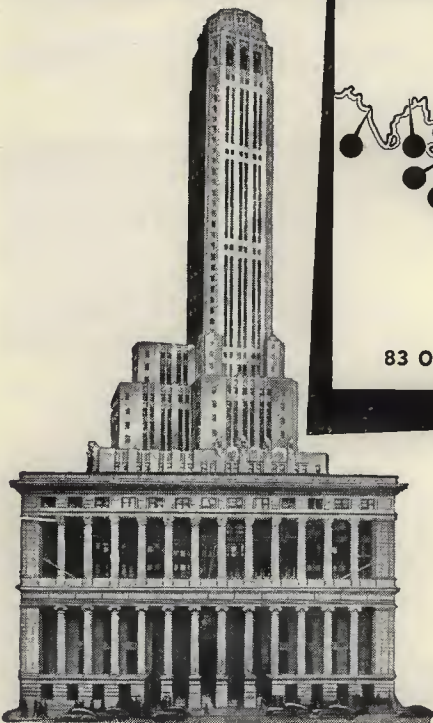
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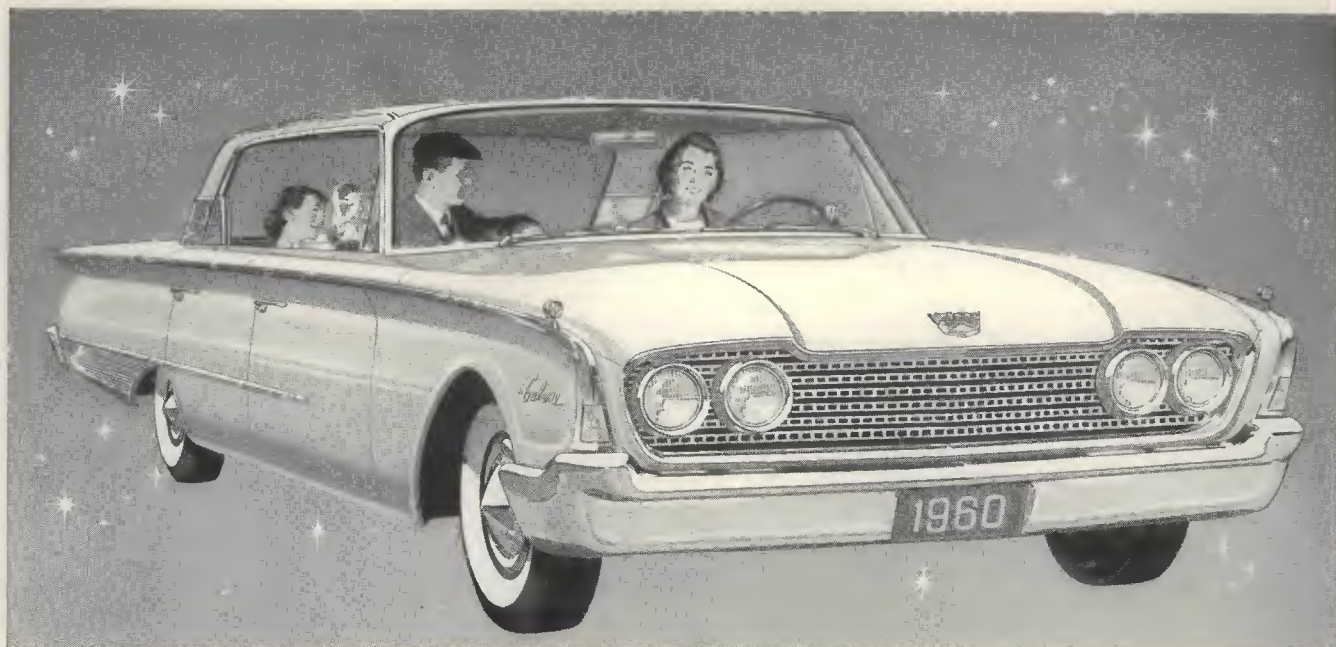


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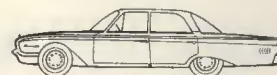
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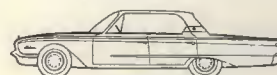
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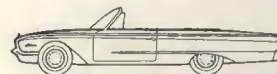
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### KHORRAMSHAHR



Map by C. C. Adams

and the town of Abadan with its refinery ten miles to the south. But it is the Karun River and the Haffar Channel which, in addition to making Khorramshahr green with palms, mimosas, and konars, give it a character not found in other Iranian cities, and lend it a special charm.

Although Khorramshahr experiences comfortable temperatures between the fifties and the eighties during the seven months of autumn, winter, and spring, the five months of burning heat have made the area notorious. During this summer period shade temperatures are daily in the 110's. The highest August shade temperature was recorded in 1938 at 125.5 F., and the highest sunshine temperature in 1935 at 187.5 F. The wind from the Persian Gulf is called the *shargee* and brings intense heat accompanied by 90% humidity. The wind from the desert, the *shamal*, chokes Khorramshahr in dust storms. Fortunately, the Consulate and staff buildings are well air-conditioned.

A wide variety of people are found in Khorramshahr, both among Iranians and in the foreign community. The consular corps includes British, Indian, Iraqi, and Danish Consuls, as well as Norwegian, Swedish and German Honorary Consuls and a French Consular Agent. Shipping agents include Germans, British, Dutch, Italians, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, and Iranians. There are Americans working with construction companies and with the oil Consortium in Abadan, which also employs British, Dutch, French, and Iranians. Among the Iranians a variety of backgrounds and levels exist, including educated, westernized, well-off Tehranis and Bakhtiariis, Persian and Armenian bazaar merchants, and Arab shaykhs and laborers. With an 80% Arab population Khuzistan and Khorramshahr were known until the 1920's by their Arabic names of Arabistan and Mollahammera.



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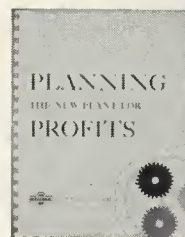
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## KHORRAMSHAHR

Following the end of the Mossadegh period and the reorganization of the Khuzistan oil industry in 1954 under the four-nation Consortium, the American Consulate in Khorramshahr was opened in 1955 by Consul Rolland H. Bushner. Bushner was succeeded in 1956 by Stanley J. Prisbeck, who in turn was succeeded by the present Consul, John M. Bowie, in the spring of 1958. Besides the Consul and his family, the present American staff includes three Vice Consuls, one administrative assistant, and a Public Affairs Officer. The Consulate building, with the Consul's residence occupying the ground floor and the consular offices the second, is located on the Karun, with its own boat landing and launch.

A wider range of activities and American interests has developed in the consular district, which includes all of Khuzistan, than was immediately apparent when the Consulate opened, but now, as then, the oil industry, on which depends so much hope for economic progress and a stable political regime in Iran, is still the main concern in the area. Khuzistan's six oil fields, which rank Iran third among Middle Eastern oil-producing countries, and the Abadan refinery of the Consortium, which employs about 110 Americans, are important economic and political factors. An Italian and second American oil company have recently started off-shore drilling operations in the Persian Gulf.

Iran's Plan Organization, which is running the country's second seven-year plan, has given a high priority to the economic development of Khuzistan. The Khuzistan Development Service, run by an American group and financed by Iranian oil profits and foreign loans, has already begun to implement these plans. The central project of KDS is the huge Dez dam, which will provide both power and irrigation.

Khorramshahr itself, like Abadan, is undergoing a face-lift. The several principal streets have been surfaced; municipal fresh water, sewerage and telephone, systems are being installed; the long-sought Karun bridge is nearing completion; and ground has been broken for a large modern hotel between Khorramshahr and Abadan. As Iran's major port, Khorramshahr is handling, in addition to the traditional exports of dates, tobacco, cotton, skins, and raisins, a rapidly increasing volume of imports, such as motor vehicles and steel, together with the heavy equipment and supplies for Iran's new development projects. American construction companies, some of which have opened offices in Khorramshahr, have contracts with KDS, the Iranian military, and the oil companies. In addition to looking after the many Americans and the various interests of the American companies in Khuzistan, the Consulate is, of course, concerned with municipal, national and oil company politics and problems, as well as other local issues, such as the controversial Iranian-Iraqi boundary along the Shatt-al-Arab.

Khuzistan and Khorramshahr are losing their anonymity and becoming increasingly more important. This is a spot which should now interest economists, political scientists and diplomats.



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FEBRUARY, 1935



by JAMES B. STEWART

### A Ralph Totten Story

THE LEADING ARTICLE in the February, 1935 JOURNAL, titled "Voices and Eyes of the Night," is an African hunting tale by Ralph J. Totten, Minister to the Union of South Africa.

Ralph, who was a Tennessean, was a very popular Career officer, big game hunter, big fisherman and noted raconteur. The following excerpt from his article is typical of the many stories he told of our Southland:

Whenever I think of lions, I remember the story of the traveler who came to a river with no bridge and no way to get across except by boat. He saw a skiff tied to the bank and nearby was an old Negro sitting in the sun.

"Uncle," said the traveler, "can you row?"

"Naw, suh. Not me, I caint."

"Well, I wonder if I could borrow that boat to cross?"

"Yes suh, you kin use de boat."

"If I can get it across will you come along and see if you can bring it back to this side?"

"Yes suh. I'll go wid you and bring de boat back."

So they got in and started across the river, but the traveler, unaccustomed to boats, was making rather heavy weather of it, and finally the old Negro said:

"Look heah, Boss, better lemme take dem paddles an' put you across de river."

So the change was made and the Negro, plainly a skilled oarsman, was soon making excellent progress.

"Look here, Uncle, I thought you said you couldn't row."

"Lawdy, goodness, Boss," came the answer with a chuckle, "I didn't know you meant paddle a boat. I thought you meant ro' like a lion."



A son, Ian Lachlan, was born January 6, 1935, to Vice Consul and Mrs. Donald D. Edgar, at Habana, Cuba.

From Donald Edgar, C. G. at Marseille: "Ian thrives, is married and, with a daughter, has made us grandparents. He is currently in uniform with the Air Force.

"Our other three children also thrive. Tony is studying petroleum geology at the University of Oklahoma. Heather is making her debut this Christmas vacation in Washington. Tom is at Lawrenceville School. Last spring we bought the old house used by Crawford in Georgetown as his Foreign Service school—later also used by Roudybush."

### Sermons and Service

"(President) Jackson, though a hard case in early life and to his death fond of cock fighting and horse racing, took the religion of his wife after she died, becoming a Presbyterian. He read a chapter in the Bible every night while he was in the White House. . . . He was strict as to church matters and would let no one speak slightly of his pastor. One night he noticed a nobby looking young man sitting in a pew near him, apparently paying close attention to the sermon. 'Old Hickory' liked his attitude. On going out he

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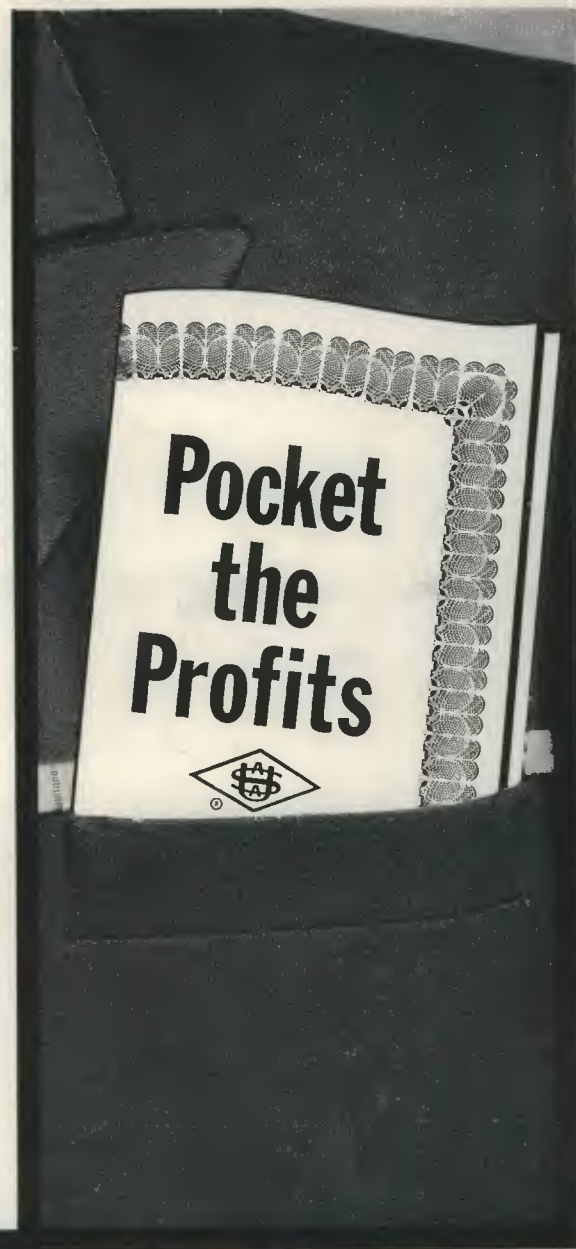
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asked the young man what he thought of the discourse. 'It was the worse lot of stuff ever uttered in a pulpit,' replied the young dude, who, by the way, was a clerk in the State Department.

"'I think you are mistaken, sir,' returned Jackson with an angry flush. A few days later this young man wanted to go abroad as secretary of legation. The Minister—it was Van Buren, who had been appointed to England—wanted him to go with him. 'Old Hickory,' however, would not consent. 'The fellow,' he said, 'is a fool. He cannot appreciate a good sermon, and I will not appoint him.'" (JOURNAL quoting *Washington Star*, December 1934.)

**Journal Briefs**

"Jack Hickerson [Assistant Chief, Division Western European Affairs] was lecturing at the Army War College. During the course of his address, he mentioned the Irish Free State. An elderly Colonel, who had been listening with apparent deep concentration with his hand over his face, was seen to start and nudge his neighbor and heard to ask 'What's that he said about the Irish Sweep Stakes?'" . . .

"Pierrepoint Moffat [Chief, Division Western European Affairs] in the heat of the Naval conversations was seen to emerge from his office and stroll silently down the corridor with his open umbrella over his head." . . .

"Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse is the only wife of an American Minister that Bogotá society has known for more than twenty years, the other Ministers during that period having been unmarried."

**More Recently**

Caroline Lee Herter: Secretary of State Herter, while at the 1959 Geneva conference, received this cablegram: "Negotiation of plenary session of so-called littlest summit meeting successful. So-called agreement reached on name of sixth granddaughter, Caroline Lee Herter. Weight of document, six pounds, ten ounces. Both participants doing well."

**Ninety Four!** On February 24th, career stalwart. Robert Peet Skinner, will be ninety-four. His colleagues and friends everywhere will, on that day, shout with joy. "Happy Birthday, Robert!"

Today our patriarchal collegue is still keen. still interested in the Foreign Service and in world affairs. He lives pleasantly at Belfast, Maine, and with a twinkle, refers to his town as "The Lobster Capital of the World." And says: "There is no short cut to longevity. To achieve it is the work of a lifetime."

**P.S.** Our old friend, Aaron Brown, Deputy Assistant Secretary in charge of personnel, had lunch with us here in Denver in late November. He was in town attending a Foreign Service Briefing Conference, sponsored by the Voice of Youth, an organization founded in Denver a few years ago.

In the opening address, Aaron mentioned that our Ambassador in Moscow, Llewellyn Thompson, is a Coloradoan, having graduated from the University of Colorado, and that Loy Henderson, Under Secretary of State for Administration, attended Denver University Law School. He also referred to yours truly as his first chief in the Service.

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# The Quiet Revolution

## in the Foreign Service

BY JAMES V. MARTIN, JR.

A REVOLUTION is quietly taking place in the Foreign Service. It concerns the emergence of the functional and geographic specialist in a role equal to that of the generalist, a role which in the future may become the dominant one up to the level of deputy chief of mission. Legislative guidance for this new departure is provided in black and white in S. 2633, an omnibus bill passed by the Senate on September 9, 1959, to amend the Foreign Service Act of 1946, as amended, and upon which action by the House of Representatives is pending.

