

Foreign Service Journal



JANUARY 1959

50c



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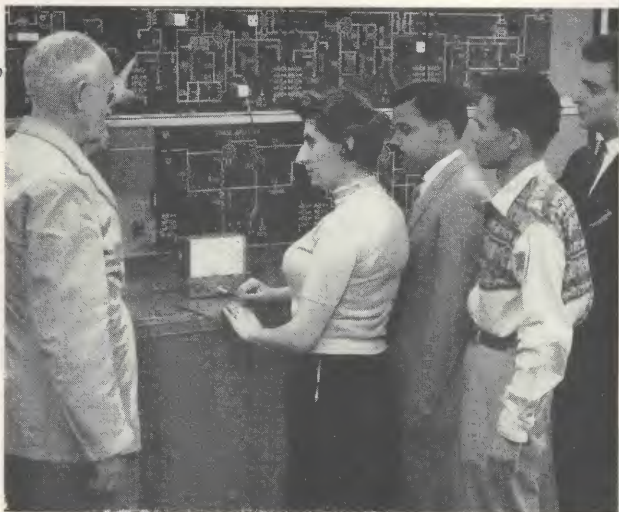
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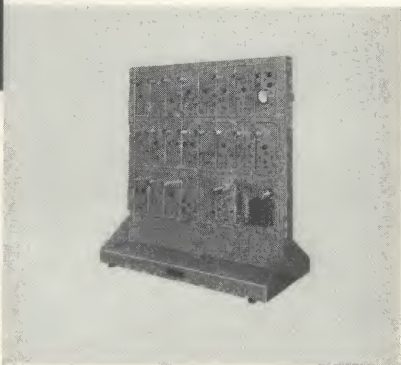
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The Cover: Zagorsk. Sheila Isham studied at the Art Academy in Berlin from 1950-1954 and had an exhibition there. 1955-57 she spent in the Soviet Union with her FSO husband and travelled to Leningrad, Novgorod, the Caucasus, and the Crimea. In her Russian paintings and lithographs she has tried, she says, to convey a sense of the overpowering space, the strange luminosity, and of East meeting West. A number of her lithographs have been acquired by the Museum of Modern Art and by the Library of Congress. See also pages 27 and 32.

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BIRTHS

- BOWIE.** A son, Ian MacGregor, born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bowie, July 16, 1958, at Abadan, Iran.
- COBB.** A daughter, Cynthia, born to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Cobb, Jr., December 5, 1958, in Washington.
- DOBBS.** A daughter, Kathryn Ann, born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Dobbs, October 30, 1958, in Amsterdam.
- EISELT.** A daughter, Nancy Christine, born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Eisel, October 16, 1958, in Washington.
- FELDMAN.** A son, Peter Dylan, born to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey J. Feldman, September 18, 1958, in Nagoya.
- GARWOOD.** A daughter, Christina Margaret, born to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Garwood, Jr., November 5, 1958, at St. Petersburg, Florida.
- ISHAM.** A daughter, Sandra Calhoun, born to Mr. and Mrs. Heyward Isham, December 3, 1958, in Washington.
- LEVENSON.** A daughter, Gail Catherine, born September 20, 1958, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Levenson on November 7, 1958.
- LIGHTNER.** A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Allan Lightner, Jr., November 21, 1958, in Washington.
- MOSER.** A son, Mark William, born November 15, 1957, in Washington, D. C., adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Moser.
- PICKERING.** A daughter, Kathleen Ann, born to Mr. and Mrs. Laurence C. Pickering, November 7, 1958, in Washington.
- ROGERS.** A daughter, Kryston Carrington, born to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Rogers, October 29, 1958, in Arlington.
- SCARBECK.** Twin sons, Christopher Mark and Kendrick Neil, born to Mr. and Mrs. Irvin C. Scarbeck, October 11, 1958, in San Francisco "en route" to Warsaw.
- TOUDIC.** A son, Philippe Arnold, born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Auguste Toudic, December 1, 1958, in San Francisco. This month Mr. and Mrs. Toudic (formerly Mrs. Agnes La Barr), plan to return to live in France, near Orly (S. & O.).
- UGARTE.** A son, Kenneth, born to Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Ugarte, September 28, 1958.

MARRIAGES

- EDELBACH-O'CONNOR.** FSO Edward R. O'Connor and Mary Louise Edlbach were married on October 17, 1958, in Washington, D. C., at St. Matthew's Cathedral. Mr. O'Connor is now assigned to San Pedro Sula, Honduras.
- FOULDS-TURNER.** William Jesse Turner and Mrs. Winifred B. Foulds were married on January 2, 1959. Mrs. Turner will continue her work at AFSA and as Circulation Manager of the **JOURNAL**.

DEATHS

- FLETCHER.** Samuel J. Fletcher, FSO retired, died in Kittery Point, Maine, on November 3, 1958. During his thirty-four years in the Foreign Service, Mr. Fletcher served at Cartagena, LaHavre, Montreal, Canton, Tientsin, Habana, Calcutta, and Melbourne, where he was Consul General at the time of his retirement.
- MEMMINGER.** Lucien Memminger, FSO retired, died on November 20, 1958, at Asheville, North Carolina. Mr. Memminger was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1907 and served at Naples, Beirut, Paris and Copenhagen. He was First Secretary at Pretoria at the time of his retirement in 1944.

PICTURE CREDITS FOR JANUARY:

- Embassy of Indonesia, p. 8, 12.
 Dr. Thomas O. Nevison, Jr., p. 18, 19.
 Smithsonian Institution's travelling exhibit of Dutch Master Drawings, p. 29.
 Essex Institute Collection, p. 31.
 William Fisher, p. 46.



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JAVANESE

SHADOW and

SUBSTANCE

by MARY VANCE TRENT

ONE Saturday night last summer I attended a theatrical performance which for color, atmosphere, plot, and sustained audience interest would have delighted a Broadway producer. It played to standing room only in the light of a tropical moon and with an orchestral accompaniment which has within it the ancient culture of the Javanese.

Isa (my babu and cook) had invited me a couple of weeks before to come to her house in her kampong (village) and see a *wayang kulit* show (traditional shadow puppet play). The occasion for the celebration was a wedding between one of the girls of the kampong and a boy from Jogjakarta in Central Java; the wayang troupe and the dalang (speaker of the play and manager of the troupe) and the accompanying gamelan orchestra were all being brought from Jogja, a move as impressive as bringing pipers from Portree.

At five o'clock Isa arrived by betjak (Indonesian version of the pedicab) bringing with her her little eighteen-month-old nephew (as nearly as I can make out the relationship) whose name is Harjono. We set out for the kampong in order that I might see it in the daylight and not feel strange when I should return that night. We drove over the bridge across the canal that forms a boundary of the city, and after weaving our way slowly through increasing throngs of betjaks and people and bicycles, we came to a narrow road that led up a hill to the village. Only a small car could have gotten through, so narrow was the way and so high and sharp the rocks, but we bumped along with Isa waving proudly to various friends along the way. After a few hundred yards, she indicated that we should stop and park, so we left the car and walked down a shaded path between tiny palm-woven houses. Turning left, we came to Isa's house, marked by the fragrance of charcoal and saté (small barbecues). There were people, people living everywhere, but their voices were low, giving the general sound of continuing talk, without loudness or shout.

As announced in last month's JOURNAL, Mary Vance Trent, formerly a Political Officer at Djakarta, resigned from the Foreign Service when she married Thomas Hague in November. They have now returned to live in Djakarta.

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ing. At the side of Isa's house were several fires on which handsome copper pots were cooking. Amat, Isa's husband, seemed to be chef in charge of cuisine, and he came forward to greet me with one eye on his precious kettles, as wrapped up in the cookery as any Cordon Bleu graduate.

Isa's house was tiny and tidy, and had a little front porch with three bright blue chairs pulled up around a small coffee table. There were freshly washed curtains, and fresh sheets on the bed. Passing through her house, we came into the adjoining dwelling where the wedding feasting was already under way. The bride's mother, who was presiding over this area, and I exchanged greetings. She looked tired but proud. Then I met innumerable relatives, guests, friends, and never had I met with greater cordiality. Still escorted by Isa I was led to another porch-like room where the wedding ceremony had taken place earlier. There in the corner was a double seat draped with cloth in garish shades of pink and green. The same cloth adorned the walls, and from the ceiling hung tinsel and silver stars in a Christmas-tree manner. I was invited to sit at a small table with some of the wedding party, and we were served hot tea, small cakes, and rice baked in banana leaves. Isa, sensing that I might find things strange, produced a Coca-Cola (probably brought previously from my refrigerator), but I thanked her and told her I preferred to have tea at Isa's house. She beamed.

We sat and sipped tea and "conversed" politely for awhile, and when I thought the Chief of Protocol of the kampong would approve, I gave Isa the I'm-about-to-depart look. She came over and whispered some directions into my ear, (a procedure which required my bending low and her standing on tiptoe). I fervently hoped that I was understanding correctly her polite but firm suggestion that I slip some money to the bride's mother on my way out. She had previously told me about this, but I hadn't known when or how much. I surreptitiously extracted a note and slipped it into the hands of *ibu* (the mother) as I left and made my *terima kasih* (thank you) remarks. She smiled broadly. Isa escorted me to the car and asked eagerly how much I had given. When I told her, she smiled happily and said: "Baiq, Miss, sama sama Isa." Here the old servant-family relationship prevails, wages are small and one helps to care for other needs that arise—festivals, funerals, joys, and sorrows.

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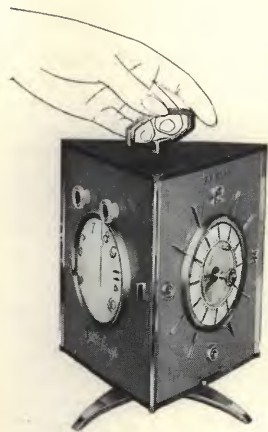
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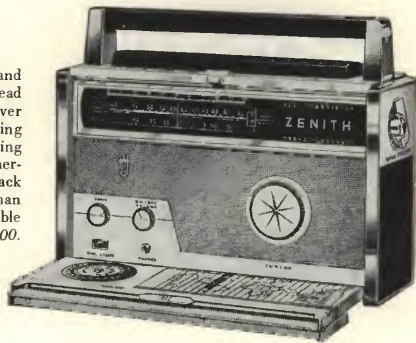
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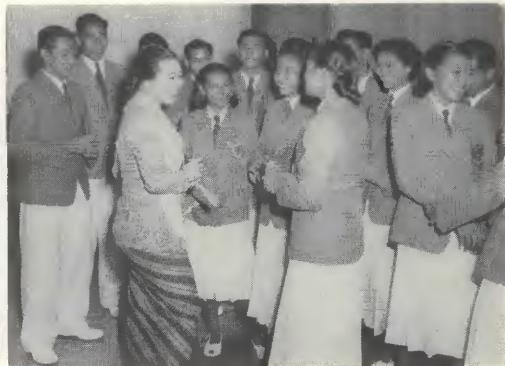
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Madame Sukarno chatting with Indonesian Olympic contestants.

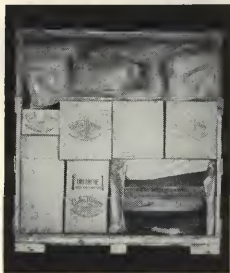
Just as it was getting dark, almost 6 o'clock, I went home to have a short nap and await Amat's arrival at nine. He was to accompany me back in the darkness. He was so this time we all knew each other and greetings acknowledged that he arrived at eight-thirty, so we took off early, stopping on the way to pick up an Indonesian friend, who had very kindly offered to go along just in case I should get stuck with some language crisis.

The night was perfect, clear and fresh, with a magnificent full moon. (Of course, the wedding had been set with that in mind, for the time of the moon is of great importance in such matters.) The moonlight danced on the broad-leaved banana trees, on the water of the little canals, and was reflected in the thousand tiny lamps bobbing along on the betjaks. Arriving at the kampong again, I was glad I had seen the village and the little houses in the afternoon light, for the scene now had a strange unreality in the mixed light of the moon and the kerosene lanterns. But this time we all knew each other and greetings acknowledged the fact that we had met before. Now, however, an air of expectancy had replaced the casualness of the afternoon. The bride, whom I had met previously in her own little room surrounded by a few bridesmaids, was now seated with her new husband on the little pink and green throne. The two were wearing identical *kains* (skirts) of Jogja-type batik. The groom wore the *blangkon* (Central Javanese turban-like headdress) and the bride's blue-black hair was done in an elaborate coiffure with trails of white *melati* flowers and tiny orchids. She wore a pale pink *kabaya* (blouse), while he went in for the anachronism of a short old-fashioned western dinner jacket with stiff white shirt and white tie, which looked to have been the fashion about 1910.

More food was brought and I was placed in the best spot from which I should be able to see the wayang performance. The men, however, had the really prize places. They were gathered around a long table in front of the screen behind which the shadow play would go on. They were served plates of rice, with various soup-like substances to go with it, and the usual glasses of tea. There were literally hundreds of people jammed into a fairly small area. We women were assembled on a porch from which we could watch the play over the heads of the men. Many



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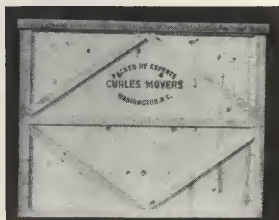
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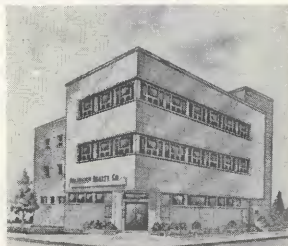
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of the women formed long graceful lines carrying great trays and pots from the open fires to replenish our plates. This food included delicious chicken cooked in coconut milk. Isa whispered to me that she had prepared this herself so I could eat it without any hesitation.

