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cookie pusher's plea for a bigger booze allowance.

And so, while I may sound critical, my purpose is to shed some light on what goes on in the labyrinths of Foggy Bottom, and to communicate some concern about how to induce qualified and talented people to go to work for their government and help formulate and carry out an intelligent foreign policy.

The State Department is relatively small. Its 25,700 employees, of whom 3,520 are Foreign Service Officers, and its annual budget of $393 million make it the second smallest department of the government. (Labor has fewer people and Justice a smaller budget.) It is also the most far-flung—with 117 embassies, 66 consulates general, and 79 consulates scattered around the world—and the most verbose—a large embassy on an average day will receive more than 400,000 words, the equivalent of an 850-page book, and in Washington the Department's distribution section makes copies of 70,000 incoming messages a day. So perhaps the best way of explaining what's wrong with the State Department is to start with the paper.

Paper work is invented by bureaucratic-minded people who, like Frankenstein, later become its victims. These are people to whom an overflowing in-box is a daily challenge and an empty one a daily achievement; for whom a satisfying week's work consists in initialing as many reams of paper and deferring as many decisions as possible; with whom you can talk of "action" only in terms of setting up a committee, hopefully one that will spawn subcommittees. The chief considerations of a bureaucrat are to abide by the letter of the regulations, whatever the consequences, to keep a clean desk, and never to "make waves."

There are fewer bureaucrats in the State Department than in other swollen government agencies—AID, for example—but enough to make you wonder at times how a new idea ever bubbles to the top. The reason, of course, is that there are generally a few activists at every echelon who enjoy results and do not regard moving paper as an end in itself. Keeping these activists in the bureaucracy and recruiting new ones should be a priority objective of every incoming Administration.

The production of paper is excessive at both ends and self-generating. Reporting requirements from the field keep embassy officers desk-bound when they should be getting out and around. Most of these reports are copied, distributed, and filed away without anybody's reading them except, possibly, some specialist in the Bureau of Intelligence and Research. Telegrams get more attention because they are shorter, but only a few percolate up to the sixth and seventh floors or to the White House. (Former Ambassador J. K. Galbraith once told me the only way to get a telegram read in the White House was to put a four-letter word in it.) Since so much of what is reported is of no practical or immediate use, I have often wondered why Washington does not deal with its overseas missions the way a news service editor deals with his overseas bureaus—which is to ask for special reports when the need arises rather than to expect correspondents in the field to keep filing everything they can find out about anything. Conversely, the men in the field should be spared the eyestrain of having to read or even glance at most of what comes from Washington by pouch. (Our weekly CIA summary—naturally, stamped "secret"—seldom contained anything we hadn't already read about in the New York *Times* Sunday news digest.)

Perhaps the only way to stop the flow of paper is to penalize anybody who writes reports that could possibly be avoided. But it won't happen; there are too many people who need to produce paper in order to justify their presence on the payroll. (A Foreign Service Officer named Holmes Welch recently defined the Welch corollary to Parkinson's Law as follows: *Every producer of paper added to the government roster creates the need for an additional consumer of paper.* But the latter, when hired, turns out to be a producer too.) What happens to all the paper? It piles up.

Aside from reports, there are other kinds of paper that clog the machinery and waste time, money, and manpower. Travel and expense vouchers are just two examples. When a Foreign Service Officer goes from point A to point B, he must make out a form accounting for every minute of his time in transit (0916—departed terminal, airport tax: 70 cents; 0955—arrived chancery, bus: $1.25). Per diem rates vary, depending on where he is and whether he happens to be stationary or in motion. The resulting voucher is both complicated and time-consuming for everyone involved in preparing and reviewing it. It has been estimated that the government spends about $10 to process an average voucher, which can easily double the cost of the reimbursement. It can even more than double it, as in the case of a junior officer I knew in Spain whose quarterly entertainment allowance, which had to be accounted for, was only $3.

The obligation to justify every penny spent not only is wasteful but can be embarrassing. A senior officer who is trusted to handle top secret documents does not have his government's confidence where a dollar is concerned. I remember being invited to a meeting with the Guinean Foreign Minister while serving at the UN. The taxi fare to the Guinean mission and back came to $2.40. A few days after I submitted the required voucher, somebody from the administrative section called me about my taxi ride: "We have no record, Mr. Ambassador," said the voice archly, "of any reception being given at the Guinean Embassy on that day."

