xxxxxxxxxxxx
xxx 4358

6th February, 1962.

Mr. Harry Sions,
Editorial Director,
Holiday,
Independence Square,
Philadelphia 5,
Penna.

Dear Harry,

I am distressed by your cable that you have not received the author's galley for the Washington piece because I airmailed it to Ruth Graves on January 29th, however, if you have still not received it by the time you get this I am enclosing copies of the inserts requested so that you need not be held up. There is the insert on galley 3 giving a brief description of Halm and there is the new final paragraph which you people requested.

I have checked and confirmed all their queries of fact and quotation, and the proper styling of the protocol section which they queried is "The Special Protocol Affairs Section of the Office of Protocol". I think that is about all and I hope you can get through without any further delay. I am sending this by express delivery but I still hope that you will receive the actual galleys before you get this. Certainly you should have received it by the 1st January but funny things happen in our postal service where it has taken a letter three weeks to get from one part of Kingston to another.

Warmest regards,

Yours sincerely,

PA/mph

Peter Abrahams

Encls.

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AFRICA IN WASHINGTON PIECE REGARDS =

HARRY SIONS +

TELEPHONED
R.L.A.BROWN
-5 FEB 62

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

January 18, 1962

Mr. Peter Abrahams
Coyaba
Red Hills P. O.
St. Andrew, Jamaica
British West Indies

Dear Mr. Abrahams:

Here are the galley proofs of "Africa in Washington," with some queries from our editors and copy checkers.

We'll need these galleys, with the new material requested by the editors, before the 30th of January, and would therefore be grateful if you would return the galleys to us by airmail as soon as possible.

Many thanks for your help.

Sincerely,

Ruth Graves

Ruth Graves

HOLIDAY *A Curtis Publication* *Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.*
HARRY SIONS, *Editorial Director*

October 18, 1961

Mr. Peter Abrahams
Coyaba
Red Hills P.O.
St. Andrew, Jamaica,
British West Indies

Dear Peter:

I am sorry to take so long in giving you our reaction to AFRICANS IN WASHINGTON. They are, to be candid, a little mixed, although I hasten to add that your essay, as usual, will turn out to be wonderful.

The feeling here is that there is not sufficient material or emphasis on the Africans in Washington. There is not enough of a portrait of the Ghana Embassy which is what your piece was basically intended to be. I realize, and agree that you were to weave in Negro life in Washington, and that you have done, indeed. But you have done it at the expense of the basic subject, itself, which is the Ghana Embassy. The Embassy, for example, doesn't come in to the picture until page 5. You stay for a short time, observe a few comparatively unimportant things which could go on in any office, then you go off to the parties -- alas, never to return to the Embassy again.

We think the piece should tell something about the workings of an Embassy and Ambassador. The fact that it is an African embassy with some particular problems of its own should also be emphasized to help develop the theme of the new Washington -- Washington today. Also, we feel there should be more of a portrait of the Ambassador, himself. He is mentioned in the most casual sense.

I am sure you can give us what we want even if it requires some additional phone calls and writing of letters. A great deal of the material could be kept although I think the section on the apartments could be cut. But there should be much more emphasis on your basic story of Mr. Africa Comes to Washington.

We have already put through payment on your piece to emphasize that we are sure it will be wonderful. I hope you will have a chance to send the revision to us within the next two weeks.

Also, looking ahead, we agree with you that there is not much point in doing the Caribbean Federation since there isn't much of it left now. However, we would like you to give us a portrait of Jamaica Today and the Jamaican people. This could be quite moving. You recall, we wanted you to do this some time ago. Let's go back to it.

If I can be of any help to you, please sing out. Everyone here sends his regards.

Sincerely,

HS:sdd

THE AFRICANS IN WASHINGTON

The man fell into step beside me after I had walked only a few yards away from the hotel. He was very black and very thin; narrow of face and with a long jaw and hollow cheeks. His feet and hands were very long though he himself was not tall - not much more than half an inch higher than my own five-six. But his tight black suit with its unpadded shoulders and his drainpipe trousers made him seem taller. His black pointed shoes shone and there was an air of scrubbed cleanness about him: black hat perched soberly on his head, black tie, black suit, black socks and shoes, with only the visible parts of a snowy white shirt relieving the clean uniformity of blackness. I felt his tentativity and hesitation in his greeting. His voice was a soft attractive southern drawl which became warm when I showed friendliness.

"That your hotel?" He motioned backward with his head at what many people regard as Washington's leading hotel. I said yes and he nodded knowingly.

"You're an African. Its different for us." The stress on the 'us' put me in a world far removed from his own.

I said: "But you can stay there now, if you have the money."

"That is what they want you to believe. They make everything right for you and they keep you away from us so that you shouldn't see."

As he went on talking it became clear that he thought me an African diplomat. This was the new experience for me on this trip to the United States. The moment I opened my mouth it was clear that I was not an American Negro. I was obviously too old to be a student; so many people fell back on the next thing: an African diplomat; and this was particularly so in Washington.

A cool breeze softened the heat of the summer morning as we settled down on a bench in the park facing the White House. I told my new found friend that I was not a diplomat. But the fact that I was an African was almost the same thing to him. And then, quietly, in his soft caressing voice, he poured out his frustration and bitterness and his desire to quit the United States. He had been to the Nigerian Embassy looking for a job. They had taken his name and promised to get in touch with him. He understood these things took time but it was taking rather long. But they had treated him very nicely and

politely, especially the young gentleman who had interviewed him. He was tired of working for people who showed him no respect and no regard. He had spent his life working for such people. Now he wanted to work for his own kind, here in Washington to begin with but in the hope that they would send him to Africa when he had proved himself. That is where he wanted his children to grow up. He looked hopefully at me. Did I know any of the people at any of the embassies. I said yes but I had no pull with them. Then I asked what he did. He was a preacher in his spare time but he worked as a messenger and handyman. I though: And Africa so full of messengers and handymen.

He left me some ten minutes later, neat and trim and very thin and straight; a simple man in whom the presence of the Africans in Washington has stirred strange new longings late in life.

The young Negro intellectual took me to Billy Simpson's House of Seafood and Steaks on Georgia Avenue in his purring Mercedes-Benz. He had worked in Africa for the State Department and he knew London and Paris as well as I did. He was handsome, polished, knowledgeable, worldly-wise and obviously knew his way about Washington's diplomatic corridors. He was also very noncommittal. Whenever I asked him a leading question he would smile charmingly and give me the name, address and phone number of the person who was the expert on that particular subject. He did, however, fill me in with the sort of unquoteable background stuff which makes for perspective. Whenever he got anywhere near making a positive statement he would smile and change the conversation to food or London or Paris or into some other harmless and non-controversial or non-political channel.

Some African diplomats, my friend said, often foregather at Billy Simpson's House of Seafood and Steaks. But there were none there on that particular evening. Instead we ran into a celebration party which was purely American Negro. The President had just named another Negro to a high post, thus swelling the list of Negroes in high government or semi-government positions to well over thirty. Champagne flowed fairly freely and my friend and I were soon drawn into the party. I had the sense of a precious victory won in a hard and long battle.

At one point I turned to my young intellectual State Department friend. "Would you say the presence of the Africans in Washington had anything to do with this?"

He turned on his charming smile and looked at one of the other celebrating guests. This man said:

"Not directly; not even primarily; but definitely, yes! Just the fact of their presence has advanced our struggle at least fifty years.

The young Negro newspaper editor, on the other hand, did not quite share that view. It was press day and he had to go to Baltimore to put his paper to bed so we had snatches of conversation between telephone calls and grappling with last minute copy.

"Of course we're interested in the African diplomats here. They invite us and we go to their functions whenever we can, and of course we give them as good coverage as possible. But we still have our own problems and ourown situations to contend with."

I said: "What about reporting incidents such as the Fitzjohn affair at Hagerstown?"

"We report them. We gave the Fitzjohn story big play. But you must understand that these people don't encounter a fraction of the daily dose of our own people. When anything happens to them its an international incident and all the papers are on to it. But have you seen any of these on the front page?"

He shoved some stories at me. There was one of a Negro being beaten up by policemen for being with a white woman. Another of a policeman clubbing a Negro into a bloody mess after he had been arrested. "These don't make the white headlines and these are my business. I hope the presence of the Africans will help but we can't bank on it. We must do our own fighting. Nobody else can fight our battles for us and we cannot sit back and pretend it is all over because of the African diplomats among us."

"But their presence has given a subtle new slant to your struggle," I suggested.

The hint of a smile flickered across his face and was gone. He spread his hands, palms up and shrugged.

"That is in the field of theory. In hard day-to-day terms it is the same struggle, the same steady uphill march that's been going on since emancipation. It is cold comfort to the guy in Mississippi to know there are African diplomats in Washington."

"Or that some of his own kind are now ambassadors?"

"Even that. Weldon Johnson was an ambassador way, way back."

"So you say their presence makes no difference?"

"Not for the guy down there. He's still facing the same

things; he's still fighting the same battles. Such gains as he has made are his and his greatest help has come from intelligent and progressive white Americans. The Africans only showed up here yesterday and the struggle didn't begin yesterday. Of course they represent a changing world and that will benefit us, but we must carry the ball here and now."

"And what of them and United States prestige in what happens to them?"

He answered the phone and did not replace it on the receiver when he had finished. He leaned back and looked thoughtful.

"The irony of the situation," he said, choosing his words with care, "The irony of the situation is that the capital of the United States is in the South, that Washington D.C. is a southern city. And what adds to that is the fact that it is becoming a Negro city. Did you know that something like fifty-three percent of the residents of Washington are Negroes?"

The Howard University Professor said: "There isn't much contact between the African diplomats and us. I had hoped that one of them who was a student of mine in the old days would get in touch some time. But I supposed they are very busy. I think we could be more useful to them than we have been but we do not want to join the crowds of pushers and new-found friends of Africa. Very few of us would be invited to diplomatic parties in the normal course of events, and in any case we could contribute very little that is useful at crowded diplomatic parties."

He sounded disappointed but made it clear that he was not being critical. It was just that the hoped-for co-operation between the African diplomats and the American Negro elite had not materialised.

I gathered all these comments and impressions within my first twenty-four hours in Washington. A brief three years earlier, on another visit to Washington, I had talked with similar groups and individuals. Then, very few people had been interested in the Africans in their midst. What the Africans did or did not do was not then the topic of conversation almost everywhere. This, to me, was the most striking single change in Washington. The African had come to town. His coming had pleased some; had filled some with wild hopes and strange desires. For some his coming was a symbol of new opportunity, for others it was a problem, and yet others were not quite sure of the meaning of his coming. Why this change? And what of the African himself?

On May 31st, 1961 Edward R. Murrow, head of the United States Information Agency, addressed the National Press Club in Washington and found it necessary to speak of some of the housing problems faced by the African diplomats. He said: "Here in Washington, for example, there exists a much unreported incumbrance on our African relations that can lose us as much influence as anything the Soviets might do. Where do we house African diplomats in our capital? These are representatives of Negro nations led by Negro leaders. It is bad enough that they read headlines of Birmingham bus burnings and beatings. It is even worse that they find it near impossible to live in the capital of our nation. Landlords will not let them try on clothes; beaches bar their families. Today there are some 30 African representatives in Washington with what is euphemistically called 'unsatisfactory housing'. Fully one-third of these are termed emergency cases. There will be some 50 more families arriving in the next six months, 100 in the next year.

The stories of the difficulties encountered by African diplomats in search of homes are legion. The Ambassador concerned told me of seeing a sign in the window of a real estate agency announcing an apartment to let. The Ambassador went into the office, presented his card and asked to see the manager. The manager duly appeared and the Ambassador told him that he would like to rent the apartment for a member of his staff who was a family man. The manager firmly and politely turned the Ambassador away because that apartment was not to let to any Negroes, not even diplomatic Negroes. Not one of the Africans in whose presence I heard this story showed the slightest surprise or shock. To them this was just one variation of what had become a familiar theme.

In June of 1961 the District of Columbia Conference on Community Development got a group of volunteers to do a house-to-house canvass of 211 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington to find out which were willing to rent to African diplomats and which were not. These buildings contained approximately 24,000 apartment units of varying sizes. Eight out of 211 buildings made it clear that they would accept African diplomats as tenants. 21 buildings said they might accept African diplomats but the responses were ambiguous. In 17 buildings it was indicated that they probably would not accept Africans , but here too the responses were ambiguous. In 37 buildings no clear answer was given as to whether they would or would not accept African diplomats as tenants. In 128 buildings it was clearly stated that African diplomats would not be accepted as tenants.

In the case of the eight buildings where the answer was a definite yes two of the buildings were apartment-hotels with

579 apartment units. The other six were apartment buildings exclusively with a total of 662 apartment units. One of the two apartment-hotels indicated that in accepting Africans as tenants it would act as a hotel rather than an apartment house, and charge monthly rents based on daily hotel rates instead of a monthly charge similar to an apartment system.

The twenty-one buildings which said that they might accept Africans were in the main of the ambiguous order of "yes, but we do not anticipate any vacancies," and "we would be happy to put his application on our waiting list". This is one of the most common methods of getting rid of African applicants without causing any embarrassment. The application is accepted but not considered when a vacancy occurs.

In other instances in this category there were conflicting responses. The resident manager in the building would give one answer and the agent for the building would give the opposite answer. The agent might express willingness to rent to African diplomats but the resident manager might express unwillingness. In this category of the ambiguous 'yes' were also those who refused to the discuss the question and said their company's policy was to consider each application on an individual basis.

Most of the case histories in the seventeen buildings which gave an ambiguous 'no' to the question whether they would rent to African diplomats were much the same as those of the ambiguous 'yes' - only in the opposite direction.

In the one hundred and twenty-eight buildings where it was definitely stated that African would not be accepted as tenants the reasons fell into two major categories. First, that African diplomats were undesirable because they were Negroes; second, because they were diplomats. In twenty-seven cases those in charge of the buildings gave skin colour as their reason for not wanting to rent to Africans.

Some of the objections given were:

"The building would be vacant in 30 days."

"Fifteen tenants watched the resident manager when he interviewed an African diplomat."

In 30 cases the refusal to rent was given as because of the diplomatic status of the Africans.

"We want only long-term residents."

"Diplomats move every 18 months, and we can't afford to redecorate that often."

"Diplomats break their leases and violate the lease provisions."

"They entertain lavishly with caterers and orchestras until 2 a.m."

The canvassers found that these objections to diplomats were also expressed by one apartment-hotel owner who does rent to African diplomats and who plans to continue to do so in the future.

The spokesmen in the remaining seventy-one buildings which refused to have African diplomats as tenants simply made the statement and gave no reasons why. Thus, out of a total of some 24,000 apartment units 60% were definitely not available for rental by African diplomats; another 7% were most unlikely to rent to African diplomats; and 14% had given a doubtful 'yes'. If this doubtful 'yes' is split evenly the 'yes' category would enjoy the benefit of huge doubt and the 'no' total would go up to 74%. A fair estimate based on the findings of the canvas initiated by the District of Colombia Conference on Community Relations would indicate that something like 74% of the 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington would not accept African diplomats as tenants.

Harold Cooper, a mountain of an Englishman, who had spent many years in Washington after a lifetime in the British Colonial service in Africa under a string of Governors, felt that housing was undoubtedly the gravest of all the problems, especially among the younger and not so senior members of African embassies. As public relations adviser to the Liberian Embassy, Cooper is in a position to know. Most of the younger African diplomats, he said, are on salaries which are small by comparison with American standards. These are supplemented by allowances, but all the same, failure to find a suitable house or apartment at a reasonable rental often made an officer's tour of duty in Washington something of a nightmare right from the start. And drawing on his African experience Cooper remarked: "In a variety of situations in which Governors under whom I served were involved, I found that the forts of folly (most of them either exclusively European residential areas or exclusively European clubs) fell surprisingly quickly before a resolute frontal assault. But half measures don't help. It is no use if the HUFF is not followed by the PUFF."

I found the African diplomatic parties fascinating. They were an intriguing combination of the formal and the informal. They began early and ran late, and almost invariably food was served in glorious buffet style in some point in the evening. They were also the places where you met the people you had tried unsuccessfully to contact at their offices for days. And people at these parties seemed to speak more freely than they did in their offices. And so you picked up the latest gossip and you

heard about the latest acident.

It was at the Liberian Embassy party that I met the quiet young French-speaking diplomat from the Ivory Coast. It was after most of the drinking and eating and the atmosphere was relaxed and easy. We talked about Paris in the days shortly after the war and he sounded terribly homesick for Paris.

"And how do you find Washington?" I asked.

He shrugged as only a Frenchman can. "It is not the same thing. You know it is not the same thing. But my country sends me so I do my duty. But I anticipate the time when I am transferred. Washington is - how do you say it? -" He signalled and a young diplomat from one of the English-speaking African embassies joined us. "How do you to our friend about our tour here? You know, it is hard."

The new fellow was tall and thickset and towered above us, broad of face and typically West African. He threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"He means that Washington is what you might call a hardship post for us. You know, in the past when European civil servants were posted to lonely or difficult or dangerous places they called them hardship posts. That's what Washington is to us."

"All of you? and do you all call it that?"

"We don't go around saying it but we feel it. Someone has suggested that the State Department should issue us with turbans as we come into the country. This would make it plain to all the Americans that we are not American Negroes and should therefore be treated as honorary white men."

The gently bitter irony was lost on the French-speaking chap but he nodded and said yes. And then a group of people joined us and the big English-speaking chap drifted away. In a far corner of the garden, Mr. Ambassador Halm of Ghana was the centre of a large group who seemed to hang on his words. He wore his colourful native cloth, the only one who did so, and it made him the most striking figure at the party.

I had discovered early in my Washington sojourn that there was a small group of people who attended most of the African diplomatic parties about whom there was an air of mystery. People knew their names, people introduced you to them, they were charming and knowledgeable and were obviously insiders, but nobody seemed to know just what they did or where they could be found when there were no diplomatic parties. One such came up to me, seemed to know me and my business and seemed to even know what my last conversation had been about.

"Of course the Africans feel things pretty badly. But things

are not so bad you know, and we are making progress. Go to Montgomery County and see how well African diplomats are received. And with that the person drifted off.

Indeed, the State Department and the Special Protocol Affairs Section of the Office of Protocol under Chief of Protocol Angier Biddle Duke are doing all they can to make things as easy as possible for the African diplomats. On July 7th 1961 they initiated a conference between real estate owners and State Department and other government officials to try and secure adequate housing facilities for African diplomats. Out of that conference came a Housing Committee and the opening of enough apartment buildings to house the staff of some twenty-five African missions. And the Protocol people express themselves as pleased with the progress made.

But so often, I found, the very laudable efforts of State Department officials to protect African diplomats from discrimination have made an unhappy impression on the Africans. Drawing up lists of restaurants and other places where they would be welcome seem to many Africans a singularly naive admission of the gravity of the situation. And I found only mockery among some Africans for the idea that the State Department should subsidise an International Club where African diplomats could meet Americans who do not object to their colour. And I found quite strong resentment against attempts to keep tabs on out of town trips made by important African diplomats so as to ensure in advance that no incident took place. I once heard both sides of such a story.

An Ambassador was travelling to points south without the knowledge of anybody at the State Department. But the travel agent with whom he booked informed the State Department and the official concerned immediately got on the phone. When the Ambassador arrived everything had been made smooth for him. He was received royally and their was no incident. The officer concerned felt that a good job had been done. The diplomat concerned, on the other hand, saw this as a childish subterfuge to try and deceive him as to the reality of the southern situation. It is all a question of the angle of vision from which any given action is seen. But certainly, it seemed to me that the State Department had a very tricky problem on its hands.

An arm was suddenly flung about my shoulders and E. M. Debrah, Counsellor of the Ghana Embassy, was beside me. He was in high spirits.

"Why are you standing here alone? Come and meet some people." He was slender and dark and very attractive; a polished diplomat who could and did hold his own with the best diplomatic brains there were.

"I was thinking of the problems you Africans create by your presence."

He laughed gaily. "Forget your work tonight!" And with that he pulled me along to meet a group of new arrivals from Africa who had all the latest news of what was happening in Ghana.

Debrah was the senior foreign service officer at the Ghana embassy and he ran the whole show under the political direction of the Ambassador. This he did with a quiet, unhurried efficiency learnt from the British before Ghana became independent.

He was one of the first eight young Ghanaians who were selected for foreign service training in 1955. He was an Honours graduate in History from the University College in Ghana and he had read International Relations at the London School of Economics. While the Ghana Foreign Service was being built up he was attached to the British Embassy in Paris. After Ghana achieved her independence in 1957 Debrah was sent to Liberia as First Secretary to her embassy there. He went to Cairo as First Secretary in 1959 and acted as Charge d'Affaires for several months before he was posted to Washington in late 1960.

For Debrah the spell in Egypt had been the greatest fun. In Britain and France he had been free of any sense of colour. But in Egypt he had experienced the dignity of being black.

I spent my last evening in Washington at a party at Debrah's home in the fashionable Argyle Terrace in Northwest Washington, a white residential area of beautiful houses. In odd moments between entertaining his other guests we had snatches of conversation that were no more that shadowy hints at some of the frustrations experienced by the Africans.

For nearly all of them the tour of duty in the capital of the western world was a rough period in their diplomatic careers: a period spent at a 'hardship post'. Some understood the problems the American government faced. Some were appreciative of the efforts to make their stay easier. Some had made genuine and enduring friendships. And at the Ambassadorial level things were often as smooth and easy as possible. But however things were for them, whatever their impact on the Washington scene or the American scene, I found most of them on guard, watchful, braced for the incident that could suddenly happen to even the most highly placed among them.

And these are the people who greatly influence the policies of their governments to the United States. To an outsider like myself the thought came naturally: will the struggle for the goodwill of Africa be lost in Washington D.C.?

AFRICA IN WASHINGTON

There was some sort of mix up and the arrangements which were supposed to have been made were just not working. The Ghanaians knew nothing of my coming, and so Mr. Dove, the Press Attache, was very polite but very aloof and noncommittal. There was something dour and rocklike about the man. He was of middle height, thickset and giving off a feel of compactness. His dark brown face was expressionless. I recognised the atmosphere and mood he generated. And I resented it; but mingled with my resentment was sympathy. For years, I too, had generated this wall of aloof politeness in defence of my own Africanness in encounters with the non-African world. And Mr. Dove was defending much more than his personal Africanness. He was the guardian of his own particular African world and I was the unknown outsider. I was suddenly very close to Africa and the African way of doing and seeing things. In African world the unknown is regarded as the enemy until it proves otherwise: I was like the man from a foreign tribe and as such a potential enemy until I proved myself. And the fact that I was myself and African only complicated the whole business. It is easier to deal with the complete stranger to whom Africa and the African processes are unfamiliar; you can get away with more.

Mr. Dove felt my irritation but did not seem to know what to do. It looked like a hopeless mess. And then I saw the autobiography of Nkrumah in the bookcase.

I said: "I know your President well, you know. In fact he mentions me in his autobiography which I see you have."

That did it. Mr. Dove excused himself and went upstairs. He was away quite a while and when he returned he was a great deal less aloof. But things were still not to be rushed; so we made a date for the next day. And it just so happened that the administrative head of the embassy, the Counsellor, had to come into Dove's room about something and that a number of other embassy officials were just outside Dove's door and that the Ambassador was just coming down the stairs; all this happened just as I left and I knew that I had been given a thorough look over. There would, I knew

be a discussion; they would find out all they could about me, make up their minds, and when I showed up the next day everything would be clearcut. That is the way things are done in Africa: you do not ask direct questions at the outset, you do not ask for a man's credentials. You go around the point; the approach is oblique. You take nothing on trust, you find out quietly. And then you decide.

I had been familiar with all this in Africa. But now I was meeting it in Washington D.C. the capital of the United States of America. Africa had come to Washington and Moscow and London and Paris at a great gallop over the last few years: she had stepped onto the world stage with a vengeance often upsetting old and orderly patterns that the rest of the world had thought fixed for ever.

Way back in 1923, seemingly in another world and in another time, the greatest black 'race leader' of modern times, Marcus Garvey had asked: "Where is the black man's government? Where is his king and his kingdom? Where is his President, his country, and his ambassador, his army, his navy, his men of big affairs?"

And having asked, Garvey answered himself: "I could not find them, and then I declared: I will help to make them....."

Garvey, who styled himself the "Provisional President of Africa" launched his race mevement in the United States and after a brief and glorious period when he boasted a membership of over 6,000,000 composed mainly of American Negroes, and with 'Royal African Guards' in dashing uniforms and 'Black Cross Nurses' and 'Ladies of the African Motor Corps' all parading the streets of New York and other U.S. cities, and launching a 'Black Star' shipping line, Garvey was jailed for using the United States postal services to defraud investors. He spent five years in jail and was then expelled from the United States. Garvey died in obscurity in London in the 1930s. But the Garvey dream of black men of 'big affairs' lived on. And one of the greatest disciples of the Garvey dream was Kwame Nkrumah who took the British colony of the Gold Coast and turned it into the Republic of Ghana with a Black Star shipping line, a Black Star Square and with Garvey as a sort of national hero and symbol. And like Garvey, Nkrumah dreams of being President of a United States of Africa. Indeed, Nkrumah has lately got his country into quite a bit of a financial mess as a result of his lavish spending in

persuit of his dream of Pan-African leadership. But this Nkrumah dream of being President of a United States of Africa is becoming more unreal every day. Still, Ghana's Nkrumah and Nkrumah's Ghana have been the pace-setters of the great African emergence which has hit Washington with the setting up of more than a score of African embassies in a very short time: indeed, the vast majority of these embassies came into existence between 1960 and 1961.