The wayang, the gamelan, and the dalang began their symphonic performance about 9:30. The wayang is spoken in the old Javanese that is completely unintelligible to me, but nevertheless very interesting. I had seen this type of performance in the marble hall of Merdeka palace with the President himself as an enthralled spectator, and here in the little dirt-floored village was the same thing, holding its audience in rapt attention. Isa confided that Amat would sit all night long watching every moment, but that she herself became sleepy and wouldn't watch it continuously. She invited me to come back to her house, after a short time. There we sat on her little porch "chatting" (within limitations) and greeting the many friends who strolled by to be introduced. On the porch with us, asleep in their cages, were two prize fighting cocks. Asleep, too, was a fat hen perched on the porch railing just back of my chair.

Shortly before midnight, when the wayang performance gets very vigorous with its fights between the good and the bad people of the old Hindu legends, we went back to the improvised theater, and this time we had chairs drawn up for us in part of an outer circle around the table where the men still sat. There were children everywhere but they were quiet and well-behaved. The village head, holding one sleeping child, and his wife nursing another, sat a little aside, and we were ceremoniously introduced.

About 12:30, I felt it was time to withdraw. There was an extensive round of farewells to be said and Isa guided me to those to whom this courtesy was due. Their sincere and unaffected hospitality was deeply moving. It had been a memorable evening and I drove happily back to Djakarta in the moonlight.

Press Clippings

Foreign Service Sacrifice

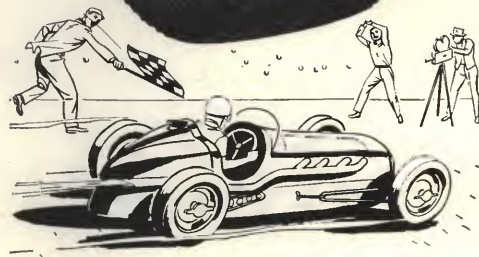
THE NEWS that U. S. Vice Consul John Page Wentworth was shot by an unknown assailant while playing with his three-year-old daughter Caroline in Nicosia, Cyprus, is a new chapter in an old story.

A gunman sneaked up to Wentworth's backyard fence and blasted him in the stomach and legs.

Two years ago another member of the U. S. Foreign Service was killed in Nicosia. Wentworth, happily, is still alive, though in a critical condition.

That the incident cannot be considered to have been caused by mistaken identity makes it the more serious case, however. In the previous case a bomb lobbed into a

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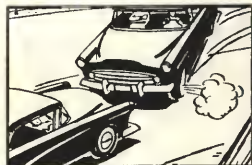
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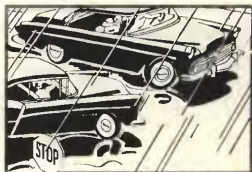
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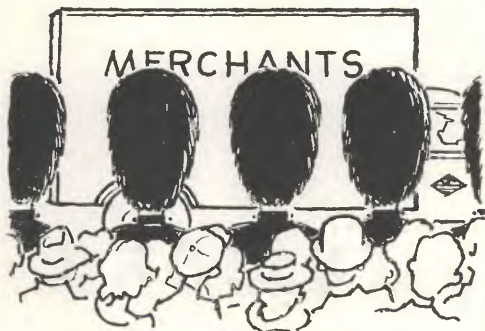
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crowded restaurant had apparently only coincidentally claimed an American life.

Both instances highlight anew the role played by the devoted men and women of our Foreign Service in the troubled world of today. All around the globe they serve their country no matter what personal sacrifices their duties require.

We extend our best wishes to Wentworth for a speedy recovery, and to his wife and other members of his family go the sympathy of all Americans justly proud of the high traditions of the Foreign Service.—*From the Rome Daily American.*

Diplomatic "Old Pro"

AS WORLD tensions heighten, the U. S. State Department is turning more often to its "old pros," the career officers in the Foreign Service, to head American diplomatic missions overseas. This is particularly true in the staffing of posts where personal wealth is not needed to meet the social requirements of the ambassadorial position.

Ceylon is such a post. Last week, James Lampton Berry, who has spent almost a quarter of a century in State Department service, was preparing to go there. He'll replace Maxwell H. Gluck, who resigned October 1. Mr. Gluck, a successful merchant in the United States, had volunteered for any Government service that would help his country, was made ambassador to Ceylon in July, 1957. His appointment was criticized by some Senate Democrats, partly on the ground that Mr. Gluck could not pronounce Bandaranaike, the last name of Ceylon's Prime Minister. But Mr. Gluck took the post, and made a number of warm personal friends among the Ceylonese.

Mr. Berry, a 50-year-old native of Mississippi, was one of the top officials in the State Department's division dealing with South Asian affairs before his assignment to Ceylon. He has served in India and Singapore, studied at the Army-Navy Staff College, been a member of the State Department's policy-planning staff specializing in Near Eastern, South Asian and African affairs.—*From the U. S. News & World Report (Oct. 24, 1958).*

Scapegoats Again

NO ONE, least of all the top officials of the United States Information Agency, would contend that the American information program abroad is as effective as it could or should be. Whatever the defects of imagination and planning, however, the roots of the trouble are as much budgetary as anything else—and here the obstinacy of certain individuals in Congress is primarily responsible. One thing certain is that USIA's inadequacies in the face of intensified competition by the Communists will not be overcome by the tired old tactic of impugning the loyalty of its employees. It is not so long ago that the information agency was bled on the altar of McCarthyism. For this reason it is particularly welcome to have a spirited defense of USIA workers by Director George Allen in response to questions in a House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee about the number accused on security charges. If, as Mr. Allen said, we are being "out-gunned" by the Russians, the remedy scarcely lies in turning our guns on our own people.—*From the Washington Post and Times Herald.*

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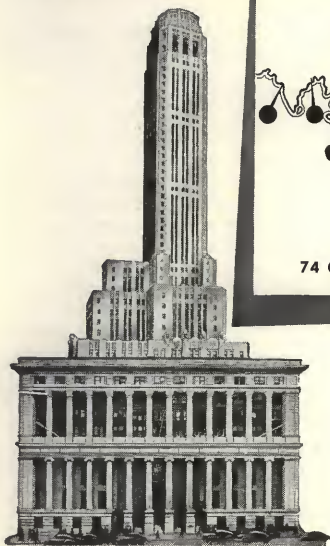


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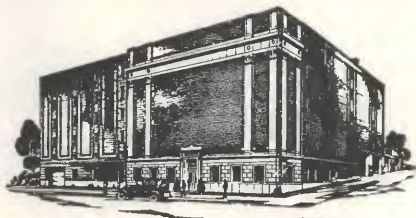


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25 years ago

BY
JAMES B.
STEWART

We Recognize the Soviet Union

Notes were exchanged on November 16, 1933, between President Roosevelt and Soviet Foreign Minister Litvinoff, according recognition to the U.S.S.R.

President Roosevelt, in his note according recognition, said: “I trust that the relations now established between our peoples may forever remain normal and friendly, and that our nations henceforth may cooperate for their mutual benefit and for the preservation of the peace of the world.” Two weeks later in a New York speech Litvinoff said that he found himself still under the spell of the President's charm.

On November 29, William C. Bullitt, our first Ambassador to the Soviet Union, sailed from New York accompanied by Keith Merrill, George Morlock, and Marvin Will, all of the Department.

Official fanfare utterly unprecedented in Soviet history greeted the Ambassador upon his arrival in Moscow. He presented his credentials on December 13, accompanied by Joseph Flack, First Secretary, Berlin, and George Kennan, Third Secretary, Riga. (*From a January 1934 JOURNAL article by Consul Walter A. Foote.*)

Mr. Merrill relates a little incident that took place as Ambassador Bullitt's special train neared Moscow: “We were in our car and I recall our awakening at 7 o'clock and Marvin Will and I finding pleasant hot water in the spigots when we started to shave. George Kennan, a Russian linguist, came in to say that he had heard a very interesting dialogue between the station-master at the last stop and other railway officials. When the station-master received a report that there was no hot water in our car, the heater being out of commission, Kennan said that there was quite a debate about how terrible it would be if the Ambassador was unable to shave with hot water because the Russian machinery was out of order. The ‘conference’ was finally closed by the station master ordering a nearby switch engine to immediately back up to our car and pump water from its boiler into our tank. And so Ambassador Bullitt did not have to meet the Kremlin top brass on that cold December morn with a telltale ‘5 o'clock shadow.’”

They Are Well Remembered

The January 1934 JOURNAL reports that when Harry F. Payer resigned from his position as Assistant Secretary of State in November 1933, he made a statement to the newspaper correspondents in which he paid a glowing tribute to the Acting Secretary, William Phillips, and went on to say a word about some others in the Department: Dr. Feis and Mr. Livesey, the learned economic advisers; Dr. Cyril

Wynne, Chief of the Division of Research and Publication; Miss Hanna of the office of Coordination and Review, an indispensable and valuable servant, and her assistant, Mrs. Halla; Hackworth and Metzger, Collins, Vallance, Matre and Flournoy and Miss O'Neill and Miss Rogers and others in the office of the Legal Adviser; how often have I called upon them for help. Harry McBride, the gracious and able executive assistant; Latchford of the Treaty Division, what a valuable servant he is. There is MacEachran; Hodgdon and Coulter of the Visa Division, and Mrs. Shipley of the Passport Division, always gracious, always anxious to help. Men of the type of Pierrepoint Moffat of Western Europe and Dr. Hornbeck of Far East, and Murray, Kelley, and Packer and all the heads and chiefs of divisions. And finally, McDermott and Foote who have so generously interpreted me to the press."

Briefs from the January 1934 JOURNAL

Thomas M. Wilson is the new Chief of Personnel succeeding Homer M. Byington, Sr.

Francis B. Sayre, the new Assistant Secretary of State, is the husband of Jessie, daughter of former President Wilson.

These officers visited the Department at about the same time near the end of 1933: Joseph Satterthwaite, Jack Neal, and Andrew Donovan, all from Mexico City; Ellis Briggs from Habana; Llewellyn Thompson from Geneva, and Aaron Brown from Rio.



A daughter, Katherine Eno Henderson, was born on October 18, 1933, at Washington, D. C., to Vice Consul and Mrs. James E. Henderson. Mr. Henderson is detailed temporarily to the Department.

A daughter, Jean Stewart Spruks, was born on December 10, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Charles Spruks. Mr. Spruks is now a drafting officer in the Visa Division.

Race Suicide Preferred

When Robert Todd Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, was Minister to the Court of St. James (1889-1893), he received a communication from the Foreign Office regarding the application of an American citizen to practice dentistry at Gibraltar. Although he was well recommended, the Governor of the Rock refused permission for the following reason, seriously given: "The Doctor was about to marry a Gibraltar lady and the Government feared this might lead to an increase in the population and this could not be allowed."—From the book "Letters and Journals of a Diplomat" by Larz Anderson.

Comment 1958: At the time of this incident, the U. S. Consul on the Rock was Horatio Jones Sprague, who served for 53 years from 1848 to 1901. His father, Horatio Sprague, had been Consul from 1832 to 1848 and Horatio's grandson, Richard, who was affectionately known as Dick, from 1901 until his death in 1934. In 1932, Dick Sprague was honored by the Service during the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the first appointment of a member of the Sprague family as American Consul at Gibraltar.

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TOP: The six high-altitude porters after the ascent at an altitude of 17,000 feet. The summit of Hidden Peak is in background.

CENTER: Counting annas to pay the porters: Dr. Nevison, Kauffman, Clinch, Swift.

BOTTOM: Porters making camp.

Hidden Peak:

The Conquest of

IN NORTHERN Kashmir, not far from that remote corner of the world where Afghanistan, the U.S.S.R. and Sinkiang meet, lies the great Asiatic mountain range of the Karakorams. A strange area, even for the seasoned Foreign Service officer. It is a wild, remote, sparsely settled country—aptly called the “roof of the world”—which has changed little, if at all, since the days when it served as a training ground for nomadic conquerors like Tamerlane and Genghis Khan.

The grandiose peaks of this area, almost at the geographic heart of Central Asia, have no peers on earth. Their highest summit, K-2, 28,250 feet high, is surpassed in altitude only by Everest, far away in semi-tropical Nepal. The Baltoro glacier, fifty miles long, is the greatest Alpine ice mass in Asia, and from its flanks six of the world's seventeen highest mountains raise their icy heads, all within a radius of twenty miles.

Few men who have not visited the area can appreciate the beauty, the cruelty, the splendor, and the challenge of this tremendous country. Fewer yet have the strength and resources to penetrate it. Many will ask why anyone would seek to enter so hostile and solitary a region. Yet those who love mountains, who enjoy the hardships and rewards of the wilderness, understand why men will periodically summon their energies and risk their fortunes and lives to assault the highest mountains in the world. But the prayers of only a chosen few are ever answered.

Don't ask me to name any single reason why I went to Hidden Peak—which is sometimes also known as Gasherbrum I and which is situated in the remotest corner of this wild solitude of the Karakoram. Perhaps because it was one of the last of the famous Achttausenders (mountains over 8,000 meters or 26,250 feet high—Hidden Peak is 26,470 feet) which had never before been scaled. Perhaps because no American had ever reached a summit of 26,000 feet, or because the large community of European alpinists and sportsmen had sometimes expressed the sentiment that Americans are physically weak and therefore doomed to defeat on any high mountain. Perhaps because a few misguided people seem erroneously to think that the Foreign Service consists of “softies”—despite the fact that, until this year, the American altitude record was held by expeditions in which FSO Arthur B. Emmons participated. All I know is that when Nick Clinch, who directed preparations, invited me as a member of the climbing team, my ears kept drumming to Rudyard Kipling's words:

“Till a voice as bad as conscience rang interminable changes,
On one everlasting whisper evermore repeated, so:
‘Something hidden; go and find it. Go and look behind
the Ranges.
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for
you. GO!’”

an Achttausender

By ANDREW JOHN KAUFFMAN, 2ND

And so I went—to Hidden Peak.