In order to get the provisions concerned into suitable perspective it is helpful to take a long look backward.

During the nineteenth century our nation grew and thrived in relative isolation, buffered from potential enemies by thousands of miles of protective sea and sky and by the Monroe Doctrine. Attention was profitably directed inward while a rapidly growing population spread over a rich and virtually empty continent, conquering and developing it with the shiny tools that were the product of concurrent industrial progress. The ocean is, of course, as much of a link as it is a separator, and so is the sky. Perhaps the real buffer lay in the acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine by European powers during the nineteenth century, an acceptance ranging from active support by Great Britain for both economic and political reasons, to tacit consent on the part of other European nations largely preoccupied with their own rapid industrial and political evolution.

Whatever the reasons for its success, isolation worked remarkably well, and over the course of the century from 1815 to 1914 it encouraged and nourished certain habits of mind and practices of administration. One such by-product was the development of an attitude of unconcern for foreign languages throughout the American public, and another was the casually organized and administered diplomatic and consular services of the United States.

The conditions which had been conducive to a policy of isolation and which had rewarded it richly were gradually and imperceptibly replaced by other conditions. The specifics of this evolutionary process make up the complex history of the twentieth century. Briefly, however, they may be characterized as the movement to Asia and Africa (and, to a lesser extent, to Latin America) of the political and industrial revolutions which had originated around the shores of the North Atlantic Ocean in the late eighteenth and the

nineteenth centuries. Politically the emphasis has been upon nationalism, upon equal opportunity for the self-expression of all peoples through their own national institutions. Economically the emphasis has been upon increased production to finance this objective and to ensure a better life for all. The spread of the new political and economic ideas and institutions was given both notable impetus and an unfortunate twist by two great wars. World War I brought in its train Soviet domination of Russia. World War II, in addition to awakening all of Asia and Africa, also contributed to Communist seizure of control in China.

The United States and the Foreign Service have adjusted, and are continuing to adjust to the changing circumstances. The adjustments were at first made only with reluctance, because they seemed to be out of harmony (as indeed they had to be) with a policy of isolation the memory of which still shone golden and convincing. A positive step in consonance with changing reality was made as early as the Rogers Act of 1924, which combined the diplomatic and consular services into a single professional Foreign Service, separate from the Civil Service, the better to meet the growing demands of the overseas interests and activities of the United States and her citizens. But, on the other hand, the Senate did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles which would have made the United States a member of the League of Nations. The United States sought rather to retreat into isolation. This policy not only had the overwhelming support of the Congress, and both political parties, but was staunchly supported right on into World War II by outstanding diplomatic scholars like Beard and Bemis.

At the end of World War II, from which the United States emerged a charter member of the United Nations and a leader of the free world, the people and the government of the United States were fully committed to participation in international affairs, realizing that such commitment was necessitated both by their social responsibilities to mankind elsewhere, and by the stark requirements of national defense and survival.

Under these circumstances it was only natural that the Foreign Service should have been further strengthened and given needed flexibility in the organic Foreign Service Act of 1946. It was anticipated that a large proportion of the Foreign Service Staff officers who were employed during and after World War II would be absorbed into the Foreign



... "Despite substantive differences, representatives of the two bureaus are striving for an agreed position."

Service officer corps through lateral entry. The Foreign Service Institute (FSI) established by the Act was intended to serve both as a counterpart of the Service Academies and the War and Staff Colleges. Unfortunately lateral entry on a large scale did not take place as expected, and a tendency toward stagnation, for whatever reason, appeared in the FSO corps. Also the Institute, which started out well, later withered on the vine for lack of funds and insufficient interest in its development.

Changes made in consequence of the report and recommendations of the Secretary of State's Public Committee on Personnel (the Wriston Committee) in 1954 corrected both of these faults. Much of the officer personnel of the Department and most of the officer personnel of the Foreign Service were merged into a revitalized single corps and the FSI was greatly strengthened.

Meanwhile, however, great events were taking place, far beyond the ability of the existing Foreign Service to cope with them alone. The great aid programs which were launched to revive our friends in Europe and strengthen

them against the inroads of creeping Communism were administered by a separate organization, ECA (later MSA, FOA, and ICA) whose personnel were hastily gathered and thrown into the breach overseas. The United States Information Service, first in the Department, and then outside it, was another separate organization with a vital role to play in our foreign relations after World War II. Both ICA and USIA personnel operate out of American Foreign Service posts abroad, and in local eyes are not distinguished from the State Department's Foreign Service personnel. There has been talk of merging them with the Department of State, and indeed subordination of ICA and of USIA to the Department in policy matters exists already, but complete integration would raise numerous complex problems, particularly in the field of personnel administration.

The Foreign Service, USIA, and ICA have all been severely criticized for assigning abroad personnel who cannot speak the language of the countries of their assignment, who know little and care less about the culture and interests of the people among whom they are thrown, and who antagonize them rather than win them as friends for the United States. The best known and most devastating criticism (despite the fact that it is a grotesque and unrepresentative portrayal of the Foreign Service) is found in a book which for over a year has been on the best seller list—"The Ugly American."

The Wriston Committee was aware of this area of criticism. It recognized clearly the urgent need for larger numbers of substantive and geographic (language and area) specialists, and it felt that these needs should be met through an improved recruitment process, through training at the FSI, at universities, and on the job, and through positive policies of assignment and promotion. The Committee observed that "if the Department's management of the Foreign Service is fully to meet the demands of present conditions, there must be a fundamental reorientation in both its thinking and structure."

After about two years, the basic adjustments of the integration program had been made, and a career development and counseling staff (CDC) had begun to perform the analysis and planning necessary to assure the kinds of assignments and training calculated both to meet Service needs and to provide good careers, as well. The FSI has grown rapidly in stature and in its contribution to training.

Progress has been substantial, but it is long-range in character (like the five-year plan to train five hundred more

officers in the "hard" languages) and has not been reflected proportionately in immediate or obvious growth of skills. This is partly because of a continuing conviction on the part of many Foreign Service officers, integrated and otherwise, that generalization is the key to a successful career; many have sought assignments to types of work different from what they had been doing in the past. People have seemed to be especially eager to get out of administration into "substantive work."

Thus, although much good work has been done, and although existing training programs are beginning to pay off, most of the gains either are in the future or have been obscured for various reasons. Consequently pressure for more adequate training of all kinds has been growing in the Congress, and this pressure has found an outlet through proposed legislation.

On February 28, 1958, the Senate published a study of recruitment and training in the Foreign Service prompted by various suggestions that a Foreign Service Academy ought to be established. The study, made by the staff of the Foreign Relations Committee, concluded that there was no need for an undergraduate Foreign Service Academy as the Service was recruiting adequate numbers of well-qualified people, and no need for a graduate Academy because the Foreign Service Institute appeared to be "on the way toward doing the essentials of the task which proponents of a graduate-level Foreign Service Academy have in mind." But the study did propose the adoption by the Congress of a bill which would encourage and require a greater degree of substantive and area specialization.

A bill which faithfully reflected the Staff recommendations was introduced by Senator Saltonstall on March 25, 1958 as S. 2335. There was a committee hearing but no action was taken on the bill during the closing days of that session of the Congress. In 1959 the bill was reintroduced by Senator Saltonstall in stronger form as S. 1243, and this time it had the cosponsorship of Senator Mansfield. After a hearing in which the Department offered support for most of its provisions, it was integrated into an omnibus bill to amend the Foreign Service Act of 1946, namely S. 2633 passed by the Senate on September 9, 1959.

The provisions relating to functional and area specialization are not particularly controversial although there are other sections of the omnibus bill which will, no doubt, be the focus of considerable discussion in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House. In other words, it appears reasonably certain that if the omnibus bill is passed in any form it will be likely to contain these provisions intact.

Taken together with the comment of the Foreign Relations Committee in Senate Report 880 (September 2, 1959) these provisions will give such urgent impetus to specialization that they can be considered revolutionary. Six of the provisions were proposed in the Staff study; two were added by Senator Saltonstall.

The draft suggested by the Staff had six major points: (1) appointment to Class 7 rather than Class 8 for successful candidates of appropriate age, experience and other qualifications; (2) removal of the requirement of 3-4 years of prior government service for lateral entry; (3) reappointment of former FSO's at Presidential discretion; (4) orien-

tation and language training for dependents; other Government agencies to avoid duplication of FSI courses and facilities; (5) monetary or other incentives for officers to acquire or retain proficiency in esoteric foreign languages or special abilities needed in the Service; and (6) designation of language officer positions abroad to be filled exclusively by language officers after December 31, 1963; the Secretary to establish foreign language standards for assignment abroad, and arrange appropriate training at the FSI or otherwise.

Senator Saltonstall's bill of March 25, 1958 was basically the same bill, with the sections in the same order, but his bill had a new look when it was introduced again on March 2, 1959, as S. 1243. The Senator had added an entirely new section, which he placed first. It called for a new section 500 to the Act of 1946 to provide as follows:

It is the policy of the Congress that chiefs of mission and Foreign Service officers appointed or assigned to serve the United States in foreign countries shall have, to the maximum practicable extent, among their qualifications, a useful knowledge of the principal language or dialect of the country in which they are to serve, and knowledge and understanding of the history, the culture, the economic, and political institutions, and the interests of such country and its people.

He also altered the sequence of sections so that the section on designation of language officer positions and the provision for establishing language standards comes second, orientation and language training for dependents third, and monetary incentives fourth.

When the provisions were transferred into the omnibus bill, which the Senate immediately passed, there was still another new section, one which clinches the significance of the entire ensemble: It is Section 20 of S. 2633, and it provides for a new section (626) in the Foreign Service Act, as follows:

The achievement of the objectives of this Act requires increasing numbers of Foreign Service officers to acquire functional and geographic area specializations and to pursue such specializations for a substantial part of their careers. Such specialization shall not in any way inhibit or prejudice the orderly advancement through Class 1 of any such officer in the Foreign Service.

These provisions with respect to language capability and promotion practices are clear and straightforward, and would not appear to be susceptible of devious interpretation. However, the Committee on Foreign Relations, to remove any possible surmise that the language provisions might have been included only as a pious hope stated in its report:

Whether or not the policy statement in the proposed section 500 becomes a part of the law, the Committee on Foreign Relations intends to continue its practice of measuring nominees for chiefs of mission against the standard expressed in the new section 500 and will apply the standard with increasing particularity.

The Committee also had something to say about the relationship between promotions and functional and geographic area specialization. It noted that "the traditional assignment policy in the Foreign Service has been based on the premise that an officer is not fully qualified to be a mission chief

unless he has had service in each of four or five main geographic areas in the world," and it speculated that such a policy might be the reason why the Government is short of top-notch specialists in some of these great geographic areas. The Committee expressed the desire to see a situation in which incoming officers "would be assured that most of their careers would be devoted to one of the larger geographic areas." As an example, the Committee suggested that after an appropriate brief period of orientation assignments a young officer might study the Arabic language and specialize in the problems of the great area lying between Morocco and Pakistan, and spend most of his career in that area, in Washington, or in countries having close ties with that area.

With regard to functional specialization the Committee envisaged a situation in which an officer would be able to concentrate on one field of work until reaching the level of deputy chief of mission "at which point he would have the choice of finishing his career as a senior specialist or taking on broader executive responsibilities and look forward to promotion to the levels of career minister or career ambassador." Again, lest its remarks be regarded lightly, the Committee stated its expectation that the precepts and instructions to promotion panels would be revised in accordance with the new section 626.

The Department's thinking has been following a similar channel with respect to the promotion of specialists, and the precepts to the 13th Selection Boards went a long way to meet the Committee's desires, though the precepts were published in Department Circular 336 on August 28, 1959, five days before the Committee's report, and were not directly influenced by it. The paragraph concerned in the precepts requires Selection Boards to give positive recognition to the fact that the needs of the present-day Foreign Service require that many of its officers become specialists in one or more of the functional areas of Foreign Service work. It cautions against downgrading an officer because his assignments and experience have been such to make him proficient in *only one* highly specialized functional type of work. "An able officer," state the precepts, "who is skilled in a single specialized function is usually no less valuable to the Service than an able generalist."

It is obvious to one who traces these developments, that the Foreign Service is in a phase of change and transition, that the change is substantial, and that more is yet to come. However, it is also apparent that some of this is happening without the conscious recognition of many people, even those directly affected. From where I sit it looks as if we are right in the middle of a genuine, albeit quiet, revolution.

## The Art of Retiring

by E. B. Hosking, C.M.C., O.B.E.

**A**FTER OVER 30 years service in Kenya I retired about fifteen years ago and I am surely in a position to give wise advice to officers still serving as well as to those about to enter the Colonial Service.

To the prudent I say: be prepared to retire when you enter the Service; have a profession behind you, so that you can have some value in the world's market as well as possibly some initials after your name. Take a degree in some practical subject, Agriculture, Economics or the like. Better still, if you can spare the time and the money read Law and get called to the Bar, and you will be in a position when you ultimately retire to rake in the shekels in 101 ways. With your knowledge of the local laws and customs you should be able to make a good living as a barrister in your Colony of service.

If you live in England there are all sorts of secretaryships, especially of Learned Societies, open to men who have been called, even if they have never practised.

Next: retire as soon as you are pensionable, as early as possible; you will then still be young and fit enough to start a new life. With a small pension behind you as well as a profession you will have a good start in a competitive world. A bow overdrawn is never the same again; if you work yourself to a finish, you *are* finished.

I may say that I did not take my own good advice, nor has my son so far after me, but, then, there will always be a number of innocents more interested in what they can give than in what they can get who, to the despair of those below them on the Staff List, will hang on till they drop like ripe

plums from the bough.

I was lucky in having as one of my sponsors a man of vision and wealth who held that an Administrative Officer should have a stake in the Colony that he was helping to administer—a thing long frowned on by Governments. He bought for us 300 acres of forest and hillside up against a Reserve that I had administered and where we had always maintained the friendliest relations with our neighbors. It is a lovely place with great trees and a river 600 feet below us, but not an economic farm.

Of course, while I was still serving I could do no farming, but we managed to erect a frame house out of our own cedar, and we had a tenant. He, in lieu of rent, added two more rooms to the house, built magnificent stables, and then went rather off the rails and had a polo school and kennels for a pack of hounds. Still, we had a homestead to which to retire, a roof over our heads, stables in which to keep our farm hacks and plenty of room for workshops and stores.

My wife and I had our retirement all planned out years and years before we left: we would commute a quarter of our pension and have a wherewithal to build a proper house or to send our son to Oxford. Having a house and farm produce we could easily live on three quarters of the balance and we would save a quarter to do what we had always longed to do—travel.

Living, as we had, mainly in lonely out-stations we had sent our two children home at an early age, and when our time came for leave—it was before the days of air travel—we would rush home by the shortest route and stay till the last minute with them. We ran on tram lines: Marseilles, Genoa, Port Said, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa. Only once

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did we go round by the Cape, it took too long. We had occasional calls elsewhere: our ship caught fire once and we had a happy week in Alexandria. We once saw Malta and Tangier.

But there was so much of the world that we longed to see. When the children no longer needed us, what about dropping off at Brindisi and pub-crawling home through Italy, Austria, Germany and France? Were the Americas really out of reach? The Yellowstone Park and the Rockies? In the News from Olympus we learn that the Fates had a fit of the giggles and that Jupiter has been dining out on those plans for many a year.

When we did retire, when Kenya was no longer in a war area, building was out of the question as no materials were available. When they became available costs had risen astronomically—anyhow, the son went to Oxford. I have given up following the cost of living into the stratosphere, but labor costs have more than doubled and, to take two instances alone, bran that used to be given away rose from 4/- a 200 lb. bag to 13/50, while maize meal, the staple food of the country on which all costs are based, rose from about 15/- to over 50/- a bag.

