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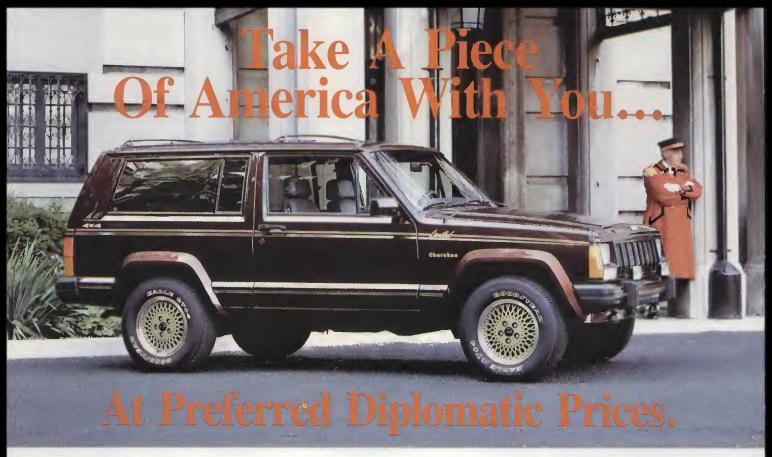
J O U R N A L

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general was shot in the chest by the sniper. Poor Mr. Wasson had been working himself to exhaustion on the Truce Commission, walking twice a day through sniper and machine-gun fire to the French consulate for meetings. Ironically, the bullet entered through the right shoulder, passed through his chest, and was stopped as it came out by the bullet-proof vest that he always wore.

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Jerusalem, 1948							
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JOURNAL subscriptions: One year (11 issues), \$20. Overseas subscriptions (except Canada), add \$3 per year. Airmail not available. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C., and at additional post office. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to FOREIGN SERVICE [OURNAL, 2101 E Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20037.

Alicrofilm copies: University Microfilm Library Services, Ann. Arbory, Michigan. 48106. (October. 1967. postgorus), Judgard B. PALS.

to present). Indexed by PAIS.

The TOURNAL welcomes manuscripts of 1500-

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May 1988. Volume 65, number 5.

AFSA VIEWS

Foreign Service Day

e celebrate Foreign Service Day this month. We don't often talk about it, it's out of fashion to do so, but we are proud to be in the Foreign Service. We are proud of what we do, what we represent, and of our service to our country. We have come to a point where our own Service leadership, both political and career, is accepting as inevitable our reduction in size and influence. But we have a record of accomplishment and commitment worthy of our thoughts this Foreign Service Day.

Sometimes it is easy to fall into cliches when describing our work—the first line of defense, representing our nation's interests abroad, and so forth. True statements but somehow insufficient to describe both the breadth of our many and varied tasks or their difficulty. In the modern day the nature of the profession has become so complex that it is little understood or appreciated. And the difficulties range from the bureaucratically mundane to the deadly. Our work benefits all our citizens, all regions of the country, all social-economic levels.

But there are things that can be said on this occasion. First, we in the Service can and should take pride in what we do, both as individuals and as a body of professionals. Our country is well-served by its men and women in the Foreign Service. Second, we offer our elected leadership experience, excellence, integrity, honor, loyalty, and professionalism. And third, and most important, what we do—all of it, from the vice consul in the high-fraud post to the assistant secretary in Washington, from the AID officer who perseveres despite hardships to the USIA officer who tells America's story to often unreceptive audiences, from the secretaries behind their word processors to the secretary of state—is part of an enterprise engaged in the noblest of all callings: working to achieve and maintain peace among nations in a world improved because of our efforts.

Unfortunately, we must recognize on this Foreign Service Day that we are passing through a period during which our Service has been battered and maligned. It started with our members returning as heroes from captivity in Iran to be received and praised by President Reagan himself and honored throughout our country in public ceremonies. Since then, we have fallen out of favor. Our president's unwillingness to accept our professionalism led to the Iran-contra tragedy, where our once proud country offered tribute to those who so cruelly treated our diplomats in captivity. Congress now singles out the Foreign Service for punitive legislation. We are threatened with lie detectors and psychological tests. And our own leadership tells us we must accept a lesser role in our nation's international affairs.

AFSA is looking to this election year as an opportunity to restore our Service's primacy and prestige. We are too good at what we do to fall into the shadows. We have the best Foreign Service in the world, and we take the occasion of this Foreign Service Day to proclaim that.

Perry Shankle, President



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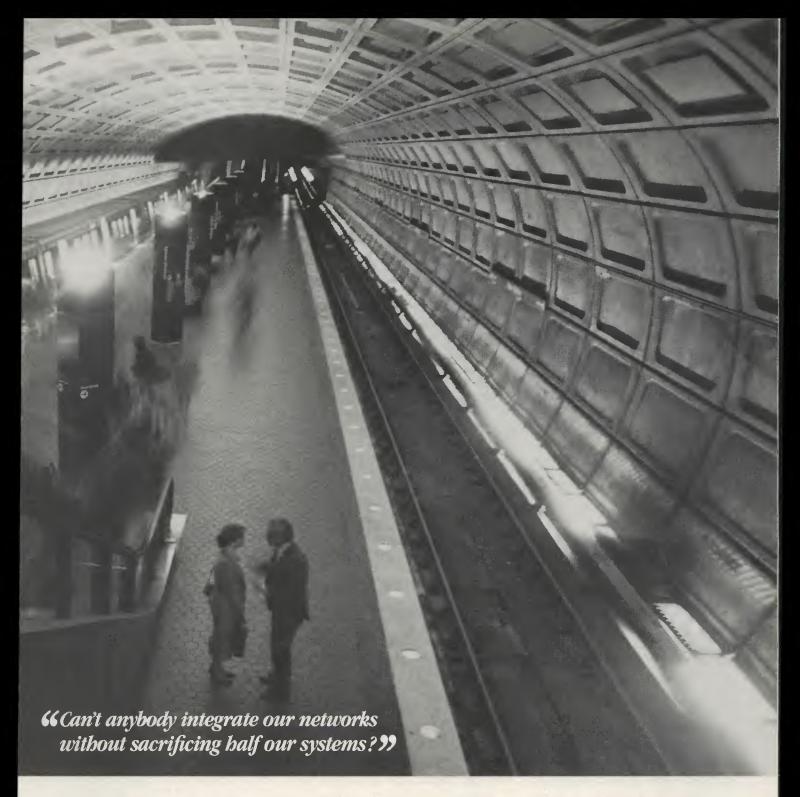
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LETTERS

A United State

During AFSA's recent campaign to increase its membership of Civil Service employees you noted that all employees have a common interest in a strong Department of State, yet AFSA is not permitted to represent the interests of Civil Service employces as a bargaining unit.

During my 25 years at State, two major studies of the department concluded that there ought to be one personnel system—a Foreign Service system. In 1962, a committee recommended that U.S.-citizen personnel in all categories should be under a single grade and salary structure and be designated Foreign Service officers and employees. A management reform task force in 1970 recommended that all officer-level positions be brought into a unified personnel system under the Foreign Service Act

The latter recommendation resulted in the Foreign Service Reserve Unlimited program, and hundreds of us Civil Service employees voluntarily transferred to the Foreign Service. An executive order was issued in 1971, after which AFSA was elected the exclusive representative of Foreign Service personnel. Remember that the clearly expressed policy of State management at that time was for all Civil Service officers to become Foreign Service personnel.

Upper management in the department rejected the earlier wisdom and reversed the policy of a single Foreign Service personnel system with the 1980 act. So the same group of us who had voluntarily joined the Foreign Service found ourselves involuntarily ousted. Thus, a significant segment of the department's employees was removed from the scope of AFSA's field of membership.

The fundamental step that AFSA should take is to accept Civil Service employees as full members of the organization, modifying its constitution and bylaws as may be required. This would establish a true solidarity of its membership. The broader charter should both increase the number of members and the amount of income and would strengthen AFSA's image and leverage as the bargaining agent for all State employees.

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7315 Wisconsin Ave. Suite 1020 East Bethesda, MD 20814 In recent years AFSA has represented the interests of Foreign Service employees very effectively. Based on that superior record, I feel certain that Civil Service employees would eagerly join if they were offered equal representation.

> GEORGE J. MATTIS Management Analyst Department of State

Newsworthy

I would like to offer a brief note in support of Ambassador Watson's letter in the January edition concerning a complaint over consular services in Lima. Mr. Jameson's original article appeared in The New Republic some months ago and infuriated me. I wrote a strong letter to TNR asking why they published such a petty article in what they like to call a journal of politics and opinion. I also told them we could provide hundreds of letters of praise for our consular services, but neither the praise nor the complaint was the type of article that belonged in their magazine. They published excerpts of my letter, which I forwarded to Assistant Secretary for Consular Affairs Joan Clark.

The author of the original letter is not a public figure; he was suspected of carrying or using narcotics and was arrested in an international airport; he was provided beyond-the-call consular assistance and he was released upon a follow-up investigation. There is no story there. Or, if there is, there are literally dozens of such stories every day around the world. It seems to me that it was just one more cheap shot at the Foreign Service and should not have been excerpted in the JOURNAL.

I commend Ambassador Watson for his letter and would like to see it reprinted in its entirety in *The New Republie*. That would be news.

IRWIN RUBINSTEIN

Consul General
Guadalajara, Mexico

A Year on the Hill

I applaud AFSA for its recent editorial, "We Need an Office on Capitol Hill" [AFSA VIEWS, March]. A State Department liaison office in Congress and greater curricular attention by the Foreign Service Institute to Congress would help to improve our relations with the lawmakers.

I would also suggest in pursuit of the same objective, that the one-year congressional assignments under the Pearson and American Political Science Association fellowship programs be extended to two years, with the second term to be served in the department's Office of Legislative and Intergovernmental Affairs.

In sending 12 Foreign Service officers to the Hill each year, State achieves double benefits: members of Congress and their staffs learn first-hand about the competence and prudence of our officers, and the department builds a cadre of "insiders" knowledgeable about the other branch of government that shares responsibility for foreign affairs. There is at present, however, no assurance that the department will derive any immediate benefits from this cadre because many have follow-on assignments far from Washington. In such cases, valuable contacts grow cold, and knowledge of the legislative history of front-burner issues is wasted.

To acknowledge this waste is not to deny the long-term benefits for the alumni of the year-on-the-Hill programs, or the nearterm value of insights gained for the representational function abroad. But during an era of severe budget austerity and other restrictions imposed by Congress on State, relations with the legislators would seem to be an urgent priority. Providing a steady stream of Hill-smart Foreign Service officers would be one of the easiest ways for the department to address this priority.

GREG THEILMANN
Foreign Service Officer
Arlington, Virginia

U.N.-debatable

I anticipated critical comments on my letter to the JOURNAL [LETTERS, June] proposing that we prevent espionage by Soviet diplomats at the United Nations by announcing that the next act of espionage by any U.N.-foreign national will be treated as the signal for our abrogation of the United Nations Headquarters Agreement.

I did not expect the sort of critique advanced by Edward Keller [LETTERS, November]. He suggests that "if we accept this type of logic" we would have to close any foreign mission, including embassies, consulates, and trade missions, where espionage took place. This is not at all the point of my letter. Most embassiesincluding our own—carry out intelligence functions. This is one of the purposes of foreign missions, and the Soviets have KGB agents at their embassy in Washington just as surely as we have CIA agents at our embassy in Moscow. The function of the United Nations is not to gather intelligence. For the Soviets to abuse our hospitality by treating it simply as an extra base for



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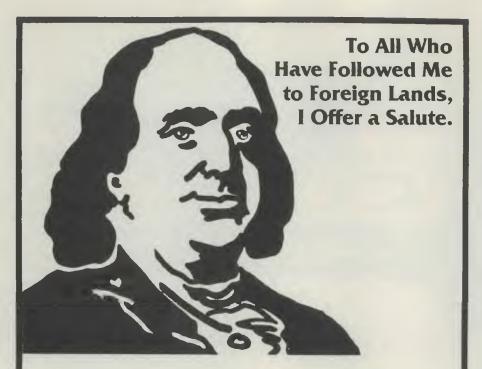
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espionage is insupportable.

I also do not propose to "kick the U.N. out of New York." Indeed, I hope that the pressure from other countries on the Soviet Union would mean that it would not come to that. In balancing the harm to national security done by Soviet spying, with the benefit of increased profits for a few hotels, restaurants, and nightclubs, the majority of Americans living outside of the Big Apple might be inclined to weigh the former more heavily than the latter.

CHARLES G. STEFAN
Foreign Service Officer, retired
Gainesville, Florida

In Memoriam

Readers may be interested, and saddened, to learn of the death of Esther Eberstadt Baldwin. She died November 17 in Woodstock, Vermont, at the age of 93.

Members of the Foreign Service may have met Essie in Washington, or in Vienna, where she lived for several years, or during her travels in the Middle East. She had an abiding interest in foreign affairs, and she once served as President Eisenhower's special representative to the royal courts in Amman and Tehran and remained active in Middle East causes.

But Essie will be remembered best for her spirit-gracious, generous, and humble. My first encounter with her was in Vienna, where I was serving as a consular officer. The deputy chief of mission telephoned to say that the distinguished Mrs. Robert Baldwin, a confidant of presidents, kings, and shahs, was on the way to my office for a notarial service and that I should give particularly attentive service. As the staff prepared to close for lunch after a hectic morning, a co-worker asked if I knew why a lady had been sitting quietly in the back of the room. With alarm I realized that she must be Mrs. Baldwin and I had totally ignored her. She hushed my sputtered apologies, explaining that she had slipped quietly into the back corner and had not presented herself at the counter. She was in no hurry and had not wanted to impose on an obviously busy staff until the crowd had been served.

Anyone who wishes to honor Essie's memory may send contributions in her name to Mertens House, 73 River Street, Woodstock, Vermont 05091, or to the College of Notre Dame of Maryland, 4701 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

ROBERT W. MAULE Consul General Montreal, Canada

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Reviews

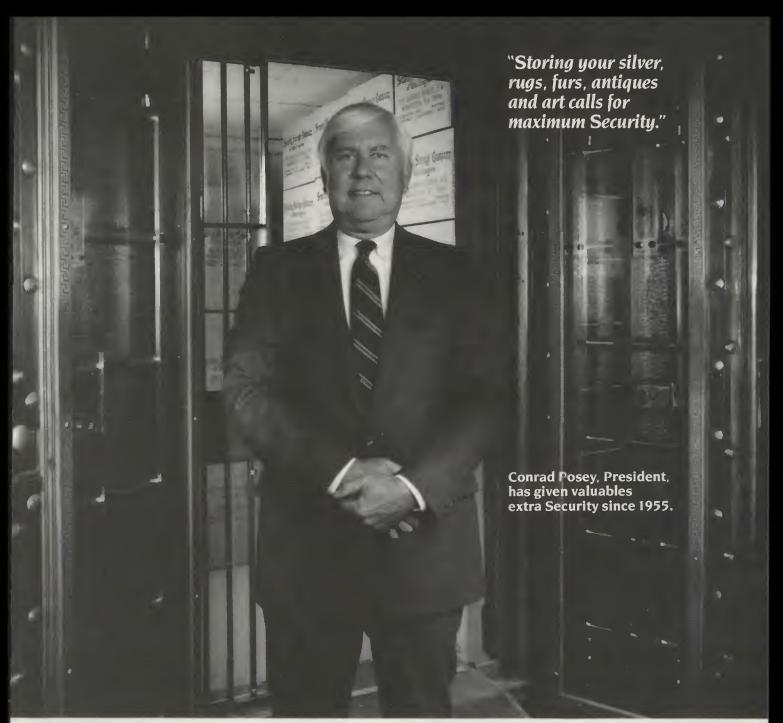
Finding Our Way: Toward Maturity in U.S.-Latin American Relations. By Howard J. Wiarda. American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1987. \$16.75.

The United States consistently misunderstands Latin American politics, argues Latin America scholar Howard Wiarda in this collection of articles written between 1983– 86. Wiarda's evaluation of current policies and past failures reveals the continent's tendencies toward corporatism and its ability to accommodate both authoritarianism and democracy. He believes that American policymakers rarely listen to Latin Americans and often prescribe remedies based on Asian, European, or American experiences.

Wiarda welcomes the current turn to democracy in Latin America, but warns that it may not be permanent. A devastating economic depression and the absence of an established democratic tradition may yet cause a return to military rule and political violence. Latin American democracy is often weak; the clites as well as the middle class prefer stability to justice and equality. Therefore, according to Wiarda, we must be more tolerant, accepting forms of government in Latin America that do not fit the mold in the United States.

There are no panaceas or quick fixes in this book, no Latin American Marshall Plan to solve the economic problems. The author points out that democracies may degenerate into populist regimes and revolutionary violence may be unavoidable. Also, the United States may be able to offer little help to the southern hemisphere, due to domestic divisions and a relative decline in power, as well as an increase in the independence and nationalism of the Latin states.

Wiarda is more sympathetic to the Reagan administration's Latin policy than many journalists and academics. He recognizes that the Caribbean Basin Initiative and the report of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America contained helpful, balanced recommendations. He judges that the Grenada invasion was justified, and believes that our policy in El Salvador has worked. He sees a new maturity



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in our Latin policy, largely because its management has been left in the hands of professionals.

The collection is useful, with Wiarda clearly outlining current limits that influence our Latin America policy. The modesty of his recommendations (more cultural and educational programs, continued concern with human rights, some security as well as economic assistance) would not lead to any major policy changes. The articles, written before the Iran-contra scandal and the current Central American peace offensive, say little about the debate over assistance to Nicaraguan guerrillas. Yet, Wiarda's pieces offer a convenient bridge between the study or seminar and the Washington policy world. -RAY WALSER

The U.S. Press and Iran. By William A. Dorman and Mansour Farhang. University of California Press, 1987.

Taking a historical overview of the American press and Iran, beginning in 1951 with Mosaddeq and continuing through the 1978 revolution, the authors conclude that coverage of Iranian politics by the American press was indeed biased. They reject the notion that this distortion stems from economic restrictions imposed on the media in a foreign land and attribute it instead to ideological bias. Dorman and Farhang have considerable experience in foreign affairs and media criticism, lending weight to their conclusions and making this book a useful addition to the literature on how the American press covers foreign policy. They also offer some helpful insights into the relationship between the government and the fourth estate.

Journalists naturally will take umbrage at any charge that they have an ideological bias-particularly one that says they are biased toward policies of the U.S. government and that "blinders" prevent them from understanding the problems of the Third World. There has been much criticism of our press coverage of Third World affairs over the past few years, however, as the authors point out-particularly from critics who desire a "New World Information Order." Some of these critics believe that American journalists are unfamiliar with the country they cover because they do not speak the language, i.e., Farsi, Arabic, or other non-European languages, and they do not spend enough time there to report adequately on its affairs. As a result, such journalists often have to rely on Englishspeaking foreigners for their information especially embassy officials. This lack of control over information flow puts reporters working abroad in the position of great dependency on official or "friendly" sources, typically people supporting the government with which the United States has close relations.

This issue is not one that will go away anytime soon. The story of Islamic fundamentalism in Iran-and, indeed, in many other countries of the region-was missed by the American press and is still being missed today. Likewise, Arab unrest in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza is a "missed" story and caught the American press unaware. Dorman and Farhang have written a book that is worth reading, especially for those employees who have frequent contact with American reporters and editors, because it highlights, in a very readable and credible way, the constraints and biases we all work under whether we are newspaper reporters reporting on a government or political reporters reporting for a government.

-MICHAEL W. MCCLELLAN

The Lobby: Jewish Political Power and American Foreign Policy. By Edward Tivnan. Simon and Schuster, 1987. \$19.95.

A journalist and television producer, Edward Tivnan has created an illuminating primer on the art of the Washington lobby. A thorough analysis of the American Jewish community's relationship with Congress and Israel, it is an A to Z guide to powerbrokering in the nation's capital.

Through hundreds of confidential and on-the-record interviews here and in Israel, Tivnan shares what he gleaned from world-class gossip, informed speculation, and political details and nuance that portray Israeli-Arab relations since the time of President Kennedy. He also unravels the complicated nest of emotional wheelingdealing, savvy politicking, and expert imagewizardry that have helped build American policy in the Middle East. His efforts to illuminate every aspect of this complex evolution are noteworthy. He chips away the veil of strategic lobbying to reveal the true features of the American Jewish community, the Israeli public, and the Palestine Liberation Organization-features that have been distorted to suit the political landscape and that may ultimately thwart peace efforts in the region, Tivnan writes.

The author carefully depicts the parentchild relationship between the American Public Affairs Committee and its constituents among American Jews. He shows that this community is politically handicapped by its intense loyalty and deep emotional bond to Israel, and thus may be smother-

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ing that country to death.