On May 16th, 1958, eight members of the party assembled in Rawalpindi, Pakistan. The six Americans, Nick Clinch, expedition director, Pete Schoening, climbing leader, Tom McCormack, our physician, Dr. Tom Nevison, Bob Swift, and I, had many years of expeditionary mountaineering behind us. All but Nevison had had climbing experience at altitudes of 20,000 feet or over. Two Pakistanis, Captain Mohammed Akram and Captain S. T. H. Rizvi, also joined the team as full-fledged members. The two other Americans, Gilbert Roberts and Richard Irvin could not meet our schedule and were to rejoin us in base camp many weeks later, and, unfortunately for all of us, after the mountain had been climbed. We had three tons of supplies, a small quantity compared with similar European undertakings, but large enough to oblige Nick Clinch, with the help of the American Embassy in Karachi, to spend several weeks clearing it through customs and assembling it at Rawalpindi.

Three days later, men and equipment had been flown 200 miles over the dangerous mountain route to Skardu, chief settlement of Baltistan, the most remote northern area under Pakistan's control. Here, in a truly central Asiatic environment, we hurriedly re-packed supplies into sixty-pound porter loads, crossed the Indus on a primitive barge, and hired 110 coolies to haul our gear to the base of our mountain.

The march was a hard one, mostly through semi-desert valleys and up narrow gorges ringed by mighty snow-capped peaks. On June 5th, fifteen days after leaving Skardu, we set up temporary Base Camp at 16,100 feet above sea level at the head of the Baltoro glacier. In the meantime, we had gained almost 9,000 feet in altitude and had marched 140 miles. Our bodies had become hardened for the tasks ahead and partially adjusted physiologically to the thin air. Our minds, too, had been toughened by the sight of the rugged and often appalling life led by the inhabitants of the desolate valleys through which our approach had been made.

During the next days, we moved Base Camp still higher to a spot at 17,100 feet—close to the foot of the mountain. Then we discharged the remaining coolies, keeping six local men as high-altitude porters to supply the camps.

Hidden Peak had been attempted twice before: by a Swiss party in 1934, which turned back at about 20,800 feet on the south-east spur, and by a strong French expedition in 1936, which included some of the finest alpinists of that



TOP: Mt. Chogolisa, 24,607 ft., was climbed last summer by a Japanese party.

TOP CENTER: Installing batteries in walkie-talkie radio.

BOTTOM CENTER: Mt. Masherbrum, 25,660 ft., still unclimbed.

BOTTOM: American Karakoram Expedition, 1958, at Skardu, May 20: Capt. Syed Tasawer Hussain Shaw Rizvi Khaurzmi, Nicholas Bayard Clinch, III, Muztasg Ahmad*, Aziz Ahmad (child)*, Peter K. Schoening, Andrew John Kauffman, II, Aini Ahmad (child)*, Begum Muztasg*, Robert Layton Swift, Thomas Oliver Nevison, Jr., Major Wali Mohammed Chaudri*, Thomas McCormack, II (*—not an expedition member)

HIDDEN PEAK

time. The French expedition had had a budget of \$60,000 with corresponding 1936 purchasing value compared with our meager funds of \$30,000 1958-style dollars. The French had tackled the south ridge, but were defeated by violent storms and the severity of the route selected.

Our expedition spent a week reconnoitering possible routes on the mountain. We found several promising itineraries, but in the end we settled on the old Swiss approach by the south-east ridge. Though long and roundabout, it seemed to offer the best chances of success.

Unlike an excursion in the Alps, the first ascent of a great Himalayan or Karakoram peak is not a one-day affair and cannot be undertaken lightly. Everything must be minutely prepared, often months in advance, to equip, supply, carry, and support a series of high camps, each theoretically an easy one day's round-trip march from its predecessor, each leading toward a highest camp from which a minimum of two men can climb in one day to the summit and back. The logistics are highly complicated, can be easily thrown off balance by storm or accident, and, no matter how well prepared, are invariably faulty.

On a big Himalayan peak, the statistical chances of failure are greater by far than the possibilities of success. Since 1900, when Himalayan mountaineering really began, only 41 men, of varying nationalities have stood on top of an Achttausender—far more than this number have died in the attempt. For on all such expeditions the greatest factor is the unknown—a fascinating but dangerous element which appeals strongly to anyone with a speculative mind. But unlike a business or stock-market operation, where only money is risked, the stakes here are human lives. The slightest incident can spell the difference between crowning victory and catastrophe. For this reason, the Himalayan mountaineer who is either reckless or irresponsible will probably die young.

Chance, however, seems to smile on those who are well-prepared and who work hard. For three laborious weeks, despite high altitude, cold, storm, and illness, we fought up the slopes of Hidden Peak, stubbornly overcoming one obstacle after another—crevasses, avalanches, precipices. These days tested our abilities as mountaineers and particularly our physical endurance. All of us regularly relayed loads of up to fifty pounds through knee-deep snow to an altitude of 23,500 feet, without benefit of oxygen. Most of us spent from fifteen to twenty days consecutively at altitudes of over 20,000 feet. But we kept pushing, undaunted by weather, danger, or weariness. Camp I, our advance base, was at 18,000 feet; Camp II, on an exposed rock-and-ice platform at 20,800; Camp III, at 21,400 and Camp IV, where we were stormbound four days, at 22,000 at the edge of a vast glacier below the summit.

On July 3rd, loaded with supplies and oxygen equipment, five of us—Clinch, Swift, Nevison, Shoening, and I—left Camp IV and fought our way two miles through deep drifts. At about 23,500 feet, between gaping crevasses, we pitched Camp V. Here, while the other three stumbled laboriously back to Camp IV, Shoening and I remained, but



At the Top . . .

July 4, 1958

were alone. It had been decided that we two were in the best condition to make the summit assault.

It was at Camp V, and beyond, that we first used the splendid lightweight oxygen equipment we had obtained in France and Switzerland. Until now we had relied only on physical strength and ability to acclimatize. We knew we could scale the mountain without oxygen, for men have climbed to 28,000 feet without its benefit, but we also realized that oxygen would greatly facilitate our progress. Besides, we had three miles to cover and three thousand feet to climb through heavy, almost bottomless, snow—and we had to cover the distance and return in one day or fail and, quite possibly, die.

We awoke at three the morning of July 4th. Outside the little tent the air was clear and cold. After a hasty breakfast we crawled out of our sleeping bags, adjusted our eiderdown trousers and jackets, slipped into our windproof suits, and forced our feet into our double felt-lined reindeer boots. We crawled from our shelter and, in the open air, adjusted crampons and we each strapped two oxygen bottles onto our packboards. These bottles, custom-made, contained 900 liters of pure oxygen at 250 atmospheres pressure. Masks and regulators were of the open-circuit type so successfully used by the French on Makalu in 1955 and the Swiss on Everest and Lhotse the following year.

At 6 a. m. we roped up and started out. It was to be one of the hardest but most rewarding days of my life. The snow was soft and deep: the leader—and I should say here that, although we alternated the lead, it was Pete, a Hercules of a mountaineer, who did the bulk of the work—broke through the crust to his knees at every step, virtually from the moment we left camp until we reached the summit nine hours later.

The first four hours were a continuous, almost desperate, struggle to reach the high south col at 25,000 feet. Here, during our only rest in a long day of toil, we increased the oxygen flow from two to four liters per minute. We then waded through deep snow for one mile across a vast cirque to the foot of the steep summit slopes. If anything went wrong now, we knew we would never return to camp, for, despite the benefits of oxygen (which were considerable), we were living in a sort of dream world, half way between life and death. Yet we had no thought of turning back. All of us, and many of our friends half way around the world, had sacrificed much so that an American party might at last stand atop a previously unscaled Achttausender. Mentally, morally, physically, we were ready to push to our last reserves, to risk everything in order to get to the top—and we did.

The hours passed. We toiled ever upward.

The last hundred feet, along a narrow, steep, classic alpine ridge of hard, wind-blown snow, were a pleasant contrast to the hours of struggle below. Pete's grizzled and bulky shape (for he was leading at the time) and a strong the bitterly cold wind from Tadjhikistan greeted me as I clambered up the final crest. We turned off our oxygen and removed our masks. We were at 26,470 feet, the highest summit ever reached by Americans.

Only the sinister pyramid of K-2, some ten miles away, still rose above us. Four other huge mountain masses, Broad Peak, Gasherbrum II, Gasherbrum III, and Gasherbrum IV, all more than 26,000 feet high, lay immediately below our feet. In the opposite direction, far away, we could discern the tremendous walls of Nanga Parbat, where so many mountaineers had fought and died.

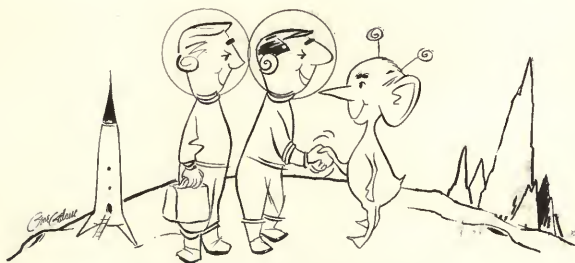
For one hour we contemplated the scene and took photographs. We waved the American banner at the highest point of land where it has ever been flown. We also raised the Pakistani flag in honor of our hosts and the French flag in honor of our predecessors (the Swiss flag, unfortunately, had been lost at about 25,000 feet and was recovered only on the return). Last of all, we raised the banner of Free Hungary, as a symbol of heroism not to be forgotten.

These little ceremonies took time and required much effort. It was four o'clock, late in the day, before we started down.

Hidden Peak did not allow us to escape unscathed. The return to Camp V that evening without oxygen through deep drifts was a slow nightmare. Twenty-four hours later, back in Camp I, I discovered that my toes had been badly frost-bitten. Though I could still walk, several weeks were to pass before it became certain that I would not lose one or two toes, but Nevison's skill and care saved them. And, despite adequate food and good appetites, all of us had lost between 20 and 30 pounds—or about a pound a day while on the mountain.

Unlike many similar European expeditions, with a big budget and professional teams, our undertaking had been carried out along lines which are traditionally American—and, though beautifully equipped, our financial means were small. We were all amateurs, all friends who respected one another's ability and strength in its true context and not on the basis of age, rank or position. Not once did Pete Schoening, our climbing leader, find it necessary to impose a decision. From the moment his suggestion—or anyone else's for that matter—was agreed upon, we were united in a common effort, each man free to discipline his own actions until the goal was attained. We and the two Pakistanis who participated as fullfledged members of our team, worked together, fought together, endured the same hardships and shared the same rewards together for three long and difficult months without quarrel or conflict. True, we were a select group of highly trained and experienced climbers who understood the degree of control which a man must impose on himself during an expedition where human lives are risked.

But our means of operation were based on the premise that, even under the most arduous circumstances, free men, if they have the will and the proper training, can and do work efficiently together in a common task and are able without regimentation to overcome the greatest obstacles and attain the highest goals. The records we established both for speed and efficiency of action, amply justify, I believe, the validity of this premise. To those of us who participated in the expedition, our efforts were in a small measure a manifestation of the traditional spirit of adventure which served to make America into a great nation. Such efforts are not always meaningful to the casual observer, nor do they necessarily produce material results. But any such accomplishment carries with it a spiritual message which justifies the task and which all men do well to heed.



The next time you're in Dubuque you must look us up!

Through Darkest "E" with Gun and Camera

"But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded."—Edmund Burke (1790).

BY GORDON CHASE, GEORGE F. JONES, AND HERBERT LEVIN

THE redoubtable Mr. Burke would surely be pleased to know that—after due consideration—the Department has come to agree that the age of the economist and calculator has succeeded. In December, 1956, six newly appointed Foreign Service officers were assigned to the Department's Bureau of Economic Affairs for eighteen months as the first participants in an economic training program. They were informed that there was a shortage of officers entering the Foreign Service with sufficient economic background to meet the needs of the Department and the field. The training program was to be one means of attacking this problem. The three co-authors have recently completed their different training assignments in the Bureau of Economic Affairs. A fourth trainee is still working in the Bureau, while the remaining two officers resigned from the Foreign Service due to family health problems.

A second group of FSO's-3 has already entered the program and we are informed this type of rotational training may well become a pattern for other officers in the Department, such as the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, and the Bureau of Administration.

Though the program as a training assignment was financed from the budget of the Foreign Service Institute, the Bureau of Economic Affairs accepted major responsibility for it. The Bureau not only felt the shortage of economists most acutely, but also had successfully supervised a similar program for new Civil Service employees in 1949. Accordingly, the Executive Director's office of the Bureau worked out an on-the-job type of training program with the concurrence of the Foreign Service Institute. The program was to be administered by the Bureau of Economic Affairs and was to take, generally, the following form:

1. Each of the trainees would rotate to a different division within the Bureau every four to five months. The goal was to have him serve in four different divisions. His preference for division assignments would be considered.

2. As he began each new assignment, the trainee would be assigned to a supervisor who had made clear his interest in the program and his willingness to assume responsibility for a trainee. The supervisor would share his office with the

trainee, take him to meetings, answer his questions, and assign substantive problems to him.

3. Each trainee would participate in the actual operations of the division to which he was assigned and would perform such duties as drafting and analysis. In no case would his participation be confined to that of an observer.

4. Once a week, the trainees as a group would participate in panel discussions led by Office Directors or Division Chiefs in the Bureau of Economic Affairs.

In practice, the experiences of the trainees necessarily differed. For example, one worked in all four principal offices of the Bureau for roughly equal periods of time; another worked in the Public Affairs Office of the Bureau for almost one-half of his training period; and a third worked in two different capacities in the Office of International Trade for almost one-half of his training period. But despite these differences in experience, the major principles of the program—rotation, individual supervision, and actual participation—affected all the trainees in much the same way.