So far from being able to live on three quarters of my pension I have to supplement it to live at all, and that in spite of certain *ex gratia* increases.

My successor in office gets about two and a half times my salary, and I am sure he earns it and needs it, but his pension will be based on that figure—why, oh why, did I not stay till Lidbury had waved his wand and made salaries to grow! I would probably have died long ago if I had!

The fact remains that in spite of occasional grumbles we are extraordinarily happy and lucky. We have wonderful neighbors, black and white.

My wife runs the homestead, the herd of African cattle, the horses and the gardens. I made her give up sheep and poultry some time ago as the work was too heavy. By the way, I had words with the Commissioner of Income Tax when I called our holding a homestead; he was obviously unaware of the definition that on a farm you eat what you can't sell, while on a homestead you sell what you can't eat.

My wife makes quite a bit out of milk and ghee and seems always able to come to the rescue in some financial crisis with sale of stock.

We had lived for a year in London after retiring while the war dragged to a close. I had a most interesting job that I might have been able to keep had I been prepared to catch the 8.42 a.m. and the 5.40 p.m. for the next ten years of my life, but we longed for the sunshine and freedom of Africa and got back as soon as we could get a berth on a ship.

I soon found myself co-opted, and in due course elected, to the District Council and was its Chairman for years until I found myself in danger of reaching my anecdotage and becoming a tradition, when I resigned. I got made a 1st Class Magistrate—or I should say a Magistrate with 1st Class powers—and I sit on the Bench in our local town once or twice a week. We have to go the 30 miles into town to shop and the honorarium I receive, and the travelling expenses, just make all the difference to our pension and the work keeps me mentally alert.

A year or two ago the District Commissioner had to go home on three months leave and, fearing a cuckoo finding

his nest, begged me to deputise for him. I tried to refuse as I had been careful not to work in the Administration, fearing to be an embarrassment to my colleagues and to my son, now a District Officer. Besides, I had not been a District Commissioner for over 20 years. He overpersuaded me and I must admit I thoroughly enjoyed it. I had with me a Revenue Officer who had retired and been re-engaged on contract, and an ex-Superintendent of Police also re-engaged as a District Officer. If it wasn't a case of the "Three Musketeers," it was certainly that of "Twenty Years After." Everyone combined to make things easy for us and I handed the district back to the substantive District Commissioner without any major catastrophe. There was, as I expected, grand confusion between me and my son, a District Officer in a neighboring district, especially on the telephone and in pay vouchers.

I had enjoyed my work on the District Council as it gave me many new contacts and friendships. Court work brings me fresh contacts, not always so happy. I hate deputising for the Resident Magistrate when he is away and having to handle civil cases, as I get far too intimate an insight into my neighbors' affairs. One friend of mine never seems to pay a debt until he is actually arrested and I always hope that my signature on the warrant is undecipherable.

Now there is one bit of advice I can give to those about to retire, with the utmost confidence: if you want to enjoy the rest of your life concentrate more on the "life" than on the "rest." Work! You cannot really enjoy a weekend unless you have worked through the week, a life that is all weekends is insufferably boring, a surfeit of strawberries and cream.

I am the estate carpenter and overseer: I am the first to admit that my work looks as though "someone 'ad done it 'isself," but it holds. I drive and maintain the car, I pay (I wish I could keep) accounts. I stick inoculating needles into cattle and I prune the roses and other shrubs, always certain that I have killed the lot in the process. My wife, bless her, does everything else.

Wherever you choose to live, select your neighbors far more carefully than you choose your house. If you are going to live in the country acquire and keep a wife whom flowers, birds, children and all other animals love. It helps if she can make a steak and kidney pie.



"I've left my credit cards at home. Do you accept cash?"



## Sarah Hamilton Fermière à la Caroline du Sud

*By Juan L. Gorrell*

**P**EDESTRIAN traffic on the Rue Boissy d'Anglas melted before us. It was the rush hour, yet our claim on a taxi in front of La Madeleine went unchallenged. The train from St. Lazare was packed, but the other four seats in our section of the second class coach stayed empty. It was not strange. My companion wore a floor-length dress of peacock-blue plush velvet, its bodice embroidered in gold bugle beads and overlaid with a mass of gilt chains. A short, tail-fringed cape of real ermine hung over her shoulders. The

cut of her costume was obviously expensive; its taste that of a rich Parisienne of 1912. The pair of heavy brogues that reached out beyond the hem of her gown was out of period, but the headdress was not. She wore a very tight "Juliet" cap, also peacock blue, also velvet and also beaded. On another woman, the huge rhinestone sunburst pinned just above the forehead would have been distracting. On my companion it was not. Its whiteness only emphasized her most arresting feature, her face, a fine, well-weathered face.

Also a very black face. It belonged to Sarah Hamilton, seventy-year old granddaughter of South Carolina slaves.

Sarah and I had met for the first time an hour before, in the Embassy lobby in Paris. The receptionist, who knew "everybody" in Paris, had introduced us, and suggested I might hire her as maid-of-all-work. I had had no eyes for her looks, only a consuming curiosity on one point. "Do you wash dishes?" I had blurted out and Sarah for a moment had looked doubtful about my sanity. But the receptionist had smoothed things over and I had taken Sarah firmly by the arm and guided her homeward, oblivious to the stares we collected en route.

IT WAS WITH unaccustomed lightheartedness that I returned to Le Vésinet that night. Five weeks earlier, a month's hotel bills had shocked us into taking in that attractive community on the road to St. Germain-en-Laye the only house in the entire Greater Paris area that seemed to fit into our budget even approximately. It was one of those three-story summer villas that wealthy bourgeois French families built in the 1880's in the broad green belt that then had surrounded and now is a part of Paris. The front of the villa was medieval, complete with a square and a round tower; its back was Louis XV, and it stood in a statue-studded park. Anyone less desperate for a place to live than we would have turned it down as obviously calling for a small fortune and a retinue of servants to keep up properly. We had shut off some rooms, converted others and told ourselves we could manage with only one servant. So far, we had had little chance to find out whether we had been right. Two local girls had tried us for a day or two and decided there were smaller establishments in the neighborhood in which to work for the same pay. Paris women would not hear of going "so far out into the country." So we had been left to our lonely grandeur, my wife Magdalena trying single handed to do the cooking and housekeeping, and take care of three little girls; I doing my unwilling "bit" of an evening, washing dishes and hating letters from home that envied us our chance to "live the glamorous life," in Paris.

My spirits sagged slightly when, as I opened the front door, Sarah's eyes took in the cascading crystal chandelier.

"It's a *maison grande-bourgeoise*," she said hollowly, "It's big."

Then Magdalena had come in and stared. So had the children. They had never seen such wonderful clothes. Magdalena had. On actresses. We did fall asleep, eventually, that night. But my hours-long attempt to justify bringing home a woman who not only was obviously not a servant, but old at that, was, for the time being, a failure.

Things looked a little better in the morning. Daylight had revealed the splendor of the house to be largely a memory of bygone days, and Sarah seemed less oppressed by it. Magdalena, in turn, was less oppressed by Sarah in work clothes, a shapeless jersey dress and felt slippers. I left for the office somewhat reassured but unprepared for the atmosphere that reigned on my return. For the first time since we had moved in, I came back to find Magdalena in the den reading. The children were playing without squabbling. Sarah was in the kitchen, wearing a self-satisfied expression.

The day, it turned out, had started as I should have expected. Magdalena had let off steam by announcing the "real housecleaning" she had been spoiling to undertake ever since we had moved in. Between her whirlwind approach and Sarah's long arms, a lot had got done and they had started on the dining room when the diversion came that brought a new mood into our house. Reaching up into the dust on top of a great provincial armoire, Sarah had brought down a pair of fencing foils. Automatically, she had flexed one and made a few lunges.

"It was the strangest thing," Magdalena said. "Even with that dust cap on her head and in that sack dress she was every inch a fencing master. She has a wonderful way with children," she trailed off, "I hope she stays."

When I asked Sarah how and where she had learned to fence, she answered:

"They sent me to Budapest to study it. That's how come I talk Hungarian," as if we had always known she did. It was her way, we learned. She had a knack for explanations that tease out more questions.

So it came about that our first long evening conversation with Sarah was about Sarah Hamilton the linguist. She was an exceptional one. Her Spanish and Italian we tested and found fluent, well accented, even elegant. Her German, as far as we could judge, was as good. With a hint that there, too, was another story, she explained that she had stayed in Algiers too short a time to learn Arabic well. But her Japanese, she assured us, was fluent and her Russian quite good. We saw no reason to doubt these claims just because her English was bad. That is, it was bad if minstrel-show English is bad. We would not have had it different. We should have been hard put to say whether Sarah did more for us because she was American and spoke a heart-warming version of our language, or because she had lived long in France and spoke such perfect French. Perfect it was, so much so that even our neighbor who liked to point out with malice traces of accent or localisms in anyone not born and bred in Paris, found none in Sarah. We suspected he was awed by her command of phrases from a sophisticated world in which he had no part.

BEFORE SARAH came, our girls had resented French. They were hurt at having to depend on father and mother to translate for them in stores and restaurants. They hated having maids with whom they could not gossip; who brought an alien world into the home. Sarah brought them to terms with French. As if playing a game, she named objects and repeated common phrases for them, in English, then in French. She made sense out of French school primers by giving the pictures in them names that fitted the letters they illustrated. Only a few days after her arrival, our six-year-old developed what we thought a chronic cold in the throat, but turned out to be practice of the guttural French "R." With Sarah's help, she soon had it down pat. Best of all, Sarah showed the children how convenient and painless it can be to make small concessions to local taboos and customs. Thanks to her, the girls soon shed some of the strangeness that had made them suspect to neighborhood children and to their parents, and they became local favorites.

Sarah set up an emergency bridge between France and America that served the whole family. She dropped small statements of fact that made us re-examine our points of view. Little by little, we came to admit to ourselves that the things in France that had at the outset so aroused us had not been designed for our discomfort. The vegetable woman in the market, who acted as if we were supposed to carry off a kilo of leaf spinach as it was, or furnish our own wrappings. The milkman and the baker, who refused us home delivery service though both had trucks. The train conductor who treated us like criminals when, as the train was pulling out, we jumped into the second-class coach with third-class tickets. The neighbors who seemed friendly enough on the street but never accepted an invitation to our house, much less invited us to theirs. Sarah supplied little facts about war and occupation and liberation that revealed how the spirit of service had been sapped; how petty officials and the general public had become enemies; why normally friendly people had withdrawn into protective shells. She gave us our first sympathetic slant on French traditions and prejudices, and made us begin to respect French attachment to them. Her attitude made us remember shamefacedly how endearing a virtue tolerance can be, when it is not patronizing.

On evenings when Sarah lingered over her "good night" and we fell in with her obvious willingness to talk, we caught sight of some of the turns in the long, winding road she had traveled. We seldom had little more than glimpses, however, because Sarah had perfected the art of keeping herself interesting by telling neither too little nor too much about herself. She let her listeners fill in the gaps, as when she described her triumphs in Berlin early in the century and left me, without ever saying so, with the strong impression that she must have known William II very well. I am sure she meant my imagination to wander just in that direction; that she trusted me to know the Kaiser's reputation, to picture her in those days and to recognize some imperious affinity between them. I had seen some of her collection of pictures: Sarah turbaned and with ropes of baroque pearls cascading over magnificent breasts; Sarah as a savage princess; Sarah in ostrich plumes and spangles. The old photographs suggested the magnetism of the young Josephine Baker and the lithe majesty of Ethel Waters in the 'twenties.

SOMETIME IN the late 1870's or early 1880's, we guessed, Sarah had been born to a Methodist preacher in a small South Carolina town. When she was seven, the family had moved to Virginia, but Sarah had been sent to visit a married sister in New York.

A hurdy gurdy used to come by every day, she told us, and she couldn't keep her feet still. People liked to see her dance and threw her pennies. Then one day an Erlanger scout had seen her dance the cakewalk, had talked with her sister, and forthwith had signed her to a contract. She had come to France where they had treated her well and over the years had sent her to many countries to develop many talents.

This explained the fencing in Budapest, ballet in St. Petersburg, singing in Italy. How far she had traveled we

knew, how high we never learned. Sarah had no false modesty, but she never boasted. Perhaps she thought I might check on her stories, or perhaps she guessed I would rather create my own image of her past glories. Two things, however, I could never decide: whether Sarah had always had or had acquired over the years her remarkable sense of balance and proportion, and whether human contacts had moulded her or she had manipulated them for her own ends. She sketched the beginnings of her career for us, helped us to visualize its flowering, but never hinted at its decline. She may have failed to see it had declined. I suspect she had taken to heart the idea that all life is a stage, and looked for some of her best scenes still to take place in the future.

Some years before the first World War, Sarah had married. She always referred to her husband as *Le Docteur* and we deduced, without knowing why, that he was a veterinarian. We never knew his name, because Sarah did not use it. Possibly it had been the French equivalent of Smith and Jones and she thought it would not suit her as an actress. She said he was French and we concluded he was white, because their daughter's pictures showed her a light-skinned child and a fairly typical French housewife and mother.

SARAH NEVER mentioned race. She seemed unconscious of it, though she must have been made aware of hers often in her lifetime and her color may have had some bearing on the wandering existence she and her husband had led. They had lived some years in Russia and Japan, in the Bolivian Chaco and in the Argentine. Eventually they had wound up in the United States, but their daughter they had sent to France, to be brought up as a Frenchwoman in a good convent school. When the flu epidemic of 1918 left her a widow, Sarah had gone back to Paris, to be near her child. How she managed to keep the girl in school, to marry her off well, she never told.

The friend who had introduced us remembered that Sarah had been tireless in those days, always everywhere and in everything. It must have been then that Sarah first came into contact with the lady whose name was the only one she dropped often. The "Princess of New Orleans," she called her, and we guessed this to be a malaprop reference to some great lady of the House of Orleans. Their relationship remained hazy to us, but Sarah seemed to have served her sometimes as a personal maid, at others as an aide in charity bazaars. That was the pattern of her life in those years. If stage openings came along, she took them. If not, she went into domestic work, without complaining.

On her first Sunday with us, Sarah asked to go to Mass, and the older girls begged to be allowed to go along. They went in their Sunday best with Sarah in the same costume she had worn that first night, save that now her cape was chaste white lapin instead of ermine and one huge gilt cross replaced the many chains.

"Just think, Mummy," our eldest said breathlessly on their return, "You know how crowded Mass always is in Le Vésinet? We had lots of room today, people made room for us!"

My own thoughts turned to Sarah's conversion and I said so.

"My daughter is Catholic," she explained simply, "and so is all her family. It's better we is all the same. The way I looks at it, one religion is the same as another, anyhow. If you is good, you goes to Heaven if you is bad you goes to Hell."

SARAH HAD agreed to take Thursdays off, instead of Sundays, because I wanted weekends free of chores. She had seemed satisfied with the arrangement, but the first weekend made us suspect it might raise problems. Sarah was glum all Sunday afternoon and that night told us if she had been free she would have spent the day in Vincennes, with her daughter and son-in-law (an officer, she said, in the French army) and their four children. She told us, with a far-away look, how her son-in-law's mother and his unmarried sisters would have been there, too. I conjured up with some pangs of remorse a picture of Sarah, gorgeous in her Sunday best, sitting smugly in the midst of French women in classic black, probably fascinating to her younger grandchildren, perhaps a little embarrassing to the older. But my memory of servant-less days was too fresh for me to offer what Sarah obviously wanted, her Sundays off. When this became clear, she cut off the conversation abruptly.

"I shan't be going to Vincennes much nohow. It'd take most of the day to get there and back, from here. Too much walking."