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-NANCY LIGHT

The Key to Failure: Laos and the War in Vietnam. By Norman B. Hannah, Madison Books, \$19.95.

What happened in Vietnam still affects U.S. thinking and planning on matters political and military, which is probably a good thing. If the aftermath of Korea had been as intense and long-lasting, perhaps the Victnam experience might have been different.

When we left Vietnam, there was no agreement on what should have been done differently, or whether we should have been there in the first place. Books continue to be written on this experience, and, almost imperceptibly, we are moving toward a consensus. Norman B. Hannah, a former FSO, brings to bear his experience and scholarship in this book, demanding of the reader an interest in, as well as a basic knowledge of, the Vietnam war. The author provides a provocative interpretation of a searing period in our history. Refreshingly, Hannah has sought not scapegoats, but rather errors in the logic which underlay our course of action.

Hannah does not subscribe to the notion of a U.S. defeat. He asks, "How was it possible to retire undefeated and totally lose the objective for which we fought?" He argues that "the United States won the wrong war by expending its effort against the wrong target. Confronted with a real aggression through Laos and a largely simulated insurgency in South Vietnam, the United States built its strategy around the latter. Even though the war against the simulated insurgency was substantially won, the aggression which fed it continued."

It is tempting, when analyzing political upheavals or military catastrophes, to suggest that a change of one or more factors would have altered the outcome. This ignores the fact that when one side changes an element of an equation, the other side generally changes another, and the equation remains the same or changes in an unexpected manner. This book, then, may be considered recommended reading with the proviso that the title be read not as "The" Key to Failure, but merely one of them. -S.I. NADLER



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Edward Fitzgerald

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PERIODICALS

By PHILIP ROGERS

Good Morning, Afghanistan. By Hendrick Hertzberg. The New Republic, February 8, 1988. Vol. 198, No. 6.

Afghanistan may become the Soviet's "Vietnam," writes Hertzberg. The former New Republic editor presents as evidence the low morale of Soviet forces and an apparent willingness to get out without defeating the mujahedin. A Soviet withdrawal would seal the fate of the present government in Kabul but, more importantly, would signal the collapse of the Brezhnev Doctrine since it ostensibly promised "fraternal" military help to prevent socialist states from "regressing into pre-socialist states." American support for the mujahedin refutes American conservatives' fears that western democracies are too "divided and too irresolute ... to (effectively) resist Soviet expansionism."

Hertzberg warns against the belief that "success in Afghanistan will mean success in Nicaragua." Instead, he concludes, a Soviet military failure "undermines the geopolitical justification for the contra war in much the same way that the Sino-Soviet split undermined the geopolitical justification for the Vietnam war."

Strength and Security: U.S. Security in the 1990s. By Richard Burt, Washington Quarterly, Spring 1988. Vol. 11, No. 2.

Burt calls on future administrations to approach the 1990s with a posture of multilateral activism and a policy of "global engagement" in cooperation with anti-Communist states around the world. In addition to resisting Communist aggression against major allies, the United States should foster "the loosening of Moscow's hold on its empire" and provide support for anti-Communist groups in the Third World. The ambassador to West Germany sees a danger in the declining public support for nuclear deterrence, however. While we should seek to "stabilize the military balance at lower levels," the NATO alliance must not abandon its reliance on nuclear deterrence. Our allies "must continue their programs of defense modernization," and should be encouraged to open their markets and contribute more to their own defense.

Burt rejects efforts to accomplish these goals primarily through economic protectionism or threats of U.S. troop withdrawals. He sees terrorism as a serious long-term threat with improved intelligence and military force as the best counters. He also favors retaining the option of covert operations. Burt urges more active promotion of democratic values, through USIA for instance. While he concedes that his is a demanding list of priorities, Burt believes that "global engagement" does not mean that we must "pay any price or bear any burden."

Coping with the Lippmann Gap. By Samuel Huntington, Foreign Affairs, "America and the World Issue," 1987–88. Vol. 66, No. 3.

Huntington believes that because U.S. resources are now inadequate to meet our present commitments we are seeing the realization of the "gap" theory advanced by Walter Lippmann in the 1940s. The author, however, argues against a major redefining of our commitments, but instead offers as a solution more allied burden-sharing, a stronger U.S. economy, more cost-efficient military strategies, and a more rational allocation of resources. To do this we must raise taxes, cut domestic programs, place carefully selected caps on defense spending, encourage more investment, and improve scientific education.

In Huntington's view, European defense poses a real dilemma: political forces push us toward declining reliance on relatively cheaper nuclear weapons, while equally powerful forces resist major increases in conventional defense spending. His remedy is one of more offensive-oriented conventional strategies as opposed to reliance on expensive emerging technologies. Thus, a "conventional retaliation strategy" would not only strengthen deterrence but could "probably be implemented with smaller forces than those required to mount a successful defense."

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Huntington employs the logic that the "best defense is a good offense" with respect to the Reagan Doctrine. With a cost, according to the author, of less than \$1 billion a year, the return on the investment is good; after all "the Soviet army is unlikely to invade Iran so long as it is bogged down in Afghanistan," he maintains. Huntington also favors a return to conscription, very limited deployment of the Strategic Defense Initiative, and he would actuate more budgetary power to Defense's major strategic-defense offices. "These offices would identify the forces and programs most required to fulfill their mission and the services would then compete among themselves to provide those capabilities," he explains. Huntington is skeptical about the ability of democratic states to implement his suggestions, but he believes that movement away from foreign policy "insolvency" is nevertheless crucial to our future security.

Occupational Hazards. By Martin Peretz, New Republic, March 14, 1988. Vol. 198, No. 11.

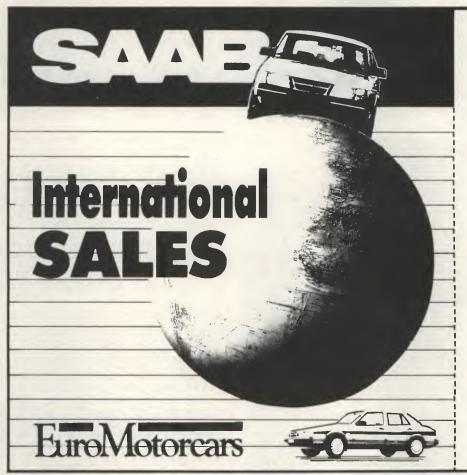
In his support of the "Shultz initiative" for an international conference in the near future, Peretz believes that the present secretary of state is "an unusually good friend," while he is uncertain about the position of the next secretary. But he sees Shultz's timetable as unrealistic and he views the international conference as useful only in achieving direct talks between the belligerents on the "land for peace" formula.

Peretz argues that the analogies in the press about Israeli actions are extreme distortions that ignore Israeli restraint, the relatively decent living conditions of the Palestinians, and the fact that many disturbances are provoked by the Palestinians. "Still, I am shamed by the beatings administered by Israeli soldiers," he admits.

He supports the idea of having local Palestinians vote on their own delegates for the conference. Such delegates will be "militant," Peretz concedes, but "having local interests to represent, such delegates might exhibit . . . realism." Peretz, however, opposes unilateral concessions. It is uncertain whether the Arabs will offer the necessary security guarantees for a settlement, he concludes, "but it clear that the occupation itself no longer provides a margin of safety."

Philip Rogers is an assistant professor of political science at George Washington University.

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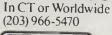
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Renewed Microwaves

The Soviet Union has resumed bombarding the U.S. embassy in Moscow with lowintensity beams of microwave radiation, the State Department said. . . . "The microwave signal power levels are typically 0.1 microwatt per square centimeter external to the building," the statement said. "Measurements internal to the building are typically less than 0.01 microwatt per square centimeter." The U.S. voluntary safety standard for exposure to microwave radiation is 5000 microwatts per square centimeter.

Associated Press, March 9

A Warm Reception

When State Department security people called Copeland's of New Orleans restaurant in Alexandria to inform the management that a "principal" would be coming in for lunch, people got excited. The manager and [public relations adviser] watched with growing excitement Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday as agents wearing earpieces and talking up their sleeves into hidden two-way radios checked out the kitchen, dining room, and other corners of the restaurant.

When the security team swooped into the restaurant taking three tables, [no one] recognized anyone at the "principal" table. . . . Finally, when one of the 13 agents came over to pay the bill, she thanked the manager and said the group had been there on a State Department training exercise. All that excitement for nothing.

Chuck Conconi in the Washington Post, February 16

Every 90 days

From 1980-86 the U.S. military was the target of over 250 terrorist attacks. During the same period, American diplomats and diplomatic facilities worldwide were targets in 228 attacks. Close to 5000 international terrorist attacks occurred during that seven-year period, which means that during the decade to date, a U.S. military or diplomatic establishment was attacked about every 12 hours. While many of these terrorist attacks amounted to little more than harassment, some, in the case of the Marines, caused catastrophic loss of life. These numbers make it clear just how pervasive terrorism has become.

In the last 21 years, 73 additional names of Americans serving in diplomatic missions have been added [to the State Department memorial plaque], Americans who died at the hands of terrorists. In other words, for the first 190 years of our nation's existence, the Foreign Service lost a member to violent death by human agents about once every 27 years. [In the last 21 years] we have averaged one such loss about every 90 days.

> L. Paul Bremer III in Parameters: U.S. Army War College Quarterly, March

Security Blanket

While Russia takes advantage of Gorbachev's glasnost, the U.S. embassy is reminiscent of Leonid Brezhnev's Kremlin. Spy mania, staff turnovers, and security measures that boggle the imagination have paralvzed our most important diplomatic out-

I experienced all this firsthand as a guide with a government-sponsored exchange to the Soviet Union designed to show Russians the relaxed, open atmosphere unique to American society. USIA set up an exhibit in Moscow titled "Information USA" to expose 10,000 Soviets a day to slick demonstrations on the use of computers and to give them a chance to chat freely with real Americans.

Not that we had a chance to do the same. "Any contact with Soviet citizens is discouraged," a government security officer in Washington told us. "Entrapment is a real danger." By the time we got to Moscow, the warnings became harsher still. . . . "Talk to no one outside of work," said one of a small cadre of harried agents at the American embassy.

Finally, after four security briefings, a

U.S. diplomat gave another sort of advice: "You have to take security with a grain of salt. Use your own judgment, and when you're debriefed, tell them your meetings were all on business."

At first glance, [the Moscow embassy] looks like a fortress under siege. With Soviet militia stationed every ten yards around the compound and a heavily wired, bullet-proof, soundproof entrance that would put a ghetto liquor store to shame, the place immediately inspires paranoia. . . . Add the extraordinary workload that embassy, staff deal with every day and you have a system bound to fail.

The security rules were tightened early in 1987 after Marines, including Lonetree, were charged with showing sensitive parts of the embassy to spies. . . . Contact with Soviet citizens was further restricted. In Washington, senators talked of incompetence, and the country's most distinguished diplomat, Arthur Hartman, was taken to task. In Moscow, the first things to go were friendships. . . . It was verboten for an American to visit a Soviet friend unless given the status of reporting officer. . . . This meant that our contacts were to be reported and all were to be for business only. . . . Conversations were to be reported and names and addresses of those visited were to be handed over.

Do all of these measures increase contact with the Soviet Union, the professed aim of my trip. . . . Do they protect our diplomats from the wiles of Soviet agents and their operatives? The result at our mission is no communication and poor information gathering. Many of the approximately 250 staff members hide information from security or at least do not volunteer anything unless they are questioned.

I do not mean to say that care should not be exercised. Soviet militia are everywhere, and the new politics of Gorbachev are only slowly changing the xenophobic way the Soviets deal with foreigners. Yet if we tie our own hands with the kind of bureaucracy and paranoia that have long stifled Soviet intelligence and diplomacy, we are in effect blowing our chance to squeeze vital information out of a glasnostloosened regime.

In any case, the U.S. embassy has by far the strictest reporting rules of any foreign mission. Though most embassies ask for information if something questionable occurs, ours is the only one that requires the names of those we visit. Only the Americans have reacted to glasnost with a bunker mentality that makes successful diplomacy virtually impossible.

Charles Strouse in the New Republic, February 29



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DIPLOMACY

Hewers of Wood or Leaders?

By Charles W. Bray

Earlier this spring I heard a senior Canadian diplomat complain that his Department of External Affairs was increasingly burdened in providing administrative support to other agencies of the Canadian government in embassies abroad. One frequently hears the same complaint in our own Foreign Service. I believe we have got it exactly wrong when we define the problem in those terms.

During the working lives of our senior career diplomats, the distinction between "foreign" and "domestic" has disappeared with extraordinary rapidity. It is now difficult, almost impossible, to distinguish between the two in most economic, agricultural, social, and political areas.

It should not surprise us, then, that so many government departments have felt the need to respond to this changed environment. Virtually every significant agency now has an office of international affairs. Some 45 agencies are represented in our embassies in London and Paris. Each of them, at home as abroad, sees the world through its own prism, frequently a parochial one. That is to be expected. The constituencies they serve are their focal points. Few of us, in any society, see the world whole.

Foreign Service officers have regarded the progressive arrival of colleagues from other departments and agencies in "our" embassies as an inconvenience or even an intrusion on what we consider the "real" business of diplomacy. In the 1950s, it was this narrow focus on the political dimensions of diplomacy that contributed to forcing the economic assistance functions of what is now AID and the public diplomacy functions of what became USIA out of the State Department altogether.

If we huddle behind our barricades and come to define ourselves as hewers of wood and drawers of water for other agencies abroad, we will participate in self-fulfilling prophecy. The national interest does require that some institution do its best to see the problem whole, to integrate the fissiparous tendencies of the multiple agen-

cies overseas. You will argue, "That's what we do in the State Department and the Foreign Service." Sometimes we do, sometimes we don't. We could do it better, much better, if we had thought our way through the puzzle of how best to provide "leadership without hegemony," to borrow an evocative phrase.

What do I mean? I mean that we are not as good as we should be at the leadership game. There's no reason why we should be. After all, we encourage Foreign Service professionals to be solo performers; we promote ourselves almost exclusively on that basis. Are we as a career service doing a good enough job of providing leadership to ourselves and other agencies involved in foreign affairs? I personally don't think so.

We have many traditional functions—reporting and analysis, consular, administrative—still to perform. They're important. They need to be done well. But to be a successful deputy assistant secretary in Washington or a deputy chief of mission in an embassy with as many as 40 agencies requires more than the skills of a reporting officer. We need to identify these skills and develop them. We may even need to begin recruiting a different mix of personality attributes. I believe we should experiment

with two- or three-person "command and control centers" in large embassies to assist the ambassador and the deputy chief of mission in the leadership and management of subordinate agencies over which they have only partial hegemony. A variant on this formula might help our regional and functional bureaus in Washington.

We need to think about whether we want to be leaders of men and women or hewers

We are not as good as we should be at the leadership game

of wood and drawers of water. If we opt to be leaders, we should consider what changes are necessary in order to adapt to contemporary circumstances. Leaders set clear goals, rally others to their accomplishments, build and maintain teams, communicate persuasively, stand forthrightly for certain values, attend to the needs of subordinates and colleagues. Solo performers don't do those things. I think of myself as a leader, but I know I could do better in all of these areas. Most of us could, but we won't take the time and trouble until, as a Service, we acknowledge that leadership should claim more of our personal and institutional time and attention.

We need to acknowledge explicitly that our world has changed and that we must, too. Until we do, we can expect increasingly to be marginalized in the conduct of foreign affairs. Were we to grasp this nettle, make the changes necessary in ourselves and our organization at home and abroad, we might quickly find a new and stimulating role of historical importance. The choice is ours. Unless we face up to it, we will perforce slip further into the role of hewing wood and drawing water.

Since AFSA is focusing on professional issues, this problem of providing "leadership without hegemony" would be my choice for urgent attention.

Charles W. Bray is director of the Foreign Service Institute.

DIPLOMACY is a forum for discussion of significant issues concerning the Foreign Service. Submissions of about 1000 words are invited.

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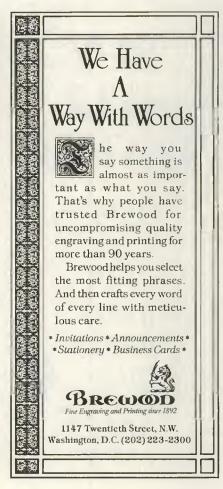
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Foreign Service Journal: May 1978: AFSA has recently learned that the convicted terrorists who attacked our embassy in Nicosia, Cyprus, resulting in the death of Ambassador Davies and a local secretary, will be released this August. . . . The terrorists were convicted of relatively minor offenses. We have expressed our concern to the department about this inadequate punishment. . . . There has been an increase in the number of threats against U.S. personnel abroad at various posts, and AFSA has expressed its concern and requested the department to examine whether or not all reasonable measures have been taken to protect our personnel abroad at these posts. -AFSA News

Foreign Service Journal: May 1963: No one, of course, pretends that individual performance, however outstanding, can provide the whole answer to our international obligations and problems. These problems are broad-ranging, of many different kinds, prompted by the varied conditions under which our diplomatic establishment must constantly perform. But the 1963 honor awards citations do emphasize that diplomatic performance leans heavily on the performance of the individual.

Looking beyond the individuals whose names are on this particular list, we get a hint of what we mean by diplomacy . . . a highly complex, exacting, challenging, adventuresome calling, the elements of which, properly developed and properly fused, can produce an effective first line of national defense.

-R.S.S. Today's Diplomacy

Foreign Service Journal: May 1938: The unwise or impractical officer may conclude that administration, the handling of funds and management of an office, is beneath his dignity, that it should be left to a subordinate officer or to clerks. Don't make that fundamental error. . . . I urge you to familiarize yourself with the theory and practice of administration in the early days of your career so that when you have risen to high estate, you will be able, with a minimum of time and effort, to supervise

the work of those under you.

-Nathaniel P. Davis

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FORTY YEARS AGO this month,

the British pulled out of Palestine at the end of their Mandate and the state of Israel was proclaimed. The conflicts caused by that epochal event have continued to this day.

The dozen bachelors posted to the U.S. consulate general in Jerusalem suddenly found themselves in the middle of a war zone. Shells from the opposing sides arced over the mission grounds during the night. During the day the officers doggedly went out amidst the barbed wire and barricades to forge a peace. The American consul general became an early casualty of that effort.

The name of Thomas C. Wasson can be found midway down the last column of the Memorial Plaque on the western wall of the Diplomatic Lobby in the State Department. "Shot By Sniper, Jerusalem" is inscribed below it.

Today the names on this roll of honor have spilled off of the original plaque and have nearly filled a second plaque on the east wall of the lobby. Many of them have inscribed below them the names of other cities in the Middle East—as much a testament to the difficulties and frustrations of the diplomatic craft as to its hazards.

On the occasion of Foreign Service Day we present four personal views of "Diplomats at Work" under the trying conditions that typify the profession. The hazards of the job range from the political to the bureaucratic to the mundane—from putting your life on the line during a war to coping with illness and terrorism in many countries today. From ConGen Jerusalem in 1948 to AmEmbassy Tel Aviv forty years later. From a USIS operation in a tent in 1954 Vientiane to an AID mission at two miles' altitude in 1986 Nepal. These are the tales of the Foreign Service. To all the men and women who have served the United States in its foreign affairs overseas, we respectfully dedicate this issue.—THE EDITORS



May 1948: Barbedwire barricades in Jewish Jerusalem, near the front lines. "I have never seen such complete destruction, even in Germany."

Jerusalem, 1948

A CONSULATE GENERAL WITNESSES THE PAINFUL BIRTH OF A NATION

JOHN GORDON FREYMANN

the British army was preparing to evacuate Palestine. The mandate that Great Britain had administered for 30 years was due to end on the 15th. The whole world knew that the Jewish settlers would form a new state on that day and that the Arab nations would attempt to destroy it. The American consulate general, located near the dividing line of the Jewish and Arab sections of Jerusalem, was in jeopardy. Commercial communications might also be interrupted. Therefore the State Department dispatched a small Navy communications unit,

Dr. John Freymann is currently professor of family medicine at the University of Connecticut School of Medicine in Farmington.

a contingent of civilian guards, and a Public Health Service doctor to Jerusalem.

I was that doctor. I had entered the Public Health Service fresh out of medical school and internship and was stationed at the American embassy in Paris. A bachelor and neither Jew nor Arab (no one knew on which side of the lines the consulate would be located), I met the criteria for service in Jerusalem and volunteered for the position. On May 8, I flew to a Royal Air Force base in the Britishheld Suez Canal Zone to meet 15 other bachelors bound for Jerusalem: Bill Burdett, a newly assigned consul, a couple of code clerks, and the civilian guards, a motley bunch ranging from youths to a few grizzled veterans.