Rotation

The trainees worked in divisions in each of the four major offices of the Bureau of Economic Affairs—the Office of International Finance and Development Affairs, the Office of International Resources, the Office of International Trade, and the Office of Transport and Communications. Perhaps the most important benefit of rotation was the intensification of the learning process. There was no time to learn gradually and to break in gently. Moreover, because the trainees were never in one division long enough to see the same problems arise again and again, no problem was ever routine. Each one was a new challenge, to be researched, learned, and mastered, or redone, as the case might be.

Rotation within the Bureau of Economic Affairs was a rewarding experience since the Bureau is probably one of the best places in the Department in which to gain an appreciation of the role which other government agencies play in the formulation of United States foreign policy. Foreign economic problems, for which the Bureau of Economic Affairs has the primary Departmental responsibility (e.g., tariff policy), have a most immediate and intense effect on

groups such as agriculture, business and labor, whose interests are appropriately advanced by other governmental agencies.

Trainees had the opportunity to work closely with officers in the International Cooperation Administration, the United States Information Agency, the Department of the Treasury, the Department of Commerce, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Tariff Commission, the Export-Import Bank, the Civil Aeronautics Board and others, and to learn something about the international responsibilities of these agencies. They found that there often must be a great deal of work done before a Department of State position becomes a U. S. Government position on what appears to the fledgling Foreign Service officer to be exclusively a foreign policy matter.

Rotation permitted the trainees to gain experience and insight into most of the major functions of the Bureau of Economic Affairs. In the absence of rotation, this probably would have been impossible. The work of each division in the Bureau is quite distinct and there is surprisingly little of the technical information and procedures learned in one division that can be applied to another. In this connection it is interesting to note that the divisions generally have much less contact with each other than they have with other government agencies. A working-level officer in the Trade Agreements and Treaties Division, in daily contact with the Department of Commerce, may be only vaguely aware that there is an Aviation Division in the same Bureau; while an officer in the Commodities Division, intensely concerned with the operations of the Department of Agriculture, will meet rarely with an officer in the International Finance Division and perhaps never with an officer of the Lend-Lease Division.

Supervision

The most important individuals involved in the program were the supervisors to whom trainees were assigned in each division. These gentlemen made clear their willingness to accept the burden of supervising a trainee for his full tour in their division. They were usually Foreign Service officers of the middle grades with considerable experience in the Department. Though heavily burdened, they endeavored to give their respective trainees maximum opportunities for instruction. The supervisors customarily returned to their trainees drafts carefully annotated with corrections, comments on the history of the problem and related policies, and suggestions as to stylistic improvements to insure the utmost clarity. Perhaps because they had at some time suffered at the receiving end of a turgid directive, or perhaps due to natural avuncular tendencies, the supervisors were sometimes willing to spend more time getting a trainee's paper in final form than it would have taken to write it themselves.

Supervisors also took trainees to briefing sessions of the highest Departmental officers and sent them to negotiating sessions with foreign delegations in Washington. The trainees found this broader view of the problem on which they were working particularly helpful when they undertook to "fill in" while their supervisors were absent either for a brief period or weeks. It was the performances of the trainees at such times that demonstrated the utility of having the responsibility for their endeavors placed with a single officer rather than with a division "at large."

Participation

In each assignment a large portion of time was spent in producing work which was of immediate benefit to the division and which, in the absence of the trainee, would have had to be accomplished by some other officer of the division. The actual participation of the trainee in the operation of the division was the outstanding aspect of the program. Proof of its impact is that the trainees became so absorbed in producing for the divisions to which they were assigned that they generally identified themselves much more closely with a particular division than with the training program. "Participation" turned out to be essential to an effective training program. Problems of a division become far more meaningful when one has become personally involved in them at the action level.

There is a danger that if trainees become action officers they will be producing to meet a relatively specific and narrow need. This did not become a problem since supervisors saw to it that assignments involved more than one of the major functions of the division. However, even if the field of action is a narrow one, the trainee learns more about the division as a whole than meets the eye. When he is permitted to take action on a problem from start to finish, he learns not only the specific substantive details and the implications of the particular project, but also, to a large extent, the division's, and even the Department's, general philosophic approach. In contrast to technical information seldom utilized outside a specific division, this philosophy affects all work, and what the trainee learns with respect to one problem can frequently be applied to others. The trainee who drafts an instruction about X project may learn very quickly, in the process of obtaining clearance, that the Department generally takes position X₁ on problems of this kind for such and such reasons. Actual participation in operations also tends to keep morale high. It is axiomatic that an officer is generally happier and more highly motivated, as well as more alert, when he feels that his labors are of immediate value to the Department.

Although the trainee was expected to produce meaningful material for each division to which he was assigned, he was not expected to spend all of his time as a working-level action officer. If this had been so, the training program would have been little more than a glorified system of rotation. In the first place, during the first four months of the program, the trainees participated in approximately fifteen weekly panel discussions with the Office Directors, Division Chiefs, and other senior officers of the Bureau. Attendance at these conferences had priority over the operational needs of the division. In the future, these panel discussions will be expanded to include talks with officers of other bureaus and with other agencies. They will begin later in the program when the trainees are in a better position to discuss the Department's problems and functions.

In the second place, the trainee was given a somewhat special status within the division. He was frequently encouraged by his supervisor to participate in activities which would broaden his general economic background or which would give him a broader insight into the functions and operations of the Bureau, even if such participation was of no immediate benefit to the particular division in which the trainee worked. Trainees were often encouraged to attend

Service Glimpses

1. Bonn. Ambassador David K. E. Bruce is shown warming up for the first pitch of the Little League season. The Little League is sponsored by a number of American industrial firms and was developed through the efforts of the Embassy and military officials. The teams are comprised of sons of Embassy, military, and civilian personnel stationed at Bonn, and a number of young Bonn citizens.



1.

2. Brussels. The Fair was over. Thomas H. Linthicum, Chief Administrative Officer, writes us that, with the final strains of the National Anthem, when the flags were lowered for the last time, when the 42 entrances to the American Pavilion were forever closed, the dismantling crews went to their assigned tasks. The great, vibrant pavilion lay dead. The inner pools, now dry, exposed their rock base, coils of wiring, and cold lights. The information booth was gone, packing cases marred the scene, and all the entrance doors had been welded together to halt unauthorized visitors. Nothing remained but the memory of the beauty of what had been the American Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair.



2.

3. Bordeaux. Consul Francis R. Starrs (first in line, right center) and Acting PAO Stanley Alpern (next to Starrs) are being initiated as members of the "Commanderie du Bontemps de Medoc," a society of wine experts, by Monsieur Achille Fould, Grand Master of the society. The ceremony took place at Pauillac, Gironde, at the time of the wine harvest.

4. Washington. At DACOR House Ambassador Javier Gallac, Director of the North American Bureau of the Argentine Ministry, at a reception given in his honor. Ambassador Gallac was visiting the United States as a Leader Grantee. Pictured from left to right are David McK. Key, John Hamlin, Orme Wilson, Ambassador Gallac, Mrs. Gallac, Miss Chamonally, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Prando (wife of the Counselor of the Argentine Embassy), and Ralph Talcott of the Cultural Exchange Program of the Department of State.

5. Guatemala. John M. Vebber (center), Chargé d'Affaires in Guatemala, and William Bennett, Acting PAO, are pictured with a group of Guatemala City market women who are to visit the United States as guests of the Department of State, under the International Educational Exchange Program.

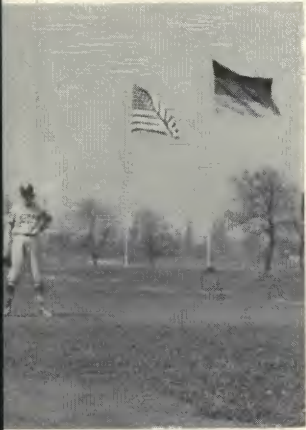
6. Seoul. Pictured before the Great Buddha of Kamakura are five FSO's who were in the same class at the F.S.I. in 1956 and happened to find themselves briefly together two years later. From left to right: Mark Pratt, now in the Consular Section at the Embassy in Tokyo; Pete Lord, on his way to Khorramshahr after two years in the Department; Bill Dixon, a language officer in Tokyo; Frank McNeil, in the Citizenship Section of the Embassy in Tokyo, and Bill Watts, on transfer to Seoul.



3.

7. Madrid. Commander William R. Anderson, skipper of the Nautilus, stopped over in Madrid on his way to Italy to receive a medal. Shown in the lobby of the Embassy before a USIS Nautilus exhibit, left to right: Information Officer John R. Higgins, Public Affairs Officer Joseph F. McEvoy, Commander Anderson, Ambassador John Davis Lodge, Captain James D. Collett, Naval Attaché, and Press Attaché Owen R. Hutchinson.

8. Copenhagen. Pastor Milous Repka, left, and his wife, the former Kay Bang, chat at the United States Embassy in Copenhagen with Ambassador Val Peterson, right, and Theodore Collier, Second Secretary of Embassy, who was instrumental in effecting Mr. Repka's exit from Czechoslovakia. Miss Bang and Mr. Repka met in Czechoslovakia a number of years ago and became engaged. After her return to the United States, he tried for years to leave his country and finally escaped in the summer of 1958 to West Berlin. Now married, the couple have settled in Omaha, Nebraska, where Mr. Repka is pastor of a local church.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.

Congressional hearings and proceedings before the Tariff Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, etc., on economic issues. Occasionally, trainees were utilized as rapporteurs for meetings of senior officers on important Bureau problems.

Observations

It should be emphasized that these experiences were shared by trainees possessing considerably different backgrounds in economics. One had but a single course in economics as an undergraduate: an introductory course taught by a gentle philosopher who sincerely believed that periodic depressions were inevitable and, indeed, a healthy part of a free economic system, and that the minimum wage and collective bargaining were wicked and alien concepts. Others had had graduate training in economics or worked on economic problems under varying circumstances. However, none considered himself primarily an economist and none possessed a doctorate in economics.

But they discovered quickly that "economics" as practiced in the Department of State is not a matter of abstract theory concerning what might be logically sound or morally just. "Economic affairs" is a way of describing certain types of foreign policy problems which confront the United States, a way of separating these problems from other problems. The line which separates them from "non-economic affairs" is often hazy in the extreme. The methods and procedures

for solving these economic problems, with the addition of formalized techniques in established fields such as tariffs, aviation, and loans, are the same as those employed throughout the Department.

Formal training in economics is, of course, useful to an officer assigned to the Bureau of Economic Affairs. Just as courses in Japanese history, language, culture, and government are useful when one is assigned to Japanese affairs, so training in economic analysis, history, and theory is advantageous to an officer assigned to economic work. The trainees' experience, however, suggests that even for the officer who does not plan to specialize in economics or who may not possess formal training in economics, an assignment to the Bureau of Economic Affairs can be intelligently rewarding and, they hope, useful to his career.

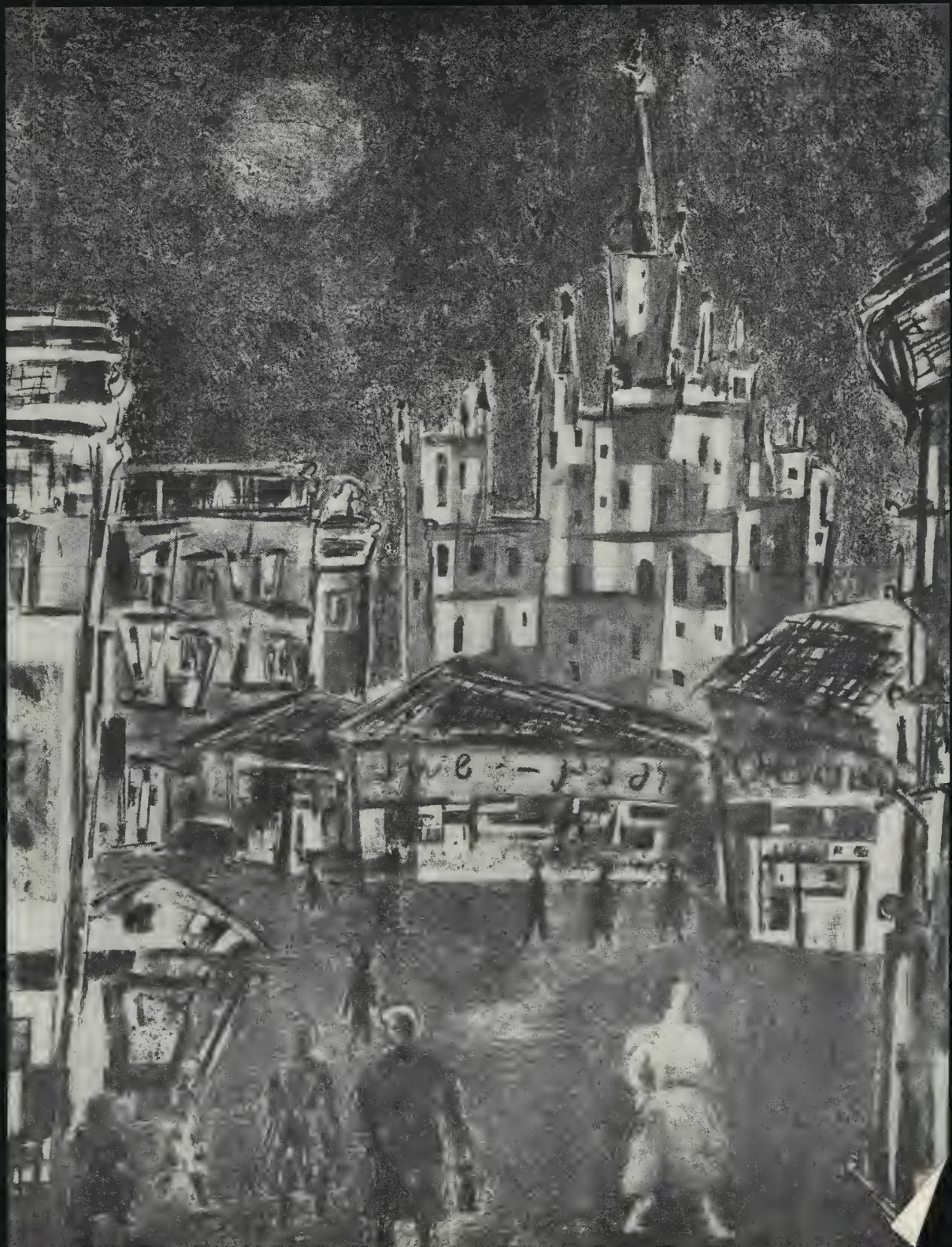
The trainees rapidly came to feel that the officer planning a career in political, consular, or administrative work cannot ignore economic affairs. Unless he knows something about the Mutual Security Program, Public Law 480, the Battle Act, the Trade Agreements Act, and the aviation and shipping laws, they believe he will find it difficult to handle other work effectively. Placing a trainee in different offices of the Bureau of Economic Affairs for varying periods is an ideal way of giving him an awareness of our foreign economic policies, their broader implications, and the types of problems which the Department faces in administering them.