Our mutual friend reported that on her free days Sarah always went to the room on Rue Pigalle that she had kept for more than twenty years. She had gone there once when Sarah had been ill, and described it as a museum of fine clothes of by-gone eras, that she guessed Sarah had bought from actresses, ladies of great houses and *poules de luxe*. Theatrical posters, handbills, news clippings and old photographs, she said, covered the walls. It was Sarah's *pied à terre* in the milieu where she felt most at home. Into the respectable world where she had safely established her child, she made only occasional sorties, and then rather as one who must periodically reassert her claim to maintain her right to admission. It was partly in this spirit, I think, that she clung so tenaciously to American citizenship. She had never gone back to the United States after *Le Docteur's* death, but went to the Embassy every so often to have her passport and registration renewed, and to talk over plans for "going home." No one believed Sarah ever could or would "go home." Yet no one could think of Sarah as an expatriate, one of those men and women everywhere abroad who remember they are Americans only when in need or in trouble. She was not of their kind. During World War II, when it would have been safer for her to fall back on the French citizenship she could claim by marriage, she had stubbornly remained American, worked for Allied benefits and flaunted her sympathies. When Paris had fallen and many other old timers had fled, returning "home," Sarah had remained behind. I tried to draw her out with sympathetic remarks about how she must have suffered under Nazi occupation.

"It wasn't so bad," she said briefly. "They rounded us up

after Pearl Harbor, all of us that was left around, I mean. I ended up in the women's camp at Evian. Stayed there till the Americans came and told us we could go home."

The words "women's camp" seemed to call for sympathy, but Sarah would have none.

"Evian is a fine spa," she corrected. "We was in one of the best hotels the Germans had took over. The only trouble was we all was women and some of the young ones got bored and looked for trouble. Always complaining, they was. They was the first ones, too, to squawk when the Americans says we can go home now. Wanted someone to keep on feeding them and looking after them. No, only the women what hadn't ever had nothing complained. That's always the way."

There could be many reasons why Sarah had not returned to the United States during the war. Probably there were, but one, I am sure, was that she was not the kind who would feel right about abandoning in evil days the city that made her conscious of being "a woman who had had something."

Sarah's spirits always dropped after her visits to Pigalle. Even the children had to seek her out in the kitchen, where she spent her time cleaning vegetables deliberately and endlessly. When our evening chats dropped off I told our mutual friend that it looked as if Sarah was not happy with us.

"She came in the other day," our friend said. "She said she likes your family and hates to think what your wife would do without her in that big house with three little girls. I think she misses her old life, but she says she wouldn't think of leaving you flat."

THE THOUGHT that Sarah might not stay upset Magdalena. "She adds something to the house. I really do need a younger woman, but couldn't we keep her for the children?"

We couldn't afford two maids so reluctantly decided that if and when a suitable person turned up we would release Sarah to the life she liked best. It sounded a fair, sensible and easy course, but when the time came, sooner than we had expected, it proved a painful one. Sarah listened stony-faced when I told her we knew the sacrifice she was making for our sakes, and that we hated to see her go, but that now she could, because we had found someone to take her place. She must have listened to a lot of face-saving formulas in her life, because my words obviously did not convince her. The children fussed over her, Magdalena was subdued and I could not get out of my head the thought that perhaps Sarah needed the money and livelihood we were giving her. She lingered in the door after saying goodbye. Then she was gone. We had the uneasy feeling that we had forfeited her friendship, and that we had cheated ourselves in doing so.

We never did meet to speak again, but café-trotting friends who had seen Sarah in our house told us from time to time that they had run into her in various night-spots, always around Pigalle. She would saunter in, they said, in a detached sort of way, letting the fact of her presence sink in. If a table were free, she usually would sit alone sipping an *amer Picon* until, during a break in the regular floor show, the owner or manager would go up to speak to

## NEW MEMBERS

### of the *Journal's* Editorial Board



Richard Funkhouser

Damascus. His present position, Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of State for Administration, can be directly attributed to the unique success registered by his last post in reversing Parkinson's Law, i.e., Embassy Damascus was reduced to a Consulate General. The Funkhousers have two sons and a baby girl.



H. Freeman Matthews, Jr.

Zurich. He is currently Deputy Chief of European personnel in POD. He and his wife, the former Nancy Henneberger, have three boys and a girl. Raising four children, and an occasional game of golf or tennis, occupy his spare time.



James F. O'Connor, Jr.

affairs in ARA. Mr. O'Connor is married and has one son. He reports that he lives across the river in Virginia, that he gets off the elevator at the Fourth Floor in the Department, and that he invariably signs both In and Out.

**R**ICHARD Funkhouser attended Taft School and graduated summa cum laude from Princeton University. He served in Venezuela with private industry and in China and Burma as an officer in the Army Air Force. Entering the Foreign Service in 1945, he was assigned successively to Paris, Cairo, Washington, Bucharest, and

**A** GRADUATE of Lawrenceville and Princeton, Free Matthews says he worked as a garbage collector and as a bank trainee and did two stints in the Army in Japan and Korea before entering the Department in 1952. Following two years in the Department he was assigned to Palermo followed by three years in

**A** NATIVE of New York City, FSO James F. O'Connor, Jr., received his B. A. degree from Columbia University and spent five years in the U. S. Army before entering the Foreign Service in 1946. Since then he has served in the field at Santiago, Maracaibo and Buenos Aires. He is currently Officer in Charge of Argentine Af-

### SARAH HAMILTON (Continued)

her. Then she would look mildly surprised, think a minute, get up, compose herself and wait for the man at the piano to give her her cue. Everywhere she went her repertory seemed to be well known. Usually, she was called on to sing soulful French ballads of the turn of the century or of the years before World War I but sometimes, for variety, the pianist would call for a Russian piece or a Negro spiritual. Sarah had style, our friends reported, and her husky voice was moving.

A few months after Sarah had left us, my secretary tossed on my desk a copy of the popular women's magazine, ELLE, opened at a spread on the latest Grand Prix at Longchamps.

"*Voilà, Monsieur, your cook,*" she said.

Below large cuts of the Duchess of Kent, the Begum Aga Khan and the reigning movie queens of the day was a small picture captioned: "*Le côté pittoresque de Longchamps: Mme. Hamilton, fermière à la Caroline du Sud.*" The picturesque side of Longchamps: Mme. Hamilton, farmerette from South Carolina."

It was comforting to know that Sarah was back in her old life, and in full possession of her faculty for keeping in the public eye. That she should have ventured onto so competitive a stage as Longchamps, and made her mark, did not surprise us. Once, she had told us with relish, the "King of the Zulus" had asked her to be his escort at the races and, he in lion-skin cape and lion-mane helmet, she in "her best," they had created a sensation enthroned in an open carriage. I took proprietary pride in the fact that this time her success had been unshared with a professional race-track character, that it was all her own.

That picture in ELLE is much more to me today than a souvenir of Sarah on a day of triumph I did not witness. It is a record of her as she was the last time I saw her, a year later. It was one of those sunny May afternoons in midweek that brings all Paris into the streets in a mood normally reserved for Sundays and holidays. I was sitting at one of the side-walk cafés near Maxim's, on the Rue Royale, with a couple, old friends, who had just arrived from Cairo. In the midst of telling a hilarious anecdote, the wife stopped short and put on a blankly well-bred expression. I turned to look at what she was so elaborately not staring. Seemingly oblivious to the throng that made way for her and lingered slightly at the sides, Sarah was proceeding slowly, rhythmically in our direction. She wore her Longchamps costume. The dress was black crêpe de chine, ground length, and from its hem protruded the familiar black brogues. She had on long white opera gloves and carried a tightly furled, long-handled umbrella with the flair of long practice. Her hat was a huge-brimmed Merry Widow, black, with a royal-blue ostrich plume that cascaded onto the well-remembered best white lapin cape, the one she had worn to Mass.

"It's Sarah," I said with warmth, "It's our cook."

My friend's face forgot to stay blank and well bred but took on a look that said I must have cracked some strain.



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# WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS



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## *As a New Decade Dawned:*

Washington moved comfortably into the new year—almost too comfortably—in view of the pressing nature of problems outstanding and decisions which needed to be made. It was perhaps a comfort mixed with a feeling of relief that the old annals of the 'fifties were closed and the bright new pages of the 'sixties were being opened.

For the Foreign Service there had never been a time when the expanding nature of the universe and the contracting nature of the world made their profession of such scope, demanding the utmost in training, equipment and personal values.

Down on the Hill the second session of the 86th Congress opened with a birthday party to Speaker of the House Sam Ray-

burn who has become a legend in his own lifetime. Now seventy-eight, he has been Speaker of the House for seventeen years, longer than any man in history. And another who had served long in Congress was toasted so enthusiastically he said he feared he was listening to his own funeral orations: nonagenarian Senator Green, former Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, says he will not run again for office.

In what promises to be a short Congressional session, even for an election year, legislation of great importance to the Foreign Service will be voted on by the House. S. 2633 passed the Senate last session, as we mentioned earlier in our pages. Parts of the bill of particular interest to the Service include improved provisions for Foreign Service staff personnel, Foreign Service retirees, Foreign Service locals, and the Foreign Service Institute. Of equal interest are new and exacting language qualifications for chiefs of

mission and for FSO's, and a housing allowance for officers stationed in Washington.

## *Foreign Service Wives*

Across the river at Arlington Towers several Foreign Service wives were busy taking the excellently run orientation courses for the Foreign Service. In terms of F.S. wives, January's enrollment, as usual, was not large—no doubt due to the accumulated backlog and pressures of the holiday season, but for those who came, listened and questioned, and used the reading facilities, there was much of interest. Registrar Mrs. Way tells us that last year over 460 wives took the course, of whom 200 were from the State Department while over 260 were from other agencies. Other agencies, in this case, means personnel sent to Foreign Service posts overseas, and includes military as well as USIA and ICA personnel.

We were curious to know what young mothers did with their children during the class sessions and learned that usually they hired baby sitters but that recently under an extraordinary circumstance a six-weeks-old youngster had had the benefit of orientation lectures. (Its mother was going to Africa and thought the feeding problem there would be easier if she continued to nurse the baby.)

Since these were courses that busy wives were taking on their own initiative, we wanted to chat with the Chairman of the course for the F.S. wives. Mrs. Blake, as Chairman, is responsible for the wives training, and we discovered joined the FSI some four years ago, following the untimely death of her husband, FSO M. Williams Blake. Previous to that she had served with him at nine posts. She is by way of being editor of a best seller these days, too, for "Social Usage in the Foreign Service" which she and a committee of senior wives revised and added to has run into a sturdy circulation of over 20,000. (Gov't printing office 1957 O-445270)

We took a look ourselves at "Social Usage" and found no Emily Post approach there; it's Amv Vanderbilt and up-to-date, simple and uncomplicated, including such items as:

A husband or wife refers in conversation among acquaintances to "my husband" or "my wife." With servants they refer to their spouses as "Mr. Brown" or "Mrs. Brown."

Wives at all levels, we gather, have enjoyed these classes and at times as many as fifty F.S. wives have turned up for the course, though the usual enrollment is nearer thirty. Wives are permitted in these FSI courses on a space-available-only basis.

Language study goes on seriously among F.S. wives, too, we learned from the Registrar. Since last summer eleven F.S. wives and twenty-two from other agencies have taken regular full-length world-language courses at the Institute; two F.S. wives, and six from other agencies, have been trained in hard languages. Here, too, wives are included on a space-available-only basis.

### At the Journal

While we read reports of 30° below in Moscow, we were assured by friends down in the county in Maine that temperatures there were 40° below. These figures we hear, but don't comprehend. In Washington we continued on with sun and sometimes rain, at a moderate 45°F (and sometimes it read 60°F). It was one of those winters, so far at least, practically without what the British call weather.

But there was a chill of sadness in the air as we made preparations to drop the pilot: the chairman of the Editorial Board, Tom Beale, was winding up his JOURNAL affairs in January, preparatory to his transfer to London as Economic Minister.

This had been for us a very happy incumbency and a time for going forward, helped particularly by the chairman and the co-chairman, John Burns. This past month they both resigned as did Charles F. Knox, Jr., a longtime member of the Board who had contributed greatly to its pages. They will be much missed, but our new members are very illustrious, as a turn to page 28 will show. The quick overturn of Board personnel, sometimes as much as 50% to 75% in a year, is always saddening but some pictures remain that one likes to enjoy privately: One, the look on the face of the taxi driver as he watches his passenger, arms deep in mss. alternately laughing and moaning as he reads and comments on the JOURNAL contributions. Another, a perfectly happy group of F.S. friends and acquaintances gathered at an elegant Georgetown residence suddenly being tossed a bomb as our co-chairman quoted something controversial from the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. A third, the chairman laughing aloud as he reads first to himself, then to his wife, then to an unprotesting guest, and finally to the *bonne à toute faire* Elizabeth, how to comport oneself with composure while being evicted from an airplane.

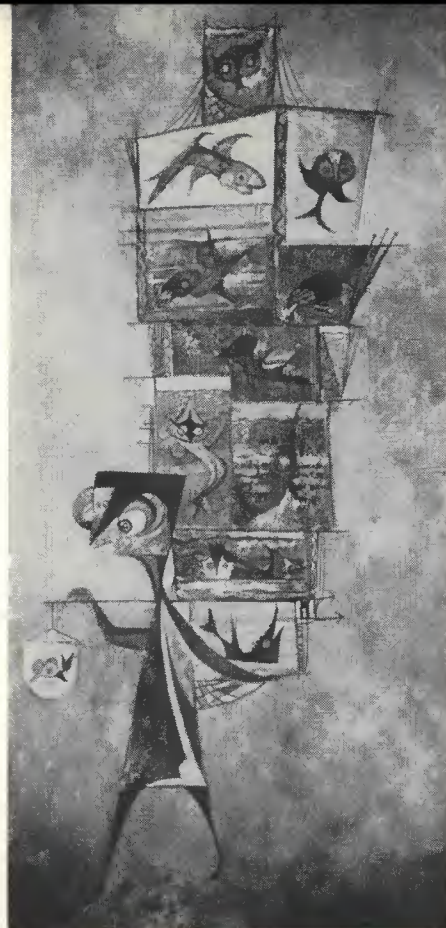
### Headlines

Sometimes headlines tell more than the stories which follow. One we read recently may serve as a graphic example:

"INSECT BALANCE OF POWER IS VITAL TO HUMAN SURVIVAL"

The implications are enormous in this science fiction world of ours and though we firmly resisted the temptation to read the story we've cogitated on the subject and its possibilities since, during our walks around town. Even

"Female Figure" First Millenium, B.C., Japan  
Currently at the National Gallery



"Ven'edor de Pajaros" by Guillermo Silva Santamaria  
From Ruthermore Galleries, San Francisco

after having our shoes re-soled we have still not come to a definite conclusion as to the necessity for such equilibrium.

### Lincoln's Birthday

It was only last year that the 150th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday was celebrated, and perhaps nowhere more movingly than in the joint session convened in Congress. On that day Carl Sandburg, poet and authority on the life of Lincoln, cast a spell which those who heard have not forgotten. As Russell Baker reported it in the NEW YORK TIMES:

The poet moved to the rostrum where Presidents and statesmen before him had looked down upon the assembled leaders of the Republic and began to speak in vibrant, whispered cadences.

"Not often in the story of mankind," he began, "does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet, who is as hard as rock and soft as drifting fog—"

And down on the floor of the House the spell of poetry and legend began to take hold. A Senator leaned forward and cupped his ear. Two Representatives broke off a whispered chat and stared wonderingly at their guest.

Sandburg concluded his address by saying that today's monuments to Lincoln are "in the hearts of lovers of liberty, men and women—this country has always had them in crises—wherever there is freedom there have been those who fought, toiled and sacrificed for it." Sandburg's great biography, too, "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years and the War Years" (which this year is available in an inexpensive and companionable boxed edition) will long keep vivid in the minds of men Lincoln's unique values.