A battered C-47 deposited us on the Kalundia airstrip north of Jerusalem on the morn-

ing of May 10. We drove past tank traps and barbed wire barriers through repeated road-blocks—British, Arab, and Jewish—into an ominously quiet city. At the gate of the consulate general, the four-member consular staff led by Thomas C. Wasson, along with Stewart Rockwell, Bob Houghton, and Wells Stabler, greeted us.

Over the next eight months, I kept a journal in the form of letters to my family in Omaha. This chronicle is excerpted from that account.

May 13, 1948: The city was peaceful today, with no gunfire except for an occasional distant shot in the night. But the roads were filled with lines of British trucks and tanks moving out to Haifa. The British soldiers were the only happy people in the city, as well they might be in giving up the thankless job their country has had for 30 years.

In the afternoon Burdett, an Arab employee, and I went into the Arab market of the Old City to buy food for our new quarters in the former British commanding general's house, which is being used for overflow staff. After considerable showing of passes, we managed to get inside Jaffa Gate and into the Old City—most of which is Arab populated and controlled. We wandered down the narrow streets, bargaining for food at the stalls, rather uncomfortably conscious of the glances of those who passed. Arab soldiers were everywhere, cleaning and oiling their guns, waiting for the test that was to come. They seemed a ferocious lot—many of them Bedouins from the desert.

May 14, 1948: The British lowered their flag from their headquarters in the King David Hotel at 10 a.m.; the last units passed in review, and an hour later the last British soldier had left Jerusalem. Almost immediately firing began. Snipers moved into the British Security Zone that had formerly encompassed the YMCA, the American consulate, and the King David Hotel. By noon there was considerable rifle fire over the Mammillah Cemetery, which faces the consulate.

We decided that now was the time for our last meal in a restaurant. The only one still open was in a little hotel about 100 yards from the consulate. We sat down in the dining room, a large, sunny, second-floor room with a view down the street toward the Arab fortifications. Suddenly, in a hail of fire, the consulate's only remaining car squealed around the same corner we had passed a moment before. It pulled up on the sidewalk, and everyone jumped out of the car in less than one

second. The car looked like a sieve, but by some miracle every occupant, including a small dachshund, was untouched.

By this time a full-fledged battle was raging up and down the street, and it became obvious that we weren't going to leave until the shooting stopped. Any doubts we had were soon removed when an Arab servant went out to get some water from the cistern and was hit in the groin and arm before she got two feet from the door. We got her into a bed, and I did what I could by patching her up with napkins and clean towels. At this point one of our guards, who said that sniper fire was nothing to be afraid of, slipped out the front door without telling anyone. He went about 20 vards toward the YMCA before he was hit. It was suicide to try to get him, but the telephone still worked, and we got the Red Cross to send an ambulance. We were now convinced that we were pinned down for a long time.

We were an odd group to withstand a siege: 18 Americans, a French doctor and his wife, nine Arab servants, three Arab children, and two dogs. We had plenty of food, a vast quantity of lemon soda, and very little water. Two things saved us: the telephone, which for some reason was still working, and Wells Stabler, who had arrived in the bullet-riddled car. Although the most junior officer, he is the most conversant with Palestine affairs, having been stationed here for three years. The State Department, with a lack of foresight, has replaced the entire staff, from consul general on down, in the last month. Wells started calling up his friends in the commands on both sides, telling them that we were in the St. Julian Hotel, to watch where they were shooting, and to get us the hell out of there. We got all kinds of apologies for this "regrettable incident" but little slackening in the intensity of the fire across our doorstep. The Red Cross arranged three cease-fires, but both sides claimed the other ignored them.

May 15, 1948: We spent all day talking, playing cards, calling both sides and the Red Cross to do something about us, listening to the gunfire outside and the thud of occasional bullets into Wells's poor car. The American flag on its fender didn't seem to be commanding much respect. We have plenty of food, but water is a problem. We drink lemon soda most of the time; I hope I never see another bottle of the stuff. About 10 p.m. we heard that the State of Israel had been proclaimed and that our government had been the first to recognize it. The name Israel was a surprise. We



I set up my sickbay with some of the material wrangled from Hadassah. They were more than generous, giving me five units of plasma, morphine, cholera vaccine, and various instruments

It is strange how quickly one becomes accustomed to the sounds of warfare. The Arab legion artillery on the other side of town opens up about dusk, and I can hear the shells going overhead to crash on the other side of us

had expected the new nation to be called Judea. [A month later, Israel was still a novel term. This explains why the citizens of the new nation are referred to in these letters as they had always been, simply as Jews.]

May 16, 1948: This morning we finally got through to the Red Cross and convinced them that we were in a pickle. About 11 a.m. they came down and held Red Cross flags high while our motley group straggled up the street toward the YMCA. We had been in the St. Julian for nearly 48 hours.

May 18, 1948: Since Sunday, life has been less eventful. I set up my sick bay with some of the material wrangled from Hadassah, the Jcwish medical organization. Hadassah was more than generous, giving me five units of plasma, morphine, cholera vaccine, and various instruments. They said that if we should need anything in the future not to hesitate to call. I can now do routine care, and emergency surgical work, if necessary.

It is interesting to walk through the streets of the Jewish new section of the city. The streets are wide, the buildings modern, the sidewalks bustling with happy, healthy-looking people. There are a few Eastern European types with flat hats, curls behind the ears, beards, wearing knickers; there are many with blond or red hair and light eyes; others with

swarthy skins and dark eyes. I am struck by the youth and air of self-confidence. But there is one great danger and that is ultra-nationalism. I am afraid that they might attempt to assert their new strength by further conquest.

It is strange how quickly one becomes accustomed to the sounds of warfare. During the day there is only intermittent sniper fire down the hill and across the cemetery, but about dusk the Arab Legion artillery on the other side of town opens up, and I can hear the shells going overhead to crash on the other side of us. The last two nights the Arab Legion has attacked the Jewish foothold in the old city, near the Jaffa Gate. I slept through it the first night, but last night the noise of exploding mortars and the rattle of smallarms fire was so intense that it woke me up. I went on top of the consulate to sec the flash of guns and the ghostly writing of tracer bullets before the ancient walls. Every few minutes there would be a great burst of flame which for a second would illuminate the walls it was like a scene from a Wagnerian opera.

May 25, 1948: The past weekend has been the most difficult I have ever spent. Friday night one of the Navy boys went out looking for the sniper who has kept us all on edge for the past week—we think he is probably in the house behind the consulate. Someplace in the dark he got caught in crossfire between a Haganah (the new Israeli army) patrol and the sniper. Two of our guards went out in a hail of fire to bring him in, and I was able to get some plasma into him. The Haganah patrol commandeered an armored truck and we had him at the Hadassah English Mission Hospital within 30 minutes.

The next noon, the consul general was hit in the chest by the same sniper. Poor Mr. Wasson had been working himself to exhaustion on the Truce Commission, walking twice a day through sniper and machine-gun fire to the French consulate for meetings—the French consul general has steadfastly refused to leave his consulate, despite the fact that it is in the most dangerous part of town. We had all feared Mr. Wasson would be hit. Ironically, the bullet entered through the right shoulder, passed through his chest, and was stopped as it came out by the bullet-proof vest that he always wore.

Once again I was able to get some plasma into the patient within minutes. The same Haganah men were there with an armored ambulance, and he was taken to the same hospital where, as had been the case the night before, the doctors and nurses gave unstintingly of

May 14, 1948: British troops evacuate Palestine.



their services, despite the fact that they were being flooded with casualties and were already working 24 to 36 hours at a stretch. Everyone from the director down to the lowliest ambulance driver and orderly has been selfless and incredibly generous. Hadassah deserves the honor and respect of the world.

The poor consul general wasn't strong enough to stand the shock of his wounds and died Sunday morning. Walker, the Navy man, who by all rights should have been dead on arrival at the hospital, seemed on the road to recovery when he suddenly threw an embolus and died Sunday night. It was my job to get coffins - a terribly difficult job here, where the dead are never buried in coffins-and make preparations for the funeral. The double rites were held in front of the Convent of the Rosary, which is next to the consulate. The flagdraped coffins were banked with flowers by the nuns. The service was conducted by a young Anglican minister whose voice was occasionally drowned out by the dull thunder of artillery fire or punctuated by the sharp crack of rifles. It was a simple, dignified, and moving service. The press, a hard-bitten lot, appeared chastened. But the French consul general didn't even come to the funeral.

June 5, 1948: Last weekend, a shell hit the top of a tree in the front yard of the compound and sprayed the whole yard with shell fragments. By some miracle, only one man was hit—in the left shoulder by a tiny fragment, which gave him a nasty fracture but little else. I felt almost happy as we drove to the hospital in an armored ambulance-I'd made the trip twice before with dying men, and now I had someone who wasn't hurt too badly. That night I saw the huge chunks of shrapnel that had been picked up in the yard great jagged, razor-sharp hunks of metal up to four inches long-and I realized for the first time what an incredibly close shave it had been. That night was the worst I have ever spent. About midnight the Arabs started to send over more 25-pounders—they passed right over us to strike on the crest of the hill several hundred vards away. Every time I heard that high-pitched roar passing overhead, I would roll for the wall and make myself as small as possible.

Yesterday morning we walked to the hospital to see the wounded boy and got caught in a salvo right near the Jewish Agency building. Even the best photographs could never convey the feeling one has under these circumstances—the sound of whistling mortar shells, the blast of air from concussion, the

deadly quiet that follows the explosion, during which you think and wait for the next one. You know that they come in salvos of three to six shells, so if you are lucky, you dive into a cafe and wait for the period following the salvo when it is safe to walk again. And sure enough, when you go out you find the streets once again crowded with people.

And so this simple life goes on. At present we are all hoping against hope that the United Nations cease-fire will go through in the next week or so. However, we are not too optimistic.

June 28, 1948: Things have improved since the cease-fire began two weeks ago. [Count Folke Bernadotte, a Swedish diplomat appointed by the U.N. Security Council, had negotiated a four-week truce.] The shelling was particularly heavy during the last two or three days, but on June 11 at 10 a.m., the firing stopped. At noon Count Bernadotte flew over the city in his white C-47 with great Red Cross markings. It was indeed a welcome sight. Total consulate casualties since May 14 have been two killed and five wounded.

Last night we got a new consul general, John J. MacDonald, and I have moved back to the former commanding general's house. We actually have running water, hot two days a week! We have a new supply of C-rations, which are infinitely superior to the other Army rations that have been the consulate's only food supply during the siege. From the balcony of my room I can look down past the walls of the Old City, now quiet, down through the valley of Hinnom, and off to the high blue mountains of Moab, before which lies the deep depression of the Dead Sea. It is an incredibly beautiful country.

The battered C-47 that brought 16 bachelors to the consulate general in Palestine.



Total consulate casualties since May 14 have been two killed and five wounded.

I thought that with the beginning of peace my job would be over, but that was not the way it turned out. According to the terms of the truce, the Jewish section of Jerusalem is to receive enough food for a "normal consumption" during these 28 days. I suddenly found myself the only neutral doctor in Palestine-thus the consultant to the Truce Commission on what the diet should be. The problem, of course, is loaded with dynamite. I put in a solid week's work digging through the Jewish Agency figures on diet in the Jewish urban sections of Palestine, averaging figures, comparing with standard diets, before coming out with my proposal: a 2800-calorie diet containing 85 grams of protein, exactly the average figure for Jerusalem in 1946. The Jews counter-proposed a diet which would give everyone in town 3700 calories a day with 120 grams of protein. They claimed that they deserved this because they had not had a decent diet since before the war, and during the past two months they had been on starvation rations. We knew perfectly well that they had no intention of turning over this huge amount of food to the people in the 28-day period, but would stock-pile it for use during the siege that they expect to resume after the end of the truce. But they used every weapon to make us feel like starvers of widows and children. The Truce Commission finally compromised on 3100 calories.

A week ago we drove to Jericho to set up a United Nations check-point. We started out with a Haganah guide and drove to the front lines, where we changed him for an Arab Legion cadet officer. After picking our way through dragon's-teeth obstacles and wire entanglements, we drove into the Old City. The Arab Legion was everywhere in evidence: their armored cars and artillery lined the streets. From there we drove up the side of the Mount of Olives. From the top, we could look down into the corner of the Old City where 2000 Jews had held out for weeks against the Arabs. I have never seen such complete destruction, even in Germany.

August 29, 1948: Hostilities did resume on July 9, but Count Bernadotte arranged a second, open-ended truce on July 25. Since I have been here nearly four months and have never seen any of the sights of Jerusalem, I decided that I would take advantage of the proffered hospitality of the British consulate, which is on the other side of the lines. We warned both sides of our plans to cross and approached the Jewish positions. One Haganah soldier showed himself long enough to wave us down to the ground. We crawled from our car into a conveniently located trench to carry on a conversation with the local boys. They asked if we had our flags of truce ready. We had not thought it necessary during a truce. "That is bad," said the Jewish soldier, "You can't trust those Arabs." Hopefully, we showed white handkerchiefs. They looked very, very small. The Jew looked dubious, shrugged his



Consul General
Thomas Wasson
(center) and Vice
Consul Wells Stabler
(right) confer with
retiring Consul
Robert McAttee before he and his family
leave. After the British
pullout, only bachelors
would be allowed to
serve in Jerusalem.

shoulders, pointed to an aperture between two concrete-filled oil drums, and said, not very convincingly, "Good luck!" So we walked out into the open, feeling very foolish waving our handkerchiefs, and went across an open square which used to be a pleasant residential district. Now it was absolutely deserted and completely flattened. We were met on the other side by the British consulate's bullet-proof Daimler.

September 22, 1948: The horrible assassination of Count Bernadotte and Colonel Andre Serot, a French air force officer, by the Fighters for the Freedom of Israel-"the Stern Gang"—is still foremost in the minds of everyone here, Jew or Gentile. On Friday afternoon, as Bob Houghton and I drove back toward the consulate, we met Frank Begley, the U.N. security officer, driving his battered Chrysler in a convoy of U.N. cars. He stopped, and then we noticed the powder burns on his face and the bullet holes in his car. He said, very quietly, "The count and Colonel Serot are dead. Come over to the Y." He had just returned from the hospital, where the bodies had been left.

The court of the YMCA was crowded with silent, grim-faced men in American, Swedish, French, and Belgian uniforms. Any talking was in hushed tones. Every few minutes a car would race in with some official: Ralph Bunche, Bernadotte's second in command; General Lundstroem, miraculously saved from death, his white uniform covered with the blood of the men who had died beside him; Bernard Joseph, the Jewish military governor, his face mirroring his anxiety. Only five days before, he had said that he had the terrorist elements under complete control.

About sundown a white ambulance with the inscription "Gift of Young Israel, Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York" on the doors brought the bodies. Covered with sheets, they were carried inside. A limp arm hung over the edge of one stretcher. On it was the familiar blue brassard with lettering in white: UNITED NA-TIONS. An American Air Force captain cried like a child as the bodies were borne by. The electricity was off, but for hours we stood about in little groups in the darkness. I had a long talk with Captain Hillman, the Jewish liaison officer who had been in the jeep leading the fatal convoy. He was on the verge of tears. He realized that no greater blow could have been received by the infant state.

The following day a curfew was imposed, and everywhere Jewish military police stood with submachine guns at the ready. The Stern



The consulate flag flies at half-mast after the death of Consul General Wasson and Petty Officer Walker.

Gang was rounded up to the last man. The next day the terrorist group Irgun Zvai Luemi was told to dissolve itself within 24 hours or fight. They dissolved. If this actually means the dissolution of the terrorist groups it is a long step forward for the government of Israel. So perhaps the death of the mediator has accomplished something which he could not have done in life.

Beirut, October 18, 1948: On October 12, I was posted to the American legation in Beirut as "adviser to the minister on Arab refugee affairs." My position, nebulous as it is, seems to be as sort of a liaison officer between the minister and the U.N. relief chief. I was greeted upon arrival by Minister Lowell Pinkerton, saying, "It is a good thing that you are here about the refugees. By the way, what are you going to do?"

The biggest bottleneck to helping the refugees is the administration in Beirut. For example, 2500 tents have been here since September 14, but the U.N. chief of relief has refused to release them until the Arab governments can tell him exactly where they are going and will come and get them. So the tents sat in a warehouse for over a month,

The U.N. stopped this war with moral suasion backed by nothing more than the courage of the observers who went out day after day to get sniped at by both sides while people were dying of exposure and malnutrition. Finally the chief went to Paris, and some of the lesser lights of his organization have taken over and moved the tents out of here. They have no money for the hiring of trucks, but they slipped what they needed from a \$15,000 Ethiopian government gift for the purchase of food. There will probably be a hell of a stink, but at least a few of the 300,000 refugees who are without shelter will have something over their heads.

Amman, December 8, 1948: I have been requested to leave for Paris as soon as possible, but I have left little or nothing to show for my long stay in Beirut. I had been waiting for the State Department to come through with some money or a jeep so that I could move around and see what was going on in the refugee camps. In order to leave something behind when I left, I asked the minister to let me make a survey trip at my own expense and write a comprehensive report to him of what I saw.

I left Damascus with the director of U.N. relief in Syria for a trip north. We went first to Homs, where there are about 500 refugees in an old French casern on top of the city's citadel. The Arabs are an amazing people. In spite of the fact that these poor people get only 250 grams of bread a day from the Syrian government, they somehow manage to keep body and soul together (primarily due to the remarkable generosity of their more fortunate Syrian compatriots) and still preserve the Arab standards of hospitality. More

than 50 people were living in one room, each family in a few square feet partitioned off from the rest of the room by burlap or blankets. Yet everyone would bow, say, "Achlan we sachlan" ("welcome"), and throw open a blanket door as if it led to their own house. Many spoke excellent English and invited us in for coffee.

In southwest Syria, near Lake Huleh, we found 4000 people living in tents at the bottom of a deep valley. They had one nurse and no doctor. They had received five kilos of flour per person one month before. They had practically no fuel. About five or ten people per day were dying off, mostly children and old people. I talked to a man of about 35 who had been a Palestine policeman and had a wife and three children in the camp. He asked me if I were English and, when I said American, he shook his head and said simply, "The Americans do not like the Arabs." No rancor, he just stated the fact.

Saturday I took a taxi from Damascus to Amman to see Wells. He is now our "ambassador semipotentiary" to Transjordan, but still a class six vice consul. We have not yet recognized this little country. Wells is getting established, though. Yesterday he moved from Amman's one hotel to a new house, which he refers to as his Negation. It is a great improvement over the hotel, even if there is no heat and no water. He found the water turned off when he moved in. His landlady, an influential woman, was furious. She immediately called the prime minister and told him off. The prime minister promised to send the city



An Israeli and an Arab soldier at Bab El Wadh, the Arab-held gateway to Jerusalem, during the June 11–July 9 truce. In the background, a U.N. guard checks a Jerusalem-bound food convoy.

fire truck to fill the cistern, and sure enough, in a few hours, it was here, pumping.

On Sunday, Bunche, now the acting mediator, arrived from Cairo. In all the time I have been down here I have never heard an unkind word said about him by Arab, Jew, or neutral. I do not think I could say the same for any other figure in the public eye. I was rather amused at our introduction. He came over to greet Wells, whom he already knew, and then said to me, "I don't think we have met before. My name is Bunche."

He went to King Abdullah's winter palace at Shuneh, across the river from Jericho, and Wells went along as American diplomatic representative. Good friend that he is, he took me along with him. We spent a pleasant half hour on the front veranda of the palace with the king, while Bunche was closeted with the prime minister. The king greeted us and offered us the traditional coffee.

Today we got back into the swing, taking a drive up to North Shuneh. Here is a tent camp of some 2000 refugees. The people, and in particular the children, are drawn and sallow. I sat in the medical tent as one of the two doctors in the district saw over 100 patients in an hour and a half. There was little he could do. If the spleen was palpable he handed out some atabrine tablets. If the complaint was diarrhea, a potion of bismuth and paragoric was poured into the dirty bottle the patient had with him. The infants are dying off at a rate of one or two a day. Does the American press ever get upset about this?

Amman, December 10, 1948: Wells and I set off yesterday for Hebron on a cold, rainy, foul day. We found Hebron in a state of excitement; King Abdullah had just come to town. We were invited to a tea in his honor. Long tables laden with food were set in the town hall. The king signaled for Wells to come stand (no chairs) near his left hand. Everyone dove into the food, stoking it in hand over hand. Then the oratory started. It was magnificent Arab oratory but all that I recognized was a frequent mention of "Amerika" or to "unsul Ameriki." Considering our whereabouts, I was sure that they were not too complimentary references. Wells, of course, was as much in the dark as I, but, being a true diplomat, he would bow slightly, without changing expression, toward the speaker whenever the words were mentioned.

After this, we went to look for refugees, whom we found in fouler condition than any other place we saw before or since. About 40,000 people in the Hebron district are liv-



ing in caves or makeshift tents. Hebron, at 3000 feet above sea level, is *cold*.