(Courtesy of the Little Studio, N.Y.C.)

by Joan Fabert-Himbert

Moscow Evening
By Sheila Isham



WASHINGTON LETTER

by Gwen BARROWS

After Thirty-Five Years

Down our street at Cleaves cafeteria, there has been a large poster pasted on the window recently proclaiming that their feature item today is no more expensive than it was in 1935. ("Ham with raisin sauce, 35¢")

The FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL can boast one better: In 1924, not a depression year, when the JOURNAL was founded, the price for a single subscription was set at \$4.00. Today subscriptions still cost \$4.00. Beginning this month, the price of the single issue, in line with rising printing and engraving costs, will be fifty cents instead of the original 35¢, but the increase will not immediately be transferred to subscriptions.

This year marks for the JOURNAL thirty-five years of growing with a growing Service and it is interesting to look back a bit in the manner of our Twenty-Five Years Ago columnist Jim Stewart to savor that first issue 35 years ago. Many names are familiar, many of the men still active. One notes "Herbert Bursley, Class VIII," was being assigned to Prague, Allen W. Dulles returned from leave to the Division of Near Eastern Affairs, Robert Woods Bliss, Minister, was on leave, Bob Murphy was being "called for conference with Ambassador Houghton."

Long white beards were still worn by consuls posing before their office buildings. Foreign Service inspectors had not begun to feel the tightening grasp of mass communications. The caption describing their whereabouts reads: "Foreign Service inspectors have been last heard from as follows:". Photo contributors were warned:

The mere depiction of the cold beauties of the better known monuments of art or antiquity will not suffice readers as habituated to travel as those of the JOURNAL.

And that long before the argot for a tourist in Paris became "un rollo!"

Captions were leisurely, often in Latin, and reporting was at times courtly: "Ambassador Bancroft spoke graciously of the duties, responsibilities, and privileges of men in the Foreign Service." Advertisements, even, shared this approach. At New York's Park Avenue Hotel, for instance, single rooms were \$2.50; "big rooms, lofty ceiling." These, too, were the days of the Hupmobile car buffs and some of today's advertisers, the JOURNAL is proud to say, were appearing in those first issues. Which reminds one of the former Advertising Manager who used to intimate he wasn't interested in an advertiser's placing an ad for a contract of less than a decade's duration.

It's fun to look back at those first issues. Just as newspapers even six month's old take on an added significance, so with the early magazine. These were days before "gracious living" became an epithet. Much has changed—but one thing remains apparent: then as now the JOURNAL is as good, or as mediocre, as its contributors throughout the world help it to be. Whether its columns are being used to cover leisure-time activities of Foreign Service personnel, or to give its readers a chance to read other people's mail (and who doesn't like to) in our Letters to the Editor columns, for articles serious or entertaining, it's our readers who make it a JOURNAL worthy of publication. Many of our readers have said they find the JOURNAL brighter, more vital, more professional, these days. We hope it is, and we should like to thank our contributors herewith individually for sending us clippings, articles, letters of appreciation, comments, and criticisms. And to them all we would like to wish a very Happy New Year.



"Let's get together for lunch one of these days"

by Charles C. Adams

Scholarships and Stipends

Last fall twenty-eight scholarships were awarded to Foreign Service children—nine more than last year. Several gifts have helped to make the additional awards possible.

One of the most productive and painless ways of helping to augment the scholarship funds we have heard of is described in a letter we saw, written by Assistant Secretary R. R. Rubottom, Jr., and addressed to the Vice President of the W. R. Grace & Company. He wrote in part:



"A Boy Searching for Fleas" by Cornelis Saftleven

It is certainly gratifying that the GRACE LOG is dedicating its December issue to the Foreign Service of the United States. Regarding the fee which you mentioned, I would be pleased if you would send it to the Foreign Service Scholarship Fund of the American Foreign Service Association, c/o Department of State.

If more members of the Foreign Service would give thought to asking that moneys which so often cannot be accepted for public speeches and articles, be turned over to the scholarship Committee of AFSA, the number of scholarship awards available for 1959-60 students might well be doubled.

Dutch Drawings

One of the special exhibitions in Washington recently was the exhibit of rare Dutch drawings, now travelling around the United States. While it was in Washington over 12,000 people saw it; in New York at the Pierpont Morgan Library they ran out of catalogues for viewers. We feel fortunate in having been able to publish several of these beautiful drawings in our columns. The Boy above is but one of the drawing from the exhibit and this exhibit is but one of the many included in the talented and many-sided exhibit work being done today by Mrs. John Pope's office at the Smithsonian Institution.

Paradise and Perfectionists

With the constant emphasis being made from kindergarten on up to "adjust," whether in the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R., we stand a good chance of developing into a robot civilization, walking and marching in unison, dressing, eating, working, conforming. Nor does the new Red China picture lend any brighter prospects. When a European satellite Communist delegate, who was worried by what he saw of widespread regimentation on his visit remonstrated with Mao Tsetung, according to a press despatch, he was told not to worry about such incidentals—in another few thousand years the time when the citizen democrat could go out of his house to breathe would be regulated.

One welcomes, therefore, Peter Viereck's convincing plea for the "unadjusted man"—of whom he says we need more today. Writing in the SATURDAY REVIEW recently, he said:

"So long as people believe in the perfectibility of outward society, they will continue to use those freedom-destroying 'bad means' (totalitarianism) that promise the quickest short-cut to this 'good end.' According to the perceptive Polish poet and anti-Communist, Czeslaw Milosz, 'A gradual disappearance of the faith in the earthly paradise which justifies all crimes is an essential preliminary to the destruction of totalitarianism.' By rejecting the possibility of an earthly paradise, cultural conservatism rejects all brands of Rousseauistic perfectibility of man, rejecting the *a priori* utopias not only of Jacobinism and of socialism but also of doctrinaire laissez-faire capitalism. . . . The most blood-curdling crimes are done not by criminals but perfectionists"

End of the Alarm Clock

Just as we'd thrown out the alarm clock and gone back to sleep (last month's "Sleep Cure," Washington Letter) along came scientist Arthur Clark's piece in HOLIDAY magazine saying it's quite possible that in future it will not be necessary to "waste" any time on sleep.

Mr. Clark points out that production will of course have to be increased to meet the greater consuming ability of people who are awake 23 or 24 hours a day and admits there may even be a few disadvantages to turning night into day. But, nevertheless, a little machine has now been devised by a scientist, whose nationality one can guess, which sends waves through the cranium to ease the pressure that causes fatigue that makes sleep necessary. Or used to.

Well . . . it's your choice.



Drawing by Sheila Hawkins for "Translations from the Stamese"

The Yankee Who Almost Conquered China

By RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

The little known story of Frederick Townsend Ward, a Yankee filibuster whose fantastic plan of becoming Emperor of China almost succeeded.



General Frederick Townsend Ward

SOMETIMES history obscures its boldest heroes, leaving only a mound, a feeble inscription, or a half-legend. In Sungkiang, China, there is a simple tomb in an ancient chapel which reads:

"A wonderful hero from beyond the sea, the fame of whose deserving loyalty reaches round the world, has sprinkled China with his azure blood . . ."

The Chinese burned incense for many years to Wah, one of their great national heroes. "Wah" was Frederick Townsend Ward, an American who is virtually unknown in the land of his birth, except to a few erudite historians.

The amazing story of Yankee Ward, a daring soldier of fortune who almost succeeded in becoming Emperor of China, is unequalled even in fiction.

Frederick Ward was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on November 29, 1831. His lineage line crossed into many prominent families, including that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. At fifteen, Ward left military school at Norwich and tried for an appointment to West Point. Failing that, he tried to run off to the Mexican War with the son of Daniel Webster, but his father sent him off to sea on the clipper ship "Hamilton," owned by the boy's uncle. Only sixteen at the time, small but wiry, Ward held the position of second mate and spent the next few years keeping out of trouble chasing pirates and fighting belligerent deck hands.

At twenty-eight, he had already fought in four revolutions. But he was still restless. It was an empire he craved, so he returned home to plot a fabulous scheme. Mindful of the numerous voyages to the China coast, he now visioned the marvelous potential of that vast but lethargic empire which was in the throes of a devastating rebellion. Ward loved rebellions—they left such wonderful opportunities for a filibuster.

"I'll be a prince in that country," he vowed as he set sail.

He arrived in Shanghai in the fall of 1859, when China was in its gravest danger from the Taiping Rebellion, incited by a young megalomaniac, Hung Siu-tsuem, who studied under Issacher Roberts, an American missionary in Canton. Hung had digested some doctrines of Christianity which inspired him to adopt Jesus as his older brother and declare himself in on the Holy Trinity.

After leaving Canton, he formed a subversive society which, goaded by the oppression of the Manchu Dynasty, swelled to enormous membership. The movement was a bizarre combination of partially comprehended Christianity, native beliefs and fanaticism, interspersed with systematic looting and slaughter.

The butcherous insurrection which flared in 1848 lasted seventeen years and degenerated from the original doctrine against pagan idolatry into a wanton scourge that devastated sixteen provinces of China in a catastrophe unequalled since the days of Genghis Kahn. Eventually, it became a movement to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty. And the Manchu army, ruled by effete generals and officials, was unable to slow its steam-roller advance. The terrible toll in human lives eventually reached the staggering total of 20,000,000.

Ward's arrival was certainly opportune. Through an American acquaintance he got into Chinese service aboard the river boat "Confucius," and with his vast military knowledge soon converted the boat into the fightingest gunboat in the China rivers. His growing reputation as a fearless leader spread to eager quarters and soo a messenger from Yang Tzetang, a powerful and influential Mandarin, contacted him.

The Salem Yankee was not shy when given audience by the illustrious nobleman. In no uncertain terms Ward demanded support in financing an army if he was to fight Hung and stipulated that his price per captured city would be \$75,000.

Tzetang humbly agreed to finance an army but insisted that action be taken immediately to prove to the merchants that their money would bring victory. Ward was reluctant, but collected a makeshift army of a few hundred and at-



Miniature, Mrs. F. T. Ward (Chang Mei)

tacked Sungkiang. As expected, the force suffered an inglorious defeat. Not at all depressed by the fiasco, Ward stomped into the mansion of Tzetang and laid down the law. Tzetang offered his hand and patience.

Ward's attempt to take Sungkiang brought a hail of contemptuous scorn from the British and French military forces. Disregarding this derision, he set about organizing an efficient force of fighting men. This time he chose Manilamen and foreign wanderers, and even encouraged desertion from the European naval units in the harbor. Fortunately, he found two adventurous Americans, Forrester and Purgvine, who helped him immeasurably in the training of his small force.

On July 16, 1860, a month after his first attempt on Sungkiang, Ward was ready again with a force of 200 regulars and a few cannons. Under cover of a late evening fog, the renegade army moved on the city, which was garrisoned by 5000 fanatic Taipings.

The first volley of cannon fire cracked the wall before the enemy could muster a substantial defending force, but, when Ward's infantry attacked, they found an ingenious inner wall blocking their entrance. Under a hail of stink-pots (the original hand grenade containing asphyxiating gas), a powder charge was placed beneath the wall. The blast opened a space barely wide enough for two men abreast to squeeze through. Miraculously, they managed to push the horde of bellowing fanatics clear enough to allow their remaining force to creep through the wall. Here the deadly fire of their modern sharp repeating carbines triumphed. It was a magnificent victory, but at a terrific cost. Ninety-four percent of the men were killed or wounded.

Shanghai was wild with joy when the news arrived, and Ward was assured of further backing from the merchants. But the foreign settlement was shocked—the impertinence

of this bold American! Admiral of the British Fleet Sir James Hope sought to stifle the crazy Yankee. He had Ward arrested for encouraging desertion from his ships and brought before the American Consul for trial. Not in the least perturbed, Ward attended the hearing and his complacency was justified when Tzetang, with typical Oriental sagacity, appeared with Ward's naturalization papers putting him beyond the jurisdiction of any foreign power.

* * *

The story of Ward's campaign is not an unbroken string of glorious victories, as in most Napoleonic careers, but rather a dogged ordeal of intense persistence in the face of brutal setbacks.

His next onslaught was directed at Tsing-pu, a city defended by 10,000 Taipings, where he was beaten off with heavy casualties. This time Ward was severely wounded. So fierce, however, was his determination that, ten days later, still weak from his wounds, he attacked again, but the Taipings had learned a little of their foe and with a reinforcement of 20,000 troops almost annihilated the attackers.

Most men would have quit. But not Frederick Ward. During the winter of '61, he made plans which not only foreboded evil for the Taipings but the English as well. The American Civil War had precipitated considerable tension with England, and the Yankee planned to destroy every British warship in the harbor. The crisis with Britain passed, however, and Ward concentrated his entire energy on the long-haired rebels.