When Ghana became independent in 1957 there were only four African embassies in Washington, those of Ethiopia, Liberia, Egypt and the Union of South Africa. Egypt was and is an Arab state; in those days Ethiopia still dissociated herself from Negro Africa, and the Union of South Africa (now the Republic of South Africa) was and still is a white man's country in terms of political power inspite of its big black majority. So three of the four African states with embassies in Washington at the start of 1957 were not, or did not regard themselves as black African states. Liberia, the only black African state, was run by descendants of American Negro slaves who had been resettled there with United states aid. Thus not one of the four African states with embassies in Washington in 1957 could be described as genuinely indigenous black African states, avowedly so, and representing the new nationalist mood of black Africa. The Ghana embassy which was opened on the 6th of March, 1957, can therefore be fairly regarded as the first out of the new Africa. After Ghana there was a brief pause then embassies from the new Africa shot up all over the place, like overnight mushrooms. And London and Paris and Moscow and Washington had to adjust themselves to the newcomers and the newcomers, in their turn, had to adjust to these great centres of the world's power and influence. And for Washington D.C., capital of the United States, and, in terms of the world power struggle, capital of the non-communist world, this encounter with the newcomers from Africa is possibly one of the trickiest, most delicate of all that great city's encounters. On the outcome, on the results of this encounter may depend the shape of tomorrow's world.

The Ghana embassy is housed on 2139 R Street N.W., a wide tree-lined street off the main flow of traffic. The trees give the street an appearance of coolness. The atmosphere is that of a middle-class residential area, which it still largely is, though a number of houses have been taken over by the new African embassies.

The steady coming and going of cars is the first sign that 2139 is no ordinary residence. As fast as one car pulls up and deposits its passengers another turns up to pick up passengers. And there is an equally steady flow of Africans on foot, mainly young men in neatly pressed suits who could be junior members of the embassy staff or else students come to sort out some problems. They come and go with a quiet selfcontainedness which immediately sets them apart from the natives of the land. Everything about them proclaims them as strangers in a strange land who are a long way from home. They move with an air of assurance, as do people who are in no doubt about their standing and status and who are sure of some strong protecting authority behind them.

The embassy shield hangs above the open doorway, and just inside a white doorman sits at a tiny table, round shouldered and sallow as one who rarely walks in the sun. The doorway leads directly into a small reception room. There are stairs immediately facing the door which lead to the upper part of the house. Two chairs below and against the stairs sandwich a little table between them. This is where visitors wait. In the corner diagonally opposite the door and on a table that looks large in the small room is the telephone switchboard. The operator who sounded English and looked a friendly little body of a person was trying to get a call through to New York and there seemed to be a lot of confusion on the line. There is a room beyond the switchboard, all tables and papers, and a tall thickset black man in a natty light grey suit was busy sorting out papers. It was shortly after nine and the embassy's working day had just got under way.

My first impression was of overcrowdedness. This place had probably once housed a family of five or six. For such a family it would have been a moderately large and comfortable home, nothing

lavish but with room to move and have privacy.

As an embassy with a large working staff it was overcrowded. Boxes and cartons were stacked in one corner and the signs were that the embassy was hard pressed for storage room. Again, as on the day before, I had the strong sense of having suddenly stepped into a little piece of West Africa. There was the West African air of calm relaxedness which suggests warmth and intimacy and gives even the most formal undertaking a touch of the personal.

The doorman recognised me and called out to the telephonist: "for Mr. Dove." She waved me to a seat, still struggling to get New York. From the floor above came the murmur of deep-throated voices, with one voice bursting out loud over all the others every now and then. A young American Negro miss, very attractive and with a creamy light brown skin, walked across the room and up the stairs with a pile of files. She seemed impersonal, efficient, very American: much less a part of the setting than the English-sounding white telephonist. After a while she came down the stairs and said Mr. Dove would soon be with me.

There was sudden clatter of feet and a group of men hurried down the stairs. In the lead was Ambassador Halm, very striking in his African cloth. He looked like a latter-day, brown-skinned version, of a history-book Roman senator. But whereas the Roman garment was always pictured as a flowing white, that of His Excellency, William Marmon Quao Halm, Ambassador of the Republic of Ghana to the United States of America was rich in colour, with goldish yellow overtones. Pliny The Elder it was who had said: "Always something new out of Africa." And today it was the African plenipotentiaries, 'the strong bronzed men' about whom Countee Cullen sang nearly a quarter of a century ago, who symbolised the new out of Africa.

Mr. Halm greeted me briefly, indicated that we would meet later and then hurried out to the waiting car. I had passed the test. And then Mr. Dove, the Press Attache, took charge of me.

There was no obvious change in his attitude, perhaps a little less aloof than when we had parted the day before. He still

looked dour and rocklike. I may have passed the test but it still looked as though the going would not be easy. We settle down and then he suddenly relaxed: it was nothing tangible, I just felt it.

"You want to know about the working of the embassy," he said and waited.

I started off with the standard conventional questions: when had the embassy opened? Who had been the first Ambassador? Had it been in this same building? What was the size and structure of the staff? How did it work?

All this was easy, factual stuff and the answers came easily.

Ghana had achieved its independence on the 6th March, 1957 and the Washington embassy was opened on the same day. The Chancery was then situated in the Dupont Circle Building on Connecticut Avenue. The first Ambassador, Mr. C. A. Chapman, served from 1957 to 1959 when he was replaced by Mr. Halm. The present embassy building was occupied in March 1957.

I mentioned that it looked overcrowded. Yes: that was one of the problems. I learned later, from a State Department source, that the Ghanaians had had some difficulties in their attempts to put up their own building.

The present embassy staff consists of 35 of whom eleven are Ghanaians. Two of the eleven are on temporary appointment. At the head of the embassy is the Ambassador, the political head of the whole Mission, whose term of office is normally for three years. Then there is the Counsellor who is the civil service and administrative head of the embassy. He runs the day-to-day affairs of the embassy. Below him are two First Secretaries, one concerned with political affairs and the other with economic affairs. Next there is one Second Secretary who is concerned with administration. He is followed by two Third Secretaries, one in charge of the Registry and the other in charge of security. One of the current Third Secretaries is a Ghanaian woman. The Counsellor and Secretaries are members of the Ghana Foreign Service - though one of the Third Secretaries in this instance was on secondment from the Ghana Home Civil Service. In addition there is an

Education Attache who has one assistant and whose business is to look after the interests and welfare of all Ghanaian students in the United States. And finally there was Mr. Dove himself, the Press Attache, whose job I did not need to be told anything about.

The daily routine of the embassy began at nine in the morning and ran till twelve-thirty in the afternoon. Then there was a break till two when the embassy opened again until five-thirty in the afternoon. But of course the embassy's senior staff had to go to a vast number of evening functions and the Ambassador himself went to some function every day when he was in Washington. The embassy itself threw an average of three diplomatic parties every week.

Gordon Dove leaned back and his attitude seemed to say: there you are, all sealed, signed and delivered, the workings of the Ghana embassy.

I said: "Could we be a little more personal. I would like to know something about your people here. I would like to spend a little time with them."

For answer I got a sheaf of stencilled sheets with the biographical details of all the senior officials. I went through them until I came across the fact-sheet about Dove himself. He was new at the Washington embassy and this was his first overseas posting. He had been in his country's information service at home since 1956. He had been posted to Washington in February of 1961. But he was no stranger to the United States. He had studied at Washington's Howard University from 1949 to 1955 and had earned a Master's degree in Political Science; and later, from 1955 to 1956 he had studied journalism at Boston University.

I said: "Knowing the States means that you have not had any really serious problems of adjustment?"

The hint of a smile flickered across his face and was gone. There was now, suddenly, a thin thread of understanding between us.

He said: "It is easier for those of us who know our way; and of course we try to protect the new comers too."

"How do you cope with it?"

He shrugged slightly.

"We are here on our country's business, and so we do our work and go home."

"What about entertainment?"

"We entertain among ourselves. There are the official parties but apart from those we don't go out much. We are here to do a job and we avoid trouble."

"You have a family...." The fact sheet had told me he had.

"Wife and young daughter."

"When you have a day to yourself, a free Sunday, and it is a fine warm day....."

His ~~eyes~~ laughed at me with a hint of derision which suggested that I was pushing the point too hard.

"We go to church, and then we go home. Perhaps friends call on us; perhaps we call on them: but mainly we go home."

I said: "I understand housing is one of your most urgent problems."

He said: "Yes." and left it there. I did not press him this time. Instead, we arranged to meet again and then I left.

There was a woman with two young boys in the reception room. The two boys seemed very excited. From the snatches of talk I heard it seemed that they were finding out details for a trip to Ghana.

A fine, steady drizzle had begun while I was in Dove's Office and it suddenly made Washington seem stickly and depressing.

There is one thing all diplomats - black brown, white, yellow; from the East, the West and the Neutrals - have in common and that is an infinite capacity for being sweetly polite while keeping the enquirer at a safe distance. They know what they want to give out, and that is all you get; and if they are in doubt they do not give. This is probably in the very nature of their jobs: what they say, what they do, what they reveal, can have grave repercussions. And so it was that while I could see all of the external trappings, the office routine - which is much the same as the routine in any other important business office - the really big stuff that goes on behind the scenes was a closely guarded secret.

I knew the Educational Attache took care of the interests and welfare of Ghanaian students in the United States: there were the problems of placement, of financial matters, of adjustment and the like. Getting below that, getting to the actuality of their problems was another matter. Anything that might be controversial, anything that was not quite safe was reserved for the political spokesmen. And they would deal with these matters either directly with the State Department or else on the floor of the United Nations, if the matter is sufficiently big or could be used to some political end.

So the non-political people, the Secretaries and the Attaches avoided revealing anything that could regarded as remotely touchy, explosive or political. And of course, events back home in Ghana where things were not very settled and most of the opposition were in jail, made them all the more careful.

And so I got the overall impression of a very efficient and well-disciplined machine running on the lines and keeping its

secrets like, any business office where security and secrecy are paramount. The appearance was of openness but behind it was the guardedness of people acutely conscious of being the servants and protectors of the interests of their country in a strange land. And there was too, I felt, a sense of caution based on protecting self-interest; and this, I felt, often made for over-caution, a refusal to reveal what might be in the interest of the country because it has not been cleared beforehand. But perhaps this is unfair comment: after all, these foreign service officials know better than anyone else what elbow room, what margin for discretion they are allowed in the service of Kwame Nkrumah's Republic.

I met E.M. Debrah in a small office upstairs which reinforced my impression of lack of space. Debrah was the Counsellor, the senior foreign service officer at the embassy. He was the administrative head who ran the whole show under the political direction of the Ambassador. And like nearly all of Ghana's civil servants in the foreign branch, he was a young man. He was in his early or middle thirties. And yet his fact sheet showed that he was one of the veterans of the Ghana Foreign Service. He had been one of the first eight young Ghanaian selected for foreign service training way back in 1955 when his country was still the self-governing British colony of the Gold Coast and independence and the name Ghana was still two years away. He was an Honours graduate in History from the University College of the Gold Coast (now Ghana) and he had read International Relations at the London School of Economics. In helping the people of the Gold Coast prepare for independence the British Government had attached the eight young foreign service trainees to their own embassies all over the world. Debrah was attached to the British

Embassy in Paris.

The years of British training showed clearly in his poise and polish, in his quiet air of dignified reserve, in the dark business suit and the light tie, in his speech even. He was a handsome man of medium height and slender build. His face was smooth and very dark and he had a sunny smile which lit up his eyes.

For a while we recalled London and Paris of the fifties and it forged a link between us. There was a community of experience. The London and Paris of the forties that I shared with Kwame Nkrumah and Jomo Kenyatta and George Padmore and Azikiwe of Nigeria were not so very different from the London and Paris of the fifties that he knew. The difference was in our different activities. We had been the rebels dreaming and scheming to win a continent. He, less than a generation later, was one of the inheritors. That was the measure of the fantastic change in Africa. And yet there was this community of outlook based on a common experience with the British. This may well turn out to be one of the most enduring after-influences of Britain on the elite of her former colonies.

I asked him how long he had been at the British Embassy in Paris. Till 1957 when the Gold Coast achieved independence and became Ghana. Then he had been sent to Liberia as First Secretary. Two years later, in 1959, he had been transferred to Cairo where he had acted as Charge d'Affaires for several months.

As Debrah recalled it, both London and Paris had been fun for a young foreign service officer in training. Liberia had been the first taste of the real thing and of course there had been no question of colour. And indeed he had been free of any sense of colour in both London and Paris. But Egypt had been exceptional. There, for the first time in his life, he had experienced a sense of

dignity in the fact of being black. Debrah did not say it but it was clear that the spell in Egypt had obviously had a very profound effect on him, and the effect had to do with the attitude to colour. As for us in the days of dreaming of African power, so for him and those like him in the days of the reality of African power, colour was still a factor. One of the key problems of our time was still that of the relations between the lighter and darker members of mankind.

But when it came to talking about this the conversation became guarded. Of course there were problems but perhaps I had better find out about these for myself. For instance he could tell me of the case of the First Secretary from the embassy who had been thrown out of a polling booth in Georgia in November of 1960. I wondered whether anybody at the State Department realised that a racial incident which happened in 1960 was still freshly remembered. And he could tell me of the threatening telephone call made to the Education Attache in May of 1961 in which the caller told him to get out or 'they' will get him. And he could show me letters like the one calling them relics from the stone age who should stop meddling in the internal affairs of the United States.

We were interrupted by the arrival of a young man from the Ghana Information and Trade Center in New York. His business was urgent and he had to return to New York the same evening. I was glad to excuse them. This business of talking about race and colour can be very awkward for people who represent their countries abroad. They would and did talk provided they were sure that not all they said was attributed directly to them. Much of what happens in Washington comes out discreetly or as an unquotable leak. The Africans in Washington have caught on fast to this technique: some have

On May 31st, 1961 Edward R. Murrow, head of the United States Information Agency addressed the National Press Club in Washington and found it necessary to speak of some of the problems faced by the African diplomats. He said: "Here in Washington, for example, there exists a much unreported incumbrance on our African relations that can lose us as much influence as anything the Soviets might do. Where do we house African diplomats in our capital? These are representatives of Negro nations led by Negro leaders. It is bad enough that they read headlines of Birmingham bus burnings and beatings. It is even worse that they find it near impossible to live in the capital of our nation. Landlords will not rent to them; schools refuse their children; stores will not let them try on clothes; beaches bar their families. Today there are some 30 African representatives in Washington with what is euphemistically called 'unsatisfactory housing'. Fully one-third of these are termed emergency cases. There will be some 50 more families arriving in the next six months, 100 in the next year."

The stories of the difficulties encountered in the search for homes are legion. The Ambassador concerned told me of seeing a sign in the window of a real estate agency announcing an apartment to let. The Ambassador went into the office, presented his card and asked to see the manager. When the manager appeared the Ambassador told him that he would like to rent the apartment for a member of his staff who was a family man. The manager was sorry but that apartment was not to let to any Negroes, not even diplomatic Negroes. Not one of the Africans in whose presence I heard this story showed the slightest surprise or shock. To them this was just one variation on what had become a familiar theme.

In June of 1961 the District of Columbia Conference on Community Development got a group of volunteers to do a house-to-house canvass of 211 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington to find out which were willing to rent to African diplomats and which were not. These buildings contained approximately 24,000 apartment units of varying sizes. Eight out of the 211 buildings made it clear that they would accept African diplomats as tenants. 21 buildings said they might accept African diplomats but the responses were ambiguous. In 17 buildings it was indicated that they pro-

bably would not accept Africans, but here too the responses were ambiguous. In 37 buildings no clear answer was given as to whether they would or would not accept African diplomats as tenants. In 128 buildings it was clearly stated that African diplomats would not be accepted as tenants.

In the case of the eight buildings where the answer was a definite yes two of the buildings were apartment-hotels with 579 apartment units. The other six were apartment buildings exclusively with a total of 662 apartment units. One of the two apartment-hotels indicated that in accepting Africans as tenants it would act as a hotel rather than an apartment house, and charge monthly rents based on daily hotel rates instead of a monthly charge similar to an apartment system.

The twenty-one buildings which said that they might accept Africans were in the main of the ambiguous order of "yes, but we do not anticipate any vacancies," and "we would be happy to put his application on our waiting list". This is one of the most common methods of getting rid of African applicants without causing any embarrassment. The application is accepted but not considered when a vacancy occurs.

In other instances in this category there were conflicting responses. The resident manager in the building would give one answer and the agent for the building would give the opposite answer. The agent might express willingness to rent to African diplomats but the resident manager might express unwillingness. In this category of the ambiguous 'yes' were also those who refused to discuss the question and said their company's policy was to consider each application on an individual basis.

Most of the case histories in the seventeen buildings which gave an ambiguous 'no' to the question whether they would rent to African diplomats were much the same as those of the ambiguous 'yes' - only in the opposite direction.

In the one hundred and twenty-eitht buildings where it was definitely stated that African would not be accepted as tenants the reasons fell into two major categories. First, that African diplomats were undesirable because they were Negroes; second, because they were diplomats. In twenty-seven cases those in charge of the

buildings gave skin colour as their reason for not wanting to rent to Africans.

Some of the objections given were:

"The building would be vacant in 30 days."

"Fifteen tenants watched the resident manager when he interviewed an African diplomat."

In 30 cases the refusal to rent was given as because of the diplomatic status of the Africans.

"We want only long-term residents."

"Diplomats move every 18 months, and we can't afford to redecorate that often."

"Diplomats break their leases and violate the lease provisions."

"They entertain lavishly with caterers and orchestras until 2 a.m."

The canvassers found that these objections to diplomats were also expressed by one apartment-hotel owner who does rent to diplomats and who plans to continue to do so in the future.

The spokesmen in the remaining seventy-one buildings which refused to have African diplomats as tenants simply made the statement and gave no reasons why. Thus, out of a total of some 24,000 apartment units 60% were definitely not available for rental by African diplomats; another 7% were most unlikely to rent to African diplomats; and 14% had given a doubtful 'yes'. If this doubtful 'yes' is split evenly the 'yes' category would enjoy the benefit of a huge doubt and the 'no' total would go up to 74%. A fair estimate based on the findings of the canvass initiated by the District of Columbia Conference on Community Relations would indicate that something like 74% of the 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington would not accept African diplomats as tenants.

Harold Cooper, a mountain of an Englishman, who had spent many years in Washington after a lifetime in the British Colonial service in Africa under a string of Governors, felt that housing

was undoubtedly the gravest of all the problems, especially among the younger and not so senior members of African embassies. As public relations adviser to the Liberian [illegible] embassy in Washington Cooper is in a position to know. Most of the younger African diplomats, he said, are on salaries which are small by American standards. And even after these salaries are supplimented by allowances the failure to find a suitable house or apartment at a reasonable rental often made their tour of duty in Washington something of a nightmare.

The State Department, and Chief of Protocol Angier Biddle Duke, are acutely conscious of the problems faced by the Africans and are doing all they can to make things as easy for them as possible. Indeed, looking after the African diplomats is regarded as so important that a Special Protocol Affairs section has been set up. This section spends most of its time looking after the interests of Africans and protecting them as far as possible from unhappy race and colour experiences. On July 7th 1961 Protocol initiated a conference between real estate owners, the State Department and other government officials and agencies with the aim of securing adequate housing facilities for African and Asian diplomats. Out of this conference came a Housing Committee and the opening up of enough apartment buildings to house the staffs of some twenty-five African missions.

Throughout my stay in Washington one of the strongest and most abiding of all my impressions was of the really herculean efforts of the American government to reduce and get rid of all those factors which made for the unhappiness of the African diplomats. Many of the Africans realised and appreciated this; particularly those of the older embassies. The Liberians and Ethiopians tend to feel that

however unhappy conditions may be in parts of the United States, this was a domestic matter in which foreign diplomats should not intervene. And in their personal encounters with racial and colour insults they use pride and dignity as a massive shield. But most of the representatives of the younger states are not as tolerant. For them colour discrimination is a relic of the old colonialism which they have thrown off in Africa and which they are not prepared to tolerate anywhere else, especially as they are invested with the dignity of representing their countries. They are impatient with the reality of the American situation and critical of even the laudable efforts of State Department officials to guard them against discrimination by drawing up lists of restaurants and other places where they would be welcome. To them the idea that the State Department should subsidise an international club where they can meet Americans who do not object to their colour smacked of an attempt to herd black diplomats into a neon-lighted, air-conditioned social ghetto.

Few of the African diplomats, if any, relish the idea of crossing the Potomac. To them the whole of the United States below it is unfriendly territory, associated with the discomfort of long car rides through townships where they dare not stop for a meal or to use a rest room without risking insult or injury.

And they are aware too of one important change their presence has wrought in the social life of Washington. In the old days before their coming the fashionable hostesses could safely scatter their invitations among the embassies in the sure knowledge that all the guests who turned up would be white or so near white as to make no difference. And so dancing was quite often an important part of these entertainments. Today dancing is out.

But the picture is not one of unrelieved gloom. Intimate and very real and relaxing friendships have been built up between African diplomats and their opposite numbers in the United States service, as well as between the Africans and diplomats from the European countries. The British and French embassies in particular have done much to welcome and make things easier for the representatives of their former colonies: they have sponsored the Africans socially by having them as honoured guests at important dinners and functions and so introduced them to people in the top bracket of Washington society.

And it is possible today for the African diplomat in search of relaxation in pleasant surroundings, and who wishes to see something of the American countryside, to drive out to Montgomery County for an evening or for a weekend and have a good time completely free of any possibility of any incident. Montgomery is today the wealthiest County in the United States and its population includes a large number of civil servants and professional men of progressive outlook. And so the African diplomats find themselves welcome and completely at home at places like the fashionable and expensive Normandy Farm restaurant. Montgomery County last years completed its plan for the total integration of all its schools. It was the first among all Maryland counties to do so. Sceptics say this is because few Negroes live in the county. Be that as it may: the fact is that Montgomery County stands out as a haven for African diplomats.

I found the African diplomatic parties fascinating. They were an intriguing combination of the formal and the informal. They began early and ran late, and almost invariably food was served in glorious buffet style at some point in the evening. They were also the places where you met the people you had tried unsuccessfully to contact at their offices for days. And people at these parties seemed to speak more freely than they did in their offices. And so you picked up the latest gossip and you heard about the latest incident.

It was at the Liberian Embassy party that I met the quiet young French-speaking diplomat from the Ivory Coast. It was after most of the drinking and eating and the atmosphere was relaxed and easy. We talked about Paris in the days shortly after the war and he sounded terribly homesick for Paris.

"And how do you find Washington?" I asked.

He shrugged as only a Frenchman can. "It is not the same thing. You know it is not the same thing. But my country sends me so I do my duty. But I anticipate the time when I am transferred. Washington is - how do you say it? - " He signalled and a young diplomat from one of the English-speaking African embassies joined us. "How do you say to our friend about our tour here? You know, it is hard."

The new fellow was tall and thickset and towered above us, broad of face and typically West African. He threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"He means that Washington is what you might call a hardship post for us. You know, in the past when European civil servants were posted to lonely or difficult or dangerous places they called them hardship posts. That's what Washington is to us."

"All of you? And do you all call it that?"

"We don't go around saying it but we feel it. Someone has suggested that the State Department should issue us with turbans as we come into the country. This would make it plain to all the Americans that we are not American Negroes and should there-

fore be treated as honorary white men."

The gently bitter irony was lost on the French-speaking chap but he nodded and said yes. And then a group of people joined us and the big English-speaking chap drifted away. In a far corner of the garden, Mr. Ambassador Halm of Ghana was the centre of a large group who seemed to hang on his words. He wore his colourful native cloth, the only one who did so, and it made him the most striking figure at the party.

I had discovered early in my Washington sojourn that there was a small group of people who attended most of the African diplomatic parties about whom there was an air of mystery. People knew their names, people introduced you to them, they were charming and knowledgeable and were obviously insiders, but nobody seemed to know just what they did or where they could be found when there were no diplomatic parties. One such came up to me, seemed to know me and my business and seemed to even know what my last conversation had been about.

"Of course the Africans feel things pretty badly. But things are not so bad you know, and we are making progress." And with that the person drifted off.

At another party, this time thrown by E.M. Debrah, the Counsellor of the Ghana embassy, I met a handful of American Negroes and discovere that the coming of the Africans has had a disturbing impact on the Negroes of the United States. The girls looked like two sisters. They were very dark and, in terms of appearance, they could have come from Liberia or Sierra Leone or Ghana or Nigeria. Only their speech set them apart. They were a little apart at this party too. The gathering was about equally mixed of black and white. Debrah's home was in the fashionable Argyle Terrace in Northwest Washington, a white residential area of beautiful houses.

I got into conversation with the girls and it soon came out that they took a dim view of all these whites hanging around the African diplomats and their parties. This one was bad enough, with half of the people at the party being white. They wanted to know if I had been to any of the parties of the French speaking Africans. I had not so they told me of all the white women who hung around those parties. There you hardly ever saw a black woman and the whites nearly always outnumbered the blacks. The one said these whites were out for what they could get and the Africans were being fooled into thinking they were real friends.

The other one said, with a world of bitterness in her voice:

"And they don't even have any time for us, our own kind! Its a disgrace!"

I got away from them and wandered into another room only to walk into an argument charged with bitterness. A tall, thickset West African, his face livid with rage, was having an argument with an equally tall but very slender young American Negro. The American Negro worked for one of the Africa agencies of the State Department, one of those unofficial agencies.

The African challenged the American: "Tell me this: you working

for the State Department, aren't you?"

"What's that got to do with the argument?" the American said mildly

"Why don't you answer? Are you ashamed?"

"Ashamed of what?"

"Then admit you work for the State Department!"

"That has nothing to do with argument."

"It has everything to do with it! What you say are not your own words. You are just an echo of your master!"