Beirut, January 1, 1949: I finally left Amman for good in the back end of a U.N. truck on December 13 and crossed the lines in Jerusalem again the next afternoon. But what a change from my last crossing in October! Now I saw children playing in no man's land and Jewish and Arab soldiers perched on top of their breastworks, smoking and chatting. Say what you please about the U.N., but they stopped this war, and they stopped it with moral suasion backed by nothing more than the courage of the observers who went out day after day to get sniped at by both sides, but kept going out. Bernadotte and the five other U.N. men who were killed are the first in history to die for peace.

I finished my report on the refugees of Syria, Transjordan, and Arab-occupied Palestine on Christmas Eve. I don't suppose this will do any more good than most reports, but at least I finished on an optimistic note, suggesting the investment of foreign capital in permanent irrigation and reforestation projects. This would give these people a better living than they have ever had before, strengthen the Arab countries immeasurably in the process, and solve the disposition of these displaced persons. As a final argument, I pointed out that in Roman times this area had supported 10 million persons at a higher standard of living than that now enjoyed by 5 million.

Postscript: Forty years have passed since this, the first of innumerable reports on the Palestine refugees. Today, their numbers multiplied, the problem still festers. As I write, the grandsons of the refugees I saw huddled in those camps clash daily with the grandsons of the Israelis with whom I endured the siege of Jerusalem.

A shell bursts on a building near the embassy.

Ambassador Lewis (right) squares off with then-opposition leader Shimon Peres in a Jerusalem hotel in 1982



Israel Today

SOME OBSERVATIONS AFTER EIGHT YEARS IN THE CROSSFIRE

A CONVERSATION WITH SAM LEWIS

AMUEL W. LEWIS'S final Foreign Service assignment was as ambassador to Israel from May 1977 until June 1985. Arriving in Tel Aviv only one day after Menachem Begin was elected prime minister, he served under presidents Carter and Reagan and played an integral role in the conclusion of the historic Camp David accords and the Egyptian-Israeli Peace Treaty in 1977–79.

Born in Houston, Texas, in 1930, Lewis holds a B.A. in international relations and history from Yale and an M.A. from Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. He entered the Foreign Scrvice in 1954 and has also served in Naples, Florence, Rome, Rio de Janeiro, and Kabul. He is now president of the U.S. Institute of Peace in Washington, D.C.

The following interview was conducted by David

A. Sadoff, a presidential management intern with the State Department, who is currently working in the Executive Office of the President.

Your eight-year tenure as ambassador to Israel was considerably longer than most ambassadorial assignments. Did this lengthy term help or hinder you in executing your official functions?

It was a unique length of time, almost evenly divided between two administrations, with presidents from two different parties. Overall, I think it was a real advantage to stay for the long period. The Israeli leadership did not change significantly, and I became pretty intimately acquainted with most of them and acquired a good degree of confidence from such associations. As a result, I think I was a more

useful interlocutor with that government. I became a feature of the Israeli landscape, and was consulted informally by its leaders on many things, which helped to smooth over our relationship at some very difficult and fractious periods. Also, I think my credibility as an interpreter of Israeli affairs for Washington was strengthened, as was the credibility of our reporting.

I don't see any particular disadvantages except that after a while you may begin to lose the expectation that a new, creative approach can yet be found to an old problem.

Should a ceiling be set for the number of consecutive years an ambassador can serve at a given post?

I'm not a believer in fixed ceilings, but I think the norm ought to be more than three years. By the end of your second year you hit your stride in understanding the society, and you have the confidence of the leaders. So, if you leave after three years, you're really wasting a lot of investment in ambassadorial training. Five years probably would be a pretty good average.

There are, however, countries where three years is plenty, maybe even too much. If the scope of the work is very limited, if the number of people you deal with is tiny, if the country's relationship to the United States is not very complicated, a shorter tour is probably better.

As might be expected in such a long tour, both the United States and Israel underwent changes in their political leadership during your time in Tel Aviv. What lessons did you draw from your experience in trying to keep these transitions from confounding relationships?

It's a tricky problem. It gives the ambassador a very good opportunity to play a larger role in the policy process than might be true at other times in the cycle. A new team in Washington, for example, frequently starts without the sense of the texture of the relationship and needs advice from somebody who has been on the scene a while. The downside is that when the administration changes, there is invariably a period in which the new team is suspicious about relying on ambassadors who represented a president of another party in a previous era, even if they are career ambassadors.

I think I was quite fortunate. I really had no expectation that the Reagan administration would want me to stay after being in Israel almost four years. However, Secretary Haig and the president decided that because the Middle East picture was such a complex, delicate one, it would be wise to keep in place, not just me, but all of our ambassadors in the immediate area. All, except one, happened to be career officers, and we were all asked to stay on for purposes of continuity. I think that was a wise judgment, and gave us all a chance to educate the new team.

On the other side, when the Israeli administration changed from Likud to a combination of Likud and Labor—the National Unity Government—I'd been working with the leaders of both opposition and government for six years. It was a simple transition, because I kept dealing with the same people. They happened to be in different offices, but our relationships were already well-established.

When serving abroad, FSOs can often develop a close bonding with their host countries. Do you think this happened to you in Israel?

Israel is a country that has an enormously vital political and social structure, a democratic, informal interaction among people and institutions, and is basically very pro-American. So it's easy for officers to become caught up psychologically in Israeli reality and in the problems as Israelis see them. I think you have to guard against "localitis" in Israel as much as you do anywhere else, and maybe more than in some places. I was probably accused of succumbing to it from time to time. Anyone who serves more than a year or two in any country takes aboard some of the concerns of the people he is dealing with—if he's at all empathetic. And if he's not very empathetic, he shouldn't be in our business.

Would you characterize your tenure as one of high or low political profile?

Much to my surprise, I became almost overnight a kind of celebrity. I then began to realize that this is in the nature of the relationship between the United States and Israel. Because Israel is a media-conscious country with television and the press playing a large role, and because the United States is so important to it, the American ambassador immediately becomes the focus of all sorts of hopes, dreams, expectations, fears, doubts, and fascination.

This was accentuated by the fact that a dramatic new prime minister, Menacham Begin, took office as I arrived. Under Carter's prodding, we were engaged in a very high profile peace process throughout those first two years, involving lots of trips by secretaries of state, and Camp David meetings, and dramatic vis-

A major conflict between Israel and any Arab state closely tied to the Soviet Union is one of the very few places in the world where you might escalate to a U.S.-Soviet military clash. It is worth spending a lot of money to avoid that I disagreed often with Washington about tactics and how to deal with Israeli reality, but these were issues of tactical wisdom and judgment, not of ethical choice

its by Sadat. I saw Begin very often, and the television cameras were always nearby.

Do you think ambassadors should maintain high visibility in the politics of their host country?

By and large, no. But, there are exceptions. In Israel, it's quite difficult to stay out of the crossfire; many politicians and journalists attempt continually to engage the American ambassador on their side of the arguments. But it made the job fascinating. If you like politics—and I do, as a kibitzer—there's no better place to be an ambassador. But it's a high-risk game to get drawn into the local domestic cut and thrust, and you're better advised to stay out of it if you can.

Which U.S. policy position proved most ethically challenging for you to support?

I don't really recall ever having to support an American policy that presented me with any significant ethical challenge. For example, by the end of the Carter administration, despite the great achievement of Camp David and the peace treaty, relations were rather tense between our governments, largely because of changes in personnel among Israel's leaders. Washington was frustrated that the Camp David concept had been only partially realized and that the Palestinian problem remained very much at sea. Nevertheless, there was still fundamental support for the special U.S.-Israeli relationship. When Reagan took office, the view of Israel as a natural ally of the United States was further enhanced. I happen to believe that is the right policy for the United States. I would have found it very difficult to stay on if an administration had taken office in 1981 with a very different view. But the new administration's approach, while tactically quite different, fundamentally maintained a great deal of continuity.

During the Lebanon War, there were ethical issues raised in the United States about some of Israel's actions. However, the positions our government took were, I thought, correct. I don't recall ever really feeling caught in the bind of an ethical choice. I disagreed often with Washington about tactics and how to deal with Israeli reality, which is complex, but these were issues of tactical wisdom and judgment, not of ethical choice.

What criteria did you use in choosing your deputy chiefs of mission. Do you believe it is important for at least one of the two top embassy officials to have specialized knowledge of the host country?

Well, all things being equal, and they never are, the answer to your second question is yes, specialized knowledge is important. But here again, I think it depends a great deal on the country. I had not served in Israel or the Arab world, but I had majored in Middle East affairs at Johns Hopkins. I had served in Afghanistan, and just prior to Israel, I was assistant secretary for international organizations, with about 50 percent of my time devoted to the Arab-Israeli conflict in the context of the U.N. So, I was pretty familiar with the foreign policy questions, though not so well versed on Israel as a country.

I looked for a deputy who could complement my personal strengths and weaknesses. If possible, a deputy should be a specialist in the area. But if you've got a lot of regional expertise elsewhere in your political or economic sections, and if you choose someone who is smart and a quick study, you can get along quite well without a country expert as deputy, especially if you vourself have been in your post for some period. Other strengths may be more important. In my case, I looked for someone who had breadth of experience, strength of character, ability to articulate policy, writing skills, across-the-board political savvy, and the ability to function as a true alter ego when I was away. That was especially important in Israel, where crises erupted unexpectedly and with great frequency.

The other quality I looked for was strong managerial skills. Inevitably an ambassador spends a lot of time dealing with Washington, the host government, and the public. If he's doing this primary job properly, he doesn't have much energy to devote to staff and embassy management. The deputy really has to be a strong manager, somebody who can deal well with staff, budgetary questions, and internal administration, particularly in an embassy of any size. I had the good fortune that all three of my deputies had those qualities.

As you well know, Tel Aviv receives a disproportionately large number of congressional and other official visitors each year. During your service, did these visitors ever engage in any activities that hampered your execution of presidential policy?

I don't think in any significant way, but this could be a danger and a problem. We had an extraordinary flow of visitors. The first nine months I was in Tel Aviv, one third of the members of Congress—both the House and Senate—came to Israel in groups and as individuals. Because of this flow, it's impossible to really keep your eye on what they're all

up to. There's a geographic problem for one thing—the government is largely in Jerusalem, and the embassy is in Tel Aviv. I once calculated that I spent nearly 5000 hours over eight years driving back and forth. The congressional and executive branch visitors to Israel don't come to shop and sight-see, but for serious business. They all want to stay in Jerusalem, not Tel Aviv, and meet with all the top officials; they want to get up-to-date on the situation. It's not easy to have enough staff to accompany several congressional delegations at once to all their meetings.

But embassy officials who accompany visitors to meetings with senior officials will often pick up useful information that we can then meld into our reports. So, the visitors were a benefit as well as a logistic burden.

I found a way of dealing with congressional visitors that usually enabled us to avoid the danger that you're suggesting. I always offered to brief every group, at their convenience, in Jerusalem if necessary. I can't remember a case when they didn't want to hear from me. They didn't, however, always want embassy officers with them when they saw Israeli officials. That became a little bit delicate, but we found that I could readily obtain frank, private de-briefings afterwards from the American side, and usually frank de-briefings from the Israeli side, as well. By cultivating and supporting congressional groups, I think we earned their confidence and managed, with rare exception, to avoid having them do anything that could jeopardize basic American

In fact, I think there was a lot of reinforcement for U.S. policy on occasion. The Israelis are sensitive to the support they receive from Congress. They take congressional visitors very seriously and want to give them a full picture of their problems, of what they're doing, and what they need. Having had discussions with me beforehand, members of Congress would often reinforce the same points the administration was trying to make through me. Israeli officials would often take more seriously what a senior member of Congress said than a message only from the administration.

How are the lines of representational authority drawn between the ambassador in Tel Aviv and the consul general in Jerusalem? How well has this division of labor worked, and what can be done to improve mutual effectiveness?

I think it's worked very well the last few years. In the 1950s, 1960s, and early 1970s, there were lots of strains. Often the consuls



general, who are technically mission chiefs and report directly to Washington, were very prickly about their prerogatives, and ambassadors were very prickly about theirs. That had already begun to dissolve by the time I got there in 1977.

A good team operation depends on the leaders of the two missions working together as colleagues and not standing on a lot on ceremony. The embassy is responsible for all relations with the Israeli government and also, by chance, for reporting and consular relations for the Gaza district. The consul general is responsible for consular affairs in Jerusalem and for reporting and consular matters in the West Bank. The primary Palestinian contacts of a political nature are in the West Bank and a few in Gaza. The relationship worked smoothly with all of the consuls general while I was there. We really kept in very close touch. We regarded each other as both representing U.S. policy—just slightly different arms of it.

In order to deal with the government, embassy officers had to spend an enormous amount of time in Jerusalem. Whenever our senior leaders came, they would want to stay The new ambassador to Israel (right) is met upon his arrival by a member of the foreign ministry (left), and chargé Thomas Dunnigan (center).

If the ambassador is doing his primary job properly, he doesn't have much energy to devote to staff and embassy management. The deputy really has to be a strong manager

in Jerusalem where most of their meetings were held. In Jerusalem, we frequently used consulate office space, stayed overnight in the consul general's house, and were entertained by the consul general with visiting U.S. officials. The embassy is very much in the consulate's debt for a lot of logistical support.

Under what circumstances, if any, should the United States contemplate moving its embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem?

I think we ought to move our embassy at the first diplomatically opportune moment. For a long time there's been a general view that it was inopportune to make a move which would raise all sorts of political problems for the United States in the Arab world. It was thought we should wait until there was an agreement about the permanent status of Jerusalem and the surrounding territories. But the Israelis resent the fact that we don't have our embassy in what they see as their capital, and I don't blame them.

I'm sure there were moments in the 1960s when we could have moved to West Jerusalem without causing any great diplomatic uproar. It became more difficult after 1967, and there really hasn't been a good moment since, except possibly just after the peace treaty with Egypt. It was considered at that time, but because the Camp David accord did not really reach a resolution of the Palestinian/West Bank/ Gaza question. A move was judged, I think correctly, to be a premature irritant.

It's a bother having your embassy an hour and fifteen minutes away from the government. It's logistically annoying, but it works, and it's not a major issue in our relationship. It's one of those many anomalies about the Arab-Israeli problem that we have all come to live with. Still, one of these days we ought to move; I hope there's a moment when diplomatically it doesn't stir up too much turbulence.

What are the policy areas in which the United States and Israel have the greatest divergence of strategic interest?

I think we have fundamental divergences with Israel over its relationship to the occupied territories, but this is not of overriding strategic concern. Our views of East-West competition in the region, and the Iranian-Arab conflict, are largely parallel. Israel's state of war with some of its Arab neighbors, however, presents us with a strategic dilemma, because we have geo-strategic interests throughout the Arab world, certainly in the Arabian peninsula. As long as Arab states in that re-

gion are not at peace with Israel, it is more difficult to be a close ally of Israel, and also have a useful strategic relationship with some of the other Arab players.

But this dilemma has probably been overstated by many in the past, for as strategic threats to the Arabs from the Iranians become more acute, our ability to maintain increasingly close military ties to certain Arab states as well as to Israel has proved to be much greater than believed possible. Our endemic fear of drawing closer to Israel strategically, because to do so would be to sacrifice friendly relations with the Arab world, need no longer hold. You can have parallel relationships. But it's hard; it's tricky. There is a strategic divergence as long as full Arab-Israel peace can't be achieved.

How would you assess Israel's reliability as a strategic ally in the Middle East?

One can probably ask that question about any American ally. I think Israel's a very reliable and useful ally where our interests overlap. It is as reliable as any of our European allies, with respect to Soviet issues and to those issues in which our two governments have fundamentally congruent interests. There will be instances, of course, where Israel sees its own survival threatened in ways in which ours is not. That will make the priority attached to a certain crisis different, and that can be interpreted as a strategic divergence.

Is there any reason to believe that Israel's behavior would conform more closely with American interests if the United States threatened to cut a substantial portion of its aid?

No, on the contrary, I think if we ever reduced foreign aid in order to force the Israelis to do something they didn't want to do, it would only weaken our cooperation on issues where our interests coincide. It isn't that we're buying cooperation; it's that we have a rather unique, close, unwritten alliance, based on substantial mutual interest and a web of intangible ties. Yet, we are very different countries with different preoccupations.

Israelis retain a healthy degree of doubt, based on historical experience, about the degree to which they might be abandoned by the United States, as they have been by others over the years and the centuries. The use of aid as leverage to achieve U.S. objectives at their expense would heighten all those fears and tend to make the people and their leaders draw in on themselves and be more defiant and less cooperative with the United States, not more.



Do you think the increasingly harsh criticism directed at Israel by the American Jewish community will have any real effect on Israeli government practices in the West Bank and Gaza?

I don't think so—very little. It does raise some very painful and difficult issues for Israelis about their relationship with Jews abroad. They certainly worry about the strength of their support in Congress and with the American public at large. They also worry about how to maintain the security of the territories without any peace settlement, and how to enforce law and order against what has become a civilian uprising. These are very personal and painful dilemmas; many families have sons in the army or husbands who are being called back to reserve duty.

American Jews criticize, understandably, excesses; and there have been painful excesses. The defensive reaction from most Israelis is, "What would you suggest? If you want to tell us how to do a nasty job that we don't quite know how to do, come over here and join us; don't sit on Park Avenue and give us advice."

At the same time, there are a number of

Israelis in the Labor Party and the left wing of the political spectrum who are encouraging American Jews to speak out and press Israel to be more forthcoming on the peace process, as well as with regard to the criticism of Israel's occupation policy. Those who have not been winning the argument in the Israeli government or among Israel's public would like to get American Jewry on their side.

It's a very complicated play that goes on, and it's colored by the special nature of the Jewish people and by the fact that Israel is not a nation-state like any other. Israel is connected to a people who are scattered around the world and concentrated heavily in the United States—people who are very passionately concerned about the future of that state. Israelis don't want to lose the support of American Jewry; at the same time, they cannot accept the proposition that American Jews who don't share their risks can tell them how to deal with those dangers.

In your estimation has the influence of the pro-Israellobby on Middle East policy heightened or declined over the last ten years?

I think the lobby, particularly the organiza-

Israeli Prime Minister Begin (left) discusses developments in Lebanon in 1983 with Ambassador Lewis.

There's a geographic problem the government is largely in Jerusalem, and the embassy is in Tel Aviv. I once calculated that I spent nearly 5000 hours over eight years driving back and forth tion that is the lead in that activity—the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee—has greatly strengthened in the last decade. It's evolved from a Washington lobby trying to reach individual congressmen to a national organization with multiple branches and a mass membership. It can now more effectively influence congressmen in their home districts, and other political figures, as well. The breadth of support for Israel goes far beyond the Jewish community, and thus far there's no question that Israel has a very favored position in Congress.

On the other hand, there also has been a growth in the influence of those organizations and individuals, which make up the "Arab lobby." But I don't think there's much comparison in their relative strength.

U.S. Middle East policy under President Carter had a predominantly regional orientation, while President Reagan has viewed policy primarily in a global context. Which of these two approaches would you prefer the next administration to adopt?

I think elements of both were present in both administrations, but Reagan has tended to see the Arab-Israeli dispute more through the optic of East-West competition. On the other hand, it was Carter who was most anxious to engage the Soviets in some kind of cooperative arrangement to settle the Arab-Israeli problem. He recognized the Soviets' interest there, while Reagan has been anxious to keep them at arm's length.

Since securing peace around Israel requires at least partial satisfaction of Palestinian aspirations and dealing with the increasingly tumultuous issue of the occupied territories, the next administration should probably start through the regional window. These problems are really not a product of East-West competition.

That doesn't mean that you can ignore the Soviet dimension; the Soviets have historically stirred the pot very unhealthfully on occasion and have rarely been real contributors toward turning the heat down. I think it's highly unlikely that we could duplicate Camp David without some role for the U.N. Security Council and the Soviets. I don't think the Arab parties would now be willing to have American mediation alone. But they can't dispense with a major United States role, and I think they realize that.

One of the interesting facts about the region is that we have been, on occasion, a rather successful mediator, despite our obvious preference for Israel and our special relationship

with that country. The Arabs have probably realized that a neutral mediator without any power can't move this problem very far. Our close relationship with Israel gives us an ability to be both a player and a mediator. That was the way in which we achieved the Camp David agreements, but that model is going to have to be augmented by additional international involvement. The United States can't do it alone.

Do you believe the billions of dollars the United States has spent since 1977 on establishing and sustaining peaceful coexistence between Egypt and Israel has proved to be a good investment?