His army, now complemented with native Chinese, numbered close to 6,000. They were uniformed in gay colors, disciplined, well-paid, and, of most importance, they worshipped the "Yankee God."

They marched again. Kaochina was attacked so furiously that 5,000 Taipings were slaughtered and another 5,000 drowned in the muddy river. The astonishing casualty list of the new imperial army numbered an insignificant seven!

The intensity of Ward's leadership seemed to inspire his men to savage annihilation. According to old records, he was a picturesque sight in his frock coat, blue naval trousers, and old gray riding cap. A long black cheroot was invariably stuck in his mouth as he led and directed his troops with his rattan cane.

On a meteoric wave of success, his army swept to overwhelming victories against Minchang and Hsiaoang. Gay pageants and festivals were held to celebrate his victories. The Emperor commissioned Ward not only a general and admiral, but a Mandarin of the third class. Upon his troops was conferred the title of Ever Victorious Army. Even London promised Ward the solid backing of its Empire and offered him troops to assist him in pushing the Taipings further away from Shanghai. In him they now saw an opportunity to help surreptitiously the Manchus repel the revolution which threatened their investment.

Tzetang was convinced that Ward now held China's destiny in his necromantic rattan cane. Hoping to consolidate further the genius of the intrepid Yankee with China's fate, Tzetang offered Ward the hand of his daughter. The general willingly accepted—his purpose was obvious. The opportunity for his fantastic plan had presented itself, but like Caesar he waited.

On April 4, 1862 General Ward's Ever Victorious Army

attacked Wang Kiatze and after a terrific battle his well-trained troops captured the city. But for all the army's modern discipline, Ward could do little to prevent some of his native troops from head hunting and many gun barrels were capped with blood-crusting skulls.

Tsipao was next. It fell on April 17, Kiating on April 29. Tzingpu, Nanchiao and Cholin were hard-fought battles but distinguished victories for the imperials.

Though wounded innumerable times, Ward seemed blessed with the fortune of Achilles. Small wonder the Chinese began to regard him as immortal. Perhaps he now believed himself so, for he began to take unnecessary risks by exposing himself to snipers while strolling too close to the walls of attacked cities.

On September 20, 1862, Ward's army marched on Tzeki. Converging in front of the stronghold, the infantry covered by an imposing array of artillery prepared for the offensive. As General Ward proudly inspected his troops, he walked to a small knoll and arrogantly surveyed the walled city.

Suddenly he staggered and fell to his knees, mumbling

incoherently. A sharp-shooting rebel had hit the general in the chest.

The worshipping imperial troops went amok. Infuriated beyond reason or caution, they attacked and cruelly massacred the entire garrison without mercy. Their carnage left no wounded nor any prisoners.

But Ward was injured beyond hope of survival and the British doctor in Shanghai could do little. Frederick Ward died in gasping agony the next morning, holding forth to the last on the excellence of his army and China's glorious destiny.

China loved this foolhardy filibuster, their god from beyond the sea. Fifteen years after his death, the Imperial Government erected a memorial temple at Sungkiang and in subsequent ceremonies canonized Ward as a saint in the Confucian calendar—the greatest honor ever bestowed upon any foreigner. But in his native country he is still a nonentity. As the inscription at Sungkiang concludes:

*"... a happy seat among the clouds and temples standing
for a thousand springs, make to all his faithful heart."*



Rostov Monastery

by Sheila Isham



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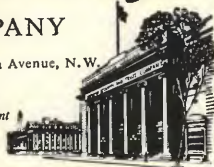
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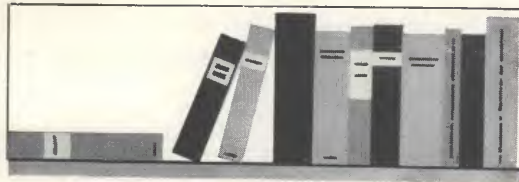
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New Concepts of Science and of Human Values

By LEONARD C. MEEKER

HERE ARE three books which can be read with profit and pleasure by anyone wishing to inform himself about facts of the space age and about the possible future at home on Earth and abroad in the Universe.

Professor Shapley has compressed into his small volume "Of Stars and Men" a great amount of scientific observation and mathematical calculation about the Universe—covering the whole span from sub-atomic particles to astral galaxies. He inclines to the view of the school which holds that the Universe was created at an instant of time in the past—perhaps 5 to 15 billion years ago—by the explosion of a "primeval superatom." Professor Shapley discusses a number of theories as to how the planet Earth was formed, while he presents essentially a single explanation of how life began on the Earth. This last is a very persuasive and articulate explanation, drawing on the work of a number of scientists beginning with J. B. S. Haldane in 1928.

Reaching out into the galaxies, Professor Shapley estimates there are between one hundred million and one hundred trillion "high-life" planets in the Universe—that is, locations favorable to higher forms of life such as exist on the Earth. Professor Shapley also asserts that there are a common physics and a common chemistry throughout the Universe, organic chemistry included. He has nevertheless avoided the temptation that some have felt to engage in philosophical or religious theorizing on the basis of scientific findings and hypotheses.

It must be acknowledged that for the lay reader certain terms and passages in "Of Stars and Men" require explanation. The reader may also, at times, wonder about the organization of the book, and he will not find that simple yet eloquent clarity of presentation with which a few writers, like William James, have been gifted. But whatever its shortcomings, this book has been successful in purveying an impressive amount of fact and idea high in specific gravity.

* * *

"The Black Cloud" was written by a British astronomer, Fred Hoyle, who, unlike Shapley, is a proponent of the "continuous-creation" theory of the Universe. This book of his is not an exposition of that theory, nor indeed of any theories; it is, by the author's description, a "frolic" in science fiction. It is full of interest and fun, scientific speculation, and Mr. Hoyle's observations on politics and psychology.

The author begins his story with the approach of the Black Cloud toward the Earth. Catastrophic weather dis-

turbances ensue—intense heat, followed by violent storms and floods, and at length glacial cold in a two-month-long sunless night. Next the Cloud is found to be intelligent, and radio communication is established with it. On this point there is a sharp divergence from Shapley, who maintains that planets are the only possible scene of intelligent life. America and Russia attempt to destroy the Cloud with H-bomb rockets; these are turned around by the Cloud and sent back to Earth. Then the Cloud departs, to investigate the destruction of another intelligence, like itself, only about two light years away.

The Black Cloud, according to Mr. Hoyle, has an intelligence of far greater power and complexity than anything known to man; it considers life on Earth to be extremely primitive and precarious, human processes of thought to be pitifully simple and shot through with the most serious defects. Before leaving the solar system, the Cloud undertakes to communicate its method of thinking to Earth scientists; but two attempts fail as the subjects in each case succumb to inflammation of the brain.

The third book, Arthur Clarke's "The Other Side of the Sky," is equally fanciful. This collection of short stories is perhaps a little less demanding than the preceding two books on the reader's faculty for following scientific reasoning—Mr. Clarke's excellent style is surely a factor—but it will still provide vigorous exercise for anyone's powers of general logic and thought.

Some of these stories are written on a theme that comes naturally to a person who, like Mr. Clarke, has been deeply interested in rocketry and space exploration: What practical problems will be encountered in that exploration? The author deals with several: adequate air supply on a space station, and an alarm system to warn when the supply is failing; what happens when a man is exposed to the nearly absolute vacuum of outer space and to the sun's direct rays; the adventures of an expedition to the moon; how evolution on a low-gravity planet can turn human beings into Brobdingnagians.

There is another theme in some of the stories, the theme of intelligence outside the Earth. "Security Check" (by the

"OF STARS AND MEN" by Harlow Shapley. Beacon Press, 157 pages, \$3.50.

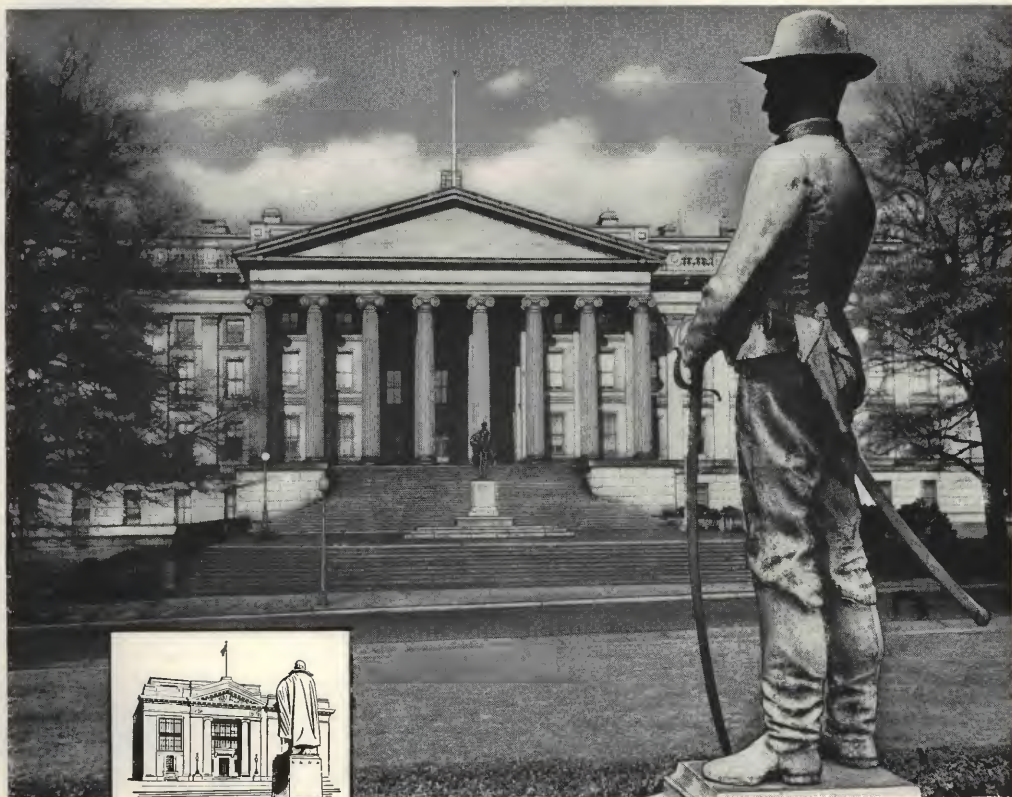
"THE BLACK CLOUD" by Fred Hoyle. Harper & Brothers, 251 pages, \$2.95.

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY" by Arthur Clarke. Harcourt, Brace & Company, 245 pages, \$3.95.

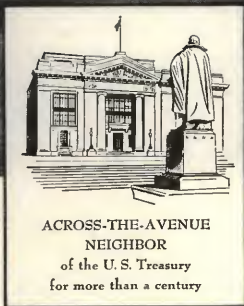
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Atlas ICBM in orbit (at left). Crewmen have arrived in a glider (center), inflatable capsule (at right) will be living quarters for the crew. *Atlas ICBM Manufacturer's Model.*

agents of an external power) is among these. So also "No Morning After"—where the intellects of Thaar offer escape to mankind when the sun is about to explode; "Publicity Campaign"—where an external power finally loses patience with the incivility of its reception on Earth and in twenty minutes destroys all life here; and "Out of the Sun"—where Mr. Clarke agrees with Hoyle rather than with Shapley about the possibility of life apart from the planetary habit.

Then there are some haunting stories about the loneliness and transitoriness of life in the Universe: "The Star," "Transience," and "The Songs of Distant Earth." Here Mr. Clarke has gone beyond science fiction into literature. The same is true of another story in this volume, "The Wall of Darkness." These four and "All the Time in the World" are pieces of writing which goad the mind by forcing new and unconventional conceptions on the reader and make him reflect on the relationship between science and human values.

Foreign Policy and Southeast Asia

by THOMAS J. CORCORAN

Russell H. Fifield has produced a comprehensive analysis of the foreign affairs machinery of the countries of Southeast Asia which is in effect a diplomatic handbook as well as a diplomatic history of the area. The development of the foreign policies of the various states, all of which except Thailand joined the modern family of nations only after World War II, is carefully traced through what the author calls the formative years of 1945-1958. The policies of the traditional western powers primarily interested in the region during the post colonial period are considered as well as those of newly independent India and re-emergent Japan. The potential power represented respectively by the Moscow-Peking Axis and the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization is realistically assessed. Considerable attention is given to United Nations activities and to participation in international conferences outside the United Nations.

The author states that his focus is on the countries of Southeast Asia rather than on broad topics, specific organizations or important events. Such factors as the policies of outside powers and the impact of international conferences are woven into the chapters. The first part of the book in-

THE DIPLOMACY OF SOUTHEAST ASIA: 1945-1958, by Russell H. Fifield, Harper & Brothers, New York, 584 pages, 4 maps, bibliography and index. \$7.50.

cludes a consideration of the background of independence and the final part deals with regionalism and with Southeast Asia in the United Nations. In addition to providing what is probably the most extensive bibliography in existence on Southeast Asian diplomacy, the author has appended a long list of local political leaders and foreign diplomats, journalists and scholars with whom he talked or corresponded in preparation of the book.

This book will have great general interest for the student of foreign affairs inside or outside the Foreign Service because, as the author points out, since the end of World War II the making of foreign policy has been transferred from London, Paris, The Hague, and Washington to Rangoon, Kuala Lumpur, Saigon, Hanoi, Phnom Penh, Vientiane, Djakarta, and Manila. It will have a secondary practical value for the Foreign Service officer professionally interested in Southeast Asia as a convenient briefing and reference work covering the crowded period which saw the formation of foreign policies that often differ from those originating in Washington or in Moscow.

"The Great EB"

by E. J. BEIGEL

The Great EB combines a history of publishing, a business history, and a magnificent blurb for the Britannica. Its appeal lies in its story of how the EB has developed, principally over the last fifty years. Mr. Kogan, literary editor of a Chicago newspaper, who has previously written several business and political histories, has assembled an anecdotal history of the Britannica which is light but instructive reading.