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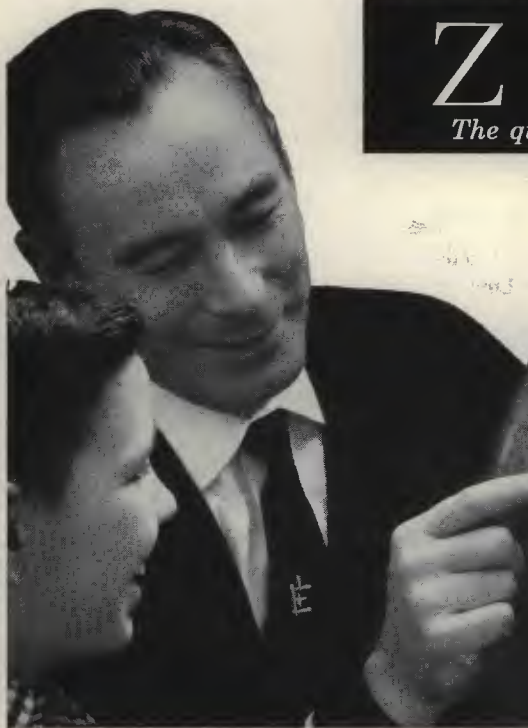
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# Three Inside Looks at Russia

Reviewed by HEYWARD ISHAM

THE FLOOD tide of books on the Soviet Union still shows no sign of abating, though it is an open question whether the Soviet enigma is becoming less or more of a riddle as a result of the diverse personal impressions and different viewpoints which find their way into print.

Zinaida Schakovskoy is an *émigré* of aristocratic birth whose years abroad since her flight from the Bolsheviks in childhood were distilled of romantic memories and passionate hatred. She probably had little stomach to follow the course of Soviet history, and in any case was not prepared for Soviet reality when she returned to Moscow in 1956 as a diplomat's wife. At first she finds the cheerless, withdrawn faces of the crowds so alien that she exclaims, "I did not recognize my own people." For the Princess the habitual rudeness of Soviet citizens in public comes as an understandable shock, until her maid tells her something of the accumulated tensions arising from the daily fight for a place in bus, queue, or communal kitchen. She is also dismayed when the same source confides matter-of-factly that in the USSR marital relations are frequently characterized by mutual distrust or opportunism and good neighborliness is a rare commodity in crowded urban living conditions under an economy of scarcity. In the course of time, however, her faith in the basic qualities of the Russian character is reaffirmed.

The Princess, a spirited and well-trained observer, manages in a relatively brief assignment to see a good deal of Moscow life, its churches, art galleries, theaters and book shops, and catches the spirit of fleeting (and often furtive) acquaintanceships. Some of her contacts go considerably deeper than the chance encounters to which foreign diplomats are normally limited.

Had the Princess been able to travel more widely and talk with a great range of Soviet citizens, including those in positions of political and executive responsibility, she might have gained a more balanced assessment of the strength of the regime, especially as it draws upon nationalist pride. Moreover, in her book she would have been well advised to have avoided making sweeping political judgments, for her lack of real knowledge of Soviet power factors often leads her to absurd conclusions. For example, she claims that "the real masters of Soviet policy" are to be found not in the

Kremlin but, of all places, in the Marxist-Leninist Institute! However, her journal makes entertaining, if not profound, reading.

Giuseppe Boffa's "Inside the Khrushchev Era" is testimony of an altogether different sort, based as it is on the observations of an Italian Communist journalist whose five years in the Soviet Union failed to make any dent whatsoever on his Party loyalty. Although the publishers proclaim that Boffa "accepts nothing on faith" and "has striven to see and report the blemishes on the Soviet profile," Boffa himself is the first to disabuse his readers of any claim to objectivity. Only a superficial show of candor, and a few critical thrusts well within the bounds of the de-Stalinization formula, differentiate his book from an apologia pure and simple. Boffa's description of the Yezhov terror in



"The Privilege Was Mine," by Zinaida Schakovskoy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 318 pp. \$4.00.

"Inside the Khrushchev Era," by Giuseppe Boffa. Marzani & Munsell, New York. 226 pp. \$5.00.

"Stalin and the Soviet Communist Party," by Abdurakhman Avtor-khanov. Frederick A. Praeger, New York. 363 pp. \$6.00.

"Moscow"  
by  
Sheila Isham

## THE BOOKSHELF (continued)

the mid-1930's is an example of dialectic rationalizing at its best. He even has the temerity to suggest, as Khrushchev himself did not, that this very policy of repression "saved the Citadel that broke the back of Fascism and freed the world at Stalingrad." He consistently glosses over the most damaging of Khrushchev's admissions, e.g., the arrest and execution of 70 percent of the members of the 1934 Central Committee.

Despite perfunctory criticism of Stalin, carefully limited to his later period, Boffa tries hard to preserve the benevolent Stalin father image. Typical of his woolly partisanship is the statement that Stalin, in maneuvering against Bukharin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, displayed an attitude that was "free of personalities." Later Boffa bravely but unconvincingly asserts that even if Stalin had lived, "the elements of democracy in the USSR would have made themselves felt." We may doubt his conviction is shared by Stalin's successors.

Even professional partisanship such as Boffa's, however, does not rob this book of a certain fascination. His political affiliation, of course, gave him a position of preference, and he enjoyed the confidence of several victims of Stalinist terror rehabilitated since 1953. His informants return from Siberia with their faith unimpaired, but it is questionable whether this reaction is representative. Boffa quotes an interesting remark made to him by Molotov, and apparently not reported before, which does much to explain the old man's increasingly exclusive view of real orthodoxy: "Of course today there are many Communists, but are they real Communists? There are liberal Communists, pacifist Communists, reforming Communists, and then there are the real Communists." For Boffa this came as "a most disconcerting judgment," but it sums up the dilemma of a veteran Stalinist when faced with the shifting sands of the Khrushchev period.

If either Princess Schakovskoy or Mr. Boffa were anxious for hard-headed instruction about the dynamics of the Soviet system, they could not do better than to turn to the third book before us, A. Avtorkhanov's thoroughly admirable study in the technology of power. The author is a gifted intellectual of the Chechen race in the Caucasus who studied at the Institute of Red Professors and finally graduated in 1937 after a period of ideological disgrace and reassignment in the Central Committee apparatus. Arrested in the same year, Avtorkhanov managed to escape to the West in the train of the retreating German army and since the war has been contributing penetrating studies of Soviet politics from his present residence in West Germany.

The strength of Avtorkhanov's book lies in his combination of personal experience and deep theoretical knowledge. The complicated maneuvering within various factions of the Party is analyzed with exceptional clarity and detail. Avtorkhanov contributes a particularly valuable insight into the thinking and personality of Bukharin, whose influence within the Party is frequently overlooked by Western historians. His analysis of Stalin's diabolically shrewd tactics in warding off counter blows from his intellectual superiors within the Party in order to neutralize and finally liquidate them is worthy of close study, for the Stalinist principles of domination are deeply a part of the Soviet system.

Avtorkhanov's book is not easy reading for the non-specialist, although it is by no means a ponderous work and even sustains considerable dramatic power. But it maintains a remarkably high standard of accuracy and balanced interpretation of events which remain highly controversial even among specialists. It is in the best sense an "inside" book and as such it deserves to become a standard work of consultation in the field. The publishers, Frederick A. Praeger, deserve high commendation for the latest in their series.

**As Others See Us**, edited by Franz M. Joseph, Princeton University Press, 360 pp., \$6.00.

*Reviewed by* RICHARD G. CUSHING

THOSE OF US concerned professionally with the image of America abroad can take heart that twenty foreign observers of the American scene look upon this country, on balance, with considerable favor. These essays were compiled by Franz M. Joseph for the American European Foundation and are the works of independent, sensitive individuals—educators, writers, and statesmen.

The greatest value of this book lies in what might be called the standards of evaluation that control the opinions of the United States held by other nations. Others judge us in the light of the values and issues most important to them; only continued exposure to foreign cultures and foreign presses reminds us how different the controlling values and issues of other nations may be from our own.

While we perceive the struggle with communism as the overriding inter-

national issue, this judgment is by no means shared by all those nations whom we enlist, or attempt to enlist, in this struggle. We cannot be reminded too often that in important areas of the world Zionism, or colonialism, or pan-Arabism, or color, or starvation may dominate attention and control orientation toward foreign policy. Our policies, fashioned to serve our ends, are more often than not judged by their effects on quite different goals.

A number of essayists read into America's concern with world communism, as reflected in the kind of questions inevitably asked the foreign visitors, a near-psychotic anxiety. This perhaps naive observation is most sharply set down by Marija Vilfan, whose husband was formerly Yugoslav Ambassador in Washington and subsequently Secretary-General to President Tito of Yugoslavia. "It seems to me," she writes, "that the USA is hypnotized

by its chief antagonist, the Soviet Union, and cannot discern the fundamental processes in the world to which all countries, including the USA, will ultimately have to adjust their policies."

Mrs. Vilfan's natural defense of what she calls socialism includes, incidentally, an overly-sweeping reference to our Foreign Service people. She contends they "frequently are unable to understand the way of life of other people, and tend to propagate the American way of life as the most suitable for other nations as well."

The articulate and frank essays by perceptive foreign observers undeniably add to our understanding of the often confused and distorted image of America held abroad. It can only be considered a tribute to America that a group so diverse and independent found more to approve than disapprove, more that is democratic than undemocratic.

**Strategy in the Missile Age**, by Bernard Brodie. *The Rand Corporation and Princeton University Press, Princeton*, 423 pp. \$6.50.

**The Question of National Defense**, by Oskar Morgenstern. *Random House, New York*. 306 pp. \$3.95.

**The Uncertain Trumpet**, by General Maxwell D. Taylor. *Harper & Bros., New York*. 203 pp. \$4.00.

Reviewed by HENRY C. RAMSEY

EXPRESSED in terms which were valid at least until World War I, military strategy in the West has traditionally been the art of purposefully combining and applying gradations of force for purposes of war. War was a *political act*—the servant, but never the master, of national policy and of rational war aims. The means of applying force were related always to the ends sought. To exalt the methods of attaining victory over the purposes to be served by victory was to move from the rational toward the irrational, the unknown, the uncivilized. This concept finds its classic expression in Clausewitz's much-quoted, much-misunderstood dictum that "war is a continuation of policy by other means."

Then came World War I and the fruition of the "romantic" school of strategy centering on du Picq, Foch and Douhet—a school which exalts the offensive, which in general misinterpreted the effect of technology on strategy, and which, in Douhet, influenced the United States in particular toward the primacy of strategic air power and reliance on the doctrine of massive retaliation. Although Douhet's theories of air power, attributable in part to his misinterpretation of the nature of ground warfare in World War I, were generally disapproved in World War II, there is no question of their validity in thermonuclear war. The larger question is whether their present applicability should go unquestioned—whether undue reliance on them threatens, rather than assures, the national security and the rational purposes of war in an age of missile strategy.

It is to this central question that these books are addressed, each from a distinctive point of departure and with a different emphasis. They represent massive attacks upon the Douhet theses of total war and the present day credibility of the doctrine of massive retaliation. Each pleads that we strengthen the deterrent of our nuclear retaliatory striking power, that we take accompanying measures to assure active and passive defense against nuclear strikes, but that we find ways of returning war

to the battlefield and of relating the methods of war to rational policy objectives. Each advocates that we accept deterrence as basically a defensive concept and that we accordingly accept the corollary of building up limited war and conventional capabilities. As General Taylor trenchantly observes: "while our massive retaliatory strategy may have prevented the Great War—a World War III—it has not maintained the Little Peace."

Space forbids more than the barest outline of the contributions which these books make to a fuller understanding of what is clearly the central issue of the times. They should be read together, and carefully, since they supplement each other and are deep and serious inquiries by men of integrity and experience. One will find in Brodie what is perhaps the most penetrating critique yet written on the philosophy and psychology of strategic air power, together with the strongest argumentation for the restoration of the Clausewitzian balance between military power and foreign policy. Dr. Morgenstern, like General Taylor, ranges over a broader spectrum and covers the policy-making process as well as military strategy. His is a profound and embittered indictment of virtually all he touches on, including the Foreign Service. He advances at length his strategy of an Oceanic System of nuclear invulnerability—a concept which FORTUNE magazine has popularized.

General Taylor's book covers the spectrum of military preparedness but concentrates on the role of conventional forces and limited warfare behind a nuclear deterrent made as invulnerable as possible. He expounds his Strategy of Flexible Response as the alternative to massive retaliation—a strategy which would provide the capability to react across the entire spectrum of possible challenge, from coping with nuclear war to brush-fires. Like Brodie and Morgenstern, he believes we can finance such a strategy and he believes that heroic efforts are now required to insure the national security by moving toward it.

The Foreign Service officer will especially find General Taylor's book virtually required reading because of the detail in which he criticizes the policy-making apparatus in Washington, the relationship of budget-making to military strategy, and the operations of the National Security Council and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But General Taylor, as do Brodie and Morgenstern, more than attacks—he also suggests alternatives which deserve the most careful consideration.

**Charles De Gaulle: The Crucial Years, 1943-1944**, by Arthur L. Funk. *University of Oklahoma Press*, 336 pages, index, \$5.00.

Reviewed by E. J. BEIGEL

THIS is a timely and important study of inter-Allied and particularly French-American relations. It is the best account available in English of French dissident politics during this critical period, for which the author has drawn upon all the available memoirs including those of de Gaulle himself. This history of "tensions created in high places" from 1942 to the end of the war must be read in the realization that underneath there existed throughout a spirit of friendliness and cooperation, and that even Roosevelt whose unyielding stubbornness delayed formal recognition of the Gaullist leadership far beyond the point of unreality, was at the same time approving the maximum military and civilian assistance to the French that was commensurate with other American commitments. The topical interest of this book is its case history of the behavior of de Gaulle, who in this earlier period first demonstrated his belief that by acting as the inflexible champion of France he would obtain respect and consideration from foreigners, as well as his tendency to "hurl another stone into the frog pond to see how loudly the frogs would croak." To some it may seem only yesterday that de Gaulle exhibited that "cold, direct and humorless passion which, sustained by his great ambition to restore the historical glory and grandeur of France, drove him with the inevitability and relentlessness of a rising tide." Sixteen photographs.

**Government and Politics in Africa South of the Sahara**, by Thomas R. Adam. *Random House, New York*. 134 pages, \$1.25.

Reviewed by R. SMITH SIMPSON

HERE is a competent handbook of the basic elements of government and politics in an area where events are moving so fast as to outdate some parts of even so recently published a volume as this. This remains, however, a useful analysis and it is hoped the author will find it possible to keep this study *au courant* in as frequent editions as may be needed.

# Service Glimpses

**1. Asmara.** Matthew J. Looram (seated), newly assigned American Consul for Eritrea, Ethiopia, consults with Michael L. Di Legge, Vice Consul and PAO, on Mr. Looram's presentation to the community.

**2. Monrovia.** Ambassador Elbert G. Mathews poses with members of the staff of the Embassy upon the occasion of the presentation of his credentials to President Tubman. Front row (L to R.): Counselor of Embassy Paul L. Guest, the Ambassador, Deputy Director USOM/L Ernest E. Neal; back row: Administrative Officer Seymour Levenson, Agricultural Attaché James F. Gehr, Public Affairs Officer W. Clinton Powell.

**3. Frankfurt.** A scene from "Kiss Me, Kate," presented by the Frankfurt Playhouse which is sponsored by U. S. Army Special Services and terms itself the oldest American Theater in Europe. A number of Foreign Service people participated in this production whose cast and crew numbered seventy-five. Pictured are FSO Dave McClurg (second from left), Jo Ann Handy (in doorway), male star FSO Hampton Davis (right center), and Betty Davis, Hampton's wife (third from extreme right).

**4. Dar es Salaam.** During a buffet supper in his honor His Highness the Aga Khan (right) chats with Mr. Julius Nyerere, African nationalist leader of Tanganyika, and Mrs. William R. Duggan, wife of the Principal Officer.