It's been a very good investment. We have two close friends and allies. We have strategic cooperative arrangements with both countries. By helping to achieve peace, we have made it very difficult, if not impossible, for another major Arab-Israeli war to occur. (Though it's not to be ruled out as long as Syria remains hostile to Israel.) I think we have helped to avoid a very dangerous confrontation with the Soviets. We both have such important interests in the area that a major conflict between Israel and any Arab state that's closely tied to the Soviet Union is, I think, one of the very few places in the world where you might escalate to a U.S.-Soviet military clash. It is worth spending a lot of money to avoid that.

It's probably true that Egypt and Israel together take a disproportionate share of U.S. foreign aid, but I think the problem is not the amount of aid for these two countries, but the total amount of aid today.

Is it fair to characterize Menachem Begin's legacy, apart from the Camp David accords and the Egypt-Israeli peace treaty, as a legacy of failure?

I think it's a bit early to write the historical judgment on Begin. He left a lot of problems unsolved, and his style of leadership created some others, but those two accords were an enormous achievement. For its entire history, Israel has been seeking some kind of peaceful accommodation with its Arab neighbors, and only Begin was able to formally bring about peace with the largest and most powerful Arab state. I don't think the peace treaty would have been achieved without him. It's highly unlikely that any other Israeli leader could have done what Begin did politically or would have made the concessions on Sinai necessary to make the deal with Sadat.

The peace treaty has really transformed the Arab-Israeli conflict. It's made it much more

difficult for other Arab states to keep Israel in isolation and assume that eventually the problem will go away. The view of the less-radical Arab states—Saudi Arabia, Jordan, the Gulf states, and some of the North African states—has evolved from one of saying, "We will never deal with Israel," to one of, "Israel is a fact we cannot change and must deal with as soon as they solve the Palestinians' demands." The major focus of the conflict has moved back in the direction of an internal one within Palestine and away from a conflict between Israel and all the Arab states. That's quite a change in attitudes.

However, Begin did lcave some bad legacies in the economic area, and his period as prime minister was deeply shadowed by the sclf-inflicted tragedy of the Lebanon war. If he had retired after his first term in office, in 1981, he would undoubtedly go down in history as a great leader. History will not now judge him as favorably. However, he had the rather unique wisdom—1 don't know of any other democratic leader who's done this—to leave office and political life voluntarily when he was still very much in demand.

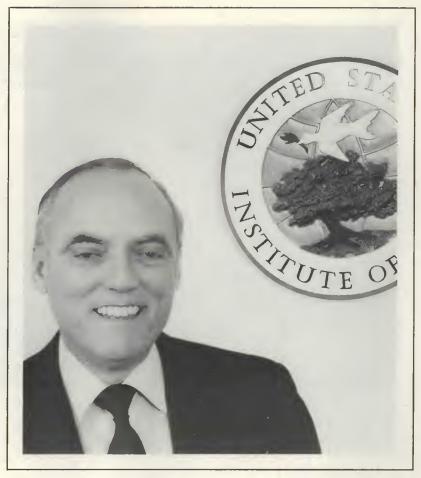
How should Israel respond to the greatly expanding Arab population in Israel, particularly in the occupied territories?

There's no question that Israel's democracy and overwhelmingly Jewish character can be maintained indefinitely within the pre-1967 borders. The question is to what extent can it be maintained if a substantial portion of Gaza and the West Bank are incorporated permanently. That's the big dilcmma for Israeli society today. It's the central issue on which the two major political parties diverge. This national debate will be accentuated by the impact of the uprising in the territories.

Personally, I find it hard to imagine that any democratic state can easily cope indefinitely with a very large hostile minority of different social, religious, and ethnic characteristics, without paying a huge price. Some Israelis feel it's possible. My guess is that Israel will ultimately opt to be a primarily Jewish and democratic state, and will find a way to disengage from control of most of the territories.

How likely is the prospect that Israel and the Soviet Union will establish formal diplomatic relations in the near future, and what impact will this have on Soviet relations with the Arab states?

I'd say very likely within three years. The Soviets under Gorbachev have clearly acknowl-



Today, Lewis is president of the U.S. Institute for Peace in Washington.

edged that they made a tactical mistake by breaking formal diplomatic relations with Israel after 1967. They're working quite delicately but persistently to restore some diplomatic relationship right now. They can't move too fast because they've got to keep their strong client relationships with Syria and some other Arab states intact. They obviously don't want to make a diplomatic move of this importance without a good excuse: such as a diplomatic settlement or an international conference. But I imagine they'll find an excuse of one kind or another in the next few years.

Should the next U.S. administration place the issue of an Arab-Israeli peace settlement as its top foreign policy priority?

I think the next administration will inevitably be driven, either by crisis or by calculation, to put this issue quite high on its list. A period of some high-level U. S. inattention to this problem has only been reversed in recent months. The dangers for American interests of seeing the situation fester and deteriorate are now pretty obvious. We cannot adequately protect our geo-political interests anywhere in the region if this conflict isn't soon moving in the direction of accommodation.



The Vientiane legation annex. As the staff grew in the months following the formation of the new nation, the one-room chancery became crowded, and an army field tent was set up in the residence garden.

Vientiane, 1954

SOME LEFT ON STRETCHERS, OTHERS IN STRAITJACKETS

YALE RICHMOND

N MAY 1954, the French suffered a decisive military defeat at Dien Bien Phu in their war with the Vietminh. In July, the Geneva Conference divided Vietnam and established an independent Laos, intended as a buffer between North Vietnam and Thailand. I had just completed five years as a cultural officer in Germany—not a typical post then or now—and I was looking forward to a "real" Foreign Service assignment in Laos. My qualifications for this small post were bachelor status, good health, and high school and college French. Little did I realize that Laos would be as atypical as Germany, as well as dangerous and far less comfortable.

Yale Richmond is retired from USIA and now is a writer and consultant.

Laos had most of the elements of a tropical paradise. The Lao people were gentle, soft-spoken, peaceful, and contented. The staples of their diet—rice, fish, vegetables, and fruit—were plentiful except in rare years of drought. Despite its subequatorial climate and high humidity, Vientiane, the French administrative capital, had been a comfortable post in colonial days. It had suffered, however, during the Indochina war, and in 1954, it was a rundown town of perhaps 15,000, lacking many basic public services.

The American presence in Laos in 1954 was a holding action, awaiting developments in Vietnam, and it seemed that no one in Washington cared much about Laos or the staff at the legation. The legation in Vientiane had been opened in 1951, and when I arrived in

June 1954, the mission included Chargé Lloyd "Mike" Rives, a lowly FSO-6; Ted Kobrin, political officer; Ted Tanen, public affairs officer; and Nan McKay, representing what is now AID. I was information officer, and the junior officer at the post.

The chancery, located in the residence, consisted of one room and a toilet, which doubled as code room. The residence itself was a comfortable French villa on the banks of the Mekong River. Nan McKay had her own bungalow, but the rest of us, all bachelors, shared a communal life in the residence. In the evening, after a hot, but not hard, day's work, we gathered at the dinner table, dining on whatever our Vietnamese cook had managed to purchase that day. Not much could be bought locally except rice, and most of what we ate came from across the Mekong in Thailand. The meat was water buffalo. As dessert was being served each evening, the post messenger would arrive by bicycle bearing the day's telegrams, most of them NIACT (night action), and Mike Rives would retire to the "code room" to decode them by hand.

A few days after my arrival, I was summoned to pay a courtesy call on Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma, one of the few real statesmen in Southeast Asia at the time. Donning my crisp white linen suit, I set out on foot for the prime minister's office a few blocks away. After introductory pleasantries, Prince Souvanna asked if I had brought a message for him from Secretary Dulles. Unfortunately, I replied, the secretary had been unable to meet with me before my departure from Washington.

ington.

One week later, the first social invitations came, and I had a difficult choice. I was invited to two dinners on the same evening, one at the home of the defense minister, and the other with Michel Archimbault, the resident French archeologist who knew more about Laos than perhaps any other European or American. As a USIA officer, I naturally accepted the Archimbault invitation. This proved to be a lucky choice. After the defense minister's dinner, as he and his guests were seated in the living room, someone lobbed a hand grenade through a window, killing the minister and several guests.

Isolation was Vientiane's main hardship. The French had built a network of roads but much of it had been destroyed during the war. What roads remained were threatened by the Communist-led Pathet Lao guerrillas and were impassible in the rainy season. Air was the only way to travel, but it was neither safe nor dependable.

Air Laos provided service to the provinces, as well as to Phnom Penh and Saigon, flying surplus World War II DC-3s. The pilots were French and first-rate, but maintenance was at best haphazard. On my first scheduled flight, I reached for my seat belt when the sign came on, but found none. There was also no seat because, together with the other passengers, I was seated on the aircraft floor, along with freight. The passengers were ordered to huddle behind the cabin bulkhead on takeoff to move the center of gravity forward, and again on landing.

I vowed never to go on an inaugural flight after a close call with a flight initiating service to Nam Tha, a town deep in the northern mountains. It promised to be an interesting trip, and each diplomatic mission was invited to send one officer on the flight. After everyone else in the legation had declined, the invitation was passed down to me. I also had to decline, a fortunate decision because the plane smashed into the side of a mountain killing all on board. However, a year later, I defied the odds and accepted an invitation for the inaugural flight from Vientiane to Bangkok. It was an uneventful flight on the flagship of the fleet, an old four-engine Boeing Stratocruiser, except that, after complimentary champagne had been served, the steward opened the side door while aloft to throw out the empty bottles. There must have been many bottles, for when one engine conked out the passengers thought it was very funny.

In the summer, an experienced career officer, Charles W. Yost, arrived as minister. Yost was soon followed by a host of other officers—political, economic, and administrative—and military attachés, communication clerks, secretaries, Marine guards, and a large economic



Our modest information program was part of a massive U.S. effort to maintain the independence of a small country

Passengers relax during an Air Laos flight from Vientiane to Savannakhet. The author missed one flight that ended up crashing, killing all on board.







As information officer, I made many trips into the countryside, living and eating with the Lao people.

assistance mission. The one-room chancery became a bit crowded—probably the first time a minister had shared an office with his entire staff—and an army field tent was set up in the residence garden as legation annex.

O THIS PRIMITIVE POST came Secretary Dulles in September. Among the many problems facing the new Lao government was its army, which provided security against the Pathet Lao but had not been paid for months. After Dulles's visit, Washington moved to support the Lao government and to give aid directly, rather than through the French. Soon the first payment arrived—a S1 million check, the first of many that were to follow.

Yost decided to make a formal presentation to symbolize American support, and I went along to take photos for USIA. The lone legation vehicle was an old battered Jeep stationwagon, which we drove ourselves, since there was no legation driver. The lock on the driver's door was broken, making it necessary to drive with the right hand and hold the door closed with the left. Yost pocketed the million-dollar check and we all piled into the Jeep, with the minister, as usual, in the driver's seat. I thought it would look bad enough for the United States to be delivering a million dollars in an old Jeep, but even worse for the minister to be driving it. That time, Yost accepted my offer to drive and we arrived more

or less in style.

Funds were also now available to lease a chancery, and provide housing and support for the American staff, which was increasing day by day. Housing was the immediate need. Initially, we bachelors continued to share the residence with Yost, doubling and tripling up in the few bedrooms. But when Mrs. Yost arrived, the first American spouse in Vientiane, we had to find other quarters. The few French-built villas were occupied by Lao government ministers and other diplomatic mis esions, and what was left were mostly thatch and bamboo houses on stilts.

I temporarily moved into the newly acquired USIS office, formerly a shop just off the marketplace. The nearest toilet was two blocks away. Eventually, we found two villas, one for single men and the other for single women. Beds could not be purchased locally, so our Army attaché had canvas cots flown in. Because there were not enough cots to go around, our two Marine guards had to share one, not as difficult as it may sound, since each worked a 12-hour shift, seven days a week.

The French-built villas were designed for the tropics, with thick cement walls, high ceilings, tile floors, lots of open windows (no glass or screens, of course), but few basic conveniences. We slept under mosquito nets, sharing our bedrooms with ten-inch gecko lizards that would stare at us at night from the wall on the other side of the nets. Electricity was available only in the center of town, not where



Secretary Dulles greets Lao children as he leaves the prime minister's residence following presentation of the new nation's first assistance monies.

we lived, but the ancient generator, when it worked, provided 50-volt current for a few hours in the evening. Water was delivered by truck, dumped into a tank at the rear of the house, and pumped, by hand, to 55-gallon drums on the roof. This gave us gravity feed for our shower and toilet. When there was no truck, which was quite often, there was no shower and no flush. Fortunately, the Mekong was only one block away. Eventually, a gasoline-powered army field generator arrived, which gave us 110 volts but made an awful roar in our backvard. The water problem was never solved.

No one had warned us about Vientiane's month-long winter, when the weather went from hot and humid by day to cold and damp by dawn. We had no winter clothing and few blankets, and we eagerly awaited the arrival of the Paris Herald Tribune and Le Monde (there were no Lao newspapers), which provided some insulation at night. We heated water for our one-bucket showers over a charcoal brazier and ladled it out with a gourd.

Vientiane was a tough post for Americans, physically and psychologically. We all suffered from heat rash; more serious tropical diseases were rampant and medical evacuations frequent. The nearest civilian medical care was left on stretchers, and others in straitjackets. Local medical care was for emergencies only. The minister of public health, information, and propaganda was the only Europeantrained Lao doctor in the entire country, and he was a gynecologist. A small French military hospital, with a few French army doctors, was available for emergencies. I had the temerity once to visit the army dentist. Before beginning his examination, he poured gasoline into the portable generator used to power his electric drill, and, without washing the gasoline from his hands, put them into my mouth.

It was interesting to travel in the provinces and live more or less like the Lao people, eating a specialty called soupe chinoise, a highly seasoned stew made from whatever was available locally; sleeping in their homes; and bathing as they did, in a river in early evening clad only in traditional black-and-white checkered sarongs, the men in one group and the women in another. As information officer, I made many such trips into the countryside. USIS Laos at that time provided information about the United States and worked to build a national consciousness in a new country-most people did not know that there was a Kingdom of Laos, or even a king. Thus, in addition to providing support services we in effect



were the Lao government information service, too.

We produced a monthly newsreel with a in Saigon, a flight of at least four hours. Some . Lao soundtrack, giving each province chief projection equipment and a portable generator to show the films in remote villages where movies had never been seen before, and a monthly photo magazine in Lao. Both were the first in the country. The magazine was printed in Manila. We wrote the copy in English, had it translated to Thai by a Thai local employee, and then from Thai to Lao by a Lao local. To check the translation, it was translated back to French by a third local employee. Eventually, we had an information center in Vientiane and three branches in the provinces. Our modest information program was part of a massive U.S. effort to maintain the independence of a small country whose people had been under foreign rule by neighboring states for most of their history. What we accomplished is hard to say.

When I left Vientiane in June 1956, two years and two days from my arrival, there were more than 100 Americans at the post and the number was rapidly rising, eventually to reach more than 1000. Formed as a buffer state and carved from lands fought over for generations, Laos, through no fault of its own, had become caught up in the politics and violence of the Vietnam war. It would be in a state of perpetual conflict for the next 20 years, a pawn in the rivalry between superpowers.

Minister Charles Yost presents a \$1 million check to Lao Prime Minister Katay Don Sasorith.

MAY 1988



Nepalese farmers show their happiness at the large crops they grew with the help of AID rural development programs.

Nepal, 1986

THE ARDUOUS TRAIL TO RURAL DEVELOPMENT

CARL A. DUTTO

OUNTAINOUS, landlocked Nepal has changed little over the centuries. The gentle, hard-working people continue to grow basic food crops high in the mountains, isolated from the 20th century by geography and technology. Access to markets, healthcare, and education is hindered by the tortuous trails that are all but impassible during the rainy season.

Several Agency for International Development programs in agriculture, rural development, education, natural resource management, health, and family planning aim to increase

Carl Dutto served four years as chief of the rural development office with AID in Kathmandu. He is currently with the Technical Resources Office of the Africa Bureau in Washington.

economic growth and productivity in Nepal. In the western Rapti Zone a long-term AIDsupported rural development program takes an integrated approach to the complex problem of improving rural life. Declining agricultural productivity, chronic food shortages, deforestation and soil erosion, and isolation from markets are some of the major problems that face the one-million people in the area. The Rapti program is undertaking projects to raise agricultural production, build roads and water supply systems, create new opportunities for income through small-scale private enterprise, and restore and protect the forests. The activities are planned by the people in each village and carried out with the help of district authorities. The only way for AID to monitor and develop these projects

is to visit them—visits that mean up to two weeks of walking for the project officers.

Trekking in Nepal is a great attraction to foreigners. Every year more than 300,000 tourists from Europe, Japan, and the United States visit the country to hike in the Mount Everest and Annapurna areas. Tour companies provide all services, from food and porters to sleeping, eating, and bathing tents. For hardy tourists, trekking is a comfortable, exciting experience. But, for AID officers, hikes to visit projects can be ordeals of endurance, with food, shelter, and water to be obtained from villagers en route. In 1988, a Foreign Service officer may still find that the effectiveness of his or her work depends on the ability to share and understand the lives of the local people. What follows is a journal of one such trip taken in 1986.

6:00 a.m. It is pitch dark when one of the porters cheerfully announces, "Jane bela bhayo!" ("It's time to go"). In a corner of a small loft housing nine people for the night, I had fallen asleep only two hours before, but I did not mind leaving the loft behind. I had been restless all night, unable to sleep even with a hightech sleeping bag and pad. The dry-mud floor was hard and bumpy. My eyes were burning from the smoke seeping up from the openhearth kitchen. A baby in the room below had been crying for several hours, and her two brothers had been quarreling. Three of the porters had been coughing all night. I had offered them a cough lozenge for relief and they were thankful, but their hacking didn't stop.

Soon we were all up, Marc, a forester, Ojha, our counterpart from the Nepali government, our three porters, carrying our basic program supplies, and I, ready to move out on the narrow path. Ahead of us was a long trail leading from 10,000 feet down to 6000 feet, and then up a ridge to 11,000 feet and finally back down to 8000 feet. For five miles the trail then followed a river bed. Our planned itinerary for the day was a ten-hour walk with visits to villages along the way to check on agricultural, water supply, and forestry activities. We would share dhal-bhat (lentil-rice) at our one meal-stop. Nepal's staple food, this is typically eaten twice a day in mid-morning and in the evening. For the rest of the day we would quench our thirst with water, often polluted and treacherous to our health. Thus, it had to be purified with a heavy dosage of iodine, unpleasant to taste but vital for survival.

6:30 a.m. We are on the path, starting the second day of a 12-day trek. We plan to meet with villagers, officials, field workers, and Peace Corps volunteers to gain first-hand knowledge of local conditions and problems, and to monitor progress and find new ways to implement Rapti development activities. We had traveled to the sparsely populated Rukum district by commercial twin-otter, a two-hour flight from Kathmandu, knowing from experience that it was better to fly to the higher hill areas and then walk out, rather than to walk up toward the higher areas and then risk being unable to fly out because of weather conditions.

A beautiful sunrise lights an amphitheater of ridges and mountains leading to the Sisne Himal, a 21,000-foot peak rarely seen by tourists. This area in the mid-western region is a six-day walk west of Pokhara, or five days north of Dang, where the nearest road or hospital is located. We are all careful of what we eat and drink, knowing that if we get sick, we will have to walk or be carried out, or be rescued by helicopter.

7:00 a.m. The hills are now clear. Clusters of grass-thatched houses surrounded by terraces appear on all the ridges. The people living on these hills are a mixture of high-caste Brahmins, mid-caste Chettris, low-caste Kamis, and tribal Magars. Fifty-four percent of all Nepalis live as small farmers, under conditions similar to these villagers. They grow basic food crops, rice along the river beds, and maize and millet on the steep terraces. The farmers own a few sheep and goats, possibly



In a corner of a small loft housing nine people for the night, I had fallen asleep only two hours before. I had been restless all night; the dry mud floor was hard and bumpy

Men carry coils of polyethylene pipe that will be used in an AIDsupported project to bring clean water to their village.



Our planned itinerary for the day was a ten-hour walk with visits to eheck agricultural, water-supply, and forestry activities a water buffalo and a few chickens. They cut shrubs and trees for fuel and fodder. For a long time the ecological balance between people and environment seemed to be sustainable. But with population increases, the pressure on land and forests has also increased. Now there is less land to support the people and fewer trees to supply fuel. Many people have been forced to seek a new livelihood in the flat areas of the Terai, in the towns, and in neighboring India.

11:00 a.m. The local agricultural extension worker at a small village by the river proudly introduces us to some of his farmers and accompanies us to his demonstration plots for new rice and vegetable varieties. The farmers are happy: their rice yields had increased, as

sion of her elected representatives and the minister of agriculture to bypass the coop and sell the seeds commercially.

12:15 p.m. We are again on our way, trudging up a steep incline through rugged terrain for two and half hours. It is hot, and we are tired and sweating; the Nepali porters trot easily ahead. I put one foot in front of the other, knowing I will need stamina to keep up the pace. Confidence in your physical ability comes with experience, but each day still tests muscles accustomed to sitting behind a desk, not hiking day after day up mountainsides.