This aroused the American somwhat, but he still kept a hold on himself. "I suppose you are not an echo of your master!"

"My masters are black," the West African snapped. "Yours are white. Mine don't beat and scourge and burn me!"

"So what?"

"So you're a traitor to your race!"

The American Negro braced himself as though struck. He shut his eyes then opened them. His misery embarrassed and depressed me and it was hard to hold my tongue. Then, the American Negro sighed, mustered a smile and rent my heart.

"You are lucky," he said. "I am an American - an American Negro."

I turned away from them. I did not want to hear the arrogant retort of the proud African.

'To be an American Negro in a day like this' could still be very rough, even in the encounter with the Africans in the pride and arrogance of their newly achieved freedom.

I left the party early, depressed and curious to find out the American Negro's reaction to the presence of the plenipotentiaries of Africa in Washington.

The man fell into step beside me after I had walked only a few yardsaway from the hotel. He was very black and very thin; narrow of face and with a long jaw and hollow cheeks. His feet and hands were very long though he himself was not tall - not much more than half an inch higher than my own five-six. But his tight black suit with its unpadded shoulders and his drain-pipe trousers made him seem taller. His black pointed shoes shone and there was an air of scrubbed cleanness about him: black hat perched soberly on his head, black tie, black suit, black socks and shoes, with only the visible parts of a snowy white shirt relieving the clean uniformity of blackness. I felt his tentativity and hesitation in his greeting. His voice was a soft attractive southern drawl which became warm when I showed friendliness.

"That your hotel?" He motioned backward with his head at what many people regard as Washington's leading hotel. I said yes and he nodded knowingly.

"You're an African. Its different for us." The stress on the 'us' put me in a world far removed from his own.

I said: "But you can stay there now, if you have the money."

"That is what they want you to believe. They make every-thing right for you and they keep you away from us so that you shouldn't see."

As he went on talking it became clear that he thought me an African diplomat. This was the new experience for me on this trip to the United States. The moment I opened my mouth it was clear that I was not an American Negro. I was obviously too old to be a student; so many people fell back on the next thing: an African diplomat; and this was particularly so in Washington.

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course of events, and in any case we could contribute very little that is useful at crowded diplomatic parties."

He sounded disappointed but made it clear that he was not being critical. It was just that the hoped-for co-operation between the African diplomats and the American Negro elite had not materialised.

Mr. Ambassador William Marmon Quao Halm welcomed me into his spacious and neat office. A portrait of President Nkrumah hung on the wall behind his desk. The big room was cool and pleasant and tastefully furnished; a room with a dominant motif of light brown, or perhaps it was the light brown man, big and striking, who gave the room its impression of light brown. This time he wore a pale lounge suit instead of his striking native cloth. There was an air of restless energy about the man. He sat down, got up and walked to his desk, came back and sat with me and then jumped up when somebody came to the door and gave quick instructions in his native tongue.

Unlike Ghana's first Ambassador to Washington, Mr. C.A. Chapman, Mr. Halm is no career civil servant. He is a strong Nkrumah party man. He was one of the first of the older men to join Nkrumah's Convention Peoples Party way back in 1950. He has served as First President of the Accra Branch of the party and he has also been the party's National Treasurer.

He was born at Akuse on July 24th, 1902 and he went to school in Sierra Leone which in those days had the most advanced educational institutions in Britain's West African colonies. Affluent West African families from as far away as Nigeria used to send their children to school in Sierra Leone.

After school Mr. Halm went to work for a business firm which was later merged into the giant United Africa Company. Like so

the majority of educated, middle-class-in-the-making, Gold Coasters, he joined Dr. J.B. Danquah's United Gold Coast Convention Party when it was formed in 1947. At the end of that same year Dr. Danquah, as head of the new party, invited Kwame Nkrumah who was studying in London, to return home and assume the secretaryship of the party. Nkrumah arrived back in the Gold Coast in December of 1947 and assumed his new political post. Mr. Halm, meanwhile, had become a member of the Accra Town Council and Treasurer of the party. He must therefore have been pretty close to Nkrumah in those early days.

When Nkrumah broke away from the United Gold Coast Convention party and formed his own Convention People's Party in June of 1949, Mr. Halm stayed on and only switched his allegiance in 1950. From that point onward Mr. Halm has been a faithful Nkrumah man, and his reward has been a series of very high offices. He has been Chairman of the Ghana Industrial Development Corporation and its twenty-four subsidiaries, first President of the Black Star Shipping Line, and a member of all the more important Trade Missions to various parts of the world. He entered diplomacy when Nkrumah named him Ghana's first Ambassador to the state of Israel. It was from Israel that he was transferred to Washington in 1959.

As we sat in that big and comfortable and peaceful room, I thought of Dr. J.B. Danquah, one of the finest scholars the Gold Coast which is now Ghana had ever produced. The fine scholar had invited Nkrumah back from England and had set him up in the country's nationalist politics. That fine scholar had been head of the party of which Mr. Halm had been treasurer. That fine scholar had then become leader of the opposition in the parliament of an independent Ghana. And that fine scholar was now languishing in jail as one of

Kwame Nkrumah's political prisoners. Mr. Ambassador Halm was no stranger to the events which have led to this point. As we sat there I wondered if he ever thought of Dr. J.B. Danquah. Whether he did or not, in terms of the reality of practical politics, in terms of serving the best interests of Nkrumah's Ghana and Ghana's Nkrumah, Mr. Ambassador Halm struck me as an excellent choice. He is shrewd, skilful and experienced and, when there is need for it, he can be the most charming person you have ever met. He is also the most influential among the African diplomats in Washington, reflecting perhaps the great influence of his country as the first of the independent state of the new Africa, and still, to an extent, the pace-setter, though others, like the great Nigeria are now coming forward to offer challenge. But whatever happens later, for the present Ghana is still the leader, both inside Africa and in the world of diplomacy abroad. And Mr. Halm, I felt, was aware of this and drew great strength from it.

His message, when we parted, was to tell the West not to tie political strings to aid.

THE AFRICANS IN WASHINGTON

The man fell into step beside me after I had walked only a few yards way from the hotel. He was very black and very thin; narrow of face and with a long jaw and hollow cheeks. His feet and hands were very long though he himself was not tall - not much more than half an inch higher than my own five-six. But his tight black suit with its unpadded shoulders and his drainpipe trousers made him seem taller. His black pointed shoes shone and there was an air of scrubbed cleanness about him: black hat perched soberly on his head, black tie, black suit, black socks and shoes, with only the visible parts of a snowy white shirt relieving the clean uniformity of blackness. I felt his tentativity and hesitation in his greeting. His voice was a soft attractive southern drawl which became warm when I showed friendliness.

"That your hotel?" He motioned backward with his head at what many people regard as Washington's leading hotel. I said yes and he nodded knowingly.

"You're an African. It's different for us." The stress on the 'us' put me in a world far removed from his own.

I said: "But you can stay there now, if you have the money."

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I gathered all these comments and impressions within my first twenty-four hours in Washington. A brief three years earlier, on another visit to Washington, I had talked with similar groups and individuals. Then, very few people had been interested in the Africans in their midst. What the Africans did or did not do was not then the topic of conversation almost everywhere. This, to me, was the most striking single change in Washington. The African had come to town. His coming had pleased some; had filled some with wild hopes and strange desires. For some his coming was a symbol of new opportunity, for others it was a problem, and yet others were not quite sure of the meaning of his coming. Why this change? And what of the African himself?

I hoped to find at least some of the answers in the story of the Ghana Embassy. The Ghana Embassy is not the oldest of the African embassies. Those of Ethiopia, of Liberia, of Egypt and of South Africa are older. But the Ghana embassy is generally accepted as the sort of senior in terms of influence among all the African embassies.

It is housed at 2139 R Street N.W., a wide tree-lined street off the main flow of traffic. The trees give the street an appearance of coolness. The atmosphere is that of a middle-class residential area, which it still largely is, though a number of houses have been taken over by the new African embassies.

The steady coming and going of cars is the first sign that 2139 is no ordinary residence. As fast as one car pulls up and deposits its passengers another turns up to pick up passengers. And there is an equally steady flow of Africans on foot, mainly young men in

neatly pressed suits who could be junior members of the embassy staff or else students come to sort out some problems. They come and go with a quiet self-containedness which immediately sets them apart from the natives of the land. Everything about them proclaims them as strangers in a strange land who are a long way from home. But they also move with an air of assurance, as do people who are in no doubt about their standing and status and who are sure of some strong protecting authority behind them.

The embassy shield hangs above the open doorway, and just inside a white doorman sits at a tiny table, round shouldered and sallow as one who rarely walks in the sun. The doorway leads directly into a small reception room. There are stairs immediately facing the door which lead to the upper part of the house. Two chairs below and against the stairs sandwich a little table between them. This is where visitors wait. In the corner diagonally opposite the door and on a table that looks large in the small room is the telephone switchboard. The operator who sounds English and looks a friendly little body of a person is trying to get a call through to New York and there seems to be a lot of confusion on the line. There is a room beyond the switchboard, all tables and papers, and a tall thickset black man in a natty light grey suit is busy sorting out papers. It is shortly after nine in the morning and the embassy's working day has just got under way.

My first impression was one of overcrowdedness. This place had probably once housed a family of five or six. For such a family it would have been a modestly large and comfortable home, nothing lavish but with room to move and have privacy. As an embassy with a working staff of thirty-five it was overcrowded. Boxes and cartons were stacked in one corner and I had the impression that the embassy was hard pressed for storage room. But over and above all this was the sense of suddenly having stepped into a little piece of West Africa. There was an air of calm relaxedness which was distinctly African, suggesting warmth and intimacy and giving even the most formal undertaking a touch of the personal.

The doorman asked my business and then called out to the

telephonist: "For Mr. Dove." She somehow managed to tell me to take a seat while still struggling to get New York. From the floor above came the murmur of deepthroated African voices, with one voice bursting out loud over all the others every now and then. A young American Negro miss, very attractive and with a creamy light brown skin, walked across the room and up the stairs with a pile of files. She seemed impersonal, efficient, very American: much less a part of the setting than the English-sounding white telephonist. After a while she came down the stairs and said Mr. Dove would soon be with me.

There was a sudden clatter of feet and a group of men hurried down the stairs. In the lead was a tall man who looked very striking in his African cloth. He looked like a latter-day brown-skinned version of a history-book Roman senator. But whereas the Roman garment was always pictured as a flowing white, this man's was rich in colour, with goldish yellow overtones. This was His Excellency, William Marmon Quao Halm, Ambassador of the Government of Ghana to the United States of America. Pliny The Elder it was who had said: "Always something new out of Africa." And today it was the African plenipotentiaries, 'the strong bronzed men' about whom Countee Cullen sang nearly a quarter of a century ago, who symbolised the new out of Africa.

Mr. Halm greeted me briefly, indicated that we would meet later and then hurried out to the waiting car. And then Mr. Dove, the Press Attache, took charge of me.

Gordon Dove was a thickset man in his late thirties with an air of reserve about him which I later saw fall away from him completely at an intimate party of friends. He was new at the Washington Embassy though he had been in his country's service since 1956. He had only been posted to Washington in February of 1961. He had previously been in the Ghana Information Services at home and this was his first overseas posting. But he was no stranger to Washington or the United States. He had studied at Howard University between 1949 and 1955 and had earned a Master's degree in Political Science; and later, from 1955 to 1956 he had studied journalism at Boston University.

I said:"Knowing the States means that you have not had any really serious problems of adjustment?".

The hint of a smile flickered across his face and was gone. Then he began to tell me about the structure of the embassy. I felt squashed though it had been done most politely. After all, I had said that I wanted to discuss the structure of the embassy and not his personal problems of adjustment. By what right did I presume to expect him to reveal his personal problems to a stranger. None of this was said but it was there, a thin thread of understanding between us.

Ghana had achieved its independence on the 6th of March, 1957 and the Washington embassy was opened on the same day. The Chancery was then situated in the Dupont Circle Building on Connecticut Avenue. The first Ambassador, Mr. C.A. Chapman, served from 1957 to 1959 when he was replaced by Mr. Halm. The present embassy building was occupied in March 1957.

I mentioned that it looked overcrowded. Yes: that was one of the problems. I learned later from a State Department source that the Ghanaians had had some difficulties in their attempts to put up their own building.

The present embassy staff consists of 35 of whom eleven are Ghanaians. Two of the eleven are on temporary appointment. At the head of the embbasy is the Ambassador, the political head of the whole Mission, whose term of office is normally for three years. Then there is the Counsellor who is the civil service and administrativ head of the embassy. He runs the day-to-day affairs of the embassy. Below him are two First Secretaries, one concerned with political affairs and the other with economic affairs. Next there is one Second Secretary who is concerned with administration. He is followed by two Third Secretaries, one in charge of the Registry and the other in charge of security. One of the current Third Secretaries is a Ghanaian woman. The Counsellor and Secretaries are members of the Ghana Foreign Service - though one of the Third Secretaries in this instance was on secondment from the Ghana Home Civil Service. In

addition there is an Education Attache who has one assistant and whose business is to look after the interests and welfare of all Ghanaian students in the United States. And finally there was Mr. Dove himself, the Press Attache, whose job I did not need to be told anything about.

The daily routine of the embaasy began at nine in the morning and ran till twelve-thirty in the afternoon. Then there was a break till two when the embassy opened again until five-thirty in the afternoon. But of course the embassy's senior staff had to go to a vast number of evening functions and the Ambassador himself went to some function every day when he was in Washington. The embassy itself threw an average of three diplomatic parties every week.

We had spent over an hour on the structure of the embassy. During that time the phone had rung several times. Dove had either scribbled hurried notes on a pad or else said he would call back soon. His secretary, the young coloured American miss, had also come in with sheafs of paper several times. A pile of work had built up, so I decided to pack up. I knew the ice had been broken. There would be time, later, for us to go into the problems of adjustment and the like.

But just as I prepared to get up, Dove said:

"That question of yours....."

There was no need to say which of the many questions he meant.

I said "Yes?"

"It is easier for those of us who know our way and of course we try to protect the new-comers too."

"How do you cope with it?"

He shrugged slightly.

"We are here on our country's business, and so we do our work and go home."

"What about entertainment?"

"We entertain among ourselves. There are the official parties but apart from those we don't go out much. We are here to do a job and we avoid trouble."

"You have a family...." The fact sheet had told me he had.

"Wife and young daughter."

"When you have a day to yourself, a free Sunday, and it is a fine warm day....."

His eyes laughed at me with a hint of derision which suggested that I was pushing the point too hard.

"We go to church, and then we go home. Perhaps friends call on us; perhaps we call on them: but mainly we go home."

I said: "I understand housing is one of your most urgent problems.

He said: "Yes." and left it there. I did not press him this time. Instead, we arranged to meet again and then I left.

There was a woman with two young boys in the reception room. The two boys seemed very excited. From the snatches of talk I heard it seemed that they were finding out details for a trip to Ghana.

A fine, steady drizzle had begun while I was in Dove's office and it suddenly made Washington seem as sticky and depressing as the housing problems faced by a vast number of the African diplomats in it.

On May 31st, 1961 Edward R. Murrow, head of the United States Information Agency, addressed the National Press Club in Washington and found it necessary to refer to the housing problems faced by the African diplomats. He said: "Here in Washington, for example, there exists a much unreported incumbrance on our African relations that can lose us as much influence as anything the Soviets might do. Where do we house African diplomats in our capital? These are representatives of Negro nations led by Negro leaders. It is bad enough that they read headlines of Birmingham bus burnings and beatings. It is even worse that they find it near impossible to live in the capital of our nation. Landlords will not rent to them; schools refuse their children; stores will not let them try on clothes; beaches bar their families. Today there are some 30 African representatives in Washington with what is euphemistically called 'unsatisfactory housing'. Fully one-third of these are termed emergency cases. There will be some 50 more families arriving in the next six months, 100 in the next year."

The stories of the difficulties encountered by African diplomats in the search for homes are legion. The Ambassador concerned told me of seeing a sign in the window of a real estate agency

announcing an apartment to let. The Ambassador went into the office, presented his card and asked to see the manager. The manager ~~duly~~ appeared ~~and~~ the Ambassador told him that he would like to rent the apartment for a member of his staff who was a family man. The manager ~~firmly and politely turned the Ambassador away because~~ was sorry but that apartment was not to let to any Negroes, not even diplomatic Negroes. Not one of the Africans in whose presence I heard this story showed the slightest surprise or shock. To them this was just one variation ~~of~~ on what had become a familiar theme.

In June of 1961 the District of Columbia Conference on Community Development got a group of volunteers to do a house-to-house canvass of 211 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington to find out which were willing to rent to African diplomats and which were not. These buildings contained approximately 24,000 apartment units of varying sizes. Eight out of the 211 buildings made it clear that they would accept African diplomats as tenants. 21 buildings said they might accept African diplomats but the responses were ambiguous. In 17 buildings it was indicated that they probably would not accept Africans but here too the responses were ambiguous. In 37 buildings no clear answer was given as to whether they would or would not accept African diplomat as tenants. In 128 buildings it was clearly stated that African diplomats would not be accepted as tenants.

In the case of the eight buildings where the answer was a definite yes, two of the buildings were apartment-hotels with 579 apartment units. The other ~~other~~ six were apartment buildings exclusively with a total of 662 apartment units. One of the two apartment-hotels indicated that in accepting Africans as tenants it would act as a hotel rather than an apartment house, and charge monthly rents based on daily hotel rates instead of a monthly charge similar to an apartment system.

The twenty-one buildings which said that they might accept Africans were in the main of the ambiguous order of "yes, but we do not anticipate any vacancies," and "we would be happy to put his application on our waiting list". This is one of the most common

methods of getting rid of African applicants without causing any embarrassment. The application is accepted but not considered when a vacancy occurs.

In other instances in this category there were conflicting responses. The resident manager in the building would give one answer and the agent for the building would give the opposite answer. The agent might express willingness to rent to African diplomats but the resident manager might express unwillingness. In this category of the ambiguous 'yes' were also those who refused to the discuss the question and said their company's policy was to consider each application on an individual basis.

Most of the case histories in the seventeen buildings which gave an ambiguous 'no' to the question whether they would rent to African diplomats were much the same as those of the ambiguous 'yes' - only in the opposite direction.

In the one hundred and twenty-eight buildings where it was definitely stated that African would not be accepted as tenants the reasons fell into two major categories. First, that African diplomats were undesirable because they were Negroes; second, because they were diplomats. In twenty-seven cases those in charge of the buildings gave skin colour as their reason for not wanting to rent to Africans.

Some of the objections given were:

"The building would be vacant in 30 days."

"Fifteen tenants watched the resident manager when he interviewed an African diplomat."

In 30 cases the refusal to rent was given as because of the diplomatic status of the Africans.

"We want only long-term residents."

"Diplomats move every 18 months, and we can't afford to redecorate that often."

"Diplomats break their leases and violate the lease provisions."

"They entertain lavishly with caterers and orchestras until 2 a.m."

The canvassers found that these objections to diplomats

were also expressed by one apartment-hotel owner who does rent to African diplomats and who plans to continue to do so in the future. The spokesmen in the remaining seventy-one buildings which refused to have African diplomats as tenants simply made the statement and gave no reasons why. Thus, out of a total of some 24,000 apartment units 60% were definitely not available for rental by African diplomats; another 7% were most unlikely to rent to African diplomats; and 14% had given a doubtful 'yes'. If this doubtful 'yes' is split evenly the 'yes' category would enjoy the benefit of a huge doubt and the 'no' total would go up to 74%. A fair estimate based on the findings of the canvass initiated by the District of Columbia Conference on Community Relations would indicate that something like 74% of the 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington would not accept African diplomats as tenants.

Harold Cooper, a mountain of an Englishman, who had spent many years in Washington after a lifetime in the British Colonial service in Africa under a string of Governors, felt that housing was undoubtedly the gravest of all the problems, especially among the younger and not so senior members of African embassies. As public relations adviser to the Liberian Embassy, Cooper is in a position to know. Most of the younger African diplomats, he said, are on salaries which are small by comparison with American standards. These are supplemented by allowances, but all the same, failure to find a suitable house or apartment at a reasonable rental often made an officer's tour of duty in Washington something of a nightmare right from the start. And drawing on his African experience Cooper remarked: "In a variety of situations in which Governors under whom I served were involved, I found that the forts of folly (most of them either exclusively European residential areas or exclusively European clubs) fell surprisingly quickly before a resolute frontal assault. But half measures don't help. It is no use if the HUFF is not followed by the PUFF."

End P.19

I found the African diplomatic parties fascinating. They were an intriguing combination of the formal and the informal. They began

early and ran late, and almost invariably food was served in glorious buffet style at some point in the evening. They were also the places where you met the people you had tried unsuccessfully to contact at their offices for days. And people at these parties seemed to speak more freely than they did in their offices. And so you picked up the latest gossip and you heard about the latest incident.

It was at the Liberian Embassy party that I met the quiet young French-speaking diplomat from the Ivory Coast. It was after most of the drinking and eating and the atmosphere was relaxed and easy. We talked about Paris in the days shortly after the war and he sounded terribly homesick for Paris.

"And how do you find Washington?" I asked.

He shrugged as only a Frenchman can. "It is not the same thing. You know it is not the same thing. But my country sends me so I do my duty. But I anticipate the time when I am transferred. Washington is - how do you say it? -" He signalled and a young diplomat from one of the English-speaking African embassies joined us. "How do you say to our friend about our tour here? You know, it is hard."

The new fellow was tall and thickset and towered above us, broad of face and typically West African. He threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"He means that Washington is what you might call a hardship post for us. You know, in the past when European civil servants were posted to lonely or difficult of dangerous places they called them hardship posts. That's what Washington is to us."

"All of you? And do you all call it that?"

"We don't go around saying it but we feel it. Someone has suggested that the State Department should issue us with turbans as we come into the country. This would make it plain to all the Americans that we are not American Negroes and should therefore be treated as honorary white men."

The gently bitter irony was lost on the French-speaking chap but he nodded and said yes. And then a group of people joined us and the big English-speaking chap drifted away. In a far corner of the garden, Mr. Ambassador Halm of Ghana was the centre of a large

group who seemed to hang on his words. He wore his colourful native cloth, the only one who did so, and it made him the most striking figure at the party.

I had discovered early in my Washington sojourn that there was a small group of people who attended most of the African diplomatic parties about whom there was an air of mystery. People knew their names, people introduced you to them, they were charming and knowledgeable and were obviously insiders, but nobody seemed to know just what they did or where they could be found when there were no diplomatic parties. One such came up to me, seemed to know me and my business and seemed to even know what my last conversation had been about.

"Of course the Africans feel things pretty badly. But things are not so bad you know, and we are making progress. ~~Go to Montgomery County and see how well African diplomats are received~~. And with that the person drifted off.

Indeed, the State Department and the ~~Special Protocol Affairs~~ Section of the Office of Protocol under Chief of Protocol Angier Biddle Duke are doing all they can to make things as easy as possible for the African diplomats. On July 7th 1961 they initiated a conference between real estate owners and State Department and other government officials to try and secure adequate housing facilities for African diplomats. Out of that conference came a Housing Committee and the opening of enough apartment buildings to house the staff of some twenty-five African missions. And the Protocol people express themselves as pleased with the progress made.

But so often, I found, the very laudable efforts of State Department officials ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to protect African diplomats from discrimination have made an unhappy impression on the Africans. Drawing up lists of restaurants and other places where they would be welcome seem to many Africans a singularly naive admission of the gravity of the situation. And I found only mockery among some Africans for the idea that the State Department should subsidise an International Club where African diplomats could meet Americans who do not object to their colour. And I found quite strong resentment

against attempts to keep tabs on out of town trips made by important African diplomats so as to ensure in advance that no incident took place. I once heard both sides of such a story.

An Ambassador was travelling to points south without the knowledg of anybody at the State Department. But the travel agent with whom he booked informed the State Department and the official concerned immediately got on the phone. When the Ambassador arrived everything had been made smooth for him. He was received royally and their was no incident. The officer concerned felt that a good job had been done. The diplomat concerned, on the other hand, saw this as a childish subterfuge to try and decive him as to the reality of the southern situation. It is all a question of the angle of vision from which any given action is seen. But certainly, it seemed to me that the State Department had a very tricky problem on its hands.

An arm was suddenly flung about my shoulders and E.M. Debrah, Counsellor of the Ghana Embassy, was beside me. He was in high spirits.

"Why are you standing here alone? Come and meet some people." He was slender and dark and very attractive; a polished diplomat who could and did hold his own with the best diplomatic brains there were.

"I was thinking of the problems you Africans create by your presence."

He laughed gaily. "Forget your work tonight!" And with that he pulled me along to meet a group of new arrivals from Africa who had all the latest news of what was happening in Ghana.

Debrah was the senior foreign service officer at the Ghana embassy and he ran the whole show under the political direction of the Ambassador. This he did with a quiet, unhurried efficiency learnt from the British before Ghana became independent.

He was one of the first eight young Ghanaians who were selected for foreign service training in 1955. He was an Honours graduate in History from the University College in Ghana and he had read International Relations at the London School of Economics. While the Ghana Foreign Service was being built up he was attached to the

British Embassy in Paris. After Ghana achieved her independence in 1957 Debrah was sent to Liberia As First Secretary to her embassy there. He went to Cairo as First Secretary in 1959 and acted as Chargé d'Affaires for several months before he was posted to Washington in late 1960.

For Debrah the spell in Egypt had been the greatest fun. In Britain and France he had been free of any sense of colour. But in Egypt he had experienced the dignity of being black.

I spent my last evening in Washington at a party at Debrah's home in the fashionable Argyle Terrace in Northwest Washington, a white residential area of beautiful houses. In odd moments between entertaining his other guests we had snatches of conversation that were no more than shadowy hints at some of the frustrations experienced by the Africans.