**5. Norfolk, Va.** Members of the Senior Officer Class at the FSI are huddled behind the source lights of the mirror landing system in order to observe its operation during a tour of the Naval Air Station at Oceana. Standing (L to R.) Robert Elwood, Robinson McIlvaine, John Slocum, William Mazzecco, Col. William McCrea, Brewer Merriam; crouching behind the lights, John Hoover, Douglas Henderson, Ernest Siracusa, and Eileen Donovan.

**6. Amman.** A group of wives from the Consulate General in Nicosia, on a trip to Jerusalem last fall, were given an audience by King Hussein. (L to R.) (tourist agent), Mrs. Luther C. Fortner, (a Briton), Marsha McIndoo, Mrs. Nicholas Dawson, Mrs. William E. McIndoo, (a British wife), Mrs. J. W. Osmer, Mrs. James A. Hyndman, (tourist agent), Joseph Dubill, Mrs. Richard J. DeLewski, Mrs. Ronald K. Bogen, (wife of agent), Mrs. Harold J. Siriano, King Hussein, brother of Erika Rogala, Mrs. Norman Sofield, Father Flaviano, Mrs. James L. Tucker, Mrs. William G. Mount, Vera Sue Tucker, Mrs. Richard Turner, Mrs. Mable Gordon, Mrs. Aaron Johnson, Mrs. John F. Forrester.



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# A Court Presentation

by Beatrice Russell

... INSIDE the gates of the Imperial Palace—the Old Ghibi—the cars were bumper to bumper, and I had several moments to take in the scene. The Old Ghibi, dilapidated and crumbling, flaunted a huge red velour tapestry from its dingy balcony, which was approached from either side by wide, sagging stone steps. Curiously, the effect was one of shabby splendor. In front of the Ghibi the mounted troops of the Imperial Guard lined up for inspection, and what a handsome sight they were. Red breeches, white jackets, and black faces under gleaming white-plumed helmets, proudly astride perfectly matched chestnut horses, outlined against the green mountains and the blue Ethiopian sky.

The embassy chauffeur parked the car, and we climbed the worn steps and milled around with the other guests in an ante-room where the Emperor's aide-de-camp was trying, not too successfully, to line us up according to rank. All the embassies were represented. The European and American advisers to the Emperor, the leaders of the local foreign communities, Greek and Armenian; the British judge of the Ethiopian High Court; the American head of the State Bank; the Swedish commander of the Ethiopian Air Force—all were there. We were a colorful and polyglot assemblage.

Eventually some order was achieved, and the French ambassador, who was the dean of the corps, led off with his embassy. The British and American ambassadors followed, with Russ and me last and least. Behind, the broad-faced Russian minister was lining up his staff. Slowly we moved toward the entrance of the long reception room. A shiny, black-faced Ethiopian in white satin pants and green velvet jacket announced each dignitary as he entered the hall, whereupon the official and his lady made the first bow and curtsy, respectively, and proceeded sedately down the red-carpeted aisle to the center of the room, where they repeated their bows. At this point the next couple in line began their obeisance, while the first couple approached the dais at the end of the hall, where the Emperor and Empress sat on matching carved mahogany thrones. Here the couple made their third and deepest bow, first to the Empress, and then crossing and repeating the bow for the Emperor. When

they finished, they moved off to the left side of the hall to wait. On the right the royal family, the duke and duchess, the old rasas, the cabinet ministers, abunas, and lower-ranking Ethiopian officialdom stood, like so many sun-tanned penguins in their cutaways, watching us, silent and impassive.

When our turn finally came, I made a creaking curtsy, a pale imitation of the graceful ones I had achieved through much practice before my mirror. The effect of my second curtsy was somewhat marred by Russ, who inadvertently knocked my hat askew in making his bow. The stern-faced Empress surveyed my third attempt without enthusiasm. But the Emperor smiled graciously and, it seemed to me, sympathetically when I made my curtsy to him and thankfully moved off to lose myself in the swelling ranks of foreign dignitaries. We amused ourselves for the next ten minutes watching our colleagues go through their paces.

When everyone had been formally presented, the dean of the corps made a short speech congratulating the Emperor on the occasion. This was followed by a speech in Amharic by one of the ministers. The Emperor sat quietly stroking the ear of one of the little white terriers that always accompany him. The ceremonies concluded, the door to the left of the Emperor was thrown open and a score of liveried servants, in the same white satin pants and green velvet jackets as the footmen, paraded into the hall bearing aloft large silver trays of champagne. I blinked my eyes to assure myself that I hadn't been plummeted by some trick in time into the court of Louis XIV.

A French diplomat at my side offered me a glass of champagne from the proffered tray and smiled at my confusion.

"*C'est épatant, n'est-ce pas?*" He continued in English. "You should have been here before the war. A presentation at court was an experience to remember, I assure you. The Emperor kept lions chained to the walls on either side of the red-carpeted approach to the throne, and diplomats were obliged to leave the Emperor's presence bowing and walking backward. *Ca pouvait être inquiétant!*" (From "Living in State" by Beatrice Russell. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, David McKay, N. Y.)

"I LIKE TO SEE a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him. Be honest, but hate no one; overturn a man's wrongdoing, but do not overturn him unless it must be done in the overturning of the wrong."—*Abraham Lincoln*

# Travellers in Jeopardy

by Diana Graves

I FIRST became aware of the hazards which can beset the tourist in Europe when I was on a flight to Spain. Wishing to inform the air-hostess that I felt less than well, I opened a little manual entitled "Spanish for Beginners," and sought for a suitable phrase under the heading of "In the Airplane." One sentence only caught my petrified eye—"I should like," it said, "to descend by parachute immediately."

Since then I have made a fairly profound study of foreign phrase books, and have come to the reluctant conclusion that disaster is expected every step of the way. Take, for instance, "Italian in Three Weeks." No sooner has the Traveller reached some seaside resort than he is making frantic enquiries among the natives. "Are there sharks here?" he asks. "Is the bathing safe?" "Are the currents strong?" He would be wise, however, to heed the part of the book which provides the word "Help!" Let him learn this cry by heart. What will it avail him otherwise, when he finds that he is drowning? He may feel for the book which he has prudently placed in the pocket of his bathing trunks; but can we be sure that the pages will not have become sodden, and stuck together? There is every chance that they will open only at the section headed "At the Railway Station"—so that with a last despairing yell of "Porter, call me a taxi!" he will go down for the third time.

HOWEVER, judging by the phrase book, his fellow travellers—with an unbecoming callousness, I have often thought—continue their ill-fated holiday. They no longer brave the perils of the sea, mind you, but gravitate to the surrounding countryside. In no time at all, they have been stung by a scorpion, a wasp, a bee, and a snake—all of which, by some stroke of luck, they appear to survive. There is certainly no mention of undertakers.

One of them, however, does repair to the Doctor. At the sight of a stethoscope, the patient displays advanced signs of hypochondria. "I feel," he complains, "a pain here, in the head, in the throat, in the back, in the ear, in the chest, in the neck, I am shivering. I have a fever. I have a fit. Doctor, do you consider my illness alarming?"

"No, it is nothing serious," the Doctor tells him reassuringly, "but you should apply a cold compress/a poultice."

Here, the manual pessimistically concludes that the Traveller who shows such a marked degree of physical degeneration is almost certainly bound to be weak-minded as well. Hardly has he boarded a train, in fact, than he is beset by

further misfortunes. He suffers, it seems, from amnesia. "I can not find my passport/my ticket," he informs the exasperated guard, under the heading "Travelling Difficulties" . . . "I left a suitcase (an overcoat, an umbrella, a camera) at the station. I have got into the wrong train. I missed my connection," he finishes, his voice trailing off forlornly—as well it might, when he sees the Italian word for "connection" is *coincidenza*.

As the train is an express, the guard decides it is not worth dealing with him until they reach the frontier. By now, our friend is in an ill-controlled state of jitters. He brings out his packet of cigarettes, but finds, to cap everything, that he has also lost his matches. Squinting nervously

## A Page from a Polygot Dictionary\*



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## TRAVELLERS IN JEOPARDY

at "All You Want in Italy," he turns to the neighbor on his right. "May I trouble you for a match, please?" he asks courteously. "Sorry! I have no matches. I do not smoke," the man tells him, rustling his newspaper angrily.

"Do you mind my smoking, Madam?" he enquires of the lady on his left, hoping that she at least will provide him with a match.

"Excuse me, I can not bear tobacco smoke," she replies stonily.

Clasping his phrase book like a talisman, he suddenly finds himself face-to-face with the customs officials. "My passport will prove to you that I am not a merchant," he informs them coolly. They exchange a look of complicity with the guard, and remind him that his passport is, in fact, lost. His heart lurches. So deep-rooted in his amnesia, that he has forgotten that he has forgotten his passport. He is not yet beaten, though. Drawing himself up haughtily, he cries, with an execrable accent, "Kindly take me to the Consul." After arranging for a new passport, the Consul sends him on his way, urgently begging him to assemble his scattered wits.

It is now too late, however. The Traveller has already suffered a surfeit of shocks. He decides, it seems, to embark on an insensate round of pleasure and dashes hotfoot to the opera. During the interval, his gaze alights on a young lady who has dropped her glove. He springs forward to pick it up. Their eyes meet. "Madam," he babbles, "will you do me the honor of meeting me this afternoon/tonight/tomorrow?" In the face of such importunity, she feels unable to refuse his pressing invitation, and we next meet them together in a restaurant. He has by now collected a small library of phrase books and consults them each in turn.

"Allow me to pour some wine for you," he says.

"Many thanks. Only a sip," she replies, still unsure of his intentions.

"This wine will not harm you, it will not go to your head," he tells her cunningly, filling her glass to the brim. She drinks meditatively. Then, with a start of surprise, he cries: "Why, you are already a bit tipsy!"

"It is only that I am as hungry as a wolf," she mumbles.

He beckons with a lordly gesture to the waiter. "Ho, there!" he calls. "Bring me a whiting with crumbs, followed by a quail *à la financière*, and some toothpicks." He, alas, has also taken a considerable amount of wine, and leans unsteadily across the table to replenish his companion's glass. Half dead with hunger and fatigue, she only twists it round in her fingers. "Will you please empty your glass," he tells her didactically. "Many thanks," she hiccups, "it is impossible. I have done."

The waiter scurries up with the whiting with crumbs. After the first mouthful the miserable host flings down his fork. There are tears of vexation in his eyes. "The plates are cold," he laments. "This is not properly cooked. I have had enough. I don't like this. I shall leave. Send for the bill."

The waiter, who is tired and wants to go to bed, presents him with a yard-long bill. The Traveller, desperately trying to focus, realizes that he has been gypped. "It does not seem right," he whispers. "I have not had pigeon *à la crapaudine*,

nor calf's head with oil and vinegar. Neither I nor this lady ordered gherkins. Send for the maître d'hôtel."

But the maître d'hôtel hovers over them in an attitude of haughty disinterest. People are beginning to stare. The diner, overcome with embarrassment, fumbles in his pocket for the money. Then follows a scene of unparalleled horror. His pocket is empty. "I have been robbed," he yells, starting to his feet. "I can not pay now. I have no money left. Would you wire for me to my Family/to my Friends? I shall call a policeman!"

After further heated exchanges, a policeman arrives and escorts him back to his hotel. Once safely locked in his room, he is chagrined to find that, in point of fact, his money is quite safe, wrapped up in a pair of socks. He falls back on the bed, which is lumpy/hard, and stares languidly at the ceiling. Suddenly he is struck by a hideous thought. He has left his lady friend without a word of farewell. He must apologize at once. With twitching fingers, he searches through the phrase books until he finds a sufficiency of headings marked "Letters."

"My Divinity," he begins as instructed, "unfortunately we are separated and I have not the opportunity of expressing my best wishes personally. You have not done me the honor of confiding in me. That lady whom you mistrust is my sister. Forced by circumstances, I am obliged to ask you a favor; I should be much indebted to you if you would kindly lend me the sum of . . .

"Begging you to remember me kindly to your whole family,

"Believe me, I am yours respectfully,

*A. Traveller."*

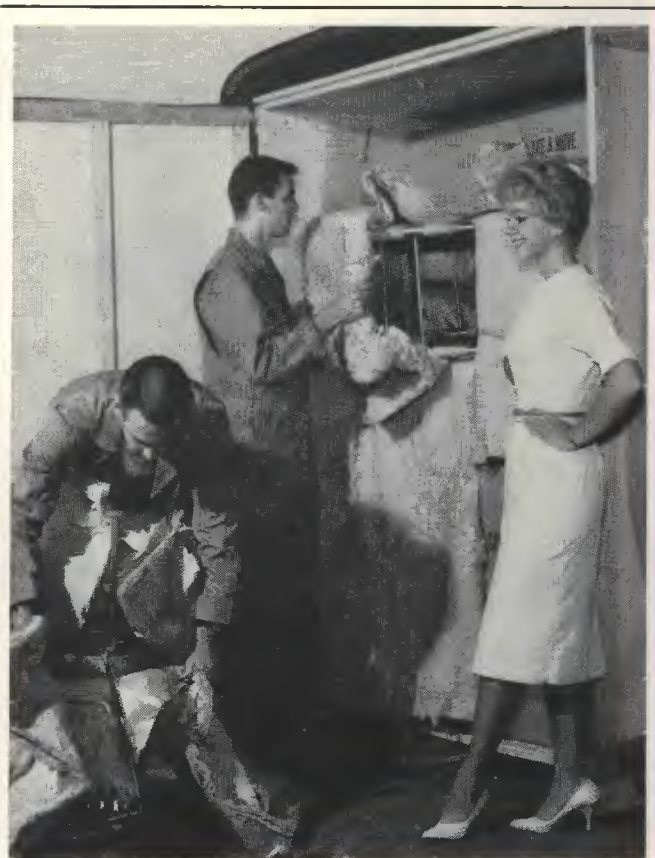
Only after he has licked the envelope does he realize that he knows neither the lady's name, nor her address.

He has, however, owing to excessive good living, run through a considerable amount of money, and he makes the wise decision to go to a cheaper hotel. His original phrase books are packed, and he is forced now to make do with a rather old-fashioned one, entitled "Useful Phrases for the Traveller Abroad."

"Have you a bedroom with a bed in it?" he asks the clerk, leaning nonchalantly across the desk. Suppressing any feelings of astonishment at the question, the clerk leads him up to a room on the third floor. "Let us see if this bed is good, for that is the main point," the Traveller says, bouncing up and down to test its worth. "Are the sheets dry?" he goes on, examining them closely. "No, they are damp and dirty. Kindly change them. Kindly call the chambermaid."

He starts unpacking. His clothes really are in a shocking state. By the time the chambermaid arrives, he has quite a pile of commissions for her. "Please darn my stockings," he says ingratiatingly, "with cotton to match their colors. Also kindly wash my nightshirt at once. There are two buttons missing from my combinations." With as much dignity as he can muster, he asks her to call him at six the following morning. He has, he tells himself, to turn over a new leaf. Tomorrow, he will devote himself to making business contacts.

In the morning, he wakes feeling much more sanguine.