We can now barely see the agricultural belt 2000 feet below along the river, while 1000 feet above a large forest looms. John, a Peace



The author (center) confers with Ojha, from the Ministry of Local Development (left), and Mark, an AID forester (right).

had the size of their cauliflower heads.

AID projects help the farmers supplement their meager diet by growing a greater variety of vegetables. Villages are now even producing vegetable seeds—onions, cauliflowers, and beets. This is a remarkable achievement for people who a few years before used only one major vegetable, a leafy green called saag. Five porters trot along the trail, each carrying about sixty pounds of seeds; they are on their way to market at the border-town of Nepalgunj, a seven- to eight-day walk. The village will get a good price for its seeds because of the initiative of a young local woman. The government cooperative had originally wanted to pay less than commercial rates for the seeds. Shanti, fresh from AID-sponsored "Women in Development" training, traveled to Kathmandu and obtained the support and permisCorps volunteer who has worked for the past year with the forest department, suddenly appears on the path. Twenty years before, this whole hill had been a forest, but driven by the basic need for fuel and fodder, the villagers have been cutting trees, moving to higher ground year by year. The hill is now totally unproductive. New trees have to be replanted and John is working with the local community to establish a nursery to produce the 25,000 trees needed each year. We visit the nursery and the first plantation, an example of the many Peace Corp and AID projects in natural-resource management.

3:00 p.m. At the next village, we examine a drinking-water system for 150 families. The water tap is connected to a protected source of water higher up the mountain by several

kilometers of polyethylene pipe. Previously, village women had to walk more than two hours to fetch water; now, for the first time, 15 percent of the villagers have potable water just 200 yards from their homes. But this is only a beginning, as the majority are still waiting for water. We meet with a group of local women who have organized to protect and maintain the drinking water system. After participating in AID-sponsored training, these women had developed plans to start potato production; they have also asked for help in setting up a small cottage industry to produce and market wool cloth and blankets. They would like to enroll in literacy classes, an important step, as only 7 percent of the women and 30 percent of the men of Rukum district are literate.

By late afternoon we reach the next ridge, 3000 fect higher. Here, we visit a primary school, where an AID project has helped construct a new roof. The school has 65 children enrolled in grades one to five, but only ll students are girls. Many of the pupils walk up to two hours each way to attend. The village leader remarks: "These roofs are visible from afar and they are a sign of hope and progress for our people."

6:30 p.m. After 15 kilometers and just as many thousands of feet up and down the mountain, we arrive at our final destination for the day, a small village of 8 houses, with 30 inhabi-

tants (8 women, 3 old men, and 19 children). It has been a full day and I am anxious to find a place to eat and sleep. My feet are numb; my knecs hurting. I am tired and hungry. Following the lead of our Nepali co-worker, we carry with us only a few personal items, relying for food on what we can find locally. This has been a bad year for this village. Rain has been inadequate and food is scarce. All the able men have gone south looking for work and money. We visit all eight houses in search of food, but the villagers sadly tell us that they have no food to share. The local supply of rice and lentils has been exhausted. One old woman brings us some corn, and we finally notice a pumpkin sitting on the roof of an abandoned house. Suppor that night is boiled pumpkin. In a short time we are all asleep on the hard floor.

Postscript: This working trek continued for ten more days. The following day we failed to arrive at our destination, as the path had been washed away by a large landslide. An alternate trail took us about three hours out of the way. By the end of the trip it seemed normal to be trudging hour after hour in the remote countryside. In our almost two weeks on the trail, we had covered only part of two districts out of the five included in the Rapti development project. Thus, while traveling back to Kathmandu by jeep, a 12-hour journey, we planned our next visits.



Driven by the basic need for fuel and fodder, villagers have been cutting trees, and the hills are now totally unproductive



A woman washes dishes in the clear water that is piped into the village.

Teaching: The Ultimate Mobile Career

By NANCY FORSTER

For my first 11 years as a Foreign Service wife, I taught English and cooking classes to a wide variety of students in Dayao, Manila, Fukuoka, Kobe, and Rangoon. As a young bride, I met with adult men and women who wanted to learn English in the newly independent Philippines. Later, in Manila, the Saint Stephen's School for Chinese Boys needed someone to drill their students in conversational English. In Fukuka, I taught English for graduate students at Kyushu University. I also instructed the wives of the university professors in American meal preparation. In Kobe and Rangoon, I took on the role of Julia Child, demonstrating the intricacies of American cooking to members of the Kobe Farmer's Cooperative. Later, at the peak of my culinary career, I was even listed as a cooking teacher at the Burma-America Institute. However, that was enough cooking and English teaching for me. Although I liked teaching, I wanted to find employment in my field of interest-history.

When we came back to Washington for our first home assignment, I decided it was time to redirect my energies and go back to school for professional teaching certification in history. This was the wisest decision I ever made. Unlike many careers, which are difficult to pack up and move in tune with the whimsy of overseas assignments, a teaching career is portable. Good jobs are usually available, even on short notice. The turnover of teachers in international schools is high, as many of the teachers are on assignment for just a few years. There are networks of American schools, regional school organizations overseas, and the world-wide system of schools authorized to offer the International Baccalaureate (IB diploma program). Experienced teachers (and even novice ones) move easily between these networks. Their experience is recognized and an educator on the move has opportunities for career advancement.

After getting settled in Washington, I took evening and summer courses to fill

in the gaps in my Stanford history degree and to qualify for the Maryland secondary school certificate. I attended classes at American University, dovetailing my schedule to fit in with available babysitters. When full days of practice teaching were required in the fall, my mother came down from New York for nine weeks to care for my baby and his two lively siblings.

When my husband was assigned to Tokyo the following summer, I was ready and eager to start my new career. A bilingual, multinational school in the center of Tokyo was looking for someone to design and teach junior high social studies. I was hired, and began my educational career at Nishimachi International School.

We were fortunate enough to spend six years in Tokyo, and the whole family became part of that exceptional institution. Housed in the former Matsukata family residence and guided by a woman who wanted children to have a true sense of membership in the family of man and the intellectual tools to make this membership productive and rewarding, Nishimachi had an impact well beyond its size. Smaller in size than the usual public school, many international schools are exciting, caring institutions—a very special part of living and working abroad.

When we were sent to Israel, it was late July and I had had no chance to make contact with the American school before arriving. All their positions were filled for the academic year. But I answered an ad in the Jerusalem Post. An agricultural high school near the Gaza Strip had a small boarding facility for English-speaking children whose parents wanted them to have a high-school year in Israel. There was an opening for someone to teach history, to grades 10 to 12. I was able to negotiate a three-day-aweek schedule, since the school was a harrowing, 90-minute drive from our house. It was a challenging year, but the next year I landed a job at the American school, within walking distance of our house.

My experience in the Mishimachi School in Tokyo had traveled to Washington, and when a new international school was about to add secondary school classes, I was recommended. So there was a place waiting for me to teach history when we were sud-

denly transferred home in 1973. During the next ten years, following the trail of my husband between Washington, Tokyo, and back to Washington, I was able to keep right in step as a teacher and administrator, moving back and forth between the two schools, whose international vision and sense of mission were very much alike.

It was the IB program-governed out of Geneva to meet the needs of internationally mobile families, and now expanding rapidly in national schools—that thrust me into another network and lured me to another kind of overseas post in Hawaii. Phil Bossert, president of a small liberal arts college on Oahu, had heard of the IB program and believed it would be a good curriculum for Hawaii. He visited the Washington International School and liked what he saw. When he invited me to come to Hawaii to launch the program, we felt it was too good an offer to turn down. Since I had been following my Foreign Service husband around for 34 years, Cliff figured it was time we switched roles. He retired from the Foreign Service and moved with me to Hawaii.

If I had to do it all over again, I'd do it the same way. This has been a fortuitous career for me, a stimulating complement to my husband's work, offering instant immersion into new communities, and a creative, satisfying life's work. What more can you ask for from a career?

Deaths

DANIEL EDWARD ALLEN, a Foreign Service officer, died of cancer on March 2 at his home in Fairfax, Virginia. He was 49.

Mr. Allen was born in the Bronx, New York, attended Fordham University and was graduated from Pace University in New York. He worked in New York for various financial institutions, including the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. In 1971, he moved to Washington and began his career in the Foreign Service. He held assignments with AID in Bolivia and Colombia. In 1976, Mr. Allen transferred to the State Department and served at posts in Latin America and Europe. Since 1987, he had been a personnel officer at the embassy in Madrid.

Survivors include his wife, Martha Herran Allen, and three children, Edward Daniel Allen, Brigette Patricia Allen, and Andrew Michael Allen, all of Fairfax, and by one brother, John Joseph Allen of Pottsdale, Pennsylvania.

JAY CASTILLO, a retired Foreign Service officer, died of cancer on March 15 at St. Francis Hospital in Santa Barbara, California. He was 82.

Born in Mexico City, Mr. Castillo was raised in the United States and was graduated from the City College of New York. He served in the Army in World War 11 before he moving to Washington in 1943 and joining the State Department. While in the Foreign Service, he served in Portugal, Colombia, and Spain. After retiring from the Service in 1967, Mr. Castillo moved to Santa Barbara, where he helped found the Puerto Vallarta Sister City Program and became its first president.

He is survived by his wife Mary F. Castillo of Santa Barbara; three children, Michael J. Castillo of Laurel, Maryland, Mary Ellen Proffitt of Santa Barbara, and Paul A. Castillo of San Francisco; and by one sister, Maria de Castillo Frese of Mexico City.

JOHN B. McGrath, a former deputy chief of mission at Lagos, Nigeria, died March 10 at Rhode Island Hospital. He was 69.

Mr. McGrath was graduated from Providence College and continued his graduate studies in economics at Brown University, Columbia University, and the University of California at Berkeley. He served in Army intelligence during World War II. He joined the Foreign Service in 1947 and served in various posts in Europe and Africa. In 1957, he opened our first consulate in Somalia. Mr. McGrath later became head of the U.S. delegation to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris. He was also petroleum officer and head of the economics and commercial office in London.

He had to retire from the Service due to illness. He served as a board member of the World Affairs Council and the Council on Foreign Relations. His sole survivor is his wife Ulla (Poulsen) McGrath of Copenhagen, Denmark.

ANITA MCHALE, wife of retired Foreign Service Officer James D. McHale, died February 27 after a long illness. She was 58.

Mrs. McHale was born in New York City, and was raised and educated in Stockholm, Sweden. She returned to the United States in 1953, and lived in Boston until her marriage in 1959. She accompanied her husband on many foreign assignments including Laos, Indonesia, Singapore, Brussels, Niger, Cambodia, Hong Kong, and Zaire

She is survived by her husband and three daughters, Ann, Christine, and Jennifer. [SEE "Honeymoon in Laos, Tribute to a Foreign Service Wife," page 71.]

WILLIAM J. PORTER, former under secretary for political affairs and chief of the U.S. delegation to the Paris Peace Talks to end the Vietnam war, died of cancer in Fall River, Massachusetts, on March 15. He was 73.

Mr. Porter was born in Staleybridge, England, and was raised in Fall River. He attended Boston College and the Thibodeau College of Business Administration in Fall River. He became a naturalized citizen in 1936, and a year later served as private secretary to the American minister in Hungary.

He then joined the Foreign Service, and began a 40-year career that included many foreign assignments at times when relations with the United States were critical and sensitive. Mr. Porter's first assignments included Baghdad, Beirut, and Damascus in the early 1940s. He then served as Palestine desk officer at the State Department, and in 1946 he became political officer in Jerusalem during the partition of Palestine and the creation of the state of Israel.

He was next assigned to Cyprus, and then to New York as political adviser to the chief of the Voice of America between 1951–53. He was later appointed deputy chief of mission at Rabat, Morocco, and soon returned to Washington to be director of the Office of North African Affairs from 1957–1960.

Mr. Porter bccame the first American ambassador to Algeria in 1962, when the nation received independence from France. He remained there until 1965, when he was appointed deputy ambassador to South Vietnam, at a time when the U.S. military presence there was increasing dramatically. From 1967–71, he was ambassador to South Korea. Mr. Porter then served 18 months as President Nixon's personal representative to the Paris Peace Talks. When he returned he was named under secretary

for political affairs in Washington.

He was then appointed ambassador to Canada in 1974—a period of tensions over trade and investment policies between the two countries. Mr. Porter retired from the Service in 1977, after his last assignment as ambassador to Saudi Arabia—during the sensitive period of the Arab oil embargo.

He received State's Honor Award in 1966 and the President's Award for Distinguished Federal Civilian Service in 1967.

Mr. Porter is survived by his wife, Eleanor Henry Porter, of Westport, Massachusetts, his son, William Porter, of Fairfax, Virginia, his daughter, Eleanor Clark, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and six grandchildren.

DENNIS VOLMAN, a Washington correspondent with the *Christian Science Monitor* and a former Foreign Service officer, died of cancer December 14 in New York City, where he was undergoing treatment. He was 37 years old.

Mr. Volman was born in New York City and was graduated from Columbia University. He later received a master's degree in economics from Cambridge University in England.

He was a Foreign Service officer from 1979–82 and held assignments in Lebanon and Nicaragua. He joined the *Christian Science Monitor* in 1982 and was assigned to its Washington bureau in 1986.

Survivors include his father, Sacha Volman of Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, and his mother, Pepe Volman of New York City.

Births

AFSA Governing Board member and Foreign Service Officer JONATHAN FARRAR and his wife, Marie Therese Farrar, are proud to announce the birth of their son Nathaniel Lysle, born on November 13.

Natalia Joy Mann was born to Foreign Service Officer STEVEN MANN and his wife, Janice, on November 14. The parents are stationed at the new post in Kolonia, Federated States of Micronesia.

Marriages

VONDA M. KIMBLE and GREGORY T. DELAWIE, both Foreign Service officers, were married October 27 in Arlington, Virginia.

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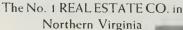
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AFSA + NEWS

New management team to kick off new club

The best dining experience within walking distance of Foggy Bottom—and a renewed emphasis on quick and courteous service—are in store for members when a new management team opens the doors of the Foreign Service Club

in late April.

The club will be run by Westbard Group, Inc., whose principals are Vito A. Zappala and Rosemary A. Brodeur. Zappala is president of Gary's Restaurant, a well-known Washington earery. Brodeur is a Culinary Institute of America graduate who has extensive experience in a number of styles of French cuisine. She recently completed an apprenticeship with master pastry chef Patrick Musel and a voluntary apprenticeship at le Pavillion restaurant under Chef Yannik Cam. Brodeur will serve as chef and manager.

The main dining room will be open from 11:30 to 3 weekdays. Catering services offered by Chef Brodeur will be available to members and their guests for any occasion using the club's meet-

ing rooms.

The cuisine will be "California-style," according to Brodeur. California cuisine is similar to nouvelle French cuisine but

has a "tossed" rather than formal *presentation*, and places greater emphasis on fresh fish and poultry and unusual herbs and other complements.

"We promise you excellent food at affordable prices," said Brodeur. "We understand that you only have one hour to walk from your office, order, dine, and walk back—and we're committed to making sure that you can do that. We also understand that your budget for lunch is not unlimited. We're professionals in what we do and, if you give us a try, we think you'll agree."



Chef Brodeur and Vito Zappala

Chef Brodeur: Nouvelle cuisine for a nouveau club

Rosemary Brodeur, chef and manager of the new Foreign Service Club, has already amassed a lifetime of plaudits for her mastery of the culinary arts.

Her professional training began at several French restaurants in Connecticut. She then took an appointment to the renowned Culinary Institute of America, graduating seventh in her class. After

that she continued her training in nouvelle cuisine and learned its variant California style.

Upon moving to Washington, Brodeur voluntarily apprenticed with Chef Yannik Cam at le Pavillion while studying the art of French pastries with master pastry chef Patrick Musel. She invites all members to visit the nouveau club.

Welcome Back: Foreign Service Day Schedule

As one of three sponsors of Foreign Service Day on May 6, AFSA welcomes all retirees who are coming back to the State Department and active duty employees who are interested in these important commemorations and other events. Below are highlights of AFSA participation and activities:

9:30 a.m.: Welcome by AFSA President Perry Shankle, Director General George Vest, and DACOR President William C. Trueheart. Dean Acheson Audi-

torium.

12:00-12:30 p.m.: Ceremony awarding DACOR Cup, Director General's Cup,

and certificate to top winner of the AFSA/ AAFSW Merit Awards for graduating high school seniors. Dean Acheson Auditorium.

12:30-2:00 p.m.: Awards Lunch at Foreign Service Club. AFSA Retired Representative L. Bruce Laingen will preside over the luncheon, featuring a noted speaker and honoring winners of AFSA Awards. Invitation only. The second floor of the club will be open for lunch; reservations advisable.

2:15-2:45 p.m.: AFSA Awards Ceremony. Presentation of Harriman, Rivkin, and Herter awards honoring junior, midlevel, and senior Foreign Service officers; Bohlen Award honoring a family member; and Sinclaire Language Awards for achievement in the study of a hard language. Dean Acheson Auditorium.

5:30-6:00 p.m: AFSA Memorial Plaque Ceremony. Secretary Shultz and President Shankle preside over a ceremony honoring Foreign Service employees and others who have died serving their country in foreign affairs. The secretary will read a message from President Reagan and an Armed Forces color guard will take part in laying a wreath before the plaque. Diplomatic Lobby.

10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m., Saturday, May 7: AFSA Brunch. Refreshments followed by a buffet served by our new chef, plus a program on AFSA activities on retirement issues. By reservation only.

Department keeps new security list from those affected

You could violate new security regulations concerning "marriage, cohabitation, and equivalent bonds" if you are posted to certain communist or "criteria" countries entirely by accident. The reason? State Department management refuses to provide affected employees with direct access to a list of the countries involved, claiming that such a list is too sensitive to release.

AFSA's recent agreement with the department over changes to the Foreign Affairs Manual had stipulated that the department would issue a notice annually, or when changes are made, outlining policies on non-fraternization, reporting requirements, and other matters of concern under the revisions [AFSA NEWS, April]. Since these policies differ for certain employees posted in high-

security countries, AFSA insisted that the department keep employees apprised of which countries are affected.

Though the department agreed, it did not implement the notification in the manner AFSA had specified. The Association had wanted the "countries list" to be provided directly to all employees with the requisite clearances; the department, citing security considerations, has instead chosen to make the lists available only to "cognizant career counselors, and personnel, security, and administrative officers at post."

To ensure that they are up-to-date and in compliance with department policy, employees should thus check periodically with the sources cited above. We recommend that employees do this as often as possible, since the department emphasizes that "each employee remains fully and individually responsible" for keeping abreast of current policy.

The revisions to 3 FAM 629 expand the reporting criteria governing fraternization overseas, requiring a Foreign Service employee to report any instance in which he or she "cohabits or develops a romantically or sexually intimate and continuing relationship with a foreign national." The Association did not learn of these revisions until after they had been promulgated; the department initially refused to negotiate the revisions with AFSA, but later capitulated after the Association filed an unfair labor practice charge with the Foreign Service Labor Relations Board. For additional details, please see the April issue.

Grievance seeks retraction of security chief's remarks

AFSA has filed an institutional grievance against the State Department to protest false accusations made by the head of the Bureau of Diplomatic Security. AFSA is seeking a retraction of remarks made by Assistant Secretary Robert Lamb last year charging that the Association had opposed the efforts of Diplomatic Security to improve safety measures for the protection of Foreign Service personnel overseas

The grievance stems from an address by Lamb to all Washington-based Diplomatic Security employees last November 6. The assistant secretary used this occasion to excoriate AFSA. He stated that AFSA is insensitive to the concerns of the Security bureau, that it may be "criminally negligent" about security matters, and that it is "going after" the money allocated to Security.

He went on to incorrectly attribute to AFSA a statement quoted in the *Washington Post* by an unnamed senior department official that, "if you want to be a diplomat, you have to realize that [there are dangers] and accept the risks." Lamb then urged the Security personnel to "prevail against" AFSA, assuring the employees that his bureau "will prevail."

Lamb's remarks were also quoted on the first page of the Diplomatic Security newsletter, under the heading "Lamb Challenges Security Critics." As a remedy for the assistant secretary's actions, AFSA requested that the department issue a formal retraction to Security personnel, cleared with the Association. AFSA also requested the department's assurance that no such statements will be made in the future, and that Security personnel will be in no way coerced, interfered with, or discouraged from participating in AFSA.

In contrast to Lamb's characterization, AFSA is keenly aware that security and terrorism are important issues for Foreign Service employees and their families. We have never advocated fatalism with respect to the dangers inherent in serving abroad nor are we under any illusion about their nature. AFSA believes that it is our duty to protect ourselves, our mission, and our secrets against security threats. We respect the function of employees serving in Diplomatic Security positions and count them as part of our Foreign Service family.