For nearly all of them the tour of duty in the capital of the western world was a rough period in their diplomatic careers: a period spent at a 'hardship post'. Some understood the problems the American government faced. Some were appreciative of the efforts to make their stay easier. Some had made genuine and enduring friendships. And at the Ambassadorial level things were often as smooth and easy as possible. But however things were for them, whatever their impact on the Washington scene or the American scene, I found most of them on guard, watchful, braced for the incident that could suddenly happen to even the most highly placed among them.

And these are the people who greatly influence the policies of their governments to the United States. To an outsider like myself the thought came naturally: Will the Struggle for the goodwill of Africa be lost in Washington D.C.?

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

E. M. DEBRAH

Mr. E. M. Debrah was born in Ghana on 9th July, 1928. His father is a Methodist Minister who is now in charge of the largest Methodist Church in Ghana.

He was educated at two of the best Secondary Schools in Ghana, Mfantsipin and Achimota Schools, and at the University College of Ghana where he took an Honours Degree in History. Mr. Debrah later spent some time at the London School of Economics reading International Relations.

Mr. Debrah was one of the very first Ghanaians to be selected for the Ghana Foreign Service. He served while the Ghanaian Service was being built up, with the British Embassy in Paris. After the Independence of Ghana, Mr. Debrah served as First Secretary of the Ghana Embassy in Liberia and was for several occasions Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Debrah arrived in Cairo on August 1959 as First Secretary of the Embassy of Ghana. He acted as Chargé d'Affaires of the Embassy from April to August 1960. He is posted to the Embassy of Ghana in Washington where he is Counsellor. Has been here about seven months.

Mr. Debrah is happily married and has two children - Kofi and Stella.

*****

PETER I typed these last night when I was very, very sleepy. By page 6 the sleepiness is evident

QUOTE:

I decided early in my career that if the Empire did not put an end to racial discrimination, racial discrimination would put an end to the Empire. In a variety of situations in which Governors under whom I served were involved, I found that the forts of folly (most of them either exclusively ~~xxxx~~ European residential areas or exclusively European clubs) fell surprisingly quickly ~~x~~before a resolute frontal assault. But half measures don't help. It is~~x~~ no use if the HUFF is not followed by the PUFF.

UNQUOTE:

Consider the problems of the fashionable hostesses in Washington. In the old days they could safely scatter their invitations among the Embassies and all the guests who turned up would be white of at least off-white. So ~~xxx~~ they could include dancing in ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ their program. But now they are faced with the knowledge that while a good many Washingtoni~~xxxx~~ons in the top social bracket are willing to drink cockrails with members of the African Embassies, dancing is thought of as a rather too intimate mutual activity.

~~QUOTE~~
UNQUOTE:

In trying to get apartments for younger African staff members ~~(xxxxxxxxxx~~ espe~~x~~ially gi~~x~~ls) one is often met ~~x~~by the tongue-in-cheek argument: "We have no prejudice against color. We'd be glad to take her. But we ask you to consider very seriously whether she would be happy here."

UNQUOTE:

Nothing can alter the fact that, at the most crucial stage of its history, the United States is stuck with a southern city as its capital.

UNQUOTE:

Montgomery County stands out as a haven for African diplomats who wish to see something of the American countryside during their evenings or weekends. It is now the wealthiest county in the United States and its population includes a large number of civil servants and professional men who are "liberals". It has recently completed (first among all Maryland counties to do this) its plan for total integration of schools. Sceptics say this has been achieved with such ease only because there are comparatively few negroes in the county.

Fact remains that African diplomats can and do avail themselves freely of facilities at, for instance, the fashionable and expensive Normandy Farm restaurant.

UNQUOTE:

One African diplomat suggested, not altogether facetiously, that one solution would be for the State Department to issue turbans to all incoming African diplomats at their port of entry. This would make it clear to all concerned that they were not American negroes and could therefore be treated as "honorary white men". It is a fact that for years Africans and Asians have been using the turban (and "native" dress generally) as a means of avpiding discriminatory practices in the U.S. An early example: Ratu Sir Lala Sukuna, senior chief of Fiji, returning home from the UK after distinguished military service in the First World War.)

UNQUOTE:

Few African diplomats relish crossing the Potomac. They think of the whole of the US below it, right down to the Gulf, as unfriendly territory. They associate it with the discomfort of long car rides through townships in which they cannot try to buy a meal, or even use a rest room, without facing the risk of being insulted. Generally speaking, State Department invitations to Embassy personnel to travel in the South and see what conditions are really like are received with suspicion. Said one African diplomat: "I don't want to be used as a shpwpiece. If they want to prove to the southerners that negroes are actually people, they can send Louis Armstrong."

UNQUOTE:

Older Embassies have greater patience. Liberians and Ethiopians tend to take view that, deplorable as racial conditions in some parts of the US may be, they constitute a domestic problem in which foreign diplomats should not intervene. There is also in this attitude a touch of the belief that there is such a thing as being proud enough to be impervious to insults. But representatives of the younger states see in discrimination a relic of the old Cokonialism which they have thrown off in Africa and should not be required to tolerate elsewhere.

In any case (said one diplomat) "the United States is suffering from international halitosis. In that sort of situation your best friends will tell you and will help you tp find a remedy."

UNQUOTE:

Some of the State Department plans to deal with the situation (such as drawing up lists of restaurants, etc where Africans will be welcome) seem to Africans to reflect a singularly naive admission of the gravity of the problem and to cancel out much of American publicity

abroad which seeks to promote the idea that the racial picture in the US is not as black as it's painted.

A suggestion that the State Department should subsidize, with millions of dollars, an International Club where Africans and Americans who don't object to their color could meet in an atmosphere free of prejudice smacks (for some Africans) of an attempt to herd black diplomats into a neon-lighted, air-conditioned social ghetto.

QUOTE:

Housing is undoubtedly gravest problem. Most of the younger members of African Embassies (like their European and Asian counterparts) are on salaries which are small by comparison with luxurious American standards. These salaries are supplemented by allowances, but failure to find a suitable house or apartment at a reasonable rental may make an officer's tour of duty in Washington something od a nightmare right from the start.

QUOTE:

It is unfortunate that discrimination often rears its nasty head in places where it is least expected. Finance Minister Gbedemah of Ghana was refused a glass of orange juice in Dover, Delaware, and President Eisenhower had to give him breakfast at the White House to put things right. Charge d'Affaires Fitzjohn of Sierra Leone, carefully selecting a restaurant belonging to the same chain which had sworn never to repeat the Dover blunder, was turned away in Hagerstown (?Maryland or Pennsylvania) and the Mayor had to organize a civic reception for him as an act of collective penitence. Both these incidents happened well to the north of the Potomac, in areas where an African diplomat ought to be able to breathe (and eat) freely.

UNQUOTE

K I V that, although Liberia was founded by the Americans, the recognition of its independence (1847) quick to come from European countries was held up in US until midway through Civil War because southern politicians could not stomach idea of having a negro ambassador in Washington.

UNQUOTE

A good many Africans have expressed dismay at the docility with which the negro accepts his lot in the US. (Students in particular have said that, during attendance at negro schools in south, what they found unendurable was not the discrimination they encountered but the placid negro resignation to it. Thus, agitation which in the US appears extremist and is often linked with Communist subversion , to the African nationalist appears weak-kneed and ineffective.

UNQUOTE

It shouldn't be supposed that the ordinary people of Washington are apathetic about this. There are all kinds of informal groups operating behind the scenes in the patriotic conviction that their city is facing a crucial test and had better emerge from it with at least a passing grade. The improvement since I moved to this area six years ago has been enormous. But we are, in this as in so many things, caught up in a race against time. We have to try to come to our senses today, not next week or next month.

UNQUOTE

K I V lack of common bond between groups which suffer from discrimination. Sad example of Jewish real estate man who

will seek to impress you by saying that the houses he has to sell are in an area where "you won't be troubled by the negroes".

Terms of purchase of houses in many parts of Washington and its Maryland and Virginia suburbs contain covenant that property will not be sold to or occupied by persons of negro race. This clause is believed to be unenforceable in light of recent Supreme Court decisions. But Dean Rusk insisted on having clause of this kind struck out of his agreement before he bought house in Georgetown.

It is alleged many agreements include similar clauses barring Jews (and even Italians) from ownership or occupation.

UNQUOTE

As sample of half measures: Private schools which have relaxed color bar to extent of admitting North Africans (Arabs) but not Sub-Saharan Africans (negroes).

In general, Headmasters and staff of private schools are ahead of public opinion in this matter.

UNQUOTE

Insensitivity: Clark Clifford party for Williams: "The Congolese have welcomed the appointment - They've put Soapy on the menu already." "New TV show - Eat the Press." If Africans expected to guffaw , idea mistaken.

GHANA

Information Section
Embassy of Ghana
2139 R Street, N.W.
Washington 8, D. C.
HObart 2-7600

Ghana Information and
Trade Center
565 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, New York
YUkon 6-0500

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
HIS EXCELLENCY WILLIAM MARMON QUAO HALM
AMBASSADOR OF GHANA TO THE UNITED STATES

Mr. William Marmon Quao Halm, Ghana's Ambassador to the United States, was born at Akuse, Ghana, on July 24th, 1902. He was educated at Wesleyan Boy's High School in Freetown, Sierre Leone, the oldest of England's African Colonies, where in the early days, the most advanced educational institutions in West African Colonies existed and the wealthiest families sent their sons and sometimes their daughters to school.

The Ambassador was, however, to make his early career one of business. He went to work for H.B.W. Russell, a mercantile firm which later was merged into the United Africa Company, a subsidiary of Lever Brothers, one of the largest corporations in the world and important commercially in America.

Later, Mr. Halm served as a member of the Accra Town Council, was Treasurer of the United Gold Coast Convention party, a national political organization, changing his allegiance in 1950 to the Convention People's Party, the present ruling political organization in Ghana and which he has also served as first President of the Accra Branch, and the National Treasurer.

His Excellency has been Chairman of the Ghana Industrial Development Corporation and its 24 subsidiary corporations, and first President of the Black Star Shipping Line. He was also a member of the British Council, the Board of Governors of the Accra Academy Secondary School, Treasurer of the Ghana Red Cross Society, Lay Magistrate of the Accra Juvenile Court, and has served on several trade missions to various parts of the world.

Furthermore, he led a goodwill mission with representatives of Morocco, the Sudan and Tunis to plead with various countries to help stop the war in Algeria.

Mr. Halm entered diplomacy when he was named the first Ambassador of Ghana to Israel. It was from that post that he was transferred to the United States in 1959.

Poultry farming and gardening are Mr. Halm's recreations.

He has seven children, two boys and five girls.

Dear Peter,

It might have been easier to send you the complete edition -- there was so much about "folks" -- but it would have been a lot costlier. I did think you'd be interested in what was said about "Kwamina" on Sunday and the review. We've thought, as Bill probably told you, that the whole thing got started after "Udumo" had made some rounds. The last I heard things were going well in London but you'll probably be hearing more directly after the opening (Nov. 2).

How is everything and everybody?

I expect to hear from Daphne around Christmas, yes?

Love,

Ruth

Oct. 24, 1961

10 L

AFRICANS SCORED BY LOUW IN U. N.

Violations of Human Rights Laid to Apartheid Critics

By RICHARD EDER
Special to The New York Times.

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y., Oct. 23—South Africa took part today in the United Nations debate over its racial policies for the first time in fifteen years.

As discussion of South Africa's apartheid policy began in the General Assembly's Special Political Committee, Foreign Minister Eric H. Louw said that "false and totally baseless charges" against his country had been made and would probably be repeated. It is his intention "to expose the falsity of these charges," he said.

Mr. Louw indicated that his delegation, if pressed, would go on the offensive and throw back any charges made against South Africa upon the nations making them. He said:

"My delegation will not hesitate to show that the practices complained of * * * take place also in the countries of several of the complainants or of those delegations who support them; in other words, that the complainants and their supporters have not come to the court of the United Nations with clean hands."

Violations of Rights Charged

In today's speech, which he termed "a preliminary statement," Mr. Louw accused several African nations of various violations of human rights.

In one nation, he said, there had been "a virtual dictatorship of one political party for eighty years." In another, he added, "hundreds of people" are being detained, including "prominent members of what remains of the Opposition party in that country, and also certain labor leaders."

Although he did not name the countries, Mr. Louw presumably alluded to Liberia and Ghana. He also mentioned the Soviet Union as having committed repressions in Hungary and elsewhere.

Since African and many Asian members are strongly opposed to South Africa's policies, the aggressive line taken in the Assembly by Mr. Louw is likely to produce some sharp encounters during the debate.

When Mr. Louw in the general debate Oct. 11 assailed other African nations for encouraging racial dissension within South Africa, the Assembly passed a highly unusual vote of censure on his remarks. After that, Ghana let it be known that she was seeking support for a resolution to expel South Africa from the United Nations.

Milder Sanctions Urged

Other African states have been arguing for a somewhat milder resolution, and it is possible that some other forms of sanctions will be called for instead.

The South African Foreign Minister again maintained that the United Nations had no business discussing a nation's racial policies. Up to this year, South Africa has refused to participate in the debate on the apartheid question.

Mr. Louw accused the United Nations of applying a "double standard" by condemning intervention in some instances and failing to condemn it in South Africa.

He cited a resolution adopted last year in connection with the Cuban complaint about United States aggression, which called upon members to refrain "from encouraging or promoting civil strife in other states."

This principle was not maintained, he said, in the case of African nations that are trying to promote racial strife in South Africa. He mentioned specifically the Cairo radio, the broadcasts of which, he said, are designed to stir up the South African native population.

Cuba, the Soviet Union, Ethiopia and the United Arab Republic delivered brief replies to Mr. Louw, reserving their right to speak more fully later.

The United Arab Republic delegate, Mahmoud Riad, said it was true that the Cairo radio "attacks heavily and violently the South African Government." It will continue to do so, he added, until the apartheid policy is changed.

Theatre: Musical About Africa Ope

'Kwamina' in Debut at the 54th Street

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

VENTURING bravely where virtually no straight plays have dared, "Kwamina" is a musical that tackles the challenge of Africa and its awakening. Since it is dealing with a burning theme, it is properly not a conventional song-and-dance show.

Indeed, the new musical that opened last night at the 54th Street Theatre captures something of the furious abandon of a people tied to tribal customs. In its dances and chanting, "Kwamina" summons up the mysterious spirit of a remote corner of an unknown continent. There is a fiery theatricalism in the deployment of this company made up largely of Negroes.

●

The ambitious aims of Robert Alan Aurthur, who wrote the book, and Richard Adler, who did the music and lyrics, deserve respect and admiration. They have attempted to dramatize in story and song the collision between past and present in a West African village. Their principal conflict is between the fetishism of tribal ways and the enlightenment of science and freedom.

Because they are attempting an overwhelming theme in terms of a musical, they are bound to simplify. In fact, there are places where they oversimplify. Their hearts are in the right place, but their story moves at times like well-arranged points in a political primer on Africa. The result is a tendency for some of the characters to become mouthpieces for a viewpoint rather than human beings.

"Kwamina" also makes a few obeisances to easy popularity. Since it is exploring new paths, it cannot be condemned harshly for holding fast to some old landmarks. Thus there is disaffecting cuteness involving three children in an otherwise lively number, "The Sun Is Beginning to Crow." "Seven Sheep, Four Red Shirts and a Bottle of Gin" and "One Wife" are routine production numbers that could fit into a musical with nothing significant on its mind.

●

These departures from grace are redeemed by the musical's zest for its subject. The opening number, "The Cocoa Bean Song," reveals that the usual procedures of Broadway musicals will be ignored. Here the rhythm and movement of a dance are implicit. The approach is canny, for when the real dancing begins, it erupts with explosive force.

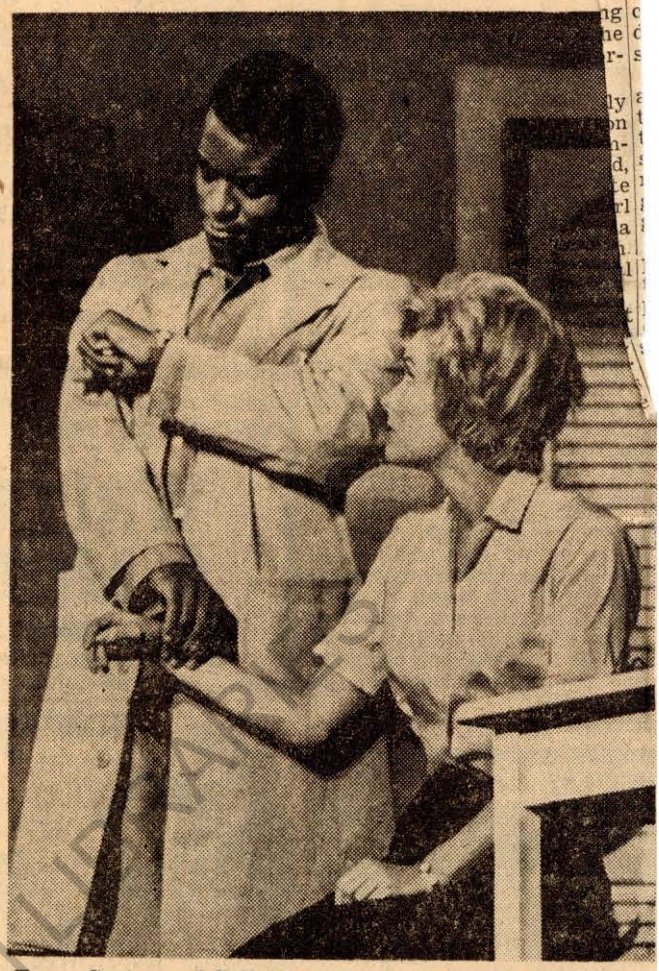
There probably is some authenticity in the dances. The emphasis, however, is not on ethnology but on excitement of movement and communication of atmosphere. The fetishist invocations at the end have intensity, and earlier spear and ceremonial dances blaze with muscularity. At the start of the second act there is a lovely interlude, a nuptial dance, which has a lyrical quality that honors Africa.

Robert Lewis, who is responsible for directing the production, and Agnes de Mille, who has staged the dances and musical numbers, have supported the authors in an effort to do something different as well as honest. Wil Steven Armstrong's sets, i their prevailing deep tone share in the serious mood.

As if it does not pos enough problems, "Kwamina raises the delicate one of romance between a white wo man and the son of a tribal chief. It has been solved wit tact, and is vitalized wit touching taste by Sally An Howes and Terry Carter. Mis Howes, as a doctor who ha worked in and loved Afric plays and sings in impressiv style. Mr. Carter, as a return ing native who has learne to be a physician abroad, re presents the new hopes f Africa with modesty and co viction.

Brock Peters is powerf as a fanatical, menacing f tishist. Ethel Ayler is a love African bride. The wonde fully controlled and frene dancers and the expansi singers of the company me individual citation.

For "Kwamina" is fun mentally an ensemble eff It is principally the flam energy of the Negro perfo ers that gives the musica mood of incantation promise.



Terry Carter and Sally Ann Howes appear in "Kwamina"

The Cast

KWAMINA, a musical. Book by Robert Alan Aurthur. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler. Staged by Robert Lewis; presented by Alfred de Liagre Jr.; choreography by Agnes de Mille; scenery and lighting by Will Steven Armstrong; costumes by Motley; musical and choral direction by Colin Romoff; dance arrangements by John Morris; orchestrations by Sid Ramin and Irwin Kostal; technical consultant, Albert Opoku; production stage manager, James E. Wall. At the 54th Street Theatre, 152 West Fifty-fourth Street.

Obitsebi	Brock Peters
Blair	Norman Barrs
Ako	Robert Guillaume
Eve	Sally Ann Howes
Nali	Ethel Ayler
Akufo	Joseph Attles
Kwamina (Peter)	Terry Carter
Kojo	Ainsley Sigmond
Nana Mwalfa	Rex Ingram
Alla	Rosalie Maxwell
Mammy Trader	Lillian Hayman

UCKY

Negro Vote Drive in Mississippi Is Set Back as Violence Erupts

Leader Says Many Want to Register but Are Afraid—Officials Deny That Any Applicants Have Been Intimidated

By CLAUDE SITTON

Special to The New York Times.

LIBERTY, Miss., Oct. 20—"I'm proud to see you all," said the Negro as he led two white visitors into his tarpapered farm home ten miles south of here. "I know I've got a few minutes to live while you all are here."

This welcome from E. W. Steptoe reflects the fear under which some members of his race have lived since the voter-registration campaign began in Mississippi's southwestern corner.

Mr. Steptoe, Amite County president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, appeared reluctant to discuss the situation.

"If it's going to do some good, I don't mind sticking my neck out," he said, "but if it ain't—"

Negroes have little, if any voice in the democratic process in Amite County and this is the "main hitch," Mr. Steptoe said. "If Negroes voted we wouldn't have any trouble."

Their failure to do so apparently is not a matter of choice.

Says All Want to Register

"Every Negro I know, every Negro in Amite County wants to register to vote, but they're just afraid," asserted the farmer.

Members of that race in near-by Walthall County said the same fear existed there.

"I have always wanted to register and vote, but never attempted because I was afraid to try," said Mrs. Edith Simmons Peters of the Tylertown area.

Amite Sheriff E. L. Caston Jr. and other white officials in the area denied that prospective registrants had been intimidated. But the N. A. A. C. P. official and other Negroes argued that events here since August appeared to provide proof to the contrary.

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee set up headquarters in near-by McComb that month for a registration drive in Amite, Pike and Walthall Counties. The Atlanta-based organization was founded by Negro college students during the lunch-counter sit-in demonstrations of 1960.

Target of Drive

The target is a rectangular area of rolling hills of sandy clay and swamplands stretching seventy-five miles along the Louisiana state line across the basins of the Amite, Tangipahoa and Bogue Chitto Rivers. McComb, with a population of about 15,000, is its only city.

The rest of the rectangle is covered by dairy and cattle farms, cut-over timber lands, a sprinkling of oil wells and a few small towns.

A recent report by the Federal Civil Rights Commission said a substantial number of voting-age whites in all three counties were registered.

Pike County, in which McComb is situated, has 6,936 Negroes of voting age. Wendell R. Holmes, the Circuit Court clerk and registrar at Magnolia, the county seat, said some 250 of them were on the rolls.

The registration drive was credited with putting on the rolls nineteen of the Negroes registered there.

The leader of the organizing group, Robert P. Moses, a 26-year-old New Yorker, then turned his attention to Amite County, where Negroes make up more than half the population. The county has 3,560 Negroes of voting age. Only one of them is registered and he has never voted in the county, according to the sheriff.

Mr. Moses, a quiet teacher at Horace Mann School, has spent more time in the area than any other member of the student committee. He has won the grudging admiration of some whites.

"Moses is a pretty shrewd damn duck," commented George Guy, McComb's police chief.

Classes Organized

He got in touch with Mr. Steptoe and organized training classes at a church near the N. A. A. C. P. leader's home. After sundown each day, he rode the dusty roads of the back country with Herbert Lee, another N. A. A. C. P. member, encouraging Negroes to attend.

Mr. Moses went to Liberty Aug. 22 with three Negroes, who made an unsuccessful attempt to register. A block from the courthouse, it was charged, he was attacked and beaten by Billy Jack Caston, the sheriff's first cousin. Eight stitches were required to close a wound in his head.

Mr. Caston was acquitted of assault charges by an all-white jury before a justice of the peace. He explained that the Negro had brushed his shoulder and spun around into a boxing stance on the sidewalk, the sheriff recalled this week.

About two weeks later, Travis Britt of Baltimore, another

The New York Times Oct. 24, 1961

OPPOSITION: Negro voter registration drive causes conflict in three Mississippi counties (cross hatching).

attacked and beaten in the courthouse yard at Liberty.

On Sept. 25, State Representative E. H. Hurst, a farmer, approached the truck in which Herbert Lee was sitting at Liberty. An argument ensued over an old debt, according to Mr. Hurst.

"He had an ungovernable temper," the Representative said in an interview.

Mr. Hurst, who was armed with a pistol, said Mr. Lee had jumped from the truck on the opposite side with a tire tool in his hand. He said he had walked around to meet the Negro.

"I didn't run. I got no rabbit in me," he said.

The Representative struck Mr. Lee on the head with the pistol, crushing his skull. The Negro fell dead. A bullet was later removed from his head.

"I must have pulled the trigger unconsciously," Mr. Hurst said.

A coroner's jury, all white, ruled it justifiable homicide.

Curtis C. Bryant of McComb said Mr. Lee's death had discouraged registrations. Mr. Bryant is vice president of the N. A. A. C. P. for Southwestern Mississippi.

"There has to be protection, not just promised protection," he said, "because once a man's life has been taken, he can't restore it."

Editor Opposes Action

Walthall County has 2,490 Negroes of voting age, according to the rights commission's report. It shows none of them registered. However, a source in Tylertown, the county seat, said that one Negro was registered recently, following the filing of a Justice Department suit against local officials.

Paul Pittman, then editor and publisher of The Tylertown Times, the county's weekly newspaper, said in an editorial Aug. 10 that the legal action was not welcome.

"Its conclusion could open the doors, under Federal control, to a massive registration of Negro voters, in a county where a preponderant weight of the Negro population is by its lack of training and citizenship responsibility eminently unqualified to exercise the franchise," he wrote.

About a week later, John Hardy, a member of the student group from Nashville, Tenn., organized a voter-registration school at Mount Moriah Baptist Church in Walthall County.

Along with two of his students, Lucius Wilson and Mrs. Peters, the instructor went to the County Court-house in Tylertown on Sept. 7.