The Britannica was the second important encyclopedia published in English, and was inspired by the controversy aroused in Europe by the French *Encyclopedie*. The first edition of EB appeared serially in three volumes, sold by subscription, in 1768-71, in Edinburgh. When the enterprise much later fell on hard times several Chicago book promoters gained control, moved the offices to London, and hit on the idea of using the venerable but failing London *Times* as a promotion medium.

The largest and by far the best single part of this book is the story of these promoters, especially Horace Hooper, and the high jinks of their association with Northcliffe and *The Times*.

By 1920 the EB had become the property of Sears, Roebuck in return for a large personal contribution from Rosenwald which kept it going, but in 1943 for tax reasons Sears disposed of the EB to the University of Chicago and to William Benton, who is now the publisher. After 1930 the Britannica adopted a system of continuous revision and new printings have appeared each year, involving revisions of as much as a tenth of the thirty-eight million words.

The EB is a remarkable publishing venture that has persisted for two centuries, whose principal purpose has been to spread knowledge, notwithstanding those critics who believe encyclopedia readers may learn something about everything but nothing very profoundly. A nation even of smatterers is still so far from realization, at least in this country, as not to be dismissed lightly.

**THE GREAT EB, THE STORY OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA*, by Herman Kogan, *The University of Chicago Press* 321 pages, illustrations and index. \$4.95.

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The Bookshelf

"Should Be Read And Re-read"

by WILLIAM R. TYLER

A RECENT and deceptively slight volume* by the distinguished French Thomist philosopher, Jacques Maritain, should be to government officials working on foreign affairs a treasure house of ideas, analysis, and comments of extraordinary interest. Retaining the informal style and idiom of the three seminars held at the University of Chicago in 1956, out of which this book grew, Jacques Maritain touches on every essential aspect of American life and experience with penetrating insight, always accompanied by the sympathy of true friendship, which does not hold him back from pointing to weaknesses and dangers in our way of life, as he sees them.

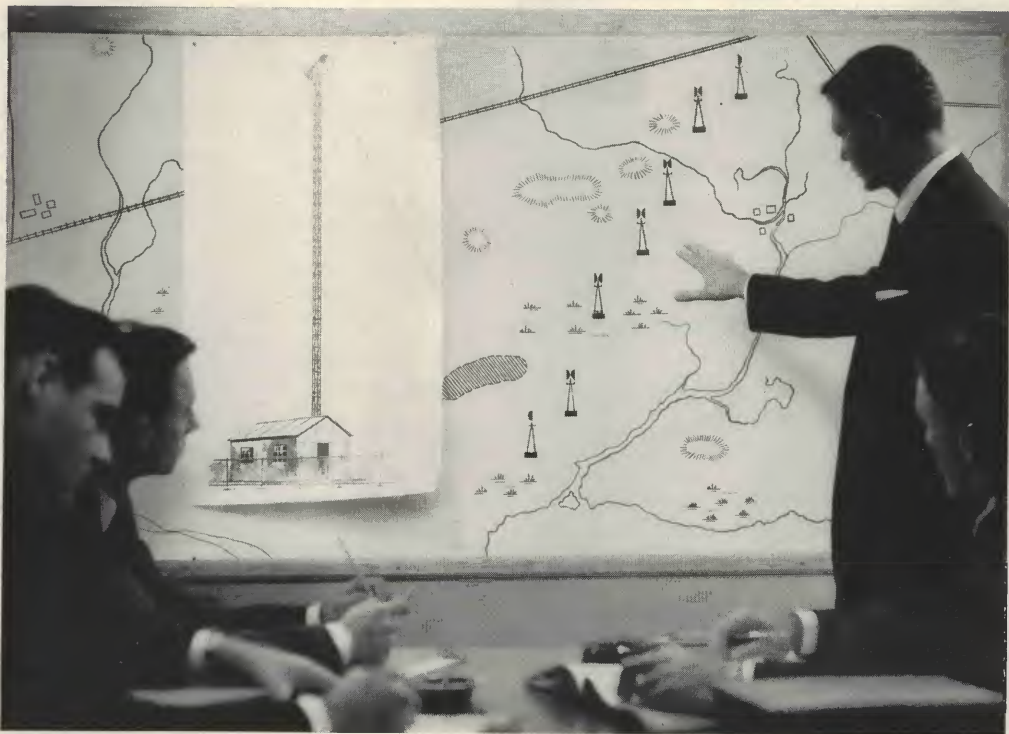
One of the most striking aspects of the book, in addition to the subtlety and lucidity of the thought, is its non-scientific approach. It is the work of a true humanist who, while fully aware of and admiring our practical achievements, is penetrated by the realization that "the great and admirable strength of America consists in this, that America is truly the American people." This note is struck in the very first pages of the book, in which the author states that he had "felt a growing inner urge to bear witness to this country and to its people," and relates his first impression, in the United States "of a deep-seated contrast of immense bearing, a sharp, far-reaching contrast between *the people* on the one hand, and, on the other hand, what I would like to call the externally superimposed *structure or ritual of civilization*."

This approach to the phenomenon of America goes to the root of the matter. For if the future of our country and of freedom in the world could be determined merely by a comparison of the present and potential material resources at the disposal of the forces which have world domination as their goal, with those lying outside their grasp, a statistical computation would tell the story. We know this not to be so, and we know that our future is in some mysterious and indissoluble way linked to our remaining true to, and living by, the principles on which our nation was founded. And it was the people who founded the nation, in effort, in sacrifice, in suffering, and in death. By tapping the living well-spring of the American experience, Jacques Maritain manages often to explain the indefinable and to point the way toward which our collective energies must surely be directed. It is a way of hope, which he shares, and for which he gives encouraging justification, if we remain true to our beliefs.

The author states at the outset, indeed, in his dedication of this book, that he loves America; and this warm and unflinching note of affection and *faith* which runs through the 200 pages of the little volume, makes all the more impressive his firm and measured definition of areas of weakness or danger in life in America today—"the vulnerable points," as he calls them—and some of our illusions. Among these he discusses, in addition to the more obvious problems which concern us (such as the racial question): criticism

*"REFLECTIONS OF AMERICA" by Jacques Maritain. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 199 pages, \$3.50.

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of the intellectual and the artist, excessive tolerance of ideas (which sometimes leads to not believing in anything firmly, because anything may be true), the need for an explicit philosophy of the American experiment, the dangers of naturalism ("more insidious, I think, than the threat of materialism"), the cult of success, the fear of hierarchy in values, American illusions of marriage, and other questions. In one of his most suggestive passages, Maritain exalts the human value of leisure, too often ignored, or considered to be reprehensible, and calls for a certain amount of "spiritual epicureanism," a sentiment with which few in the Foreign Service will disagree.

In short, these reflections on, and of, America are required reading for all those who see the destiny of the United States in terms of our relations with the other peoples of the world. They are a stimulant and a point of departure for further analysis. They should be read and re-read. As the author himself states in a resounding understatement: "This book was not made to be read in a hurry. If it is read at leisure, it will perhaps appear not completely useless."

American Political Parties, Their Natural History, by *Wilfred E. Binkley*, Third Edition, Knopf, New York, 470 pages, \$5.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN WINSHIP

WITH the presidential hopefuls in both parties already disclaiming any interest in the political prospects for 1960, this is as good a time as any for reviewing the 170 years of American history which have made our Republican and Democratic parties what they are today.

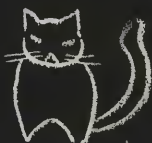
George Washington in his Farewell Address warned his countrymen against the "fatal tendency" toward development of political parties, but what worried him was the emergence of an organized opposition to his Federalist supporters, who had claimed a monopoly on patriotism. Jefferson succeeded to the Presidency in 1800 backed by a carefully nurtured combination of groups sharing the belief "that most farmers, whether great or small, are honest and that most other people are not." From that time onward American politics has been essentially an interplay of the increasingly diverse elements in our national society whose interests have necessarily coalesced around one or the other of two truly national parties in order to aspire to victory at the polls.

In this essentially uncomplicated text Professor Binkley notes the effect of the tides of migration and the progress of economic development upon political trends, but he also credits political success to the lucky guesses or fatal miscalculations of candidates and political bosses. Even the ghosts have their effect; the Professor cites a speech-writer's happy inspiration for Eisenhower's "I shall go to Korea" pledge in the closing days of the 1952 campaign as the most telling single stroke of the most gruelling Presidential campaign in American history.

By hasty topical mention of the Little Rock school integration crisis and the launching of the Russian *sputnik*, this third edition covers events through the autumn of 1957. These items, however, add little to a text which does not attempt to draw morals from history or project the course of future elections. In its painstaking review of the rise and fall of our political parties this readable history does help the reader, whether an American voter or an interested foreigner, to a better understanding of the American political scene as it unfolds in the daily newspaper headlines.

TEACHER'S PET

After teaching on the job all day at the Arabian American Oil Company's auto maintenance shop in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, head trainer Abdul Aziz al-Saleh has his work cut out for him at home. Each evening during school time, like fathers all over the world, Abdul Aziz settles down for a session with his 8-year-old son Mohammed.



Iqra'. (Read), he tells the boy.

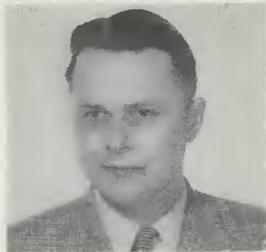
Qittati saghira wa jameela. (My kitten is small and beautiful.)

Abdul Aziz, who has been with ARAMCO over 20 years, has seen little skills develop and lead to fine careers in the vast oil industry of Saudi Arabia.

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New Journal Board Member:



RICHARD T. DAVIES was graduated by Columbia College, New York City, and served as an enlisted man in the Army during World War II. He was appointed to the Foreign Service in 1947, and has served in Warsaw, Moscow, the International Staff of NATO in Paris, and Kabul. He is currently assigned to

the Office of Eastern European Affairs as Public Affairs Adviser. This photo was taken before he fell under the sway of Nizamuddin, barber at Kabul.



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The Bookshelf

By ROBERT MCCLINTOCK

"THE FLEET that Had to Die," by Richard Hough, is an absorbing little book* which for sheer human drama and excitement, tinged by the certainty of impending doom, is difficult to put down. Although this reviewer strongly dissents from the author's conclusion that Tsushima ranks with Trafalgar as a naval action and is superior from a strategic sense to the Battle of Jutland, there is much of interest to the modern reader in this account of a battle which took place more than half a century ago. Clearly, however, the author is wrong in ascribing such a high strategic importance to the Battle of the Japan Sea, since the Russo-Japanese war would have been lost by the forces of the Czar even if Rozhstvensky had managed to fight his way through to Vladivostok. By the author's account of the Second Pacific Squadron, and the even more appalling Third Pacific Squadron, there was no element of materiel or personnel which could, even had the ships and their crews reached a haven in the Far East, have successfully resisted Japanese sea power under Admiral Togo.

For the present-day reader, perhaps the most interesting fact brought out in this account of the 18,000-mile voyage of Rozhstvensky's squadrons from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan was that, for perhaps the first time in history, this was a fleet which maintained its logistical system by maritime supply. We Americans, proud of the brilliant performance of the Sixth Fleet in maintaining itself at sea, are perhaps ignorant of the fact that more than fifty years ago the supposedly inefficient Russians did exactly the same thing by stationing German colliers along the route of more than half the world to keep Rozhstvensky's vessels moving east.

One cannot conclude this review without expressing admiration for the character of the lonely Russian Admiral who, against all adversaries, of whom the most formidable was the inefficiency of his own government, managed to bring his doomed armada to its Armageddon. Rozhstvensky stands out as a great naval leader for this accomplishment alone. Perhaps it is more kind to pass over the grievous tactical mistakes he made in the conduct of the battle, as, for example, when by a simple 90° turn to port he could have crossed the "T" on the rear of Togo's column. One might close in quoting the aphorism of Suvarov, the Russian general for whom Rozhstvensky's flagship was named, by saying, "God can always make another Russian."

**THE FLEET THAT HAD TO DIE* by Richard Hough. Viking Press, 207 pages, \$3.95.

Alien Corn

Betty Lussier has written a delightful account* of her three years spent in Spanish Morocco, raising American hybrid corn. Being a farm girl at heart, Miss Lussier was not content with her very social life in Madrid. So she bought a tractor and some seed corn, left her Spanish husband and apartment in Madrid, picked up her four small boys, and arranged to plant a large section of a Spanish Company-owned farm in Spanish Morocco. One finds refreshing both the sympathy she displayed for the local people and the American approach she used in trying to help them better their condition. (J. D. F.)

**AMID MY ALIEN CORN* by Betty Lussier. J. B. Lippincott Company, 288 pages, \$3.95.

Toynbee's Travels

By E. J. BEIGEL

The seventy-three essays which make up "East to West: A Journey Round the World" originally appeared in the London OBSERVER as a series of articles written during a trip around the world by Arnold J. Toynbee and his wife, both retired from the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

The reader who is not a specialist on the areas described at some length in this volume might best tackle it with an atlas or NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC maps by his side. The best third of these essays, worthy of collection between hard covers, deals with the social, religious or economic history of peoples or countries visited. They confirm that many important current issues can be much more easily understood once they are laundered in the stream of history.

When Toynbee departs from the travel diary and antiquities to consider the forces playing upon world development, this volume proves to be worthwhile reading. This applies particularly to some of the provocative essays dealing with difficult contemporary questions in the Far East (such as sections on the overseas Chinese, on Indonesia and Japan) and South Asia (economic development in India) and in the third of the book devoted to the Near and Middle East (such as Iraq, Iran and the Palestine Arabs).

EAST TO WEST: A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD. By Arnold J. Toynbee, Oxford University Press, New York, 221 pages, itinerary and index. \$4.50.