Letter faults treatment of retirees

A new system for admitting retirees to the State Department building is inconvenient and "demeaning" without offering any greater security, according to an AFSA letter to Under Secretary for Management Ronald I. Spiers. The letter requests that the decision to stop issuing building passes to Foreign Service retirees be reversed.

Retirees can apparently show their retirement cards to a receptionist and receive a visitors pass without further checking, the letter states. "Thus the new system requires the retiree to stand in line for approval by a receptionist, increasing the delay for all visitors, with no clear security rationale for the change."

The new procedure also "signals a loss of trust and confidence in [retirees'] loyalty upon retirement, regardless of their years of unblemished, honorable commitment to the Foreign Service, the Department of State, and their country."

The letter is signed by AFSA's president and retiree representatives.



Deborah Sussman claimed that Congress believes in a unified USIA. Sheldon Avenius (left) of USIA moderated the discussion with the House staffer.

Staffer sees no support on Hill for USIA break up

Deborah Sussman, associate staff member with the House Appropriations Committee, does not see much support on Capitol Hill for the idea of breaking up and realigning the functions of USIA. In a Dialogue on Public Diplomacy speech sponsored by AFSA's USIA Standing Committee at the Capitol Hill Holiday Inn last February, she pointed out that there is strong recognition among members of Congress of the agency's achievements and concrete contributions to the foreign policy objectives of the United States.

In times of tight budgets, Sussman said, communications with the Hill, while always important, become crucial for the foreign affairs community. This goes beyond the standard congressional relations role, she said, and suggests a very real need for better communications on the Hill by AFSA and individual members of the Foreign Service. Sussman argued that there is need for information in Congress on some of the more obscure budget items that might affect the Foreign Service and pointed out that single expression of interest in a given provision could make a real difference.

The Dialogues are sponsored by AFSA and arranged by the standing committee. Sussman's presentation was a counterpoint to that of Peter Galbraith, reported in the September issue.

Psychological testing on hold

A battery of psychological tests may await employees, spouses, and dependents over 18 who are assigned to eastern bloc countries in the future, according to a proposal by State Department management. The proposal is a result of recommendations made last year by the Laird commission, the panel that reviewed alleged security breaches at the embassy in Moscow, the department told union representatives at a briefing last month. Meanwhile, implementation of any new procedures has been suspended as a result of concerns voiced by AFSA.

The department stated at the briefing that the purpose of the testing is twofold. A voluntary portion would be used to develop a data base over a five-year period to see if there are any patterns present in the responses of those employees who later develop adaptability problems at post. Of greater and more imminent concern is the fact that the department could use the testing as a means of determining medical clearances. The analysis of a person's comments in the interview portion of the testing in particular can be very subjective and thus may lead to unwarranted downgrading. AFSA is also concerned that the testing procedure and evaluation would hamper the assignment process.



Professional IssuesOrganizing Discussion Groups

By Richard S. Thompson, Coordinator

VID READERS of this column will recall that one of my initial priorities is the organization of a series of discussion groups on professional issues. Like most FSOs, when I was on active service I was largely absorbed in my work, and left to others questions about the mission of the Foreign Service and how it should be organized. However, if we don't think about these larger questions we will have little input into the answers.

I approached this task by consulting a number of officers and others with wide experience related to the Foreign Service. I found strong support for the effort of AFSA to expand its professional activities, and in particular to establish discussion groups. I also found an impressive desire to look at the Foreign Service and the contribution it can make to our country in broad terms. Concern about areas which affect members personally, such as the functioning of the promotion system, took a subordinate place. I am therefore developing a list of topics which will focus on the need for leadership and excellence, along with consideration of aspects of the Service that need to be looked at and perhaps could be improved.

The plan is to hold these discussions at the Club, with lunch available at modest cost. Topics that prove to be of particular interest can be followed up and the views put in writing.

SPECIAL * FOREIGN * SERVICE * DAY * SECTION

"Whose Foreign Service is it?" was the question I posed in my column in the March issue. In the following pages my colleagues will provide some answers. An administrative officer, an economic officer, a spouse, a labor officer, a communicator, and a former secretary will explain the significance of Foreign Service Day. As readers—whether they are retirees returning on May 6 or those of us on active duty—already know, it is our Foreign Service that we offer to the country.—EVANGELINE MONROE, Vice President

Administration: Managing Our Problems By Managing Ourselves Well

By Mark J. Lijek

HENEVER I FILL OUT a questionnaire that asks for occupation, I hesitate. Diplomat sounds too high-flown, government employee too general. I usually end up with Foreign Service officer, fearing that it will not be understood but having no ready alternative.

Despite a few episodes during the past ten years that have publicized our mission, the Foreign Service continues to be something of a mystery to many. We don't often worry about this, except when it is translated into the kind of financial difficulties the State Department has recently been experiencing. While American history and traditions may limit how much interest we can generate, we have no alternative except to make the effort. Foreign Service Day can help us make ourselves better known, and therefore deserves the support of all members of the Service. We should use it as an opportunity to draw attention to the sacrifices and accomplishments of members of the Service, but also we must take time to take a good look at ourselves. While there is no question that better public relations are important, it is also true that there are areas in which we need to improve.

Our image problem unfortunately is not limited to a lack of knowledge among the public at large. Even people who should understand the importance of what we do, particularly members of Congress and their staffs, have sometimes not been supportive. There are some on the Hill who for policy or other reasons will never be our friends. Since it is not possible to please everyone, that group will always be there. What is of more concern is that we not alienate

MARK LIJEK

unnecessarily the larger number who are either neutral or generally well-disposed toward us. Even among these we suffer from two problems which have direct impact on the resources made available to us: a belief that Foreign Service people abroad live too well, and a concern that the department does not manage its resources properly.

The first misperception is annoying

because it is as difficult to combat as it is wrong. It is clearly based on an anachronistic view of Foreign Service life, but all we can do is take advantage of every opportunity to tell the truth. The second is more troubling because it cannot be so easily dismissed. We can and must do better.

As an administrative-cone officer, I cannot help but be concerned about both the image and reality of management within the department. Not only is it important to my self-image to feel part of an effective organization, but the day-to-day frustrations of working in a poorly managed one would be overwhelming. Though weak management hurts the entire organization, it is often felt first by the administrative officers who carry out the dictates of senior management. Please note that I am deliberately avoiding the question of to what degree the department's image prob-lem is deserved. While there is much to discuss, I think most people would agree that we can improve the reality and can certainly use a stronger reputation.

The administrative cone is different from the other three in that our primary role is to support the personnel of other cones (as well as other U.S. government agencies) in performing their missions. There is no question that we should be and are in a support role, and that administration cannot become the raison d'être of the department. Nevertheless, the Service overall has an interest in making our administration and management operations as effective as possible. First, developing a reputation for good management would boost our credibility with Congress, and thereby help ensure we get the resources to perform our

We will never develop a reputation for good management as long as we treat it as a potentially subversive force, a kind of fifth column that will displace traditional diplomacy if not held in check

tasks. No one in Congress is keen to entrust resources to an organization with a reputation for mismanagement, regardless of how sympathetic they may be to its overall mission.

Second, the department's role as the primary support manager for nonmilitary government operations abroad strengthens its position vis-a-vis other agencies, and reinforces the ambassador's position as head of the country team. If you don't think so, consider the bureaucratic dynamics of a situation where the ambassador has to rely on some other agency for virtually all administrative support. State cannot assume that it can keep this function unless the quality of our work justifies it. There have already been attempts to remove some responsibilities in the areas of security and foreign buildings.

How do we develop a reputation for sound management? The only way is to earn it, which in turn requires that we develop a corps of skilled managers and place them in positions where they can have an impact. Management and administration are not synonymous, and this is not another proposal for turning over power to administrative officers. What it does require is recognition that one tour in a "management" position will not necessarily create an effective manager. We need to focus more attention on developing management skills in all four cones, effectively evaluate them, and then ensure that assignments to senior management positions are in fact made on the basis of managerial ability without regard to cone.

We also have to make the administrative cone as professional as possible. There are a number of steps which can be taken to move in this direction. First, the department needs to look at the type of people we are bringing in. Second, comprehensive training must be provided. It is not fair either to the individual or the department to assign inexperienced officers to technically complex positions without first giving them proper training. FSI has already done a lot in this regard, but time pressures and a shortage of personnel continue to undercut the effort. Also, consideration should be given to providing a course

designed to address the fact that most

new administrative officers have no academic training in the field. The sixmonth economics course provides the equivalent of a bachelor's degree in economics to economic cone officers who entered the Service without such training. Why not something comparable for administration, particularly as long as the examination system continues to attract primarily persons with international relations/liberal arts backgrounds. Third, administrative officers must be given opportunities to serve out of cone so that they can compete for senior management positions later in their careers. The persistent shortage of administrative officers has created a situation where the system actively discourages efforts to find out-of-cone assignments.

Above all, the department needs to outgrow its ambivalent attitude toward its management responsibilities. We will never develop a reputation for good management as long as we treat it as a potentially subversive force, a kind of fifth column that will displace traditional diplomacy if not held in check. The department overall will lose resources, prestige, and influence if we continue to be perceived as weak managers. We must all accept the fact that good management skills are critical to our foreign policy objectives.

I could probably solve my problem with employment questionnaires by writ-

ing administrator rather than Foreign Service officer. I wouldn't, of course, because the Foreign Service component of the work gives it definition. In other words, what matters most is where I work and with and for whom. In two tours as a general services officer, in Hong Kong and Nepal, I had the opportunity to work in two very different environments. Hong Kong is a modern and efficient city-state, while in Kathmandu maintaining what we consider basic amenities was often difficult. The challenge of working in such radically separate worlds is part of what makes the Foreign Service an attractive career for administrative officers. Mastering that challenge is what permits me to use the title of Foreign Service officer proudly and with the belief that I have carned it. I don't think that any officer from another cone would dispute my claim on an individual basis.

Somehow, however, a skepticism regarding the legitimacy of administration and management within the Foreign Service remains. The department already has many good administrative cone officers. We can attract and retain others. What is needed is active support from senior management and a consensus throughout the Service that developing our management expertise is not only a legitimate goal for the Foreign Service, but crucial to our survival.

A Labor Officer's Serendipitous Posting

By James E. Leader

VERY FOREIGN SERVICE family has its Post, the one which harmonizes family life, friends, mystery, ambience, and professional drama. Ours was Colombo, capital of Sri Lanka, that entrepot of mankind's history and philosophy. The Hindu god Rama visited it before written history and Prince Mahinda brought Buddhism to it two and a half millennia ago. Greek

traders called it Taprobane and the Arabs, Serendip. When the Portuguese arrived the Lankan chroniclers saw their round loaves and red wine and wrote of barbarians who ate stones and drank blood. Portuguese rule left the Catholic Church and surnames such as Fernando, Perera, Peres, and De Silva used by Christians and Buddhists alike. The Dutch contributed the prevalent archi-

Our Sri Lankan friends infused us with the spirit, the drama and, in retrospect, the pathos of a society that below a calm surface was under great stress

tecture, Sri Lanka's legal system, and the influential Burgher community. The British provided their classic colonial legacies: the Westminster political model and an elite bureaucracy. When we arrived it was Ceylon and we inherited and sayored it all.

To a young American diplomat and his family arriving in December 1968, Cevlon was a marvelous blend of the exotic with familiar western institutions and symbols. Our embassy family was congenial. The diplomatic community was extensive but missions were small enough that we soon knew almost everyone. We branched out into the local community through participation in the Kollupitiva Methodist Church with its almost wholly Ceylonese congregation. But our "serendipity" came via reunion with a Ceylonese classmate from my junior year abroad at Allahabad Agricultural Institute in India. "Sam" Samarasinha brought us into family with his own wife and children and with his inner circle of friends who became "our gang" in Sri Lanka.

It was a wondrously fun-loving and talented and wondrously nation-building crowd. They were by western standards middle class but, viewed in retrospect, they represented a unique, fragile elite by generation, by education, by experience. They were born in the 1930s to a virtually self-governing Cevlon and thus were free of the colonial neuroses suffered by some of their elders. They were university graduates with fine minds from an English-language educational system that was the pride of the British empire. Sam worked for a major business house, Harrison and Crossfield. Others of our gang were planters, a Central Bank official, a Ceylonese diplomat, an engineer, teachers. Carillon and I were the only foreigners. They were Tamil, Sinhalese, Burgher, Christian, Hindu, and Buddhist, brought together by the university and their "link language" of English. Their successors in the educational system would be schooled separately in Tamil or Sinhala and would have their emotional roots in the soil rather than the pluralistic, cosmopolitan universe of "our crowd." The new indigenous elite would become the Sinhalese People's Liberation Front insurgents and the Tamil



tigers

We took turns hosting very-late parties. In Ceylonese custom dinner ends the evening. We learned the purpose for "high tea": it is a small meal at 6 p.m. sufficient to bridge your stomach to a late dinner. We had such a joyous time arguing, laughing, dancing, storytelling and-Colombo's favorite pastimegossiping, that the evening became a contest between our souls' demands for fellowship and our stomachs' cry for sustenance. Normally the stomach was denied victory until 1 or 2 a.m. My favorite interlocutor was Nirmal Breckenridge, whose diplomat husband, Karen, was later tragically killed in a car accident in Geneva. Šavitri would bait me with what I considered the most outrageous Third World rhetoric. I would respond with what she considered First World arrogance. Karen would mediate. Visaka called the day after a party to apologize after a particularly vigorous exchange, not quite able to believe how I savored it. Rohini, niece of a leading Trotskyite politician, shocked me after one of these debates by observing, "You know, you are very patriotic." I had thought that my rhetoric was so polished and sophisticated that my feelings for my country did not show. But it was a sincere observation and I felt good about it. These precious evenings were for fun but they also built deep human bonds. They infused us with the spirit, the drama and, in retrospect, the pathos of a society that below a calm surface was under great stress.

To our family, Ceylon was a perfect country. For \$30 the five of us could overnight at Hikkedua beach 30 miles south of Colombo. Before leaving London we had purchased a huge inflatable RAF life raft. It was impossible to propel in a straight line but was a remarkably versatile toy. At home we filled it with water and the kids had their own swimming pool. At Hikkedua we could load aboard the eight Crawfords and the five Leaders and drift around studying corral and brilliant tropical fish formations, diving, playing King on the Hill. Or we went up-country for the weekend. En route, beyond the coconuts and in the banana and rubber country, we would stop for lunch at the Kitugala Rest House, at the spot on the Maskelia River where Bridge on the River Kwai was filmed. There we would watch the elephants hauling timber across the river. Beyond Kitugala we would begin donning extra clothes, as the tea plantations begin, culminating in woolens at Horton Plains, 7000 feet elevation. There toast in front of the blazing fire and gorge on Astrid Perera's wild boar curry at the Farr Inn. (Tommy Farr was a 19th century British planter who built the inn to lodge his fox hunt parties.) Or take the kids pony riding or trout fishing. Reprieve from business talkbut always a Colombo traveler would drop in during these retreats and we could leap back to politics. If we wanted to escape, stroll down to World's End for a god-like view of the whole world, down a 5000-foot sheer drop to the coconut groves, or raise your eyes to the Indian Ocean, 30 miles away, reaching uninterrupted to Antarctica. Return from heaven slowly via Adams Peak containing the Buddha's footprint, or-if you are a Moslem or Christian-where Adam stepped when he decided Ceylon was as close as he would ever come to his lost Eden. Stop by the 2nd century B.C. in

As we appraised the prospects and implications of the elections, the friends I had made in the labor movement, as embassy labor officer, provided particularly useful grass-roots insights

Anuradhapura and the 10th A.D. in Polonnaruwa. There trace the ruins of an ancient engineering wonder, an irrigation system still unmatched by Sri Lanka's 20th century project.

We knew the island well, my colleagues and I. But we were lulled by the hot springs of parliamentary debate, exchanges of erudite wit and the cultural homogeneity of the political establishment from pro-Moscow Communist and Trotskyite through Conservative United National Party. In retrospect, we really did not understand the subterranean volcano, the growth of a left-wing insurgency by Sinhala-educated youth who felt left out by the English-speaking establishment. During my first year and a half, the UNP, led by Dudley Senanayke, was in power. In the early mornings Dudley (all politicians in Sri Lanka and just about everyone else are known by their first names) often would drive himself to the golf course accompanied by one sleepy bodyguard. If you happened to be at the tee he would invite you to join him-no security checks or background investigation. Occasionally someone came to the embassy with a worried report that he had seen a truck full of soldiers with rifles. The sight was so rare it was newsworthy.

As the May 1970 elections approached the rhetoric soared but by world standards violence was minimal. The opposition United Left Front was led by Sirimavo Bandaranaike's Sri Lanka Freedom Party and included the Trotskvite LSSP party and the Communist Party of Moscow. As we appraised the prospects and implications of the elections, the friends I had made in the labor movement, as embassy labor officer, provided particularly useful grass-roots insights. The Ceylon Workers Congress which organized Indian Tamil plantation workers was aligned with the incumbent United National Party and friends its officials offered views on the UNP campaign. The major urban labor movement was the Trotskvite Ceylon Federation of Labor. A good CFL friend predicted a United Front victory, noting that he had been pessimistic in the 1965 elections which the Left Front had lost. I was not fully convinced but this and similar sincere analyses from the "nonelite" gave pause in the face of conventional wisdom from the Colombo elite that the UNP would win a landslide. The United Left landslide far exceeded the most optimistic assessment of anyone we talked with in the Front parties.

During the campaign we began to hear about a new political force, the People's Liberation Front, known by its Sinhala language acronym, the JVP. It worked for the United Front. But soon after the elections a leading SLFP politician told me a sobering story. He had co-opted a JVP leader as a speaker for his campaign. My friend, educated in English, was perfectly fluent in Sinhala but his oratory skill was in English. His JVP campaigner was a spellbinding speaker in Sinhala and my friend was delighted with his skill. In a postelection victory parade the JVP leader continued his passionate denunciations of the ruling establishment. My friend chastised him noting the Front had won and it was no longer necessary to attack the government. The JVP leader responded: "You have won, our struggle continues."

The Trotskyite finance minister in his initial inventory of the treasury in May 1970 said, "The cupboard is bare." It was a very English understatement of a difficult situation; it did not inspire the JVP's aspirations on the far left. We heard increasing reports of JVP guerrilla training programs. In January 1971, an "old left" professor at the University of Cevlon, Perideniya, told me how disturbed he was that JVP students were stockpiling weapons. A month later an accidental explosion blew the roof off a dormitory at Perideniya. In late February a labor friend warned me to be careful. He had no specific information but had alarming reports of possible trouble. In March a "Maoist" group attacked the American embassy with Molotov cocktails; an unarmed police superintendent who naively intervened was killed. It was a tame attack by later standards but frightening to us who witnessed it from inside. At home we moved the children from their streetside bedroom to an interior room.

On May 5 the JVP attacked over I00 police stations simultaneously all over Sri Lanka. The guerrillas had achieved

a level of organization unfamiliar to the relaxed Sri Lankan temperament. For the first week after the attack it seemed very possible the JVP revolution would succeed. The government leadership made no announcement for the first four days. By the second week the tide turned and by the third week it was about over. Bandaranaike and the Left Front government had survived an attack from their left. But Sri Lanka would not be quite the same in the foreseeable future.

The world rushed to help non-aligned leader Bandaranaike, from Moscow and Beijing and from Washington and London, from New Delhi and Islamabad and Cairo and Belgrade. We all were forced to deal with a new political reality as much outside the conventional Marxist ideologies as it was outside the Westminster model and its post-colonial clones. It was rural-based, led mostly by peasants blessed with a university education not in English but in Sinhala. They were of the soil and spoke the vernacular with a poetry and force that no English-educated politician of the urban establishment could match. A ranking government employee who participated in interrogations of captured insurgents told a friend of mine that when he read JVP indoctrination courses he wept at the beauty of the language, a Sinhala he never knew existed.

Another Sri Lankan friend surprised me soon after the insurgency when he said, "This is only peripheral; the real issue in Sri Lanka is the communal one: Tamil and Sinhalese." On the surface he was prophetic. Certainly the agony of Sri Lanka today is the communal one. But deep in my sense of that country is a feeling that the JVP revolt and the latter-day Tamil revolt are two sides of the same coin, that they represent a world phenomenon that we do not understand any more than the 19th century establishment and diplomats understood the new power and aspirations of the industrial workers. Neither traditional radical ideologies nor post-colonial nationalism addresses their problems. The rural-based Tamil youth and the JVP, the Sendero Luminoso of Peru, the Naxalites of Eastern India are leaders of a rage against the establishment that none of the traditional radical ideologies

We were surprised at how little the department seemed to think of secretaries....Our talents were often under-utilized, unrecognized, and unrewarded

satisfy. They are movements of a new intelligentsia with latent and, increasingly, actual power. They cannot or wish not to explain their aspirations to the establishment; they are not in the negotiating mode. Like traditional Marxists they will use violence but we have already seen some who will use drugs and other socially lethal weapons.