In affidavits filed by the Justice Department with the Federal District Court, Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Peters recounted what happened during that visit. They quoted the registrar, John Q. Wood, as having told them:

"I am not registering anyone now. You all have got me in court and I refuse to register anyone else until this court is cleared up."

Mr. Wood then was said to have called to Mr. Hardy and told him to get out of the office. As he was leaving, the witnesses asserted, the clerk struck Mr. Hardy on the head with a pistol and shouted:

"Get out of here * * * and don't come back in here."

In an interview this week, Mr. Wood said that the Negro student "came in here and tried to tell me how to run my office."

Mrs. Peters said Mr. Hardy had staggered from the office and subsequently approached Sheriff Edd Craft to make a complaint. Her affidavit continued:

"The sheriff told him he didn't have no business in that courthouse. Wilson walked up at this time. The sheriff then said to John: 'If that boy [pointing to Wilson] wants to register he knows how to go down to that courthouse and he didn't need you to escort him.'"

Mrs. Peters said the Sheriff then told Mr. Hardy he was under arrest for disturbing the peace and "bringing an uprising among the people." She continued:

"John said, 'Will you allow me to tell my side of the story?' The sheriff said, 'Don't give me none of your head, boy, or I will beat you within an inch of your life.'"

The Justice Department is seeking a Federal court injunction to halt prosecution of Mr. Hardy

Despite these events, the activities of the department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation in looking into incidents in the three counties have apparently convinced local officials that a change is coming.

"The Federal Government, through our Attorney General, will eventually cause bloodshed between the races," Mr. Wood said. "That's inevitable. Eventually, we're going to have

WINDS AND TIDES CAUSE FLOODING

Lower Manhattan and Parts of Jersey Are Affected

Northeast winds an a full moon combined yesterday to create flood conditions in sections of lower Manhattan and New Jersey.

Water backing up through sewers along the Hudson and East River waterfronts poured into the cellars of at least nineteen buildings. The Consolidated Edison Company said eighteen buildings with direct current had been without electricity.

The first flooding occurred during the morning high tide, about 9:20 A. M. During the evening high tide, about 9:40 P. M., tides nearly two feet higher than normal again flooded cellars and streets. By 11 P. M., electricity had been restored in all but two of the affected buildings.

The flooded areas included the Fulton Fish Market and Peck Slip on the East Side and Wall, Rutgers and West Streets on the West Side.

The Weather Bureau said northeast winds that had reached gale force over the week-end and a phenomenon known as the spring tide had caused the flooding. The bureau said a spring tide occurred when the sun and moon were in the right positions to exert their maximum influence on the tide. The phenomenon, as its name implies, occurs most frequently in the spring.

In New Jersey, a number of establishments along the Hackensack River were reported flooded, and the tide was three feet above normal at the mouth of the Elizabeth River. There also was extensive flooding in the industrial section of Elizabeth's South Front Street.

The Passaic River overflowed into Raymond Boulevard in Newark yesterday morning and forced the police to close a three-block section between Van Buren and Market Streets for two hours.

Atlantic City reported its worst flooding in more than a decade from high tides. At Monmouth Beach, rough seas swept over the sea wall at Ocean Avenue.

White Rhodesians Shun Pool

LIVINGSTONE, Northern Rhodesia, Oct. 23 (Reuters)—Scores of white Rhodesians swam in the ambesi River here during the week-end rather than use the municipal pool, now open to Africans and Asians. A sign posted about a mile above Victoria Falls warns that "bathing is suicidal because of crocodiles," but about 100 Europeans

Hammarskjold, Zulu Chief Given Nobel Peace Prizes

'61 Award Made Posthumously to U. N. Secretary—Albert Luthuli, a Foe of Apartheid, Gets Delayed '60 Honor

Special to The New York Times.

OSLO, Norway, Oct. 23—The Nobel Peace Prize Committee announced today the award of the 1961 prize to the late Dag Hammarskjold and of the 1960 prize to Chief Albert John Luthuli of South Africa.

Each prize carries a cash award of 250,232 kroner (about $35,000).

The 1960 award was withheld last year. Chief Luthuli, a Zulu Christian leader, has been prominent in the Africans' fight against the racial segregation policy of apartheid.

The award to the late United Nations Secretary General marks the second time a Nobel prize has been awarded posthumously. In 1931 the Swedish writer Erik A. Karlfeldt was awarded the prize for literature after his death.

According to the statutes, the prize can be awarded posthumously if a recommendation for the award has been received by the Nobel Prize Committee before Feb. 1 of the year when the prize is to be given. Mr. Hammarskjold was recommended by members of the Norwegian Parliament early this year.

The announcement of the award to Mr. Hammarskjold has been favorably received here. When the award was announced, politicians from all Norwegian parties said the decision was in accord with all that Mr. Hammarskjold stood for.

"This is a prize to ideals more than to a person," one leading member of Parliament said.

Chief Luthuli is little known in Norway. According to press reports, the 1960 prize was awarded to him in much the same spirit as when the prize committee in 1935 honored a

Continued on Page 22, Column 3

Foe of Apartheid

Albert John Luthuli

ONLY a handful of the 2,500,000 whites in the Union of South Africa have ever met a 61-year-old African chief named Albert John Luthuli. He has never been asked to speak on the Government radio. His picture rarely appears in the white press and then only when he is in some sort of trouble over the governing Nationalist party's policy of strict segregation, or apartheid. His winning of the Nobel Peace Prize for 1960—he learned of it yesterday while cutting cane on his farm in Natal—is hardly likely to end the isolation that the Afrikaners have imposed on him. Since 1958 he has been forbidden to engage in political activity. He has been denied freedom of movement outside his native village of Groutville, in the Umvoti Mission Reserve.

Man in the News

Because so few of the Afrikaners—the predominant Afrikaans-speaking whites—have heard Chief Luthuli speak, there is a tendency among them to regard him as a dangerous extremist. He was among the 156 men and women of all races accused of treason in 1956. But the Government was never able to formulate a satisfactory indictment against him. After the preliminary inquiry had dragged on for twelve months, Chief Luthuli and sixty others were freed, and the Government later abandoned the case.

Opposed to Violence

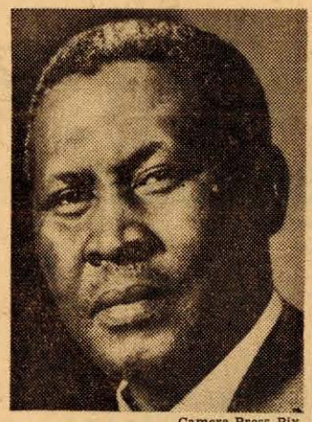
Actually he is a moderate. Chief Luthuli hates violence and regards extreme nationalism as a greater danger than communism. He calls himself a socialist of the British variety.

Those who have met him say their first impression was that he seemed to be a typical Zulu chief, simple, courteous, rather ponderous and platitudinous in speech. He has a square, rugged face and talks slowly, gesturing with his large hands. He speaks English with a distinct American intonation, picked up at schools run by American missionaries.

He was never anti-white and he has never resorted to force.

As president general of the African National Congress, Chief Luthuli was intimately involved in the defiance campaign that swept South Africa in 1952. He helped organize demonstrations of the sit-in type against the segregation laws. Thousands of Africans invaded libraries reserved for whites, sat on railway seats "for Europeans only" and in other ways invited arrest.

The movement was well organized and led. Startled that the Africans could behave with such discipline and courage, the Government crushed the movement with sharply repressive measures.



Camera Press-Pix

Knocking patiently at a barred door.

In September, 1952, Chief Luthuli was summoned to the Native Affairs Department in Pretoria and handed an ultimatum: he must resign from the African Nationalist Congress and the defiance campaign or give up his chieftainship.

Chief Luthuli replied politely that a chief, by Zulu tradition, is first the leader of his people and only secondly a government official. The Government thereupon dismissed him. The tribal elders were so resentful of this that no successor to Chief Luthuli was ever named.

Summing up his political life, Chief Luthuli once wrote:

"Who will deny that thirty years of my life have been spent knocking in vain, patiently, moderately and modestly at a closed and barred door?"

Chief Luthuli entered the resistance campaign an obscure country chief; he emerged a public figure. The Government tried to stifle him by forbidding him to leave his home district. Chief Luthuli tried to run congress affairs from his ramshackle house in Groutville, sending out long messages laced with Biblical cadences.

The new Nobel Prize winner was a son of an African Christian missionary who went from South Africa to Rhodesia in the service of the American Congregationalist Church. He was educated at Adams College, an American missionary institution near Durban, and later taught there before being elected a tribal chief. He made a lecture tour of the United States in 1848.

Last year, in protest against the Sharpeville massacre of African demonstrators, Chief Luthuli publicly burned his pass book—hated symbol of racial segregation.

Chief Luthuli and his wife have two sons and three daughters.

NOBEL PRIZE GOES TO HAMMARSKJOLD

Continued From Page 1, Col. 3

prisoner in a German concentration camp, Carl von Ossietzky.

Prize Money Goes to Estate

OSLO, Oct. 23 (AP) — The Nobel Peace Prize for 1960 was belatedly awarded to Chief Albert John Luthuli for his work to ease the effects of racial discrimination in South Africa.

The 1961 prize, awarded to Dag Hammarskjold, will go to the estate of the late United Nations Secretary General, who perished Sept. 18 in a plane crash while on a peace mission to the Congo.

No specific effort by Mr. Hammarskjold was mentioned by the committee, but it may well have been his work for peace in the Congo that won him the prize.

Observers noted that the committee broke with a past tendency to avoid controversial candidates. Mr. Hammarskjold had been under attack from the Communist bloc for his implementation of United Nations policies in the Congo.

By organizing a United Nations force, Mr. Hammarskjold helped stem the chaos in the Congo after that nation won independence June 30, 1960.

Prize Won by Bunche in 1950

Mr. Hammarskjold was the second United Nations official to win the prize. Under Secretary Ralph J. Bunche, a United States citizens, won it in 1950 for his efforts in restoring peace in Palestine.

One United Nations agency also won the peace prize—the office of the United Nations Commission for Refugees, which was honored in 1954.

In the words of the will of Alfred B. Nobel, inventor of dynamite and donor of the Nobel Prizes, Mr. Hammarskjold was chosen by the committee as the man who had "done the most or best to further brotherhood among peoples, to abolish or cut down the standing armies and to create or further the work of peace congresses."

Luthuli 'Stunned' by Honor

Special to The New York Times.

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, Tuesday, Oct. 24—Government leaders declined to comment last night on the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Albert Luthuli.

"I am stunned," Chief Luthuli said when he was informed by telephone of the honor. He said he had not given any thought to how he would use the cash prize.

"It is not in my mind at the present moment," he said. "I have only been thinking of the spiritual importance of the hou and what it means in terms o spiritual encouragement and th added responsibilities it brings

"You have a feeling of bei happy that some recognition has come your way for the little work you do for furthering the liberation movement in South Africa along nonviolent lines," he added.

Chief Luthuli spent yesterday in his normal quiet manner. He had been confined by Government order to an area within fifteen miles of his home at Groutville in the Zula reserve north of Durban. The confinement was imposed because of his political activities.

A deeply religious man, Chief Luthuli has maintained great serenity in the face of the official restrictions imposed on him.

Mrs. Luthuli, with whom he dwells in a small house in the fields, said that after he was informed of the new distinction, Chief Luthuli said "he wanted a period of quiet meditation and did not want to see anyone for several hours."

Although he is virtually a prisoner in his own land, Chief Luthuli is seldom harsh in his comments about Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd and his Government.

Chief Luthuli said he received the honor of the Nobel Prize as a representative of his country's Africans. "In this acknowledgment," he declared, "I include also many South Africans and friends abroad who have sympathized with the liberation struggle and in their own way have labored for the realization of cordial race relations in our land, especially between black and white."

Award Is Hailed at U. N.

Special to The New York Times.

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y., Oct. 23—The announcement that Dag Hammarskjold had been posthumously awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1961 was welcomed by many here today.

Adlai E. Stevenson, chief United States delegate, applauded the award, saying that Mr. Hammarskjold had given his life "to build a community of man where love and peace prevail over the forces of hate."

"We miss him more and more each day in the United Nations," Mr. Stevenson added.

The Secretariat issued a statement terming the award "a natural selection" and calling the late Secretary General "a master architect of peace-making, a man totally dedicated to building a solid edifice of world peace."

Separate statements were issued by Andrew W. Cordier, Under Secretary for General Assembly and Related Affairs, and Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, Under Secretary for Special Political Affairs. Mr. Bunche noted that he had nominated Mr. Hammarskjold for the award.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1961.

British Guiana Leader Meets Rusk

Associated Press Wirephoto

Secretary of State Rusk confers with Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23 (AP)—Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan, British Guiana's controversial Prime Minister, met for almost an hour today with Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Afterward Dr. Jagan called the meeting "very useful and fruitful."

Dr. Jagan said Mr. Rusk had expressed concern with economic under-development in general, particularly in British Guiana.

The Prime Minister said he had not asked for any specific amount of United States assistance. When he arrived Saturday, Dr. Jagan said he needed about $25,000,000 for his $65,000,000 five-year plan.

Dr. Jagan said British Guiana would join the inter-American system when independence from Britain had beeen attained. He said he did not think participation in the inter-American system would interfere with membership in the British Commonwealth.

Alix Jeffry

"CLANDESTINE ON THE MORNING LINE"—Frances Williams in a new play. Actors Playhouse Tuesday.

Nat Herz

"O MARRY ME!"—Joe Silver in the musical based on "She Stoops to Conquer." At the Gate on Friday night.

Sheldon Secunda

"THE BUSKERS"—Grayson Hall in a play about itinerant entertainers. At the Cricket on Saturday night.

Virginia Payne

"THE MERRY WIDOW"—Raymond Allen in the operetta revival. At the Jan Hus House Thursday night.

MODERN AFRICA IN TRANSITION DEPICTED IN NEW MUSICAL

By JOHN S. WILSON

BOSTON.

NEITHER Adlai Stevenson nor President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana is mentioned in the credits for the book, music or lyrics of "Kwamina," the musical opening at the Fifty-fourth Street Theatre tomorrow night. But both men contributed to its creation.

A phone call by Mr. Stevenson on his return from a trip to Africa after the 1956 Presidential campaign provided the stimulus for the project. His call was made to Richard Adler, who collaborated on the music and lyrics for "The Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees," to report on a meeting in London with Mr. Adler's fiancée, Sally Ann Howes (now Mrs. Adler). From news of Miss Howes, Mr. Stevenson went on to describe at length "the most exciting area in the world"—the Belgian Congo, a land of contrasts, he said, where one could find a modern city such as Stanleyville only a few miles from a native village where witch doctors still practiced human sacrifice.

Intensive Research

"You have to remember," Mr. Adler said last week in recalling the conversation, "that five years ago most Americans still thought of Africa as just a land of safaris and wild beasts."

With Mr. Stevenson's bee buzzing around in his creative bonnet, Mr. Adler began to fill in his own sketchy knowledge of Africa. He read books, he listened to recordings of African music and he followed the rapidly developing events in Africa with absorbed interest for the next three years. During this time he also wrote a pair of TV musicals as a means of adjusting himself to the emotionally difficult task of working alone following the death of his writing partner, Jerry Ross.

By 1959 Mr. Stevenson's phone call had led Mr. Adler to the basic idea for a musical, one which would deal with the conflicts between the old and the new in Africa, not simply the conflict between white and black, but the more deep-rooted conflicts that erupt within African tribes when their own leaders try to move them overnight from their old traditions, customs and beliefs into the mainstream of twentieth-century culture.

At this point, Mr. Nkrumah took a hand, albeit unknowingly. Mr. Adler brought his idea to playwright Robert Alan Aurthur in the spring of 1959. They met daily on a bench in Central Park next to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to talk out possible story lines. As they talked, Mr. Aurthur remembered a classmate who had attended the Graduate School of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania with him in 1946—Kwame Nkrumah. In those days, he recalled, Mr. Nkrumah's view was, "Change everything now!" Yet, Mr. Aurthur noted, Mr. Nkrumah has since found tribal beliefs harder to exorcise than he had anticipated.

"He's had to make a deal with the witch doctors, the fetish men," Mr. Aurthur pointed out. "He has said to them, 'I won't bother you if you don't bother me.' He'd never have done that in the days when I knew him."

Mr. Aurthur also remembered a young Navajo Indian he had met on the Navajo reservation in New Mexico in 1950. The tribe had sent him to the University of Chicago to study medicine. When he returned after ten years, the new ideas he brought with him were greeted with great hostility by everyone except the children, a hostility that was only deepened when he brought home a non-Indian girl from Chicago as his bride.

Several Sources

But the young Navajo doctor had no doubt he would win out eventually. The old chiefs were dying off, he told Mr. Aurthur, and meanwhile he would work with the children and wait.

Crossing the outlook of Mr. Nkrumah with the situation of the Navajo doctor, Mr. Aurthur has created Kwamina (played by Terry Carter) the son of an African chief who has studied medicine in London and returns home on the eve of his country's independence determined to do away with witchcraft and fetishism.

"I found my main dramatic key," Mr. Aurthur said, "in Richard Wright's book, 'Black Power,' which is a description of a trip he made to Ghana just before it received its freedom. He was in a village twenty-five miles out of Accra with a professor from the university on the afternoon of a chief's funeral. At dusk there was absolute silence. The village was completely empty.

"Wright asked why. 'When a chief dies,' the professor explained, 'ten people are called to go with him. The villagers are frightened and they've run away.' Wright said this was ridiculous. 'Maybe,' the professor said, 'but it's true—tomorrow ten people will be dead.' 'But how?' asked Wright. The professor didn't know but somehow, he said, the fetish men would get it done."

Beyond the problems raised by the powers of the fetish men, Mr. Aurthur and Mr. Adler have been fascinated by the situation of native-born white Africans who face the prospect of being driven out of their homeland, a group represented in their musical by a missionary's daughter (Sally Ann Howes) who has been the doctor in Kwamina's village before his arrival. Because of her presence, Mr. Adler has written his score in two styles — one based on African music, the other with a Western flavor that he has tried to make "as un-Broadway-like as possible."

Only one of his songs is basically African in intent—a welcoming chant written in the five-tone scale that is typical of African music. Otherwise he has simply attempted to capture the flavor of Africa in his music because, he says, "an African score *per se* would be unbearable to ears that are no used to it."

Authenticity

With this single exception the goal of all the elements o the show has been authenticity. Albert Opoku, a Ghanian choreographer and dancer who has been studying at Juilliard and Columbia, has served as technical consultant to Agnes de Mille on the dances and has also kept an eye on Robert Lewis' staging and Mr. Aurthur's writing.

Mr. Opoku's expert advice was rejected only once. In his script, Mr. Aurthur had mentioned that Kwamina meant "born on Sunday," a translation that he got from a Nigerian. Mr. Opoku pointed out somewhat testily that, in Accran, Kwamina meant "born on Saturday." Mr. Aurthur obediently changed "Sunday" to "Saturday" but the cast found the change depressing. It no longer had a poetic ring, they said. Mr. Aurthur agreed and, despite Mr. Opoku's protests, returned the line to its original form. Mr. Opoku took his defeat resignedly.

"I understand," he said with a shrug. "That's show business."

Opera: 'Fanciulla' in Realistic Revival

Met Production Opens on Elegant Note

By HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

ANOTHER season, another Metropolitan Opera opening. Last night's was elegant off stage and on, with a distinguished audience and a most unusual opera. Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West" — "The Girl of the Golden West"—had not been in the vicinity of the Metropolitan since the 1931-32 season. For this occasion the production was borrowed from the Lyric Opera of Chicago, which had successfully revived the work a short time ago.

The production literally follows the directions in the score, even to the framed motto of the Polka Saloon: "A Real Home for the Boys." This aroused much interested comment from the audience. So did the paraphernalia, including horses tethered outside the saloon. These were real, live horses, and the Metropolitan must have been proud of them. The doors of the Polka were left open at the slightest opportunity, so the audience could inhale the realism.

Realism? Television never comes near "La Fanciulla" even in "Maverick" or "Gunsmoke." Minnie makes her appearance shooting a gun out of a miner's hand. She rides one of the horses to save Dick Johnson from a lynching party. Richard Tucker looked as well as could be expected wearing a frontier jacket, red neckerchief, suede weskit and riding boots.

There is the great poker game in Act II. (How many aces in the deck? Minnie stashes away a full house in her stocking; but on the second hand Jack Rance, the sheriff, draws two pair, aces high. After Minnie reveals her full house, aces high, Rance should have taken out his gun and shot Minnie dead. For the previous discards, not reshuffled into the deck, contained those previous two aces. Two plus three are five.) There is bloodshed, and there is raw frontier love (a chaste kiss; Minnie's first). There is a faro game, a jealous sheriff and a highwayman.

But when you come down to it, "La Fanciulla del West" is no more preposterous in its librettto than any number of popular operas one could mention. And musically it contains a great deal of interest. This is an opera that grows on one. The first few hearings might make an opera lover wonder why "La Fanciulla" ever was considered for revival; but after one gets fully acquainted with the score, many wonders are revealed.

Musically it is infinitely more subtle than the libretto. Puccini was feeling his way toward the glories of "Turandot," and there are in "La Fanciulla" many hints of what was to come. There is, for one thing, a far greater use of the chorus than in any Puccini opera to that date, 1910. The harmonic palette is much richer. And the orchestration is simply magnificent.

The orchestra, indeed, is one of the glories of "La Fanciulla." For the first time in his career, Puccini let the orchestra comment fully on the action and the emotional feeling of his characters. In the process he cut down the solo set pieces. That is one reason why "La Fanciulla" has never been so popular as "Tosca" or "Bohème." For while the soprano and tenor do have their arias, neither has a real knock-'em-dead number, as does Cio-Cio-San, in Tosca, or Mimi.

The New York Times

Richard Tucker, Leontyne Price and Anselmo Colzani, at right, in a scene from the opera "La Fanciulla del West."

The Cast

LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST, opera in three acts by Giacomo Puccini, text by G. Civinini and C. Zangarini from "The Girl of the Golden West", a play by David Belasco; Fausto Cleva, conductor; staged by Henry Butler (debut); production lent to the Metropolitan Opera by the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Chicago Opera House; redesigned by Gerald L. Righolz. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Minnie	Leontyne Price
Dick Johnson	Richard Tucker
Jack Rance	Anselmo Colzani
Nick	Paul Franke
Ashby	Norman Scott
Sonora	Clifford Harvuot
Trin	Gabor Carelli
Sid	Calvin Marsh
Bello	George Cehanovsky
Harry	Robert Nagy
Joe	Andrea Velis(debut)
Happy	Roald Reitan
Larkens	Theodore Uppman
Billy Jackrabbit	Gerhard Pechner
Wowkle	Margaret Roggero
Jake Wallace	Ezio Flagello
Jose Castro	Louis Sgarro
The Post-rider	Frank D'Elia

The baritone lead, too, is constantly on stage, but he has only one real aria. That is a beauty, Rance's "Minnie, dalla mia casa"—one of the best things Puccini ever composed. It is short, intense and yearning, highly chromatic in harmony and sbutle in melody. Another out-and-out aria —there are not too many in "La Fanciulla"—is Jack Wallace's extremely beautiful ballad in the first act.

"La Faniciulla" is a long way from being perfect, and there is a lot of corn in it. The waltz theme hummed by the miners, later brought back as the Minnie-Johnson duet, is something that Puccini should have blushed to write. It is terribly banal. And some of the writing elsewhere is too sentimental for comfort. But "La Faniciulla" nevertheless is an impressive work, full of genius, that sounds better each time it is heard.

Last night's performance was brilliant. The Chicago sets, completely realistic, set the mood. Henry Butler, in his debut at the Metropolitan, staged the performance with skill, handling the crowd scenes deftly, making the best of the awkward situations in the libretto. A Western he was given, a Western he gave, complete with professional-looking gunplay, cowboys (padron, miners) who looked the part; and he had his people acting with dignity.

The three principals were splendid. Indeed, the entire cast was. Of the eighteen members in this "American" opera, fourteen were Americans. Noblesse oblige. Leontyne Price acted well and sang beautifully, up to the soaring C's that dot the part. Richard Tucker had no high C's to worry about.

Puccini wrote one in as part of the second-act duet, but he himself sanctioned the cut, and it was so cut last night, as it traditionally is. There was one other cut—in the first act; the entire sequence where Sid is caught cheating at cards.

Mr. Tucker employed his voice to fine advantage. He sounded clear, even clarion, and he gave a convincing impersonation. The best acting of the evening, however, came from Anselmo Colzani as Jack Rance, the Sheriff. Aside from one or two typically Italianate gestures, he went through his part with all the aplomb of a heavy in a cowboy film. And vocally he did all that could have been desired.

Fausto Cleva conducted. He is a veteran of the Italian wing of the Metropolitan Opera, and he also was a friend of Puccini's. Mr. Cleva not only worked well with his singers—that he always does —but he also brought a good deal of force and personality to his conducting. In this kind of repertory he is first-class. One could go so far as to say that he is one of the most underestimated conductors on the Metropolitan staff.

And so "La Fanciulla del West" ended triumphantly, with the lovers riding into the sunset singing addio to California. (Presumably they make a sharp turn before hitting the Pacific.) It is a show worth seeing. The libretto is good, corny fun; and the music has some marvelous things. And this kind of tight, accurate production that the Metropolitan is giving sets off in the best light whatever the opera does have to offer. It should be around for a long time to come, now that the ice has been broken.