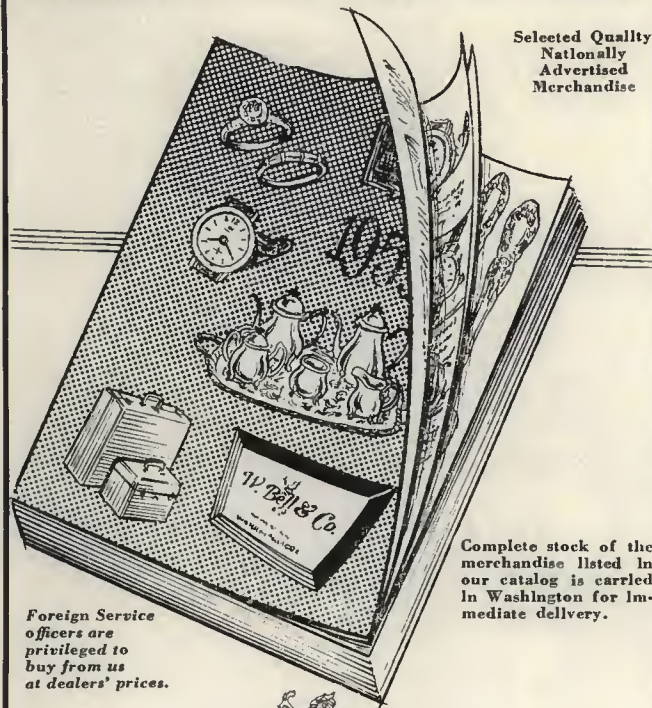


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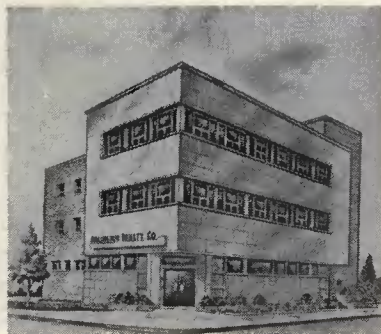
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## TRAVELLERS IN JEOPARDY

The maid is really a charming creature, he decides, eyeing her over the damp bedclothes. He engages her at once in conversation. "I have slept very badly the whole night," he tells her mendaciously. "I have not closed an eye." She betrays no sign of distress. "We will take a walk when you are dressed," he goes on winningly. She makes a convulsive move towards the door.

He feels that he must prevent her leaving him. He is really starved for human contacts; taking "L'Italiano e l'Inglese" from under his pillow, he decides to appeal to her womanly sympathy. "What must I do," he wails. "I have neither father nor mother. My sister was hurt by her donkey. In going downstairs, my uncle broke his leg, and I, in going up, broke my head." A look of comprehension suffuses the maid's bovine features at this last remark, and she starts sliding again towards the door.

"Wait!" shouts the Traveller, deciding to use more snobbish tactics to detain her. "My eldest brother is a Marquis, and my cousin is a Duke. The Marchioness is waiting for me in the hall. How old," he asks, grasping her firmly by the arm, "is the Emperor of Germany?" She lets out a scream of "You are mad!" and rushes in tears from the room.

Gloomily, he buries his face in his hands. "I am indeed mad," he moans, "and what's more, it is hereditary madness. Heaven knows, the phrase books have described travellers as being all descended from a bunch of eccentrics. What about that Russian aunt who was found under the table with a picture? And more frightening than any, that isolated, verbless sentence in the Icelandic phrase book, which said simply, in cold, spine-chilling print, 'My grandmother and my cabbage.' And finally the book printed in Naples, for the edification of the American troops, which asked so plaintively—'What is my mother? What is my mather? Wom is my mitter? Mut is my wother?'"

These are signs of almost total derangement of the mind. I must return with all possible speed to the quiet, rural peace of home. I see no reason, even, to consult my analyst. "Roots!" the Traveller suddenly shouts. "That's what I need. Roots!" And tearing up the phrase books and scattering the leaves like rose petals, he dashes downstairs laughing and sobbing. "Send for my postillion," he cries peremptorily to the clerk. "I wish to depart forthwith."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

### A Biographical Opera

by MARY LEUTE

EVER SINCE the days of Ben Franklin men with skill in statesmanship and diplomacy have been sent overseas by the State Department as members of the American Foreign Service. Some of these men have in addition possessed talents and skills in music, arts, literature and appreciation of the cultures of other countries. Of these latter, too little has been known by fellow Foreign Service officers of their special skills—though these very skills have won them many friends for this country.

How many in the Foreign Service, for instance, know that one young Foreign Service officer while at the Consulate in

Mannheim worked in his spare time on music and composition, and while doing so translated an opera from German into English?

This was the first German opera to be written on the life of George Washington.

It was just before the first World War. In the music lovers' group in Mannheim, Germany, Joseph Leute, a young consular officer, had become well known and liked; he had even played by request at the Casino, or town auditorium. He had attended the concerts and operas, had sung with the young men in the local "English Club," and had entered into music appreciation discussions. At the Casino he also met older men in the field of music, two of whom had written an opera in German, and were hoping to get it translated into English. These two, the composer and the librettist (Otto Wolter and George Hunold) became convinced that the young Joe Leute was the answer to their hopes, and begged for his help with the translation. He took the opera and studied it, and was eager to translate all of it.

The wife of the chemist with whom the young Vice Consul had lodgings is said to have complained, "he used to enjoy going on long walks with us in the forest, Sundays, and holidays," but "since the opera came to him, he seems glad when we leave him alone at home, he has papers spread on every chair in my salon. He writes, then goes to the piano to try out a line or two—whatever it was that he had written—and it is so beautiful!"

After he had finished translating the opera the composer and the librettist were asked if they were pleased with the translation; they replied they were "delirious." That he took pleasure in working on the script is the belief of the librettist, who later dedicated a book to him, and wrote in a letter, "Herr Vice Consul . . . undertook the translation of the opera with joy!" Of the composer the librettist said, "He has expressively written a timeless piece of music, and he has done well." They all agreed that the title should be "George Washington, a Biographical Opera."

Efforts to present the opera in the United States were then begun but came to naught as two World Wars intervened, and it was not until recently that the opera again came to the attention of the public, when a song from it was played on the Wanamaker Organ in Philadelphia. It was the song of George Washington as he looked out over his beloved Mt. Vernon towards Washington.

Many who have heard of this opera hope to be able one day to see performed the complete score of the musical biography, "George Washington, an Opera, Dedicated to the President of the United States, and in Friendship to the Free American People."

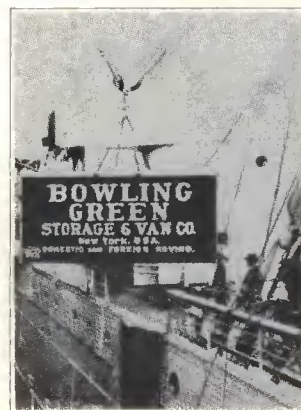


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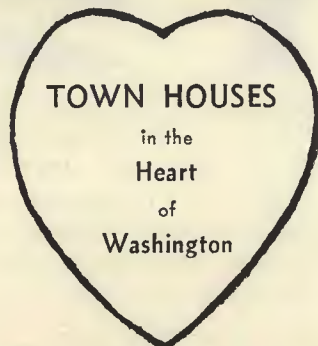
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# White Lady

By LATHEEF NAZEER AHMED

- (1) *What do you think of the "mediocre Americans?"*
- (2) *Why aren't Americans more culturally inclined?*
- (3) *Why do Americans brag about their "way of life"—is there any such thing?*
- (4) *Where is your "white lady?"*

These were the questions I was confronted with during my travels recently in Europe, the Middle East, Pakistan, and India. The first was asked in Rome, by a gentleman from India who had spent five years in the United States and had received a Ph.D. from an American eastern university. The second was posed in Athens by an employee of the United Nations who is of European origin but had been living in New York City for the past ten years. The third was the query of a man of importance in New Delhi. The last expresses the curiosity of some of my friends and relatives in Mysore State, in South India. They were surprised that I was not married to a "white lady" after eight years in America.

By coincidence, these questions were asked in four widely scattered geographic areas of the world, by four different types of individuals. Yet, they have a common underlying theme, a particular kind of reaction to the American "way of life," which is almost universal.

First to be noted is the widespread nature of the problem, involving what I call "the misunderstood American." It is a universal phenomenon. Even individuals who have had close personal contacts with Americans for several years seem to join in beating the drums when they find the atmosphere conducive to it, especially after they have returned home. Students, technical trainees, short and long-term visitors to the United States—all fall into this habit at times. For one thing, these people are anxious to "return home," in the psychological sense. A majority of them even take pride in the fact that their American sojourn has *not* changed them! This generally means that they are trying to be "in" with the home folks when it comes to defending home ways and throwing clichés around about the American way of life. The satisfaction they thus get by "belonging" to their own crowd is understandable. This seems to be true from Stockholm to South India, and includes both sexes, as well as most age groups.

Second to be noted is the injustice of this universal misconception. One might well ask what is the definition of culture? A sociologist will be outraged at the attempt to equate culture with "good" behavior patterns *per se*. But, assuming that under the name of "culture" the critics of Americans are looking for socially worthwhile traits, the question arises: What criterion is to be used for determining a "cultured people?" Is it the number of museums, art and music centers, or the number of art students, bookish people, and others who participate in these various activities? In that case, statistics would certainly place New York City (and possibly other American cities) at least on a level with Mozart's Vienna, Shaw's London and Verdi's Rome, if not Ulanova's Moscow. If, on the other hand, mere collection

of art objects is the criterion, then Americans may be behind the Swedish, amongst whom artistic inclinations are common to all strata of population. In short, if in a fair debate Americans are found lacking in truly artistic life, according to some agreed-upon universal standard of values, then the criticisms may be valid indeed. But this is rarely the case. Foreign evaluations of American life and ideals are generally not attempted in this spirit, except in rare cases. This is what I call "universal injustice."

Finally, and most importantly, there is the astounding nature of the ignorance that causes this injustice. There are, perhaps, two categories of this ignorance—special and general. There seems to be a special mental block against appreciating Americans. As mentioned above, even for those who have had long associations with Americans, it "pays" to at least partially shut their minds to facts once they reach home. Politically, in many countries it is rewarding to disagree with, if not to denounce, Americans whenever necessary. Most of the time, Americans fit into the scapegoat arrangement very well indeed. Even socially this is the case. In fact, this is the most important area where a subtle but definite battle is on between American and non-American ways, all over the world. It touches of one's life the very core when, contrary to all tradition and set patterns of thought and behavior, one is suddenly confronted with the vital questions of social and sex equality, hard work as a duty of all citizens, and scientific sex and religious attitudes. Naturally, the comfortable answer is to seek refuge in the "home habits," which not only provides the easy answer but brings extra rewards because the prodigal has returned! And all this may happen quite unconsciously.

An example of such mental confusion is the gentleman from Delhi. He was not seeking truth on Americans' way of life. His question, cited above, was in reality an affirmative statement: Americans should not brag about their way of life, because they have none. He probably had visited the United States once or twice and was sure of his beliefs, or of at least what he was saying at that moment. My reply—that sophisticated Americans very humbly recognize the limitations of American life, and that Americans *do* have a way of life, consisting of honesty, thrift, hard work, and relatively better social justice—therefore fell on dull ears.

The general kind of ignorance is perpetuated by the lack of impartial data about Americans, particularly in India. The question, "Where is your white lady?" illustrates the point. "White" of course refers to any American woman being white (which is obviously not true). But much more important are the incorrect assumptions back of this question. It is assumed that there is complete freedom of the sexes in the United States; that one automatically gets involved with women; that foreign men are helpless in several ways in the United States; and, above all, that one's whole life changes completely as soon as one marries an American girl. It is considered a certainty that the American girl will never love and be faithful like an Indian girl; that she is a spendthrift; that she necessarily wants a very high standard of living; and that she won't work hard. Implied in these assumptions, of course, are also judgments on American life as a whole.

A further example of misunderstandings was the apparent amazement of my friends that an Indian who had spent eight years in the United States could visit, shake hands, embrace, and spend time with old friends who are now only in humble, sweat-shirt positions. "He eats our food, he sits

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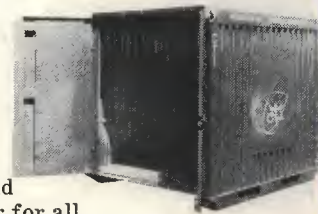


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## WHITE LADY

on the floor, he travels third-class in trains, and he even sleeps on the floor!" They concluded: "He hasn't *changed* a bit—he is one of us!"

Admittedly, negative reactions to American ways have their justifications. One can debate the pro's and con's of freedom of the sexes, the precise definition and value of "love" and "faithfulness," and the larger question: Just what is a healthy society? Serious debating, however, is seldom done. Two conclusions, therefore, emerge: Most foreign criticisms are not articulate—they are not criticisms of those who are seeking truth. Secondly, there is definite injustice when the very basic values of American life are completely turned around in foreign eyes. A good example of the latter is the astonishment already described at an Indian's equalitarian approach toward his countrymen on his return home. It is true that the "frontier spirit" has gone from America and that a considerable degree of class stratification has taken its place. But, as compared with India's caste system, particularly, social equality *is* practiced much more in the United States, in spite of the fact that there is still a great deal of Negro discrimination in the U. S. This should be visible even to a short-term visitor from India—provided he has an open mind. But what happens when the returnee to India actually presents and practices this basic tenet of American life? People are pleasantly surprised that America hasn't *changed* the native son! How ironical.

What will help to bring an end to the misconceptions? One practical suggestion immediately comes to mind. With an increasing number of American-trained Indians, Pakistanis and others now available, a parallel arrangement might be instituted in the various United States information agencies, with one or two local officers (like Indians or Pakistanis) serving shoulder to shoulder with Americans at top level positions. Already many local employees are used at lower levels. But this suggestion is concerned with drawing on highly qualified top-level people.

Several practical questions arise in this connection:

Are there any precedents? Yes. Such arrangements are being used by missions in some Latin American countries.

How will the candidates be selected? After thorough screening while they are in the United States and even after they return home (just as is now done for the issue of United States study visas and for other "sensitive" purposes). Only those who are sincere and objective about the merits and the demerits of American way of life, and who are qualified technically—in terms of solid knowledge of the United States as well as of local conditions and languages in their home country—should be selected.

Will such appointments call for special legislation, since top posts are involved? Yes, and Senators and Congressmen have shown a willingness for this.

Once appointed, would these new information officers be involved in the handling of U. S. secret documents? No. For one thing, gone are the days of Louis XIV and Metternich. Today the NEW YORK TIMES may release a story hours before the American Embassy in India will have any idea of it! And even if there are embassy secrets, information agencies are generally housed separately. Furthermore, no self-respecting man would bother himself with

what he is not supposed to know. His hands will be full if he is a dedicated and sincere man. Careful selection of such men is the key.

Only imaginative and experimental methods can give a semblance of answers to the baffling, complex problems of modern society at all levels. Those in the United States international information activities who have realized this secret are succeeding better in this area, too. Not only must the lack of information and the deliberate twisting of facts against the USA be met, but the American story must be told for its own sake. If only for its experimental and innovative nature the American way of life deserves honest and bold communication all over the world, and especially in the East.

## AN EMBARRASSMENT

by U Khin

“LEE! Lee!! LEE!!!”

It was Mr. Honest Price, Head of the Language Testing Unit of the Foreign Service Institute, Department of State, looking for his secretary, Mrs. Lee Stevenson—no relative to Adlai. A new Foreign Service Officer had just been appointed and he had offered to be tested in the Burmese language, and it was Mr. Price's responsibility to arrange to test this young man on how well he knew his Burmese—a language few Americans know how to speak, much less read and write.

As Mr. Price was calling for his secretary, the Burmese tutor, U Sein, arrived on the scene and he blushed slightly as if somewhat embarrassed. He should have been—for the word “lee” or “li,” in whichever way it is spelled, is a swear word in Burmese and U Sein had not heard it used—at least not that loud—since he left Burma many years ago. He, however, knew that the word is being used very popularly by many occidentals and even by the Chinese either as first, second or last name and he was not going to expose its meaning in Burmese and thus embarrass the owner of such a name. He also knew that there are many pretty words in Burmese which sound simply terrible in western ears. U Sein had come to help test the newly appointed Foreign Service Officer, Mr. John Doe, in his Burmese and not to open a debate for intercultural arguments. Ever since he arrived here, he had learned to understand many cultures particularly by constant contact with many native tutors from many different countries at the Foreign Service Institute.