My career as a labor officer and a South Asian specialist does not give me the answers to these new challenges, although my experiences in Sri Lanka offer many useful questions. But the answers are necessary as we approach the next century. We will be coping with the very real global political and economic problems of disillusioned and depressed youth who see no solutions within the establishment. I hope we can

expand this innovation to find diplomats who can help us cope with and understand this new Third World political phenomenon. More guns and security arrangements for the establishment provide relief but not solutions.

In my experience, this new generation of diplomats will need not only wit and charm but wisdom, grass-roots contact, excellent language skills, courage, empathy and an ability to cultivate sensitive intermediaries from the host-country establishment who can interpret their angry countrymen to foreigners. The new diplomats cannot succeed from Washington and they cannot rely on the diplomatic cocktail circuit. They have to live and breathe their country of assignment. Can we find a few good women and men to do this?

ton for an A-lOO class for junior officers. Some officer candidates had as little as two weeks' notice to arrive for the class from as far away as Somalia. The State Department still wasn't able to plan its personnel needs logically.)

Naturally, I asked for the Orient for my first tour, but as the only Spanishspeaker in the group of eight secretaries being brought in at that time, I was assigned to Spain. The only secretary to get the East (Cairo) really wanted Geneva.

Our orientation in Washington was mercifully brief. We were surprised at the seeming lack of organization and inability to answer our myriad questions. We were also surprised at how little the department seemed to think of secretaries. The recruiter had stressed they wanted experienced secretaries with good educational backgrounds and topnotch skills, yet one class during orientation included lessons on how to insert carbon sets in the typewriter. In the years to come I would work with secretarial colleagues who had degrees in political science, education, foreign languages, etc.; others who were working on master's in psychology or economics; one who had to resign when she was denied a year's leave of absence after being accepted into a doctoral program in developmental economics at Johns Hopkins. Some had backgrounds as private secretaries to well-known individuals or to presidents of companies. Yet, our talents were often under-utilized, unrecognized and unrewarded.

It was in Spain that I ran into another of the main drawbacks of Foreign Service life-the goodbyes. The pain of saying goodbye to American friends lessened over the years, as I really did keep running into them elsewhere, exchanging visits at our new posts or in Washington, or even serving together again. My best friend in Madrid met her future husband at her next post, a man who grew up one street away from me. Their first child was born when we were stationed together in Lima, and we are now all stationed in Washington. We just saw each other in Burbank at Christmas, when we visited our respective families. The old cliche of "it's a small world" is never more true than in the Service.

Not a Carbon-Copy Career: 13 Years as an FS Secretary

By Sandra Odor

HAVE CERTAINLY been places I never thought possible growing up in beautiful downtown Burbank. Mind you, I did dream of far-off places—the East chief among them. As a child in California, it was always a mystery to me why the Orient was called the East, when it was perfectly obvious you got there by going ever further west. A friend and I were saving to go to Angkor Wat, but before we could get enough money, the wars in Southeast Asia intervened, the temples were mined, and tourism forbidden. I decided I had to get a job that paid me to travel. Private companies had little to offer, but friends gave me an ad about a Foreign Service recruiter being in town.

After waiting over a year to hear from the State Department, I was given just three weeks to rearrange our lives—give notice at work, break my lease, pack my furniture, and say goodbye to family and friends. (I found little had changed 13 years later, when I was in Washing-



I met a king (albeit without a country) at my first Foreign Service cocktail party, and told Imelda Marcos "welcome" in Tagalog on the Great Wall of China

Saying goodbye to nationals, however, has never gotten any easier. A few have visited me at later posts, but not many can afford that kind of travel, and I have never been back to any of my posts, despite best intentions. That's the down-side of Foreign Service life. The trade-off is the chance for experiences we could never have had back home. Some I'd just as soon not have experienced—such as the Mexico City earthquake or embassy bombings. But most were more enjoyable.

1 met a king (albeit without a country) at my first Foreign Service cocktail party, and told Imelda Marcos

party, and told Imelda Marcos "Mabuhay" ("welcome" in Tagalog) on the Great Wall of China. (After giving me a startled look, she replied in English.) I met Ronald Reagan between his governorship and presidency, and Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter, as well as many other notables.

I had the good fortune to work on the first Middle East delegation set up to implement the Camp David accords. Stationed in Israel, we commuted every couple of weeks to Egypt. Secretaries and stenos from the three countries' delegations were included with the diplomats and government officials in the dinners and social events. I rode horses at dawn by the pyramids and sailed up the Nile with Egyptians. I snorkeled in the Red Sea, climbed Mount Sinai, and showed my parents the Holy Land with Israelis. And made life-long friends. The hours were long, the disagreements often bitter, but it was fascinating to watch the Israelis and Egyptians getting to know each other. I'll never forget lighting the Hanukkah candles in the mezzanine lobby of the Mena House in Egypt and seeing Omar Sharif coming down the stairs to see what was going on. Or my first look at Jerusalem's walls.

In my I3 years, I served at some of our smallest posts and some of our largest, in all five of our geographic regions. I've seen the cherry blossoms in Tokyo and told Chinese friends in Taiwan what mainland China was like. I've compared Iguazu Falls to Victoria Falls. I've seen the greatest art treasures civilization has to offer and visited villages in Papua New Guinea and Borneo whose way of life hasn't changed in centuries. I've slept on the floors of huts on stilts and in canopy beds in Crusader castles. I've studied five languages and learned more about the countries I've been to than I could have in any other way.

Between my tours in Lima and Paris, I took the FSO exam. As I was leaving Paris for the A-lOO class, the ambassador asked, "How are you going to handle your demotion from senior secretary to junior officer?"

issues increasingly grab our attention in the media. Ironically, at the same time, some seem to be questioning whether Foreign Service officers should continue to play a major role in shaping and implementing our international economic policies.

This officer would reply to the question with a ringing affirmative, but actual events over the past few years provide an ambiguous answer. The loss of the commercial function in 1980 to the new Foreign Commercial Service was a major blow. On the other hand, Deputy Secretary Whitehead's 1986 recommendations for strengthening the economic function in the department provided welcome news. Then, just as the fruits of those policies began to become visible, the steering group on the department's budget crisis recommended consolidation and considerable reduction of the resources devoted to economic affairs. Those proposals were criticized by the affected bureaus as well as being opposed by AFSA and have not been implemented. At this writing, the economic function in the department remains under review, this time by senior Foreign Service economic officer Paul Boeker.

We all hope for the best, but in the meantime, the need for strong Foreign Service involvement in our international economic affairs goes on. Oversimplifying and thinking particularly of my own experience, I see three major aspects to the role of economic officer: the triple A's of Analysis, Advocacy, and Assistance

Analysis. In the interdependent world of the 1980s, we need to know well the economic situation of the countries with which we are dealing. What is the economic outlook for our major trading partners? Are economic developments in other countries likely to support or weaken the governments in power, promote democratic change or less desirable forms? Who are the major economic players in other countries and what is their influence with their governments? What are the implications for the United States? These are all important and fascinating questions that an economic officer must be able to analyze.

In today's highly quantitative environment, analysis requires more than

The Economics Officer — More Relevant Than Ever

Clarke N. Ellis

N THE LATE 1960s, I was assigned as a junior press officer under then Department Spokesman Robert McCloskey. Like most young FSOs at the time, I thought that I wanted to be a political officer. After a few months on the job, however, I began to notice that even in the Vietnam era, many of the interesting issues dealt with by the spokesman were economic or at least had an economic dimension. Woefully

ignorant of the mysteries of what I had heretofore considered "the dismal science," I decided to apply for FSI's intensive 26-week economics course. That excellent course led me to switch to the newly established economic cone—a career choice that I have never regretted.

What was true in the 1960s is even more true today. From the trade deficit to the falling dollar, from *perestroika* to third world debt, international economic

Ironically, at the same time that global economic issues are increasingly important, some are questioning whether FSOs should play a major role in our international economic policies

just ability to produce a cogent telegram or a crisp briefer. I am not talking about the mere reporting of statistics—which may or may not be readily available or may or may not be reliable—but rather the interpretation of data using the tools of modern electronics. The fact that Secretary Shultz, a noted economist, has a computer terminal on his own desk indicates how important this function has become.

Advocacy. The advocacy role of the economic officer has expanded as bilateral and multilateral negotiations on economic topics have proliferated. Not only do we have nearly constant negotiations on a wide range of trade-related issues but also on many specialized economic topics including debt rescheduling, investment treaties, aviation and shipping accords, intellectual property rights protection, and the allocation of radio frequencies. U.S. government views need to be presented effectively in capitals before negotiations as well as during the talks themselves. The lead role for many but not all economic negotiations rests with other agencies, yet the Foreign Service economic officer provides an essential point of view: FŜOs are frequently in the best position to advise on the other side's negotiating techniques, to judge the limits of the other government's flexibility, and very importantly to place a particular negotiation within the perspective of our overall relations with a country or an international organization.

Sometimes, the toughest part of the advocacy role is not negotiating with foreign economic officials but with one's own colleagues in the interagency process. I have found negotiation—in my own case chiefly on foreign investment issues—one of the most rewarding aspects of my career, and the economic cone probably has greater opportunities to practice this skill than the others.

Assistance. The assistance function of the economic officer is two-fold: helping U.S. business overseas and coordinating our foreign aid efforts. Given our huge trade deficit, assistance to our exporters and investors has taken on heightened importance. Even though the Foreign Commercial and Agricultural services have the lead in trade promotion,



there is much the economic officer can do to help. In my experience, our commercial promotion and assistance efforts work most successfully where the State, Commerce, and Agriculture officers involved have worked together as a team rather than fighting over bureaucratic turf. In addition, I have found that American business communities overseas frequently were the source of some of my family's closest friendships.

The second element of assistance is furthering our national interests by helping others. Foreign assistance covers military and economic aid to friendly governments facing internal and external threats, support for fragile democracies and for the less affluent countries providing us with military facilities, and humanitarian assistance for those people in the least-developed countries who lack basic human needs and the wherewithal to get economic progress underway. Again, other agencies have the lead, but economic officers with their breadth of perspective can be invaluable in suggesting programs and weighing competing claims for ever-scarcer resources.

In this brief overview, I have tried to illustrate the essential role in our international economic affairs that Foreign Service officers can play today. Over the

years, through the FSI economics course, university graduate economics training (from which I also benefited greatly), and a recently stepped-up recruitment effort, the Foreign Service has developed a cadre of well-qualified specialists. While State, if it is to retain the strong voice in international economic affairs that it should have, must continue to absorb the bulk of these economic officers, I think that it is time to consider increasing the number of FSOs assigned to responsible positions—including senior jobs - in domestic economic affairs agencies such as Treasury, Commerce, the Special Trade Representative, Energy, Labor, Agriculture, the Council of Economic Advisers, and the Federal Reserve System.

Such assignments would be beneficial to both the agencies and the officers. The Foreign Service, after all, is the Foreign Service of the United States and not just of the Department of State. The need for people who can analyze, advocate, and assist in the development and implementation of our international economic policy is evident. Thus, despite the current uncertainties, I am optimistic that qualified economic officers will remain in the vanguard of the Foreign Service of the future.

Describing all the changes in the communications field during my tenure would be akin to catching that dragon; so much has happened, and so quickly

A Communicator's Bad Dream: The Night of the Dragon

By David W. Smith

F ALL THE experiences in my 25 years in the Foreign Service, I will never forget the Komodo Dragon Affair. It happened during my first tour overseas, in Îndonesia, when I was scheduled as duty communications officer. I was contacted at 2:30 a.m. by an embassy driver who had been sent by the Marine guard to bring me to the embassy. When I arrived fully expecting a FLASH or NIACT telegram from the State Department, I soon discovered that was not the case. The Marine informed me that a Komodo Dragon (a reptile about 20 feet long given by the Indonesian government to the U.S. government, delivered to the embassy the previous evening in a wooden cage) had broken out and was running amuck through the chancery. Apparently, the dragon had grown tired of a diplomatic environment. Breaking out of its cage to find more spacious surroundings, it met eveball to eveball with the startled Marine. It would appear that the dragon was as startled as the Marine, and abruptly turned tail, lumbering off in the direction of a nearby office.

In those days the Marine guard did not have the precision "crisis" instructions which are standard today. Thus, all he could think to do was to send the duty driver to get me. When I arrived, it was the Marine's hope that I had a solution to the problem. Unfortunately, while my communications duties were far reaching, no one had ever prepared me for catching or slaying dragons.

Moreover, when told how large our elusive reptile was, I was in no hurry to provoke him. In the finest "can do" communicator tradition, I cautiously crept toward the dragon's newly acquired housing office. As I neared the door I saw two huge green eyes staring out at me. Suddenly, without any warning, the prey

TAVID SMITH

shot past me at roadrunner speed toward the shocked Marine at the other end of the corridor. However, as luck would have it, the dragon's judgment of the situation was unsure as our own, and he veered off to the side of his projected path, and crashed through the plate glass window. Imagine our relief and then surprise now that we had to contend with an escaped reptile who had the advantage of seeing in the dark and was located somewhere out in the embassy compound.

It was at this stage that I suggested we call in reinforcements. Few people who were contacted believed us or wanted to spend the early hours of the morning attempting to put a leash on a very incensed Komodo Dragon. Finally

we managed to assemble about a dozen people and then started with slothful caution to find our prey. Fortunately, the dragon had tired after his bout of nocturnal exercise and was found sleeping under a tree in the embassy garden.

We stood around and decided it was more prudent to use local expert help. As the sun began to rise, our local guard force appeared and was able to round up about twenty Indonesians, who while not too enthusiastic about capturing the reptile, were persuaded to undertake the project.

It took about two hours to quietly creep up to our sleeping giant. They managed to get a rope around the reptile's head and tail and then throw a net around his body. In the meantime, a metal cage was found and after considerable effort our dragon was finally housed in its new quarters. Today, I believe Marine guards have a complete set of instructions to cover all circumstances, and hopefully there is one for escaping dragons.

I would be remiss if I only mentioned my personal experiences, because a large factor which guided my life and career was my job as a communications officer. Describing all the changes in the communications field during my tenure would be akin to catching that dragon; so much has happened, and so quickly. Today's communications systems require the officer to operate and manage a myriad of information assets. As a result, the responsibilities of the communicator at an overseas mission have grown tremendously over the years. I have consistently found that our communications officers are highly dedicated as well as motivated, possessing the talents and abilities needed to handle the most advanced systems available. As at the beginning of my career, I have found that the "can-do" attitude of our communications officers continues. But with that said, I still often wonder how today's communicator - modern technology and all — would have handled my Komodo call-in.

Contributor's note: While the author was called to the embassy to help with the retrieval of the Komodo Dragon, poetic license was used to protect the innocent, in this case the Dragon.

The sight of the hungry, dying men, women, and infants in refugee camps surrounding Niamey was too much for a woman of Anita's temperament, and she mounted her own personal effort to feed the hungry nomads

Honeymoon in Laos: Tribute to a Foreign Service Wife

James D. McHale

WAY BACK YONDER—in 1959—I offered Anita a marriage proposal that included an unusual codicil. I said, "Honey, will you marry me? And, by the way, I should advise you, your honeymoon will be in northern Laos—and bring a sleep-

ing bag!"

I was then a young Foreign Service officer assigned to open a USIS outpost in Sam Neua, in the remote northern hills of the new country. She gave me a "yes," then asked, "And when do we start packing." That was typical of her attitude throughout our marriage and 26 years of Foreign Service living. In our two years in Laos we were separated two-thirds of the time; I gave up eight of my nine lives, Anita a couple of hers; and somewhere in the midst of those adventures was born to us our first child, Ann, in Bangkok.

From combat scenes in Laos we moved to Sukarno's Indonesia, when things were heating up in 1962–65. She shared with

me more upheaval, this time the destruction of our information office in East Java when communist mobs were seeking American targets for destruction. Then followed a savage reprisal against the communists when a coup they led failed, leading to a terrible blood-letting. Anita stood by me like a rock of Gibraltar. During the midst of this upheaval, our second child, Christine, was born in a mission hospital in Bandung. I was able to witness that birth and gained a new respect for the miracle of life as well as an even deeper love and respect for my partner.

Happily, Foreign Service life is not continually hardship posts, wars, revolutions, and political upheaval—though we had more than our share. In Singapore we spent four of the most pleasant years of our Foreign Service. It was also the birthplace for our third and last child, Jennifer. Brussels and the joys of two years in Europe and extensive travel fol-

lowed

Then, two years of more trials and tests, this time in Niger from 1973-74. Severe drought was wiping out a beautiful people, the Tuareg nomads, proud masters of the Sahara until French colonization. The sight of hungry, dying men, women, and infants in refugee camps surrounding Niamey was too much for a woman of Anita's temperament, and she mounted her own personal effort to feed these hungry nomads, linking, where possible, her own personal effort to food-support programs of the International Red Cross and our own AID effort. While we knew this was, at best, a stopgap effort, it clearly made her feel a little bit better.

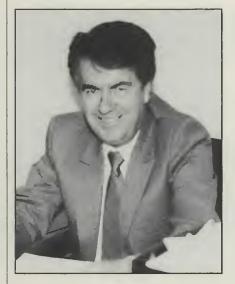
I was one of the last of 50 Americans in Phnom Penh when the American mission was evacuated by helicopter in April 1975. She had been beside me close to the end, to the point where the city was under attack, in January 1975. It was not long after this that an embassy colleague informed me that Anita, then in Bangkok, had been mugged, and struck in the head with a pistol butt. I called her the next day. "You're busy with your war there and I saw no need to bother you" was her response.

An assignment to VOA directing Chinese-language broadcasts to the People's Republic during normalization, then Hong Kong and Zaire, took us to the end of my career. It was during our last assignment that she first began to show the symptoms of Alzheimer's disease. First the brain dies, then the body. She was only in her early fifties and now, less than four years later, she is gone. Perhaps she put it best in one of those wonderful Swedish-Anglicisms of hers: "Nobody knows what's in storage for them."

We, her families and friends, grieve her passing. Her friends in Asia, Africa, Europe—from statesmen in Scandinavian capitals to montagnards in Laos are legion. A lovely, generous, intelligent spirit was removed from our life.

To all of you young husbands and wives now embarking on your own "honeymoon in Laos"—or wherever—who will share the trials, the love, and the adventure that belongs to Foreign Service life, I wish you the happiness and fulfillment we knew together.





President's PageA Day for All of Us

By Perry Shankle

HIS MONTH we will celebrate Foreign Service Day. It has been a traditional day for our retirees to return to the State Department, to participate in seminars and ceremonies, most importantly the one at day's end when we honor those who have fallen in the line of duty.

I think all retirees will understand and support AFSA in an effort to make Foreign Service Day truly a national day to honor the Foreign Service—active duty and retired. Our critics say that the Service lacks a national constituency; this is one way of bringing the work of diplomacy to a coast-to-coast audience.

The military services have two holidays each year to honor their contribution to our freedom. While it may not be a national holiday on a par with Memorial Day and Veterans Day, we think that national publicity about the Foreign Service on its own Day is important to all of us who have made our careers in the profession, whether retired or still active. All three of the AFSA Governing Board's retired representatives have concurred in this project.

This special Foreign Service Day issue of the JOURNAL will help kick off this project. Each year we will devote the May issue to commemoration of the Foreign Service, its importance to the nation and its importance to us.

We have help in this effort to broaden the observance of Foreign Service Day. In the last two years, a group of former non-career ambassadors who have organized to support the Foreign Service, the Council of American Ambassadors, has sponsored an effort to make the nation aware of our work on Foreign Service Day. The Una Chapman Cox Foundation has funded their efforts, which will be replicated again this year. Last year, the CAA mailed an announcement of Foreign Service Day to 1582 opinion editors at daily and weekly newspapers and 911 radio and television talk show hosts and producers. The result was scores of appearances by their members and AFSA retirees, and dozens of articles and editorials. This year promises to be even more productive.

Unfortunately, such publicity has become all too necessary. As the nation struggles with its budget deficit, groups from all over will be rising to defend their special interests. Who will rise to defend us? If we are to preserve a professional Foreign Service, we must convince the taxpayers that it is in their interest to help fund a first line of defense adequately.

We have been noted as a profession that excels in telling our leaders in Washington what other nations are saying about the United States, and for telling foreign leaders what Washington thinks. I believe we can also be good at telling this country what we do. A national observance of Foreign Service Day is an important step in that direction.

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