PARTIAL LIST OF APPOINTEES

1. Dr. Robert C. Weaver of New York City--Administrator for the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency

2. Hon. Clifton R. Wharton of San Francisco--Ambassador to Norway

3. Christopher C. Scott of Los Angeles--Deputy Postmaster General for Transportation

4. Mrs. Dolly Lowthar Robinson of New York City--Assistant to the Director of Women's Bureau, Department of Labor

5. Carl Rowan of Minneapolis--Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs

6. Andrew Hatcher of San Francisco--Associate White House Press Secretary

7. Frank Whitaker of Pittsburgh--Special Assistant to the Secretary of Commerce

8. Hobart Taylor of Detroit--Special Counsel for the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity

9. Eddie M. Williams of Memphis--Protocol Officer in Office of Chief of Protocol in the State Department

10. Frank Williams of San Francisco--Special Assistant to the Director of the Peace Corps

11. Frank D. Reeves of Washington, D. C.--Special Assistant to the President and now D. C. Commissioner

12. George L-P Weaver of Washington, D. C.--Assistant Secretary of Labor

13. Kermit Bailer of Detroit--Legal Chief of Housing Section of the Civil Rights Commission

14. Arthur Chapin of New Jersey--Minority Group Consultant in the Department of Labor

15. Virginia Battle of Boston--On White House Staff and served as secretary to the President when he was a Senator

16. John Wheeler of Durham, North Carolina--President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity

17. Samuel W. Allen of New York--Assistant General Counsel U. S. I. A.

18. Harry Bass of Wisconsin--Department of Agriculture

19. Geroge Carter of New York--Peace Corps

20. Charles Duncan of Washington, D. C.--Assistant District Attorney

21. Lisle Carter--Special Assistant H. E. W.

22. Cecil Poole of San Francisco--District Attorney--Northern California

23. Roy Davenport of Washington, D. C.--Special Assistant to the Under Secretary of Army forPersonnel

24. Oliver Hill of Richmond, Virginia--Special Assistant to FHA Director for Inter-Group Relations

25. Jake Simmons, Jr. of Oklahoma--Regional Mobilization Representative Region #4, Office of Oil and Gas in Department of Interior

26. Samuel Westerfield of Atlanta, Georgia--Associated Director for Debt Analysis in Treasury

27. Spottswood W. Robinson of Richmond, Virginia--Member of U. S. Civil Rights Commission

28. Mabel K. Staupers of New York--Surgeon General's Consultant Group on Nursing

29. Whitney Young of Atlanta, Georgia--Surgeon General's Consultant Group on Nursing

30. Alice Dunnigan--Equal Opportunity Committee

31. Mercer Cook--Ambassador to Nigeria

32. John Morrow--UNESCO Representative

33. John Hope 11 of Atlanta, Georgia--Special Assistant to JohnFeild

34. The Reverend James Robinson of New York, Dr. Benjamin Mays of Atlanta, Harry Belafonte of New York City and Dr. Albert Dent have been appointed to the National Advisory Board of the Peace Corps

IN CASE OF REPLY THE NUMBER AND DATE OF THIS LETTER SHOULD BE QUOTED

OUR REF. NO. 9-64A

YOUR REF. NO. _____

UNCLASSIFIED

EMBASSY OF GHANA
2139 R STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

6th September, 1961

Dear Mr. Abrahams:

Thank you for your letter dated 13th July, 1961, reminding me of the information you requested. Please excuse the delay of this letter.

Below please find the required information:

1. The Embassy occupied this building on 1st March, 1957.

2. The Chancery was before then situated at 506 Dupont Circle Building.

3. The present number of employees is 35, out of which there are 11 Ghanaians. Two of these employees are on temporary appointments.

4. The period for which the former Ambassador served at this post was from 13th December, 1957 to 28th September, 1959.

My best regards.

Yours sincerely,

G.F. Dove
Press Attache'

Mr. Peter Abrahams
Coyaba, Red Hills P.O.
St. Andrew, Jamaica, W.I.

GFD/lr

BUREAU OF SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH, INC.

CANVASS OF NORTHWEST APARTMENTS

At the request of the Conference of Community Relations, a group of volunteer workers undertook a house-to-house canvass of "luxury" apartment buildings in Northwest Washington in order to determine the availability of apartments for African diplomats, and some of the factors involved in willingness or unwillingness to accept them as tenants. This report summarizes the findings of the canvass.

The analysis includes information on a total of 211 apartment houses and apartment-hotels which were judged to be suitable as housing for diplomatic personnel by reason of location, price range and general character of the neighborhood. These buildings contained approximately 24,000 apartment units of various sizes.

Responses to the question of whether or not these buildings would accept African diplomats as tenants fall into five classes:

8 buildings clearly would accept African diplomats;

21 buildings might accept Africans, but the responses were ambiguous;

17 buildings would probably not accept Africans, but the responses were ambiguous;

128 buildings clearly would not accept African diplomats; and for

37 buildings there is no information of whether or not an African would be accepted as a tenant.

The Unambiguous "Yes"

The eight buildings for which it was clearly indicated that Africans would be acceptable as tenants contained a total of 1,241 apartment units. Two of these buildings were apartment-hotels, containing 579 apartment units, and six of them were apartment buildings exclusively.

There is some question whether the apartment-hotels should be considered as reasonable possibilities; in accepting African tenants, one indicated that it would act as a hotel rather than an apartment house, charging monthly rents based on daily hotel rates, rather than a monthly charge similar to an apartment system. The other, however, apparently does not follow this policy.

The Ambiguous "Yes"

This category includes the nine cases in which responses were on the order of "yes, but we do not anticipate any vacancies," "we would be happy to put his application on our waiting list," or were less than definitive in some other respect. It is known that one practice used in order to avoid the embarrassment and rebuff often accompanying a request for housing by an African is to accept the application, but not to consider it when a vacancy occurs. There is some evidence that this is the basis upon which at least some respondents indicated a willingness to accept African tenants However, this group of buildings cannot be placed with those who were unwilling to house Africans, since attempts to obtain more definite commitments failed to change the responses.

This category also includes a group of twelve buildings for which the responses of resident managers or other members of the building staff differed from those of the agent for the building. The ambiguity arose in the following way: If it were not possible to obtain a definite response from someone on the staff of a particular building, the Bureau telephoned the managing agency to ask about the policy followed by that company in all of the buildings under its control in Northwest, in order to arrive at some conclusion about the building for which there was no information. However, it sometimes happened that a canvasser had obtained from some other building also managed by the same company a definite statement about the acceptability of

African diplomats as tenants which was opposite to the general policy stated by the agent. The differences of opinion thus threw both statements into question, and it was necessary to classify them as ambiguous responses.

In these cases, the specific statements made by the resident manager or other staff member about the particular building were given precedence over the more general statement of the agent, so far as that building was concerned, and it was classified accordingly as ambiguous "yes" or ambiguous "no." The agent's contradictory statement was taken to apply to the other buildings under the company's management for which information was not available from some member of the building staff.

Thus, the ambiguous "yes" class includes (a) buildings in which a respondent said yes, but the agent's general statement indicated that no building managed by that company would be available to African diplomats, or refused to discuss the question; and (b) buildings for which no information had been obtained from the resident manager or other staff member, and the agent had said that the company's overall policy was to consider each application on an individual basis.

The Ambiguous "No"

Most of the cases in this category are analogous to those described in (a) above, but in the opposite direction. These are instances in which a respondent in the building said definitely that an African diplomat would not be accepted as a tenant in that particular building, but an agent either refused to discuss the question, or made a general statement indicating that none of the buildings managed by that company would deny accommodation to the diplomat on that basis alone. This situation accounted for nine of the seventeen buildings in the ambiguous "no" category.

Three additional buildings were cases for which it was said that, while the respondent would refuse tenancy to Africans at the present time, he would be willing to accept them if "others" or a certain proportion of all other buildings were to do so.

In five other buildings, the resident manager, who held responsibility for all rentals, stated that the answer was likely to be no, but was unwilling to make a flat statement to that effect.

The Unambiguous "No"

The 128 buildings for which it was definitely indicated that African diplomats would not be able to find housing included approximately 14,400 units, or 60 percent of all apartment units in buildings on which these data were available.[1/]

In slightly less than half of these buildings, specific reasons were volunteered by respondents for refusal to accept the Africans as tenants. These reasons fell into two major categories: African diplomats are undesirable tenants because they are Negroes and/or because they are diplomats.

Thirty buildings do not desire to rent to African diplomats because of their diplomatic status as such. Objections to diplomats vary widely:

> "We want only long-term residents, those who will stay for ten or fifteen years."
>
> "Diplomats move every 18 months, and we can't afford to redecorate that often."
>
> "Diplomats break their leases and violate the lease provisions."
>
> "We can't have diplomats. They entertain lavishly with caterers and orchestras until 2 a.m."
>
> "We had one diplomat ... but afterwards had to scrub for weeks to get the apartment clean."

1/ There were ten buildings for which information on number of units was not obtainable.

The most frequent specific objection to diplomats was that their diplomatic immunity prevents the apartment officials from taking legal action when damages have been done to an apartment or bills have gone unpaid. It should be noted that these objections were also made at length by an apartment-hotel owner who <u>does</u> accept African diplomats, and who plans to continue to do so in the future.

The objections to Africans on the basis of their skin color were mentioned in twenty-seven cases. Four of these buildings apparently currently house diplomatic personnel from non-African countries, although not all accept other non-European persons. In eleven cases, the respondent specifically pointed out that the objection to African tenants was that the other residents of the building would object.

"The building would be vacant in 30 days."

"Fifteen tenants watched the resident manager when he interviewed an African diplomat."

For the additional seventy-one buildings which are clearly not open to occupancy by African diplomats, respondents did not voluntarily enlarge upon their answers.

<u>The Responsibility for Saying No</u>

There were many instances in which, although the answer given was a definite no, the respondent referred the responsibility for the answer to someone other than himself. Resident managers often said that they personally had no objection to the presence of Africans in the building, but that someone else in a more crucial position, such as tenant or agent, would object. Agents often stated that, although they themselves were sympathetic with the problems of the diplomats, they could do nothing about it, since the other tenants in the building would object, "and we're in business, after all," or that they were merely administrators of the wishes of the building's owner, and could not presume to question his attitudes.

The Buildings About Which Nothing is Known

There is a group of thirty-seven buildings, with 3,355 apartment units, about which it can only be said that they are not currently renting apartments to African diplomats. This group includes the seventeen cases in which it was not possible to contact the last person (usually the owner) to whom the questioner was referred to obtain a clear response one way or the other, as well as the twenty buildings for which the information was refused and unavailable from other sources.

The Avoidance of Answering

One of the most striking results of the canvass was the frequency with which respondents said they were unable or unwilling to indicate whether or not a building would be available to African diplomats. In approximately one-half of all instances in which contact was made concerning a particular building, it was necessary to go to at least one other person to receive an answer to the question. Canvassers were referred by staff members of the apartment house to resident managers, resident managers referred them to agents or owners, agents referred the Bureau to owners, or refused to discuss the matter. In two cases, the Bureau was referred by the agent to a realtors' association which has no such information available, which in turn referred the Bureau back to the agent. The reason given for these referrals was usually lack of knowledge: "I don't know," or "the question has never come up--you'll have to ask the owner." In some cases, the agent said that he was unable to answer the question "in the abstract," that he could give no indication of the availability of any building in which there was not currently a vacant apartment.

Sufficient evidence is lacking clearly to classify these answers in terms of definitely yes or no. However, it might be noted that in every case in which

the questionner was referred to another person and was able to obtain a statement from him, none stated a willingness to accept African tenants.

The following table summarizes the responses in each of these categories.

RESPONSE	BUILDINGS Number	APARTMENT UNITS Number	Percent
Unambiguous "yes"	8 *	1,241	5
Ambiguous "yes"	21 *	3,463 **	14
Ambiguous "no"	17	1,571	7
Unambiguous "no"	128 *	14,373 **	60
Situation unknown	37	3,355 **	14
TOTAL	211	24,003	100

* Including apartment-hotels.
** Plus an unknown number of units in a few apartment houses where data were not available.

Conclusions

A. The amount of housing available to African diplomats in Northwest Washington west of Sixteenth Street is not at the present time sufficient to satisfy current needs and those which are expected to develop over the next two years.

It can be estimated that in order to satisfy current demands for housing, and to provide some area of choice to prospective tenants, it is sufficient to have available twenty vacancies at any given time. Yet, it was found in this study that among those apartment buildings which definitely stated a willingness to accept African tenants there were only three vacancies at the time of the canvass (three more were expected to develop later in the summer). Among the ambiguous "yes" responses, there were said to be four

vacancies at the time of the canvass, in addition to one new building which is not yet filled and has a good number of apartments still available.

B. The locus of resistance to making more apartment facilities available for African diplomats is difficult to locate, but it is suspected that it lies in two factors: the definitions of the attitudinal situation in the Washington community (and especially among apartment house tenants) on the part of agents and owners, and the problems encountered in renting to diplomats as such.

C. The strength of resistance seems to increase as the housing facilities go from those more transient in character through standard apartments to cooperatives. In other words, the closer the living situation approximates a permanent arrangement, in which integrated social systems would have a chance to develop among tenants, the less willing are people to accept African diplomats as tenants. Although there is insuffient evidence available to make conclusive statements about this observation, the trend is nevertheless observable in the data from this study, when information from apartment-hotels and the few cooperatives which were canvassed is examined. There were several statements made to canvassers on the order of "I suggest that they try apartment-hotels, which have a quick turnover of tenants," or "apartment-hotels with furnished rooms would be more apt to take African diplomats." Also, two apartment-hotels indicated when canvassed that they would accept Africans in their hotel facilities, but definitely not as apartment tenants.

D. There is some indication that renters of apartments themselves expect a change in the situation. It may be that the large number of refusals and statements of inability to answer the question are measures of a state of flux in the current situation. Respondents made statements along the lines of "Why fight it? We know it's going to come," or indicated that the necessity to give any but a positive response was acutely embarrassing. In addition, some

owners felt able to tell the canvassers that they would be willing to join a general movement toward making more facilities available to African diplomats.

PROCEDURES OF THE STUDY

This study is subject to all of the limitations of any field research which uses a few volunteer workers to do a large job in a short period of time. Nevertheless, it is felt that, despite its limitation, a good deal of valuable information bearing on the question of housing for African diplomats has been collected, and on a more systematic basis than has previously been the case. The following paragraphs describe the design of the study for the conduct of the field work.

The Area Covered and the Buildings Canvassed

The canvass was conducted in the area of Northwest Washington west of Sixteenth Street, and included the portion of Fourteenth Street above Missouri Avenue, where it is understood that a number of large luxury apartment buildings have recently been constructed. The canvassers were instructed to interview in each building in the area which could be said to be "relatively new, modern, and large (more than ten apartment units), where rents might be expected to start at about $90-100 for an efficiency apartment, about $125 for one bedroom, etc. The surrounding neighborhood should be pleasant and not run down. In other words, you should visit those buildings which might be expected to be acceptable to a white-collar government worker of relatively high status with a reasonably liberal income."

The criteria for the selection of buildings in which information was to be sought were necessarily general, since advance information was not available on particular buildings which would be considered suitable for occupancy by the members of the diplomatic corps. Thus, the choice of buildings to be canvassed was to some extent dependent upon the subjective evaluations of

the volunteers themselves. Attempts were made in the Bureau office to eliminate after the canvass those buildings which seemed to be unsuitable for the present purposes. It is felt that the buildings discussed in the findings are an adequate representation of the facilities in Northwest which would be suitable for diplomats, and includes by far the majority of all major luxury apartment buildings.

The choice of Sixteenth Street as the eastern boundary of the study area was settled upon during discussions between the Bureau and the Conference. The decision was made to use for the study the area which was most likely, prima facie, to yield suitable buildings, on the basis of their convenience to embassy areas, transportation routes, and the general desirability of the neighborhood, in terms of such factors as general personal safety, overall pleasant surroundings, and a chance for interaction with Americans and others whose lives and backgrounds are similar to those of the Africans themselves.

It has become apparent that these boundaries eliminated several apartment buildings which are know to be integrated at the present time, at least some of which may be suitable for diplomats. However, these buildings are in less clearly acceptable general areas.

The analysis was limited to apartment houses and apartment-hotels (except for the informal analysis of the general attitudes expressed in the cooperatives), since the matter of purchase of housing by African diplomats raises a whole new set of questions and necessitates a different study design and approach.

Obtaining the Information

The canvassers were asked to contact the resident manager of the building or some other member of the building staff if a resident manager was not available. In the event that they were unable to get an answer in the

building, they were to ascertain the name of the managing agent and turn this information over to the Bureau office.

In these cases, the Bureau contacted a member of the rental department of the company in order to get the information. The agent was usually asked about the policy on admission of African diplomats for all of the Northwest buildings managed by his company. In this way, it was possible to avoid subsequent calls to the same agent when other canvassers were referred to him from different buildings and to make some judgement about the few buildings which were not reached by a canvasser.

In instances in which the agent refused to discuss the question with the Bureau, statements which had been obtained by canvassers in any of the company's buildings were accepted as representing the company's practice for that building. This step was taken in order to reduce the loss of information from refusals which covered a large number of buildings.

The Questions

The canvassers were instructed first to ask whether there were any apartments available in the building at the time, and, if so, how many, the number of rooms and bedrooms, the monthly rent, and the lease provisions for occupancy. Second, whether or not there were any vacancies, the canvasser asked if the building would rent an apartment to an African diplomat. It is important that the words "diplomat" and "African" were used. The former was used in order to eliminate problems arising from matters of different statuses, such as student; the word "African" in order not to raise the question of integration of housing in general.

If the respondent indicated that the building would accept Africans, he was then asked whether it would be acceptable for the Conference on Community Relations to refer to that building an African diplomat who was

seeking housing. The purpose of the question was to control the possibilities of obtaining gratuitous "yes" responses, in order to minimize the chances that an African would encounter a rebuff or embarrassment should he solicit an apartment on the basis of these findings.

BUILDINGS INCLUDED IN THE CANVASS

Adams Mill Road

2801
2812
2900

Argonne Place

1601

Ashmead Place

2308

Belmont Road

2070

California

1840
2127
2138
2144
2230
2231

Cathedral

2301
2331
4000
4200
4201

Columbia Road

1628
1629
1673
1707
1841
1851
1868
1901
1930
1954
2006
2022

Connecticut

1028
1914
2000
2029
2100
2101
2126
2301
2310
2311
2700
2701
2828
2900
2901
2915
2929
3000
3100
3133
3220
3221
3701
3726
3801
3901
4500
4501
4514
4545
4550
4600
4607
4700
4701
4740
5130
5323
5410
5415
5425
5437

Davenport

3525

E Street

35
2117
2423

F Street

1900
2000
2116
2120

Florida

1908

Fuller

1620

G Street

1717
1809
1819

H Street

2401

Harvard

1650
1700
1750

I Street

1915
2100
2123
2124

Idaho

3040
3051

K Street

1830
1915
2514
2515

Kalorama Road

1910
1915
1921
2010

Lamont

1900

Luzon

6445

M Street

1726

Macomb

2710
3725

Massachusetts

926
1101
1421
1500
1701
1711
1727
2122
3700
3701
4000
4201
4301

New Hampshire

825
1316
1731
1825
1833

O Street

2148

Ontario Road

2800

Ordway

2700 block

Park Road

1650
1673
1701

Pennsylvania

2150

Q Street

2500
2501
2512
2700

R Street

1630
1717

Rock Creek
Ford Road

1440
1444

Scott Circle

1

T Street

1621

Tewksbury

1390

Tuckerman

1415
1420

Tunlaw Road

3850
3900
4000

Quebec

2800

Vermont

1301

Virginia

2121
2475

W Street

4100

Wisconsin

2321
2500
2700
2712
2720
2730
3130
3140
3201
3315

Woodley Place

2601
2800

Wyoming

1869
1870

Fourteenth

5910-50
6100
6425
6501
6505
6601

Sixteenth

1112
1530
1600
1616
1701
1750
1801
2120
2400
2420
2440
2480
2651
3055
3060
3132
3150
3200
3636
3900
6101

Seventeenth

1414
1514
1815

Eighteenth

705
815
2901

Nineteenth

601
2200

Twentieth

707
2227
2410
2411
2456

Twenty-first

1426

Twenty-ninth

2727
2745

Thirty-ninth

2725

"TELLING AMERICA'S STORY TO THE WORLD"

U.S. INFORMATION AGENCY

WASHINGTON 25 D.C.

Office of Public Information
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Release No. 24

FOR RELEASE AT 1:00 P.M. EDT, WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1961

Address by
Edward R. Murrow, Director, U.S. Information Agency
before the National Press Club
Washington, D.C., May 24, 1961

WHO SPEAKS FOR AMERICA ?

It is with mingled pleasure and awe that I join you today...pleasure at being again among so many of my former colleagues...awe that I am now the object of those scowling, critical visages among whose array I once sat with my own frowning brow. The frowning brow has not changed. We have only changed seats, and I must now answer questions instead of propounding them.

I come to this microphone to tell you of the U.S. Information Agency. In a sense, it is a reciprocal visit. There are members of this club who have shared our international microphones on the Voice of America. For example, three of your members -- William Stringer, Ernest K. Lindley, and Fred Collins -- do a weekly broadcast for the Voice, entitled "Issues in the News." The program has had an excellent response from a widely appreciative audience. I trust I shall do these gentlemen no offense, however, if I share with you one letter we received that was not so enthusiastic. "Dear Voice of

(More)

America," the letter said, "Never in my life have I heard three more indecisive talkers. They never have anything definite to say. Keep them off the air and run John F. Kennedy instead." Let me add, though, that if I have as few detractors as they, I shall count myself among the fortunate.

I have been in my job as Director of the Agency scant weeks. Operating as we do in 98 countries around the world, there is much about the Agency that I have yet to learn. But as a former working newsman like most of you here today, there are a number of thoughts and impressions that I would share with you in my present role as a government official.

Our Agency operates in a difficult, not too well defined area. We embrace a multitude of disciplines and professions. Many of you are newsmen who devote your careers, as I did for 25 years, to expression in a single medium of communication. USIA employs not one but seven: radio, television, movies, press, book publishing, exhibits and the arts. We are involved in an entire range of problems: from a press run in Beirut, an exhibition in Turin, a stage performance in Munich and radio relays in Colombo. From a news telecast in Bogota to a sound-tracked film strip in Paris to a book typeset in Manila -- upon all the myriad of details we initiate, we create, we facilitate.

Even more important we must deal amidst the intangibles: the difficult, delicate human art of persuasion. For by word of mouth, by cultivated personal contact abroad, we seek to persuade others of the rightness of our view and that our actions and our goals are in harmony with theirs. And this brings on a thought: in the course of a single working day how many of you

gentlemen here could exercise your expertise competently over an array of problems as diverse as these?

To those bold enough to reply in the affirmative, I offer a note of caution: this is only half the Agency's problem. For we deal not only in communications but also in policy. We articulate and distribute not advertising for cigarettes and soap suds but clarifications of government policy and deeds. And we speak in many languages to many peoples of vastly differing cultures and styles, of vastly differing levels of comprehension. We must deal also with the very considerable pre-conditioning foreigners have had to the image and the ideas of America. We must deal with the realities of their fears, their concerns, their stereotypes -- however unjustified, their existence is real -- of the product we promote: the actions and the hopes of the United States.

Thus the effective overseas USIA officer must be a creature who combines the talents of professional proficiency with persistence and patience. He must try to know as much about seven media of communication as most of you gentlemen know about your one. I shall not indulge your sufferance by reading a roster of qualified officers in the Agency. But I assure you I have found I am able to call upon resourceful minds of many disciplines. We have men who number among their accomplishments, before coming with the Agency, such positions as a broadcast Peabody Award winner; a past President of NBC International; a former producer with Eagle Lion and Warner Brothers studio; the former President of a college; several deans of universities, including a Dean Emeritus from Columbia University; an original editor of Newsweek; an author of 15 published

(more)

novels, 6 of which have been adapted for motion pictures; editors of metropolitan newspapers and national press services; overseas bureau chiefs, foreign correspondents, and Nieman fellows in Journalism. Overseas they are supported by an equally diversified and distinguished staff: nationals of the countries in which we work, writers, editors, artists, lecturers and others. They are a talented and varied crew. They serve by choice, I know, for many of them annually refuse private offers for far more money then they now earn.

In my first four months, I have asked many of my colleagues to postpone fellowships, assignments abroad and desirable posts long anticipated. Often at great personal inconvenience, their invariable response to me has been: "Whatever you think is best for the Agency, I will gladly do."

So it was that one of my own long-held illusions about government was rudely shattered on that January day when I assumed office. I arrived at 1776 Pennsylvania Avenue expecting a bureaucracy of dawdlers; instead I found a bounty of capable doers. For my own part, I have never worked harder in my life. I have never been called a loafing man -- though on occasion I confess a predilection for good conversation, fine wine and rich food -- but not since the days of World War II have I worked with such frantic fascination.

I am finding that this is truly the time of the "New Zeal", and it is not easy to set the pace for my younger colleagues. Our work product would stagger the mind of what we in government call "private enterprise". Our radio broadcasts live over 88 hours a day in 35 languages. Our special wireless file puts out up to 8-10,000 words a day to each of five world areas. Our films reach an

(more)

estimated weekly audience of about 150 million people. When a special project goes through on a crash basis, we can get to an audience of over five hundred million. And in television, our "market" is rapidly expanding -- some 36 million TV sets and 160 million viewers.

Nor is our product dissipated meaninglessly. For the 50 million books we have published in 50 languages, there is incessant demand. In Blantyre, Nyasaland, a library opened in March of this year, and borrowers stripped its shelves nearly bare in about a month of operation. In another African post there was a greater demand for the Federalist Papers in four weeks time than the New York Public Library had in a year. And the first English classes formed in two newly-independent countries numbered among their pupils both Prime Ministers, a number of Cabinet officials as well as other high government leaders and their wives.