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PINCH, Edward T.
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“This Is Strictly An Internal Matter Among Us Doves”

11/22/56

The Washington Post's famous cartoonist, Herblock, has been described by the ATLANTIC as "America's best—an American Daumier." The cartoons published on these two pages are from his new book "Herblock's Special For Today" (Simon and Schuster) and are reprinted by special permission.



Herblock's Special For Today
(Simon & Schuster, 1958)

"Want To Know How It Ends?"

12/31/56



Herblock's Special For Today
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Herblock's Special For Today
(Simon & Schuster, 1958)

"I said, 'YOU TOO CAN SHARE THE BETTER LIFE!'"

7/1/56

AFSA correspondence

EDITOR'S NOTE: The JOURNAL believes its readers will be interested to see some of the correspondence that came to AFSA concerning legislation on retirement payments, already highlighted in the letter to the Editor by Robert L. Smyth, FSO-Ret'd, and in the editorial, in the October issue of the JOURNAL. We are, therefore, publishing below both the reply that was sent to Mr. Smyth by the then Chairman of the Board, E. Allan Lightner, and the more recent reply received from Mr. Smyth. The October editorial "Temporary Relief" was published since Mr. Lightner's letter was written and the new Chairman of the Board is J. Graham Parsons.

Dear Mr. Smyth:

The Board discussed your letter at its last meeting and I hope very much that the reply that I am now authorized to make will help to clarify the situation and at least reassure you regarding the attitude and activities of the Association.

There has never been any lack of interest on the part of the Association and of the JOURNAL in the difficult and very real financial predicament, brought on by inflation, which is confronting all of our retired colleagues. All of us who are working with the Association and the JOURNAL Boards have close friends who are retired and are faced with the problem of living on a fixed income in these inflationary times. Moreover, as you say, all of us on the active list will sooner or later join the retired group and, accordingly, also have a personal interest in seeing that the retired officers are given equitable treatment.

I enclose as of possible interest to you copies of an exchange of letters between the Chairman of the Board of the Association and the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration that took place a little over a year ago. As you will note, the Association has gone on record with the Department as fully supporting the program of relief for retired Foreign Service personnel which the DACOR legislative committee had drawn up. In the meantime, the Association, through its Committee on Retired Foreign Service Per-

sonnel, has continued to work closely with DACOR officers on all aspects of this problem.

At the time of this exchange of correspondence we considered publishing the letters in the JOURNAL. The decision against publication was based solely on the concern that publication might possibly prejudice the chances for passage of legislation not yet submitted. I am now inclined to think we made a mistake in not taking steps at that time to inform our membership on the position taken by the Board.

Legislation along the lines of the DACOR program was not submitted last year but was introduced in the present session of Congress by Senator Sparkman in the form of S.3379. While the Association, the JOURNAL and the Department favored the provisions of the Sparkman Bill, the Department was not able to take an official position in favor of the Bill because the Bureau of the Budget, which determines the Administration's position, never authorized the submission of a favorable report to the Senate. In view of this impasse and in order to obtain some relief for retired officers and widows this year, the Sparkman Bill was amended to meet the views of the Bureau of the Budget. The amended version calls for a ten percent increase in Foreign Service and survivorship annuities. A further limitation was tacked on in the House, despite the Department's opposition, and the bill, thus amended, has now been passed by the Congress and sent to the President for signature.

The Board of Directors of the Foreign Service Association do not consider that the Sparkman Bill, as amended, provides adequate relief for retired officers. Our Board, and I am sure the 1958-59 Board too, will give active support to a program of relief of a more liberal and permanent nature, such as that advanced by DACOR. While I cannot speak for the Department, I am reasonably sure it will also continue to favor more equitable and far-reaching measures.

Sometimes when one is far from the Washington scene it is hard to appreciate the many practical and strategic considerations that the Department must take into account in determining how best to pursue an objective such as this. Lacking a lobby, the problem is all the more delicate. For

the same reasons the Association and the JOURNAL have to weigh carefully the probable effects of their activities lest well intentioned action prove counterproductive. For example, letters, JOURNAL articles, editorials and the like would not necessarily have had a favorable effect on the Bureau of the Budget, whose cooperation was required before there could be any legislation. On the other hand, there is no doubt but that the active and retired Foreign Service corps should be kept informed of all relevant developments. It was assumed this was being done through the DACOR Bulletin. Hindsight shows we probably also should have covered the subject in the JOURNAL. Had we done so, maybe you would not have felt so strongly that the AFSA Board had let you down on this all-important problem.

Somewhat belatedly and largely as a result of your letter, steps are now being taken to give publicity in the JOURNAL to the status, background and prospects of remedial legislation on retirement payments.

E. ALLAN LIGHTNER, JR.
Chairman, Board of Directors

MR. E. ALLAN LIGHTNER, JR.
Chairman, Board of Directors
American Foreign Service
Association

Dear Allan:

Thank you very much for your letter of August 28, which I received on my return from a trip. Your letter explained a number of things I did not know before. I am glad that publicity will be given in the JOURNAL to the question of remedial legislation on retirement payments, as I am sure that this will be of great interest to retired officers. Also, it should be of interest to active officers, all of whom must look forward to retirement some day.

I appreciate very much your trouble in replying so fully to my letter, and it is heartening to know that the Foreign Service Association is making such efforts to assist in improving retirement allowances.

I enclose my check for \$7 to cover my associate (Retired) membership in the American Foreign Service Association for the current year.

ROBERT L. SMYTH, FSO-Ret'd
San Rafael, Calif.



MacDougal Alley, N.Y.C.

Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. All letters are subject to condensation. The opinions of the writers are not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

"Beautiful Issue"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Congratulations on this beautiful issue on Africa. It has excited me along so many avenues of my interest in Africa, and will go with me on my brief vacation. Starting with the article, "The Challenge of Africa" by R. Smith Simpson, I shall read every word.

A small group of women, with whom I have been associated for many years, is studying Africa this winter. I am sending a copy of the JOURNAL to each of them for the up-to-the-minute information it will add to their study material.

I was also greatly interested to see the picture of the Zulu clay modeler, Hezekieli Ntuli. I have two of his figures in my Africa collection, which I value highly.

(Mrs.) FRANCES P. BOLTON
Member of Committee
on Foreign Affairs

House of Representatives

"Temporary Relief"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Your editorial, "Temporary Relief," in the October issue supporting more adequate annuities for Retired Officers is greatly appreciated. In this connection I hope you will help in correcting the gross discrimination in the 1956 F. S. Act, which denied Retired F. S. personnel the benefit of the 70% on 35 years service granted to the active service. This is no mere matter of relief or a cost-of-living handout, but doing simple justice. Many officers today on far larger salaries will receive pensions five times the maximum paid the Retired, and surely the latter on their meager annuities should have the percentage earned by their years of service, and not be arbitrarily limited to 30 years credit. This unfair discrimination is more glaring in view of the Civil Service Retirement Act which provides annuities based upon total years of service. Most important corporations base their pensions on 40 years of service or more and have no 30 year limitation. (I

make no comparison with Armed Forces pensions, U. S. Public Health Service, etc. who give $\frac{3}{4}$ pension without contribution, and so often are benevolently taxfree).

In the October DACOR Bulletin, James P. Moffitt points out that many subordinate employees are receiving, under Civil Service, larger annuities on actual years of service than their former Chiefs. This palpable injustice has caused perhaps more heartaches than any other single item.

ARTHUR C. FROST
F.S.O.-Ret'd

Menlo Park, Calif.

The Foreign Service at Luna

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I have just completed reading a 101-page "novel" entitled "A Planet for Texans" which is a part of Ace Book no. D-299 issued only a short while ago. The authors are cited as H. Beam Piper and John J. Maguire. I do not know what personalities these names may mask but I suspect one of them must have had some contact with the Foreign Service in the days prior to World War II.

A book laid some hundreds of years in the future, in a time of easy interplanetary travel and of a Solar League with its capital (complete with Department of State, Department of Aggression and Coordinator of Security) established on Luna is the most unexpected place to find nostalgic echoes of the period when the way in which the Rogers Act might work out was

a prime concern and no one had ever heard of integration. Yet we have here a Consular Service which proudly refers to itself as the "Hooligan Diplomats." The protagonist, a successful Hooligan Diplomat who has stuck his neck out by writing an article on "Probable Future Courses of Solar League Diplomacy" in *The Galactic Statesman's Journal*, is "demoted" to the post of Ambassador to New Texas, where his four predecessors have respectively gone native, lost sanity, committed suicide and been murdered. His assigned mission is to recruit New Texas into the Solar League; actually he is slated to be assassinated in a manner to facilitate armed Solar League intervention.

The manner in which the Ambassador *malgre soi* accomplishes his mission, preserves his own life and lays the foundation for the defeat of the Solar League's principal enemy, is reminiscent of the Service legends about Imbrie rescuing an American at gun's point from a Soviet prison, Morton shepherding Americans safely through Eastern Poland down to Bucharest, Waller thumbing a ride in the car of the German Commanding General in occupied Belgium and many others who have carried out greater or lesser exploits over the years. The easy informality of life in the Embassy on New Texas differs in no respect save the addition of Marine guards and a few mechanical gadgets from the minuscule staffs and maximum informality of our Legations of twenty-five to thirty years ago.

Aside from the nostalgia, this is the first attempt I have encountered to project the Foreign Service of the future. It is too bad that Ace Books did not coordinate their publication of it with the JOURNAL. A review would have been a suitable ingredient for your April space issue.

ALBERT E. CLATTENBURG, JR.
Arlington, Va.

"Entertainment"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

... I'd like to take this opportunity to let you know that I have found the JOURNAL a source of considerable entertainment and information.

THEODORE J. C. HEAVNER
Hue, Viet Nam



... Present assignment cancelled. Now proceed immediately Barbados as Visa Officer. Submit Form 471 ..."

Letters to the Editor

Pseudonyms may be used only if the original letter includes the writer's correct name. All letters are subject to condensation. The opinions of the writers are not intended to indicate the official views of the Department of State, or of the Foreign Service as a whole.

"Serving Overseas"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Gwen Barrows' *Washington Letter* in the September 1958 issue of the JOURNAL contained a quotation from a letter to the NEW YORK TIMES by Ralph Boyce, ICA. The letter hinted at, but completely missed probably the most difficult problem with which the Foreign Service has to deal. It was sad that the JOURNAL also missed the problem and even implied support for Mr. Boyce's point of view by offering a quotation in the same vein from advice by Russian Ambassador Menshikov to Soviet economic officials departing to East Germany.

The problem is not the type of assignment and its tendency to throw our overseas officialdom with ministry or department heads, managers or directors, but simply the fact that no matter with whom we are thrown, too often that not we cannot speak the language. This is the big point that the NEW YORK TIMES makes, and not the inability of our people "... to live simply on the same level ...". The language barrier accounts for the lack of rapport that often exists between our people and their host country counterparts. So often are our overseas mission staffs conscious of it, that it generates a lack of confidence in their relations with officials. One result is that they do an unusual amount of entertaining among themselves which gives rise to the comment I've heard most often during eight years of foreign service, that "... Americans just seem to entertain themselves and don't care to mix ...".

Ambassador Menshikov's advice, however, was well suited to the persons for whom it was meant. The Russians don't have the reputation of sending their people abroad without a knowledge of the language of the host country, so in that particular case, the advice was just a final polish.

Mr. Boyce closed with a comment to the effect that the United States technician's daily level of contact is the department head, etc., "... hardly the masses." (Here I tell myself to be calm.) Why not the masses? Our whole overseas job is a public relations effort. Does Mr. Boyce mean to apply public relations to the executive level only? Does the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL hold this point of view, too?

JOHN E. MONTEL
Quito
Agricultural Attaché

Editor's Note:

The language problem Mr. Montel discusses is certainly an important one, and one the JOURNAL is giving a good deal of at-

tention to, but it was not the one under discussion in the September Washington Letter and while we cannot speak for Mr. Boyce we do feel that public relations is a full-time job at every level.

Coolness in the Far East

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

The following is a short anecdote that may be of interest to JOURNAL readers.

A businessman in the Far East, in passing the time of day with an official in the provinces, remarked that it was a warm day.

The official replied, "Yes, much warmer than usual—it is all the fault of the Americans."

The businessman: "What have the Americans done to make it so warm?"

Official: "It is their air conditioners. They take all the coolness out of the air and bring it into their houses and make it much hotter for the rest of us outside."

S. W.

"Presently"

To the Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

I should like to know what your readers think about the increasing misuse of the word "presently" as a substitute for "at present," "currently" or "now."

In my book, "presently" means "in the near future," "soon," "shortly," or "before long." In other words, *not now!* At most, with reference to the present time, it can mean "at once" or "immediately," but still retains the idea of future action. If there were some lack of words to express the

idea in the writers' and speakers' minds there might be some excuse for it. Certainly, I am not opposed to the introduction of new usages for the sake of clarification of thought, but why muddle things up?

This sloppy usage of the word is creeping into all forms of popular speech and writing (including Governmental) and I have even seen it in the JOURNAL. The NEWSLETTER probably takes the prize for the most times misuse of the word "presently" has appeared.

I sincerely hope that we shall presently find that the carelessness existing at present will disappear!

VIRGINIA P. RICE
Rome (Mrs. CHARLES M. RICE, JR.)

November Journal

The Editor,
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL:

Reading my November JOURNAL today, which incidentally and very gratifyingly is excellent, it occurred to me, somewhat belatedly, that some of its readers who did not receive announcements would be interested in the fact that our daughter, Sheila Elizabeth, was married in Cambridge on October 11, to James Boyce, President of Associates for International Research, Cambridge, and a member of the faculty of the Harvard School of Business Administration. James was briefly with the State Department after World War II. Sheila is continuing with her music in spite of matrimony.

JOHN CARTER VINCENT
Harvard University
Cambridge

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By Charles C. Adams



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