Just then Mrs. Stevenson appeared with Dr. B. C. Nodman, Head of the Far Eastern Division, and Dr. N. B. Ross, the linguist in charge of the Burmese language. Now that the testing officers had assembled Mr. Doe was politely ushered into a sound-proof room adjacent to Mr. Price's office. Except for the “No Smoking” signs, the testing room was completely devoid of any decoration that could make a person to be tested be at ease. There were no windows, and the whole testing room was covered with monotonous Armstrong acoustic tiles, making it appear like an interrogation room at the headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—only that the lights were less strong and piercing. The air-conditioning duct which was supposed to be supplying cool air on this summer morning was instead blowing in a hot breeze. The rate at which the warm air rushed into the room seemed to be greater than it was being

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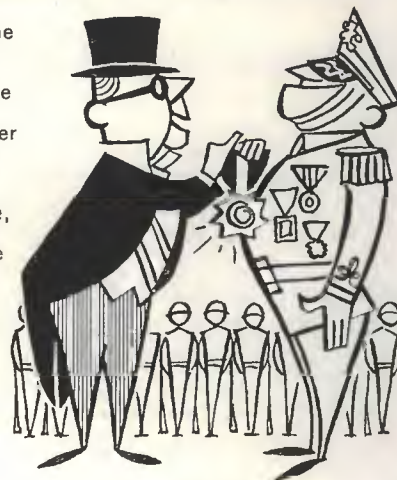
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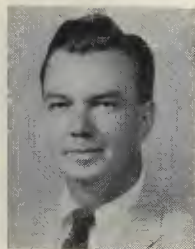


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## AN EMBARRASSMENT

eliminated by the air outlet duct, and the atmosphere in the room seemed to weigh rather heavily on the persons in the room. The moment Mr. Doe sat in a chair he felt uncomfortable.

Mr. Doe was already sweating by the time Dr. Nodman, Dr. Ross, and U Sein took to their chairs. If ever Mr. Doe doubted whether he ought to be tested in Burmese that seemed to be the time, for he kept fidgeting in the chair, constantly running his right middle finger around the white collar which had begun to soften. After all, he did not know how he was going to be tested, and the very presence of language experts would make anyone nervous.

U Sein too was getting sympathetic pains in his heart, seeing that the candidate was already at a disadvantage and knowing the tough role he was to take in the ensuing test. He had tested many similar candidates and he knew that in the critical eyes of the two linguistic scientists, Dr. Nodman and Dr. Ross, relatively few even made the lowest language grade.

Of course, Mr. John Doe would not have offered himself to be tested in such an exotic language had he not considered himself good at it. During World War II, Mr. Doe served in the armed forces of the United States of America and he fought the war in Upper Burma, near a place called Putao. Fascinated with the country and the natives there, he tried to learn the language spoken by the natives and even brought back to America the spoken language in the form of sound tapes. He had been listening to these tapes since his return to America so that he would not forget the language of the country he is so fond of. Now that he had successfully passed the Foreign Service examination he hoped to return to Burma as a representative of his government.

While he was in Burma, Mr. Doe wanted to see the entire country but the fighting did not last very long, and he was obliged to return to his base in India after a short stay at Putao. The furthest he had been into Burma from the north was Myitkyina but he was charmed by what he saw of the country and vowed that he would return to Burma some day. With this idea in view he kept himself in touch with the language. His only regret was his inability to meet some Burmese in America to practice his knowledge of Burmese.

Unfortunately, what Mr. Doe did not know was that the language he had picked up at Putao was merely a corruption of Kachin with a little mixture of Burmese and not at all the language spoken throughout the country of Burma.

After composing himself in a dignified manner, Dr. Nodman cleared his throat and asked Dr. Ross to explain the procedure that had been adopted at the Foreign Service Institute for language tests. Dr. Ross was to ask questions in English and Mr. Doe was to answer them in Burmese to U Sein who was to pretend not to know English at all.

Breathing heavily and constantly wiping his forehead with an already wet handkerchief, Mr. Doe opened his speech in Burmese—at least what he thought was Burmese—and greeted U Sein. U Sein was not looking at Mr. Doe. In order not to make him too self-conscious, U Sein was deliberately looking away from Mr. Doe, and soon was absorbed in watching a small ant that was trying to crawl into a hole in one of the perforated acoustic tiles on the wall, and

by U Khin

he did not even know that he had been spoken to. He thought Dr. Ross and Mr. Doe were still talking about testing procedure, and he failed to look until Dr. Nodman cleared his throat again. U Sein was a bit embarrassed and asked forgiveness for his inattentiveness, and requested Mr. Doe to repeat his question. To his utter bewilderment Mr. Doe spoke something that was completely alien to his ears. Perhaps it was Laotian, U Sein thought and he asked Dr. Nodman if he was sure he wanted the Burmese tutor for the test.

The whole thing was a mistake—U Sein did not speak or understand Kachin, nor did Mr. Doe understand Burmese. The test was accordingly called off but Dr. Nodman was not disappointed. He considered that it was better to teach Mr. Doe the Burmese language from the very beginning rather than have him know some incorrect Burmese to start with. Once a student has acquired bad language learning habits it is difficult to correct him.

The result of the test must nevertheless be recorded and it was time for Mr. Honest Price to dictate a note to Mrs. Lee Stevenson. And so he again called for his secretary, "Lee! Lee!!"

U Sein blushed again as he made his way out of the testing room.

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# Letters to the Editor

*Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. Anonymous letters are neither published nor read. All letters are subject to condensation. The opinions of the writers are not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, nor of the Foreign Service as a whole.*

## FSL's and Pension Taxes

IT WOULD be very much appreciated if you would please have this letter published in the JOURNAL. Perhaps someone may take action to protect our interests or suggest a practicable solution. It would also be convenient to acquaint Foreign Service Locals with the financial problem they will have to face after their retirement, a fact generally unknown.

I recently received a mimeograph letter dated October 20, 1959, from the United States Civil Service Commission, Bureau of Departmental Operations, Washington 25, D. C., to the effect that beginning with my monthly annuity check dated December 1, 1959, 30% of my full payments must be taken as tax, thus reducing my pension from \$143.00 to \$100.10 per month.

I have no doubt that action in such cases has been in accordance with standing legislation on the matter, but nevertheless I must protest strongly against such discriminatory legislation.

There is doubtless much that can be said by way of justification for elimination of the tax on FSL pensioners. It was generally believed back in 1952 when the Commissioner of Internal Revenue made the ruling reducing the 30% tax in force, that his action was motivated with the purpose of permanently eliminating or reducing the tax in the estimated ten-year period during which it would be in force. Unfortunately no further action has apparently been taken on the matter. If I remember correctly, the JOURNAL has published several letters from FSO's protesting against the applicability of this tax.

I was retired in August 1949, after thirty-two years of service as an FSL. It is true that my monthly check used to be \$98.00 in 1952 and that it is \$100.10 as of December 1, 1959. However, all Federal employees have profited by an increase in the cost of living during this lapse of time. Why should the Foreign Service Local (Alien) employees be discriminated against this rise in their annuities?

ANGEL ESCUDERO  
FSL—Retired

Bilbao

EDITOR'S NOTE: S. 2633, now before the House, contains a provision relieving FSL's from this obligation.



"On Guard": Bushes at Guanajuato

THIS PHOTOGRAPH was shot in the old university town of Guanajuato, Mexico. The scene is the row of stately trees that circle the plaza common to all small Mexican cities.

In this case the cut of the trees, and their height, is a bit unusual, and symbolically, remind one of the busbies worn by the famous Guards at Buckingham Palace, London. Hence the title: "On Guard."

ROBERT E. MACAULAY  
Motion Picture Officer  
Mexico City

## NEA in 1917

AT THE LAST AFSA luncheon, the speaker, Walter Lippmann made several references to the Department in 1917. A particular reference was made to his visit at that time to the Near East Section, which he indicated consisted of one man (whose name he could no longer remember).

Readers will be interested to know that the Register of the Department of State for that year shows that the Division of Near Eastern Affairs was responsible for "Diplomatic and consular correspondence, on matters other than those of an administrative character, in relation to Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Abyssinia, Persia, Egypt and colonies belonging to countries of this series."

The Chief of the Division was Albert H. Putney, who by December of 1917 had three employees working for him: Basil Miles, M. Roemer Clarke and Mary N. Birch.

EVA A. MCKAY  
NEA/EX

Washington

## "Cover to Cover"

I WANT to commend you on the excellence of FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. In it I find much of interest, such as occasional reference to old friends such as the deans of the Service Hon. Robert P. Skinner, Hon. Charles Eberhardt, and others I have long known.

The vast expansion of our Foreign Service almost startles one used to the small Embassies and Consulates of forty to fifty years ago. I read the JOURNAL from cover to cover each month.

FREDERIC M. HALSEY  
Fellow Royal Geographical Society  
Allenhurst, N. J.

## "Knee High Linguists"

PERHAPS other Foreign Service personnel read with delight "Knee High Linguists" by Thomas J. Naughton which was reprinted in the September, 1959 *Reader's Digest*. Harland Cleveland says most Americans are not guilty of having an intellectual deficiency in the foreign language area, but that such deficiency as exists is almost entirely the result of their past educational and social conditioning. At one time it was "unpatriotic" to study German. Few could see a time when a foreign language would be used without "showing off," much less would be useful. Hence there was a lack of motivation.

But we are reminded in Mr. Naughton's article that "the great advantage of starting language classes early lies in the fact that up to about twelve years of age, all children have what psychologists call a "language plasticity." This means they are facile with new sounds, learn them quickly, and from the start "think" in the new language.

Mr. Naughton's conclusions seem worth remembering for their morale implications in personnel activities, especially in the areas of incentives, training, and rating of Foreign Service Officers of all ages:

1. *The earlier the language starts the better*—ideally in the first grade or kindergarten.
2. *Frequent short classes* are better than less frequent longer ones.
3. Once started, language study should be continued every school (work) day for at least five years, no matter how early or late in life it is begun.

EDWIN DUERBECK  
Bonn

"Winter on the Rhine, near Bonn,"  
by Paul Child →



# Letters to the Editor

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## For Greater Equity in Ratings

THE year-end tradition of reflection and appraisal has given impetus to the critical examination of certain problems I have experienced in the use of the Foreign Service Efficiency Report form this past year. An irrepressible optimist, I here present the essentials of this examination in the hope that certain changes in the rating system might be found to have merit and be adopted in time for use of the 1960 yearly ratings.

In short, I suggest in the interest of greater uniformity and equity in the efficiency rating of Foreign Service personnel, that the Efficiency Report Form FS-315 be altered to require rating officers to express their appraising comments entirely in essay form, with no reference to the numbers now so prominent in the form. If it is deemed useful, numerical ratings could subsequently be assigned to individual performance aspects by the Division of Foreign Service Personnel on the basis of these verbal descriptions.

Although the present system makes provision for essay appraisal of an officer's performance in Part VI of the form, the seemingly thorough numerical rating sections in Parts I B, II, III, and V tend to encourage over-reliance on the mechanical approach at the expense of searching and carefully shaded verbal analysis. To the extent that rating officers succumb to this temptation, the system loses in quality and depth of assessment.

In addition, the number ratings represent serious weaknesses and disadvantages in themselves. Dead-pan in nature, numbers are a poor medium for communication of the sensitive appraisals and fine gradations which would be most useful to the selection boards. More important yet, the use of this lim-

ited group of numerical indicators almost inevitably leads to inequitable differences in the value individual rating officers attach to each number. Some rate strictly according to the official definition of the numbers, but it is clear that for many the ratings are in effect restricted to 4, 5 and 6, 5 indicating good, 4 indicating inadequacy in some respect, and 6 being very good or excellent. Used in this way, the numerical ratings lose most of their meaning.

In order to correct the above deficiencies and increase the reliability and usefulness of the Foreign Service Efficiency Report, I suggest that Parts I B, II, III and V of that report be modified to require the rating officer to give a line or two of terse verbal comment on each personal characteristic or other factor without any reference to numbers. To facilitate comparison of efficiency reports, the Division of Foreign Service Personnel might later, on the basis of these substantive comments, assign numerical evaluations, possibly on an expanded 1 to 10 scale, recording these in a marginal column beside the verbal comments.

This proposal will admittedly not eliminate inequities arising from variations in conscientiousness, drafting style, and ability between one rating officer and another. It should, however, represent a two-fold improvement over the present system: the verbal descriptions should be more responsive to gradations in characteristics than is the present numerical system, and assignment of the numerical equivalents on all efficiency reports in a central office should provide a uniform standard for comparative evaluations, which the present system fails to do.

Looking forward to the response this suggestion should elicit,

OLIVER S. CROSBY, FSO

Washington.

## Writer Wanted

WE ARE publishing a new series of books entitled "Careers in Depth." Each book is a definite study of a career, aimed at helping the high school senior and the college student in the selection of a career.

We plan to include in this series a career book for candidates for our Foreign Service and would like to have the name or names of people capable of writing such a book.

Richard Rosen

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## "Stimulating"

THIS is a belated note of thanks to you for including several paragraphs about my position on counterpart funds and foreign aid in the August number of "Washington Letter" which appears in your distinguished FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL. I am flattered that you considered my views worth reporting so fully.

Let me take this opportunity to congratulate you on a most attractive and most stimulating magazine which should have a readership far wider than those directly engaged in representing America abroad.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY  
Committee on Foreign Relations  
United States Senate

Washington

## FSO's and D. C. Taxes

I WAS MUCH interested in the recent letter "FSO's and D. C. Taxes." The subject is all too timely but I do not believe the writer is correct in his assumptions. I would suggest that those who haven't recently looked into this subject, and especially new officers, would want to review Section 447.4 of the Manual of Regulations and Procedures.

B. T.

Washington

## Thus and Thusly

RE YOUR October '59 issue. "Fahles for the Foreign Service," fourth line from the bottom: Permit me to join those who may already have drawn your attention to the error of adding LY to the adverb THUS (which is tantamount to adding LY to the adverb SO, or writing BADLYLY).

GERRIT J. W. HEYNEKER

Washington

**Editor's Note:** Webster's admits its colloquial use: "*adv.* In this manner; to this degree; thus."

## Retirement Benefits

I AM glad to hear of the several projects for improvement of benefits to retired Foreign Service personnel contained in the October issue of the JOURNAL. For too long the attitude has appeared to be that retirement is an inevitable misfortune that should be ignored!

STANLEY G. SLAVENS

San Antonio



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# The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

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The group insurance program of the Protective Association WILL CONTINUE TO OPERATE AS AT PRESENT, WITH NO CHANGE IN THE COVERAGE OR IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE PROCEDURES, THROUGH JUNE 30, 1960.

Members will be kept informed regarding changes in our group insurance program that may be made effective as of July 1, 1960. Details of these possible changes will not be known for another two or three months.

When premium notices for the first quarter of the new insurance year that begins on March 1, 1960 are mailed, the notices for MEMBERS IN ACTIVE SERVICE will include the premium charge for the hospital-surgical insurance for dependents for the four months of March through June, 1960, instead of the usual quarterly charge. This will be done in order to facilitate the keeping of records and accounts related to possible changes that would be effective as of July 1, 1960. Refunds of any prepaid premiums will be made, as usual, in all cases where the insurance of members is cancelled.

The administrative work of the Protective Association will be more helpful to members and less expensive if all members will take time to read carefully the booklet "Group Insurance Program, June, 1959, the Circular of January, 1960 that was distributed by the Protective Association, and the three insurance certificates that are given to all members as evidence of their insurance coverage.

Those eligible to participate in this group insurance program are American nationals under 60 years of age who come within one of the following categories:

- Foreign Service Officers, Department of State
- Foreign Service Staff, Department of State
- Foreign Service Reserve Officers, Department of State
- Permanent American Employees, Foreign Service, Department of State
- FSR and FSS of the International Cooperation Administration
- FSR and FSS of the United States Information Agency

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Address applications and inquiries to:

**THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION**  
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