Our Agency by Congressional Mandate operates overseas. There is much misunderstanding about just what the U. S. Information Agency does. We have received letters with ominous overtones, such as a request to "send me all your information on counterfeiting" and "please rush me all the facts on bullet wounds, fast." Letter-writers have asked us "what percentage of young people are juveniles, how can I figure out which TV newscasters are Republicans, and why are most auctioneers called 'colonel'?" And do-it-yourself fans have written our Agency for information on how to bottle peanut butter, refinish driftwood, operate bongo drums, and make low-calorie soft-drinks.

Information is our job, but information of more serious import. I told the

(More)

Senate hearing on my nomination that our Agency will attempt to make US policy as designed by the President everywhere intelligible and, wherever possible palatable.

We shall endeavor to reflect with fidelity to our allies, to the uncommitted nations, as well as to those who are hostile to us, not only our policy but our ideals. Yet, in our day-to-day efforts directed to this end, we do not stand alone. For much that is known and believed about this country is beyond the purview of our Agency alone.

Just as the work of USIA is far more than just Voice of America broadcasts, so is the real voice of America far more than just our Agency. From Norway to Nyasaland, from Rio to Rangoon, the story and the face of America goes out in movies, television, magazines and the press. The military, with fighters and their families, number one million abroad. Over four million American tourists travel abroad each year. Another half million Americans live overseas for reasons embracing both business and pleasure. Foundations, educational exchanges, and international scholarships send our young intellectuals and their studious professors swarming to foreign universities. Fifty thousand foreign students and hundreds of thousands of foreign tourists visit our country every year to hear and evaluate the first-hand voice of America.

And all of this has great impact. Italy has built its first drive-in movie. An authentic drug store stands in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe. England, heaven bless its warm draught lager, is beginning to drink cold beer in cans. American blue jeans and slacks vie with the kimono in Japan. Nairobi has its parking meters; there are skyscrapers in Johannesburg and supermarkets in

(more)

Leopoldville. Air conditioning has settled in Santiago, and even Moscow has succumbed not only to jazz and Louis Armstrong but also -- heaven assuage the souls of Marx and Lenin -- to American installment buying. And these are but frothy facets of the spreading style of America -- or of the 20th Century, since both in so many ways are synonymous.

Beneath them, and of far more lasting impact, is the broadening outward flow of ideas and techniques of how to live and work together, of respect for neighbors, of faith that every human problem is capable of human solution. We and all the other voices of America that reach outside our frontiers are helping to spread the concept of "access", of individual self-fulfilment and citizen participation.

I tell you all this not to defend our culture but to define our Agency. You gentlemen of the press share very much with our Agency the making of the picture of America that is known abroad. To give you but random figures: 89% of the people in West Germany consider the press as their major source of information about the USA. 77% in Burma, 81% in Britain and Japan, 85% in Peru and Uruguay. All of these are people, gentlemen, saying the press is their major source of information about America.

And the impact made on these people through the press is of course largely beyond the exclusive influence of USIA. Yet the picture is even broader. Not only the press, but the television, the movies, the travelling tourists, the missionaries and the businessmen, are part of the chorus that is the real voice of America. It means there are no more domestic issues. The speech of a single Senator to a hometown audience can have more impact abroad than months of

our Agency's informational activities. A breakthrough in science or medicine, the price on the big board in Chicago, import duty on textiles -- we have lost the luxury of living in isolated America -- these events and issues are absorbed, debated and pondered on all shores of every ocean.

To some of us the picture of a burning bus in Alabama may merely represent the speed and competence of a photographer, but to those of us in the U.S. Information Agency it means that picture will be front-paged tomorrow all the way from Manila to Rabat. Here in Washington itself, for example, there exists a much unreported encumbrance on our African relations that can lose us as much influence as anything the Soviets might do. Where do we house African diplomats in our capital? These are representatives of Negro nations led by Negro leaders. It is bad enough that they read headlines of Birmingham bus burnings and beatings. It is even worse that they find it near impossible to live in the capital of our nation. Landlords will not rent to them; schools refuse their children; stores will not let them try on clothes; beaches bar their families. Today there are some 30 African representatives in Washington with what is euphemistically called "unsatisfactory housing." Fully 1/3 of these are termed emergency cases. There will be some 50 more families arriving in the next six months, 100 in the next year. It is not only that these people are humans like the rest of us, but that they are leaders of nations whose friendship this land deems vital. We would have them join our company of honorable men in defending against encroachment our dedication to dignity and freedom. But it is a dignity to which we will not fully admit them.

It was William Shakespeare who in the "Merchant of Venice" wrote lines

that could come from the mouth of any of these wronged Negro diplomats.

"If you prick us, do we not bleed?
"If you tickle us, do we not laugh?
"If you poison us, do we not die?
"And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

And if revenge they should, it would be recounted as a diplomatic debacle for the United States. And if and when that day should come, do not fly to your Information Agency crying that we have not told "our story" abroad. For in this damaging indignity there is blame enough for us all. And let us remember, this is not something the Communists did to us. We do it ourselves in our own capital. Is it possible that we concern ourselves too much with outer space and far places, and too little with inner space and near places?

Let me turn back to the subject at hand. You did not invite me here to talk about our duty and our opportunity as citizens, rather to tell you about our work. Quite reasonably, you wish to know where we hope to go and how we shall try to get there. At the outset let me emphasize that I did not bring to the Agency the infinite wisdom of an outsider, with magic cures for all that's wrong.

In fact, much of what I have found is good, effective, solid. I recognize, as I know you will too, that the role of our Agency has limits. We are but one arm of the U.S. government. As such, we must respond to the policy of that government. To put it more bluntly, USIA can be no better than the policies it supports and explains. Yet within that limitation there are obviously practices and principles to which we are committed. It is fundamental that we operate on a basis of truth. Ours is, and must be, a dedication to the factual.

But this itself poses difficulties. We operate abroad; our audience is foreign. And in this world there are no absolute standards of truth. What is

one man's truth is another man's falsehood. Our objective is, and must be, credibility. It is easy to assume that because we tell the truth as we see it, others will believe us. But statements that are true are not always believed. It is a measure of our difficulty that in this relentless half-war, truth and credibility are not co-equal.

Candor and openness have their merits...as the successful Alan Shepard demonstrated. They also have their demerits...as the abortive Cuban episode demonstrated.

On Cuba, we had no choice but to be truthful and complete. At noon on April 17, we expanded our Spanish broadcasting to Latin America from one hour of origination to 19 hours. Within two hours we were on the air. I mention this with some pride. What network could undertake such expansion on such short notice with no change in personnel allowance?

There were Latins relaying our broadcasts who said, "you are too honest, you will be misunderstood." There were Americans who protested, as the letter writer from California who heard the tirades of Dr. Paul Roa on our Spanish broadcasts and suggested we leave such broadcasting to the Voice of Castro. The answer was that Dr. Roa was speaking in the United Nations debate which we carried in its entirety. We carried the whole story -- Castro's announcement, the self-labelled "invasion", the writhing in Washington, the agonies in the UN, and even the agonizing reappraisal which a critical aftermath spilled over the Administration.

But if truth must be our guide then dreams must be our goal. To the hunger of those masses yearning to be free and to learn, to this sleeping giant

now stirring, that is so much of the world, we shall say: "We share your dreams." As a nation, we have never been allergic to change. Ours was the first of the great revolutions. It is a birthright we do not intend to let go by default. Our responsibilities of nationhood are predicated on a helping hand to others who would elevate their crushing way of existence by change into a more bountiful society. We offer no panaceas, no final solutions. We offer to join in the search for betterment. We offer our experience and our energies in partnership in the quest for greater human excellence. This we not only endorse. This we sponsor and promote, and provoke. A tradition of government by the governed, of revolution by consent -- all of these are among the greater virtues that we have to demonstrate to a world sorely in need of great virtues.

But we shall go further. We are taking the offensive in this war of ideas. We shall be more alert in exposing Communist techniques and tactics. Distortion and duplicity about this land and its people will not go unanswered.

How shall we accomplish this dual role?

First, the projects that we launch are delivered abroad, primarily through our posts -- 218 of them in 98 countries around the world, staffed by some 1,200 American men and women and their valuable local assistants. Their relation to Washington is as the rim of a wheel to a hub. We in Washington set policy and direction for our posts abroad, but it is as a service center to our overseas operators that we serve our main function.

Second, I have already mentioned that we operate in seven principal media of communication --- radio, television, movies, press, book publishing, exhibits and the arts, as well as the all-important field of personal contact ---

reaching out to all parts of the world in virtually all languages. As the informational arm of US policy, what we do is often imposed on us by the impact of events. But we do not await events. We anticipate, prepare and organize our resources. There is also sometimes a need to concentrate on a selected short range of subject-matter. We have thus established a new post, entitled "Director of Media Content". This job is to aim our output, to pull together the sinews of our several media, to multiply their effectiveness by combining their effort.

Next, we are concentrating our attention on the fields where the ideological competition is being waged. This means expansion in Africa -- where new nations have arisen -- and in Latin America -- where new difficulties have been born -- and in Southeast Asia -- where new pressures are upon us. We will not do this, however, at the expense of thinning the lines of communication with our traditional friends and allies.

To our neighbors to the south, we shall ask them to face the facts about this man called Castro. We shall ask them to recognize the nature of his totalitarian dictatorship, his betrayal of the ideals of the revolution that brought him to power, his suppression of basic human liberties, his treason to the ideals of civilization, and his atrocities, his calculated reliance on the Sino-Soviet bloc and the danger that this threatens to free institutions in the Western Hemisphere.

But we shall do more than merely affirm the negative. We shall examine and explain the promise of the new "Alliance for Progress", the economic and social promise that can bloom from the new planted seedling of US-Latin American cooperation.

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In Africa, there are new lands emerging with new leaders. It is a continent groping for directions, churning with ideas, surveying our style, sampling our ideals. One need only recall the heady wine of our own independence in 1776 to appreciate the new intoxication of Africa. To them we must do more than criticize their politics and caution them on the Soviets. We must share with them our hands and our hearts, our techniques and our time. We must, perhaps above all, accord them the dignity of friendship and respect. In Africa alone we have opened 12 new posts in the past year: Mali, Ivory Coast, Togo, Dohomey, Niger, Upper Volta, Congo, Gabon, Central African Republic, Chad, Ruanda-Urundi, Malagasy Republic. New countries, all of them, some not even in existence when I assumed this office less than four months ago.

In Latin America, we hope to establish 11 new posts in key interior cities, and to strengthen 17 existing posts now undermanned.

In Southeast Asia we are taking additional urgent steps to communicate our determination to support our allies and to prevent neutral countries from falling to Communism. Communication in these lands is poor. Literacy is low. The challenge to our ingenuity and to our energy is great -- and it is expensive.

Our financing for this year will we hope be adequate. But I would remind you that our budget now awaiting approval was drawn up before the sudden increase in the menace of Castro's Communism, before the stepped-up Communist assault in Laos and the eroding subversion in South Viet Nam and Thailand.

In the matter of financial and manpower substance, our adversaries have a clear advantage. The Soviet bloc spends more money jamming our radio broadcasts than we spend on our entire Agency. Our total budget is less than

the cost of one combat loaded Polaris submarine, and it is one fifth of the estimated advertising budget of our armaments manufacturers. One American soap company spends almost as much on advertising as the USIA spends explaining US policy abroad.

We certainly do not solicit billions for propagating the truth. But this country must be willing to do what must be done -- or we will forfeit to the inexorable tide of history our role as the promoters of freedom.

Implicit in meeting this challenge is the cost of physical facility. The Voice of America broadcasts 600 hours a week and, including packaged programs, uses up to 62 languages. But, as they say in the trade, let's look at the competition. We are fourth, ranked in order behind Russia, Communist China, and the United Arab Republic. But we certainly do not intend to remain in fourth position. We are building new transmitters, one in North Carolina, and one in Liberia, but we are seriously handicapped against the opposition because they are already located physically closer to much of the audience we would reach. We have had practically no increase in power since 1953 and it is in these years that our competition has passed us.

Our broadcast and other activities do need more money, but money alone will not do the job. We need immunization from accordion financing -- granting most of our budget requests one year, squeezing them tightly the next. No network or newspaper could flourish on such financial irregularity; neither can USIA.

We face a difficult time with staffing. We need more permanent staff -- talented people willing to work for little pay and less recognition. And we need

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the cooperation of the men who help shape the thinking of our citizens. We want them to share their thoughts abroad. In Moscow and Peiping, such intellectuals and journalists are summoned at government bidding. In America, we do not bid; we request. But the argument heard sometimes here that cooperation with the government hampers professional independence is, I submit, specious. We need your help and, while we cannot pay commercial rates, we can offer another compensation: the satisfaction that you helped keep our country strong.

The history of this Agency has been brief and turbulent. I trust its future will be long and fruitful. In the bare 20 years of its life, it has had five titles and a dozen different directors. Our origins lie in the frenzied beginnings of World War II, when we operated with a radio and a prayer. Our future may lie in the unseen systems of communication satellites, when we will operate with international television and perhaps those same prayers again.

The product of this Agency is all for export, much of it invisible, much of it unknown at home. Much of its end-product effectiveness is not measurable by common standards. We do not have a rating service, and frequently our work is known to the public only when we make a mistake. We do not ask for special consideration, and certainly not for sympathy, from those of you who work in the private sector of communication.

We do not ask that our mistakes be ignored, nor that our accomplishments be exaggerated. We shall do our best to tell you what the Agency is doing in the belief that you are as concerned as we in providing the citizens of this country with information as to what is being said and done in their name abroad.

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I have learned since coming to Washington at least two things: the first is that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them, and the second, that questions are never indiscreet but answers sometimes are. I suppose the art of answering is to produce a proper mixture of candor and discretion and to confess ignorance when it is obvious. And with a promise -- in answering your questions -- to follow this precept, Mr. President, may I turn the floor back to you.

* * * * *

be a discussion; they would find out all they could about me, make up their minds, and when I showed up the next day everything would be clearcut. That is the way things are done in Africa: you do not ask direct questions at the outset, you do not ask for a man's credentials. You go around the point; the approach is oblique. You take nothing on trust, you find out quietly. And then you decide.

I had been familiar with all this in Africa. But now I was meeting it in Washington D.C. the capital of the United States of America. Africa had come to Washington and Moscow and London and Paris at a great gallop over the last few years: she had stepped onto the world stage with a vengeance often upsetting old and orderly patterns that the rest of the world had thought fixed for ever.

Way back in 1923, seemingly in another world and in another time, the greatest black 'race leader' of modern times, Marcus Garvey had asked: "Where is the black man's government? Where is his king and his kingdom? Where is his President, his country, and his ambassador, his army, his navy, his men of big affairs?"

And having asked, Garvey answered himself: "I could not find them, and then I declared: I will help to make them....."

Garvey, who styled himself the "Provisional President of Africa" launched his race movement in the United States and after a brief and glorious period when he boasted a membership of over 6,000,000 composed mainly of American Negroes, and with 'Royal African Guards' in dashing uniforms and 'Black Cross Nurses' and 'Ladies of the African Motor Corps' all parading the streets of New York and other U.S. cities, and launching a 'Black Star' shipping line, Garvey was jailed for using the United States postal services to defraud investors. He spent five years in jail and was then expelled from the United States. Garvey died in obscurity in London in the 1930s. But the Garvey dream of black men of 'big affairs' lived on. And one of the greatest disciples of the Garvey dream was Kwame Nkrumah who took the British colony of the Gold Coast and turned it into the Republic of Ghana with a Black Star shipping line, a Black Star Square and with Garvey as a sort of national hero and symbol. And like Garvey, Nkrumah dreams of being President of a United States of Africa. Indeed, Nkrumah has lately got his country into quite a bit of a financial mess as a result of his lavish spending in

AFRICA IN WASHINGTON

There was some sort of mix up and the arrangements which were supposed to have been made were just not working. The Ghanaians knew nothing of my coming, and so Mr. Dove, the Press Attache, was very polite but very aloof and noncommittal. There was something dour and rocklike about the man. He was of middle height, thickset and giving off a feel of compactness. His dark brown face was expressionless. I recognised the atmosphere and mood he generated. And I resented it; but mingled with my resentment was sympathy. For years, I too, had generated this wall of aloof politeness in defence of my own Africanness in encounters with the non-African world. And Mr. Dove was defending much more than his personal Africanness. He was the guardian of his own particular African world and I was the unknown outsider. I was suddenly very close to Africa and the African way of doing and seeing things. In African world the unknown is regarded as the enemy until it proves otherwise: I was like the man from a foreign tribe and as such a potential enemy until I proved myself. And the fact that I was myself and African only complicated the whole business. It is easier to deal with the complete stranger to whom Africa and the African processes are unfamiliar; you can get away with more.

Mr. Dove felt my irritation but did not seem to know what to do. It looked like a hopeless mess. And then I saw the autobiography of Nkrumah in the bookcase.

I said: "I know your President well, you know. In fact he mentions me in his autobiography which I see you have."

That did it. Mr. Dove excused himself and went upstairs. He was away quite a while and when he returned he was a great deal less aloof. But thingswere still not to be rushed; so we made a date for the next day. And it just so happened that the administrative head of the embassy, the Counsellor, had to come into Dove's room about something and that a number of other embassy officials were just outside Dove's door and that the Ambassador was just coming down the stairs; all this happened just as I left and I knew that I had been given a thorough look over. There would, I knew

persuit of his dream of Pan-African leadership. But this Nkrumah dream of being President of a United States of Africa is becoming more unreal every day. Still, Ghana's Nkrumah and Nkrumah's Ghana have been the pace-setters of the great African emergence which has hit Washington with the setting up of more than a score of African embassies in a very short time: indeed, the vast majority of these embassies came into existence between 1960 and 1961.

When Ghana became independent in 1957 there were only four African embassies in Washington, those of Ethiopia, Liberia, Egypt and the Union of South Africa. Egypt was and is an Arab state; in those days Ethiopia still dissociated herself from Negro Africa, and the Union of South Africa (now the Republic of South Africa) was and still is a white man's country in terms of political power inspite of its big black majority. So three of the four African states with embassies in Washington at the start of 1957 were not, or did not regard themselves as black African states. Liberia, the only black African state, was run by descendants of American Negro slaves who had been resettled there with United states aid. Thus not one of the four African states with embassies in Washington in 1957 could be described as genuinely indigenous black African states, avowedly so, and representing the new nationalist mood of black Africa. The Ghana embassy which was opened on the 6th of March, 1957, can therefore be fairly regarded as the first out of the new Africa. After Ghana there was a brief pause then embassies from the new Africa shot up all over the place, like overnight mushrooms. And London and Paris and Moscow and Washington had to adjust themselves to the newcomers and the newcomers, in their turn, had to adjust to these great centres of the world's power and influence. And for Washington D.C., capital of the United States, and, in terms of the world power struggle, capital of the non-communist world, this encounter with the newcomers from Africa is possibly one of the trickiest, most delicate of all that great city's encounters. On the outcome, on the results of this encounter may depend the shape of tomorrow's world.

The Ghana embassy is housed on 2139 R Street N.W., a wide tree-lined street off the main flow of traffic. The trees give the street an appearance of coolness. The atmosphere is that of a middle-class residential area, which it still largely is, though a number of houses have been taken over by the new African embassies.

The steady coming and going of cars is the first sign that 2139 is no ordinary residence. As fast as one car pulls up and deposits its passengers another turns up to pick up passengers. And there is an equally steady flow of Africans on foot, mainly young men in neatly pressed suits who could be junior members of the embassy staff or else students come to sort out some problems. They come and go with a quiet selfcontainedness which immediately sets them apart from the natives of the land. Everything about them proclaims them as strangers in a strange land who are a long way from home. They move with an air of assurance, as do people who are in no doubt about their standing and status and who are sure of some strong protecting authority behind them.

The embassy shield hangs above the open doorway, and just inside a white doorman sits at a tiny table, round shouldered and sallow as one who rarely walks in the sun. The doorway leads directly into a small reception room. There are stairs immediately facing the door which lead to the upper part of the house. Two chairs below and against the stairs sandwich a little table between them. This is where visitors wait. In the corner diagonally opposite the door and on a table that looks large in the small room is the telephone switchboard. The operator who sounded English and looked a friendly little body of a person was trying to get a call through to New York and there seemed to be a lot of confusion on the line. There is a room beyond the switchboard, all tables and papers, and a tall thickset black man in a natty light grey suit was busy sorting out papers. It was shortly after nine and the embassy's working day had just got under way.

My first impression was of overcrowdedness. This place had probably once housed a family of five or six. For such a family it would have been a moderately large and comfortable home, nothing

lavish but with room to move and have privacy.

As an embassy with a large working staff it was overcrowded. Boxes and cartons were stacked in one corner and the signs were that the embassy was hard pressed for storage room. Again, as on the day before, I had the strong sense of having suddenly stepped into a little piece of West Africa. There was the West African air of calm relaxedness which suggests warmth and intimacy and gives even the most formal undertaking a touch of the personal.

The doorman recognised me and called out to the telephonist: "for Mr. Dove." She waved me to a seat, still struggling to get New York. From the floor above came the murmur of deep-throated voices, with one voice bursting out loud over all the others every now and then. A young American Negro miss, very attractive and with a creamy light brown skin, walked across the room and up the stairs with a pile of files. She seemed impersonal, efficient, very American: much less a part of the setting than the English-sounding white telephonist. After a while she came down the stairs and said Mr. Dove would soon be with me.

There was sudden clatter of feet and a group of men hurried down the stairs. In the lead was Ambassador Halm, very striking in his African cloth. He looked like a latter-day, brown-skinned version, of a history-book Roman senator. But whereas the Roman garment was always pictured as a flowing white, that of His Excellency, William Marmon Quao Halm, Ambassador of the Republic of Ghana to the United States of America was rich in colour, with goldish yellow overtones. Pliny The Elder it was who had said: "Always something new out of Africa." And today it was the African plenipotentiaries, 'the strong bronzed men' about whom Countee Cullen sang nearly a quarter of a century ago, who symbolised the new out of Africa.

Mr. Halm greeted me briefly, indicated that we would meet later and then hurried out to the waiting car. I had passed the test. And then Mr. Dove, the Press Attache, took charge of me.

There was no obvious change in his attitude, perhaps a little less aloof than when we had parted the day before. He still

looked dour and rocklike. I may have passed the test but it still looked as though the going would not be easy. We settle down and then he suddenly relaxed: it was nothing tangible, I just felt it.

"You want to know about the working of the embassy," he said and waited.

I started off with the standard conventional questions: when had the embassy opened? Who had been the first Ambassador? Had it been in this same building? What was the size and structure of the staff? How did it work?

All this was easy, factual stuff and the answers came easily.

Ghana had achieved its independence on the 6th March, 1957 and the Washington embassy was opened on the same day. The Chancery was then situated in the Dupont Circle Building on Connecticut Avenue. The first Ambassador, Mr. C. A. Chapman, served from 1957 to 1959 when he was replaced by Mr. Halm. The present embassy building was occupied in March 1957.

I mentioned that it looked overcrowded. Yes: that was one of the problems. I learned later, from a State Department source, that the Ghanaians had had some difficulties in their attempts to put up their own building.

The present embassy staff consists of 35 of whom eleven are Ghanaians. Two of the eleven are on temporary appointment. At the head of the embassy is the Ambassador, the political head of the whole Mission, whose term of office is normally for three years. Then there is the Counsellor who is the civil service and administrative head of the embassy. He runs the day-to-day affairs of the embassy. Below him are two First Secretaries, one concerned with political affairs and the other with economic affairs. Next there is one Second Secretary who is concerned with administration. He is followed by two Third Secretaries, one in charge of the Registry and the other in charge of security. One of the current Third Secretaries is a Ghanaian woman. The Counsellor and Secretaries are members of the Ghana Foreign Service - though one of the Third Secretaries in this instance was on secondment from the Ghana Home Civil Service. In addition there is an

Education Attache who has one assistant and whose business is to look after the interests and welfare of all Ghanaian students in the United States. And finally there was Mr. Dove himself, the Press Attache, whose job I did not need to be told anything about.

The daily routine of the embassy began at nine in the morning and ran till twelve-thirty in the afternoon. Then there was a break till two when the embassy opened again until five-thirty in the afternoon. But of course the embassy's senior staff had to go to a vast number of evening functions and the Ambassador himself went to some function every day when he was in Washington. The embassy itself threw an average of three diplomatic parties every week.

Gordon Dove leaned back and his attitude seemed to say: there you are, all sealed, signed and delivered, the workings of the Ghana embassy.

I said: "Could we be a little more personal. I would like to know something about your people here. I would like to spend a little time with them."

For answer I got a sheaf of stencilled sheets with the biographical details of all the senior officials. I went through them until I came across the fact-sheet about Dove himself. He was new at the Washington embassy and this was his first overseas posting. He had been in his country's information service at home since 1956. He had been posted to Washington in February of 1961. But he was no stranger to the United States. He had studied at Washington's Howard University from 1949 to 1955 and had earned a Master's degree in Political Science; and later, from 1955 to 1956 he had studied journalism at Boston University.

I said: "Knowing the States means that you have not had any really serious problems of adjustment?"

The hint of a smile flickered across his face and was gone. There was now, suddenly, a thin thread of understanding between us.

He said: "It is easier for those of us who know our way; and of course we try to protect the new comers too."

"How do you cope with it?"

He shrugged slightly.

"We are here on our country's business, and so we do our work and go home."

"What about entertainment?"

"We entertain among ourselves. There are the official parties but apart from those we don't go out much. We are here to do a job and we avoid trouble."

"You have a family...." The fact sheet had told me he had.

"Wife and young daughter."

"When you have a day to yourself, a free Sunday, and it is a fine warm day....."