My favorite story is about the Foreign Service Officer returning to Washington on orders. His mother, who was not on government orders, traveled with him. In making out his voucher, he carefully separated his own from his mother's expenses. But the last item was a taxi from Union Station to his hotel. In Washington, there is a different fare if two people occupy the cab. Back came a query: "Did your mother ride in the cab with you?" His reply made bureaucratic history: "No. I took the cab. My mother walked and carried the bags."

The sensible and economical way to handle this kind of paper work would be for the government to calculate the cost of moving an employee from point A to point B. Anyone traveling that distance would then be given a flat sum to travel as he wished just so long as he got to his destination on time. Time and money would be saved. But it might be necessary to get rid of a lot of people whose jobs depend on processing the paper under the present system. The Deputy Undersecretary of State for Administration told me he was not even able to introduce air travel cards as an efficiency measure; the General Accounting Office has a vested interest in keeping the system cumbersome.

Similarly, ambassadors should be given representational funds to use at their discretion without having to make out forms in quintuplicate listing and justifying every social function for which they and their staffs require reimbursement. No diplomatic missions have such big administrative staffs as ours; other countries generally treat their ambassadors like men of integrity and judgment—as George Washington treated Benjamin Franklin when he sent him to Paris with 50,000 francs and no budget and fiscal officer to bird-dog him. But that was back when the U.S. government was too small to afford a bureaucracy.

The average Foreign Service Officer is forty-one and makes $13,900 a year. When you take into account the education, the training, and the wide range of skills that the State Department requires of its officers, and when you consider what private industry offers talented executives in the way of salary and advancement, the wonder is that our government is still able to induce young people with drive and imagination to make diplomacy their career. Despite occasional directives commmending boldness and courage, most FSO's have become convinced from experience that the way to move up the ladder is to play it safe. As Averell Harriman has said: "I have seen men's careers set back and, in fact, busted because they held the right views at the wrong time, or for accurately reporting facts that were not popular at the time." Caution, of course, becomes a habit as well as a necessity for a man in his forties who needs that next promotion to put his children through college.

A good many of our senior FSO's are also suffering from the McCarthy syndrome; they have never quite recovered from the experience of seeing some of their patriotic colleagues hounded and persecuted by the late senator without either the President or the Secretary of State being willing to stick up for them. Moreover, a potential executive who because of the seniority system is not given the opportunity to exercise his executive ability in his middle years becomes bleached out. If he does get to be a chief of mission, he has often lost the capacity for controlled indignation—for sticking his neck out—that is vital to effective leadership.

A system which rewards seniority rather than ability can produce absurd situations. I have a friend who was made an FSO–1 at thirty-nine. The next rung on the ladder is Career Minister. According to existing regulations, he could not become a CM until he was fifty. Yet the regulations also stated that an officer who is not promoted for ten years is subject to "selection-out"—a euphemism for being fired.

From what I have seen of the State Department, the greatest concentration of executive talent can be found in the thirty-five to forty-five age bracket. But most of these men and women are upper-middle-level FSO–3's and –4's. Above them in the hierarchy, as of December, 1966, were 7 Career Ambassadors, 52 Career Ministers, 313 FSO–1's, and 452 FSO–2's. With about 36 ambassadorships available each year—of which a quarter are filled by political appointees—the chances of a substantial number getting top jobs in their most productive and vigorous years are practically nonexistent.

What is also discouraging to talented middle-grade officers is that the higher echelons are cluttered with deadwood—with people who drifted up the ladder because somebody on a promotion panel wanted to give good old Joe or Charlie a break. (I know of one of these good old Joes who was finally moved out of an African post—he had refused to entertain Africans in his house—and was transferred to a bigger post commensurate with his rank.) The deadwood are usually officers with bland records, with no black marks on their efficiency reports, with no history of ever having gotten out of line or rocked the boat or questioned their instructions. A good energetic officer, on the other hand, can be passed over for promotion, if he lacks friends in the Establishment, on the basis of one negative efficiency report written by one superior who might not have liked the way he dressed. (I personally interceded in one such case.)

Some officers who manage to reach the top after long years of patient subordination tend to become martinets—like British public-school boys hazing their juniors because they were once hazed themselves. And their wives can be even more dictatorial: I have known of some who ordered the wives of staff members around like servants; one who put

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