His eyes laughed at me with a hint of derision which suggested that I was pushing the point too hard.

"We go to church, and then we go home. Perhaps friends call on us; perhaps we call on them: but mainly we go home."

I said: "I understand housing is one of your most urgent problems."

He said: "Yes." and left it there. I did not press him this time. Instead, we arranged to meet again and then I left.

There was a woman with two young boys in the reception room. The two boys seemed very excited. From the snatches of talk I heard it seemed that they were finding out details for a trip to Ghana.

A fine, steady drizzle had begun while I was in Dove's Office and it suddenly made Washington seem stickly and depressing.

There is one thing all diplomats - black brown, white, yellow; from the East, the West and the Neutrals - have in common and that is an infinite capacity for being sweetly polite while keeping the enquirer at a safe distance. They know what they want to give out, and that is all you get; and if they are in doubt they do not give. This is probably in the very nature of their jobs: what they say, what they do, what they reveal, can have grave repercussions. And so it was that while I could see all of the external trappings, the office routine - which is much the same as the routine in any ~~either~~ important business office - the really big stuff that goes on behind the scenes was a closely guarded secret.

I knew the Educational Attache took care of the interests and welfare of Ghanaian students in the United States: there were the problems of placement, of financial matters, of adjustment and the like. Getting below that, getting to the actuality of their problems was another matter. Anything that might be controversial, anything that was not quite safe was reserved for the political ~~spokesmen~~ spokesmen. And they would deal with these matters either directly with the State Department or else on the floor of the United Nations, if the matter is sufficiently big or could be used to some political end.

So the non-political people, the Secretaries and the Attaches avoided revealing anything that could regarded as remotely touchy, explosive or political. And of course, events back home in Ghana where things were not very settled and most of the opposition were in jail, made them all the more careful.

And so I got the overall impression of a very efficient and well-disciplined machine running on the lines and keeping its

secrets like, any business office where security and secrecy are paramount. The appearance was of openness but behind it was the guardedness of people acutely conscious of being the servants and protectors of the interests of their country in a strange land. And there was too, I felt, a sense of caution based on protecting self-interest; and this, I felt, often made for over-caution, a refusal to reveal what might be in the interest of the country because it has not been cleared beforehand. But perhaps this is unfair comment: after all, these foreign service officials know better than anyone else what elbow room, what margin for discretion they are allowed in the service of Kwame Nkrumah's Republic.

I met E.M. Debrah in a small office upstairs which reinforced my impression of lack of space. Debrah was the Counsellor, the senior foreign service officer at the embassy. He was the administrative head who ran the whole show under the political direction of the Ambassador. And like nearly all of Ghana's civil servants in the foreign branch, he was a young man. He was in his early or middle thirties. And yet his fact sheet showed that he was one of the veterans of the Ghana Foreign Service. He had been one of the first eight young Ghanaian selected for foreign service training way back in 1955 when his country was still the self-governing British colony of the Gold Coast and independence and the name Ghana was still two years away. He was an Honours graduate in History from the University College of the Gold Coast (now Ghana) and he had read International Relations at the London School of Economics. In helping the people of the Gold Coast prepare for independence the British Government had attached the eight young foreign service trainees to their own embassies all over the world. Debrah was attached to the British

Embassy in Paris.

The years of British training showed clearly in his poise and polish, in his quiet air of dignified reserve, in the dark business suit and the light tie, in his speech even. He was a handsome man of medium height and slender build. His face was smooth and very dark and he had a sunny smile which lit up his eyes.

For a while we recalled London and Paris of the fifties and it forged a link between us. There was a community of experience. The London and Paris of the forties that I shared with Kwame Nkrumah and Jomo Kenyatta and George Padmore and Azikiwe of Nigeria were not so very different from the London and Paris of the fifties that he knew. The difference was in our different activities. We had been the rebels dreaming and scheming to win a continent. He, less than a generation later, was one of the inheritors. That was the measure of the fantastic change in Africa. And yet there was this community of outlook based on a common experience with the British. This may well turn out to be one of the most enduring after-influences of Britain on the elite of her former African colonies.

I asked him how long he had been at the British Embassy in Paris. Till 1957 when the Gold Coast achieved independence and became Ghana. Then he had been sent to Liberia as First Secretary. Two years later, in 1959, he had been transferred to Cairo where he had acted as Charge d'Affaires for several months.

As Debrah recalled it, both London and Paris had been fun for a young foreign service officer in training. Liberia had been the first taste of the real thing and of course there had been no question of colour. And indeed he had been free of any sense of colour in both London and Paris. But Egypt had been exceptional. There, for the first time in his life, he had experienced a sense of

dignity in the fact of being black. Debrah did not say it but it was clear that the spell in Egypt had obviously had a very profound effect on him, and the effect had to do with the attitude to colour. As for us in the days of dreaming of African power, so for him and those like him in the days of the reality of African power, colour was still a factor. One of the key problems of our time was still that of the relations between the lighter and darker members of mankind.

But when it came to talking about this the conversation became guarded. Of course there were problems but perhaps I had better find out about these for myself. For instance he could tell me of the case of the First Secretary from the embassy who had been thrown out of a polling booth in Georgia in November of 1960. I wondered whether anybody at the State Department realised that a racial incident which happened in 1960 was still freshly remembered. And he could tell me of the threatening telephone call made to the Education Attache in May of 1961 in which the caller told him to get out or 'they' will get him. And he could show me letters like the one calling them relics from the stone age who should stop meddling in the internal affairs of the United States.

We were interrupted by the arrival of a young man from the Ghana Information and Trade Center in New York. His business was urgent and he had to return to New York the same evening. I was glad to excuse them. This business of talking about race and colour can be very awkward for people who represent their countries abroad. They would and did talk provided they were sure that not all they said was attributed directly to them. Much of what happens in Washington comes out discreetly or as an unquotable leak. The Africans in Washington have caught on fast to this technique: some have

On May 31st, 1961 Edward R. Murrow, head of the United States Information Agency addressed the National Press Club in Washington and found it necessary to speak of some of the problems faced by the African diplomats. He said: "Here in Washington, for example, there exists a much unreported incumbrance on our African relations that can lose us as much influence as anything the Soviets might do. Where do we house African diplomats in our capital? These are representatives of Negro nations led by Negro leaders. It is bad enough that they read headlines of Birmingham bus burnings and beatings. It is even worse that they find it near impossible to live in the capital of our nation. Landlords will not rent to them; schools refuse their children; stores will not let them try on clothes; beaches bar their families. Today there are some 30 African representatives in Washington with what is euphemistically called 'unsatisfactory housing'. Fully one-third of these are termed emergency cases. There will be some 50 more families arriving in the next six months, 100 in the next year."

The stories of the difficulties encountered in the search for homes are legion. The Ambassador concerned told me of seeing a sign in the window of a real estate agency announcing an apartment to let. The Ambassador went into the office, presented his card and asked to see the manager. When the manager appeared the Ambassador told him that he would like to rent the apartment for a member of his staff who was a family man. The manager was sorry but that apartment was not to let to any Negroes, not even diplomatic Negroes. Not one of the Africans in whose presence I heard this story showed the slightest surprise or shock. To them this was just one variation on what had become a familiar theme.

In June of 1961 the District of Columbia Conference on Community Development got a group of volunteers to do a house-to-house canvass of 211 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington to find out which were willing to rent to African diplomats and which were not. These buildings contained approximately 24,000 apartment units of varying sizes. Eight out of the 211 buildings made it clear that they would accept African diplomats as tenants. 21 buildings said they might accept African diplomats but the responses were ambiguous. In 17 buildings it was indicated that they pro-

bably would not accept Africans, but here too the responses were ambiguous. In 37 buildings no clear answer was given as to whether they would or would not accept African diplomats as tenants. In 128 buildings it was clearly stated that African diplo diplomats would not be accepted as tenants.

In the case of the eight buildings where the answer was a definite yes two of the buildings were apartment-hotels with 579 apartment units. The other six were apartment buildings exclusively with a total of 662 apartment units. One of the two apartment-hotels indicated that in accepting Africans as tenants it would act as a hotel rather than an apartment house, and charge monthly rents based on daily hotel rates instead of a monthly charge similar to an apartment system.

The twenty-one buildings which said that they might accept Africans were in the main of the ambiguous order of "yes, but we do not anticipate any vacancies," and "we would be happy to put his application on our waiting list". This is one of the most common methods of getting rid of African applicants without causing any embarrassment. The application is accepted but not considered when a vacancy occurs.

In other instances in this category there were conflicting responses. The resident manager in the building would give one answer and the agent for the building would give the opposite answer. The agent might express willingness to rent to African diplomats but the resident manager might express unwillingness. In this category of the ambiguous 'yes' were also those who refused to ~~xxx~~ discuss the question and said their company's policy was to consider each application on an individual basis.

Most of the case histories in the seventeen buildings which gave an ambiguous 'no' to the question whether they would rent to African diplomats were much the same as those of the ambiguous 'yes' - only in the opposite direction.

In the one hundred and twenty-eitht buildings where it was definitely stated that African would not be accepted as tenants the reasons fell into two major categories. First, that African diplomats were undesirable because they were Negroes; second, because they were diplomats. In twenty-seven cases those in charge of the

buildings gave skin colour as their reason for not wanting to rent to Africans.

Some of the objections given were:

"The building would be vacant in 30 days."

"Fifteen tenants watched the resident manager when he interviewed an African diplomat."

In 30 cases the refusal to rent was given as because of the diplomatic status of the Africans.

"We want only long-term residents."

"Diplomats move every 18 months, and we can't afford to redecorate that often."

"Diplomats break their leases and violate the lease provisions."

"They entertain lavishly with caterers and orchestras until 2 a.m."

The canvassers found that these objections to diplomats were also expressed by one apartment-hotel owner who does rent to diplomats and who plans to continue to do so in the future.

The spokesmen in the remaining seventy-one buildings which refused to have African diplomats as tenants simply made the statement and gave no reasons why. Thus, out of a total of some 24,000 apartment units 60% were definitely not available for rental by African diplomats; another 7% were most unlikely to rent to African diplomats; and 14% had given a doubtful 'yes'. If this doubtful 'yes' is split evenly the 'yes' category would enjoy the benefit of a huge doubt and the 'no' total would go up to 74%. A fair estimate based on the findings of the canvass initiated by the District of Columbia Conference on Community Relations would indicate that something like 74% of the 'luxury' apartment buildings in Northwest Washington would not accept African diplomats as tenants.

Harold Cooper, a mountain of an Englishman, who had spent many years in Washington after a lifetime in the British Colonial service in Africa under a string of Governors, felt that housing

was undoubtedly the gravest of all the problems, especially among the younger and not so senior members of African embassies. As public relations adviser to the Liberian ~~XXXXXXXX~~ embassy in Washington Cooper is in a position to know. Most of the younger African diplomats, he said, are on salaries which are small by American standards. And even after these salaries are supplimented by allowances the failure to find a suitable house or apartment at a reasonable rental often made their tour of duty in Washington something of a nightmare.

The State Department, and Chief of Protocol Angier Biddle Duke, are acutely conscious of the problems faced by the Africans and are doing all they can to make things as easy for them as possible. Indeed, looking after the African diplomats is regarded as so important that a Special Protocol Affairs section has been set up. This section spends most of its time looking after the interests of Africans and protecting them as far as possible from unhappy race and colour experiences. On July 7th 1961 Protocol initiated a conference between real estate owners, the State Department and other government officials and agencies with the aim of securing adequate housing facilities for African and Asian diplomats. Out of this conference came a Housing Committee and the opening up of enough apartment buildings to house the staffs of some twenty-five African missions.

Throughout my stay in Washington one of the strongest and most abiding of all my impressions was of the really herculean efforts of the American government to reduce and get rid of all those factors which made for the unhappiness of the African diplomats. Many of the Africans realised and appreciated this; particularly those of the older embassies. The Liberians and Ethiopians tend to feel that

however unhappy conditions may be in parts of the United States, this was a domestic matter in which foreign diplomats should not intervene. And in their personal encounters with racial and colour insults they use pride and dignity as a massive shield. But most of the representatives of the younger states are not as tolerant. For them colour discrimination is a relic of the old colonialism which they have thrown off in Africa and which they are not prepared to tolerate anywhere else, especially as they are invested with the dignity of representing their countries. They are impatient with the reality of the American situation and critical of even the laudable efforts of State Department officials to guard them against discrimination by drawing up lists of restaurants and other places where they would be welcome. To them the idea that the State Department should subsidise an international club where they can meet Americans who do not object to their colour smacked of an attempt to herd black diplomats into a neon-lighted, air-conditioned social ghetto.

Few of the African diplomats, if any, relish the idea of crossing the Potomac. To them the whole of the United States below it is unfriendly territory, associated with the discomfort of long car rides through townships where they dare not stop for a meal or to use a rest room without risking insult or injury.

And they are aware too of one important change their presence has wrought in the social life of Washington. In the old days before their coming the fashionable hostesses could safely scatter their invitations among the embassies in the sure knowledge that all the guests who turned up would be white or so near white as to make no difference. And so dancing was quite often an important part of these entertainments. Today dancing is out.

But the picture is not one of unrelieved gloom. Intimate and very real and relaxing friendships have been built up between African diplomats and their opposite numbers in the United States service, as well as between the Africans and diplomats from the European countries. The British and French embassies in particular have done much to welcome and make things easier for the representatives of their former colonies: they have sponsored the Africans socially by having them as honoured guests at important dinners and functions and so introduced them to people in the top bracket of Washington society.

And it is possible today for the African diplomat in search of relaxation in pleasant surroundings, and who wishes to see something of the American countryside, to drive out to Montgomery County for an evening or for a weekend and have a good time completely free of any possibility of any incident. Montgomery is today the wealthiest County in the United States and its population includes a large number of civil servants and professional men of progressive outlook. And so the African diplomats find themselves welcome and completely at home at places like the fashionable and expensive Normandy Farm restaurant. Montgomery County last years completed its plan for the total integration of all its schools. It was the first among all Maryland counties to do so. Sceptics say this is because few Negroes live in the county. Be that as it may: the fact is that Montgomery County stands out as a haven for African diplomats.

I found the African diplomatic parties fascinating. They were an intriguing combination of the formal and the informal. They began early and ran late, and almost invariably food was served in glorious buffet style at some point in the evening. They were also the places where you met the people you had tried unsuccessfully to contact at their offices for days. And people at these parties seemed to speak more freely than they did in their offices. And so you picked up the latest gossip and you heard about the latest incident.

It was at the Liberian Embassy party that I met the quiet young French-speaking diplomat from the Ivory Coast. It was after most of the drinking and eating and the atmosphere was relaxed and easy. We talked about Paris in the days shortly after the war and he sounded terribly homesick for Paris.

"And how do you find Washington?" I asked.

He shrugged as only a Frenchman can. "It is not the same thing. You know it is not the same thing. But my country sends me so I do my duty. But I anticipate the time when I am transferred. Washington is - how do you say it? - " He signalled and a young diplomat from one of the English-speaking African embassies joined us. "How do you say to our friend about our tour here? You know, it is hard."

The new fellow was tall and thickset and towered above us, broad of face and typically West African. He threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"He means that Washington is what you might call a hardship post for us. You know, in the past when European civil servants were posted to lonely or difficult or dangerous places they called them hardship posts. That's what Washington is to us."

"All of you? And do you all call it that?"

"We don't go around saying it but we feel it. Someone has suggested that the State Department should issue us with turbans as we come into the country. This would make it plain to all the Americans that we are not American Negroes and should there-

fore be treated as honorary white men."

The gently bitter irony was lost on the French-speaking chap but he nodded and said yes. And then a group of people joined us and the big English-speaking chap drifted away. In a far corner of the garden, Mr. Ambassador Halm of Ghana was the centre of a large group who seemed to hang on his words. He wore his colourful native cloth, the only one who did so, and it made him the most striking figure at the party.

I had discovered early in my Washington sojourn that there was a small group of people who attended most of the African diplomatic parties about whom there was an air of mystery. People knew their names, people introduced you to them, they were charming and knowledgeable and were obviously insiders, but nobody seemed to know just what they did or where they could be found when there were no diplomatic parties. One such came up to me, seemed to know me and my business and seemed to even know what my last conversation had been about.

"Of course the Africans feel things pretty badly. But things are not so bad you know, and we are making progress." And with that the person drifted off.

At another party, this time thrown by E.M. Debrah, the Counsellor of the Ghana embassy, I met a handful of American Negroes and discovered that the coming of the Africans has had a disturbing impact on the Negroes of the United States. The girls looked like two sisters. They were very dark and, in terms of appearance, they could have come from Liberia or Sierra Leone or Ghana or Nigeria. Only their speech set them apart. They were a little apart at this party too. The gathering was about equally mixed of black and white. Debrah's home was in the fashionable Argyle Terrace in Northwest Washington, a white residential area of beautiful houses.

I got into conversation with the girls and it soon came out that they took a dim view of all these whites hanging around the African diplomats and their parties. This one was bad enough, with half of the people at the party being white. They wanted to know if I had been to any of the parties of the French speaking Africans. I had not so they told me of all the white women who hung around those parties. There you hardly ever saw a black woman and the whites nearly always outnumbered the blacks. The one said these whites were out for what they could get and the Africans were being fooled into thinking they were real friends.

The other one said, with a world of bitterness in her voice:

"And they don't even have any time for us, our own kind! Its a disgrace!"

I got away from them and wandered into another room only to walk into an argument charged with bitterness. A tall, thickset West African, his face livid with rage, was having an argument with an equally tall but very slender young American Negro. The American Negro worked for one of the Africa agencies of the State Department, one of those unofficial agencies.

The African challenged the American: "Tell me this: you working

for the State Department, aren't you?"

"What's that got to do with the argument?" the American said mildly

"Why don't you answer? Are you ashamed?"

"Ashamed of what?"

"Then admit you work for the State Department!"

"That has nothing to do with argument."

"It has everything to do with it! What you say are not your own words. You are just an echo of your master!"

This aroused the American somwhat, but he still kept a hold on himself. "I suppose you are not an echo of your master!"

"My masters are black," the West African snapped. "Yours are white. Mine don't beat and scourge and burn me!"

"So what?"

"So you're a traitor to your race!"

The American Negro braced himself as though struck. He shut his eyes then opened them. His misery embarrassed and depressed me and it was hard to hold my tongue. Then, the American Negro sighed, mustered a smile and rent my heart.

"You are lucky," he said. "I am an American - an American Negro."

I turned away from them. I did not want to hear the arrogant retort of the proud African.

'To be an American Negro in a day like this' could still be very rough, even in the encounter with the Africans in the pride and arrogance of their newly achieved freedom.

I left the party early, depressed and curious to find out the American Negro's reaction to the presence of the plenipotentiaries of Africa in Washington.

The man fell into step beside me after I had walked only a few yardsaway from the hotel. He was very black and very thin; narrow of face and with a long jaw and hollow cheeks. His feet and hands were very long though he himself was not tall - not much more than half an inch higher than my own five-six. But his tight black suit with its unpadded shoulders and his drain-pipe trousers made him seem taller. His black pointed shoes shone and there was an air of scrubbed cleanness about him: black hat perched soberly on his head, black tie, black suit, black socks and shoes, with only the visible parts of a snowy white shirt relieving the clean uniformity of blackness. I felt his tentativity and hesitation in his greeting. His voice was a soft attractive southern drawl which became warm when I showed friendliness.

"That your hotel?" He motioned backward with his head at what many people regard as Washington's leading hotel. I said yes and he nodded knowingly.

"You're an African. Its different for us." The stress on the 'us' put me in a world far removed from his own.

I said: "But you can stay there now, if you have the money."

"That is what they want you to believe. They make everything right for you and they keep you away from us so that you shouldn't see."

As he went on talking it became clear that he thought me an African diplomat. This was the new experience for me on this trip to the United States. The moment I opened my mouth it was clear that I was not an American Negro. I was obviously too old to be a student; so many people fell back on the next thing: an African diplomat; and this was particularly so in Washington.

A cool breeze softened the heat of the summer morning as we settled down on a bench in the park facing the White House. I told my new found friend that I was not a diplomat. But the fact that I was an African was almost the same thing to him. And then, quietly, in his soft caressing voice, he poured out his

frustration and bitterness and his desire to quit the United States. He had been to the Nigerian Embassy looking for a job. They had taken his name and promised to get in touch with him. He understood these things took time but it was taking rather long. But they had treated him very nicely and politely, especially the young gentleman who had interviewed him. He was tired of working for people who showed him no respect and no regard. He had spent his life working for such people. Now he wanted to work for his own kind, here in Washington to begin with but in the hope that they would send him to Africa when he had proved himself. That is where he wanted his children to grow up. He looked hopefully at me. Did I know any of the people at any of the embassies. I said yes but I had no pull with them. Then I asked what he did. He was a preacher in his spare time but he worked as a messenger and handyman. I thought: And Africa so full of messengers and handymen.

He left me some ten minutes later, neat and trim and very thin and straight; a simple man in whom the presence of the Africans in Washington has stirred strange new longings late in life.

The young Negro intellectual took me to Billy Simpson's house of Seafood and Steaks on Georgia Avenue in his purring Mercedes-Benz. He had worked in Africa for the State Department and he knew London and Paris as well as I did. He was handsome, polished, knowledgeable, worldly-wise and obviously knew his way about Washington's diplomatic corridors. He was also very noncommittal. Whenever I asked him a leading question he would smile charmingly and give me the name, address and phone number of the person who was the expert on that particular subject. He did, however, fill me in with the sort of unquoteable background stuff which makes for perspective. Whenever he got anywhere near making a positive statement he would smile and change the conversation to food or London or Paris or into some other harmless and non-controversial or non-political channel.

Some African diplomats, my friend said, often foregather at Billy Simpson's House of Seafood and Steaks. But there were none there on that particular evening. Instead we ran into a celebration party which was purely American Negro. The President had just named another Negro to a high post, thus swelling the list of Negroes

in high government or semi-government positions to well over thirty. Champagne flowed fairly freely and my friend and I were soon drawn into the party. I had the sense of a precious victory won in a hard and long battle.

At one point I turned to my young intellectual State Department friend. "Would you say the presence of the Africans in Washington had anything to do with this?"

He turned on his charming smile and looked at one of the other celebrating guests. This man said:

"Not directly; not evenly primarily; but definitely, yes! Just the fact of their presence has advanced our struggle at least fifty years.

The young Negro newspaper editor, on the other hand, did not quite share that view. It was press day and he had to go to the Baltimore to put his paper to bed so we had snatches of conversation between telephone calls and grappling with last minute copy.

"Of course we're interested in the African diplomats here. They invite us and we go to their functions whenever we can, and of course we give them as good coverage as possible. But we still have our own problems and our own situations to contend with."

I said: "What about reporting incidents such as the Fitzjohn affair at Hagerstown?"

"We report them. We gave the Fitzjohn story big play. But you must understand that these people don't encounter a fraction of the daily dose of our own people. When anything happens to them its an international incident and all the papers are on to it. But have you seen any of these on the front pages?"

He shoved some stories at me. There was one of a Negro being beaten up by policemen for being with a white woman. Another of a policeman clubbing a Negro into a bloody mess after he had been arrested. "These don't make the white headlines and these are my business. I hope the presence of the Africans will help but we can't bank on it. We must do our own fighting. Nobody else can fight our battles for us and we cannot sit back and pretend it is all over because of the African diplomats among us."

"But their presence has given a subtle new slant to your struggle," I suggested.

The hint of a smile flickered across his face and was gone. He spread his hands, palms up and shrugged.

"That is in the field of theory. In hard day-to-day terms it is the same struggle, the same steady uphill march that's been going on since emancipation. It is cold comfort to the guy in Mississippi to know there are African diplomats in Washington."

"Or that some of his own kind are now ambassadors?"

"Even that. Weldon Johnson was an ambassador way, way back."

"So you say their presence makes no difference?"

"Not for the guy down there. He's still facing the same things; he's still fighting the same battles. Such gains as he has made are his and his greatest help has come from intelligent and progressive white Americans. The Africans only showed up here yesterday and the struggle didn't begin yesterday. Of course they represent a changing world and that will benefit us, but we must carry the ball here and now".

"And what of them and United States prestige in what happens to them?"

He answered the phone and did not replace it on the receiver when he had finished. He leaned back and looked thoughtful.

"The irony of the situation," he said, choosing his words with care, "The irony of the situation is that the capital of the United States is in the South , that Washington D.C. is a southern city. And what adds to that is the fact that it is becoming a Negro city. Did you know that something like fifty-three percent of the residents of Washington are Negros?"

The Howard University Professor said: "There isn't much contact between the African diplomats and us. I had hope that one of them who was a student of mine in the old days would get in touch some time. But I suppose they are very busy. I think we could be more useful to them than we have been but we do not want to join the crowds of pushers and new-found friends of Africa. Very few of us would be invited to diplomatic parties in the normal

course of events, and in any case we could contribute very little that is useful at crowded diplomatic parties."

He sounded disappointed but made it clear that he was not being critical. It was just that the hoped-for co-operation between the African diplomats and the American Negro elite had not materialised.

Mr. Ambassador William Marmon Quao Halm welcomed me into his spacious and neat office. A portrait of President Nkrumah hung on the wall behind his desk. The big room was cool and pleasant and tastefully furnished; a room with a dominant motif of light brown, or perhaps it was the light brown man, big and striking, who gave the room its impression of light brown. This time he wore a pale lounge suit instead of his striking native cloth. There was an air of restless energy about the man. He sat down, got up and walked to his desk, came back and sat with me and then jumped up when somebody came to the door and gave quick instructions in his native tongue.

Unlike Ghana's first Ambassador to Washington, Mr. C.A. Chapman, Mr. Halm is no career civil servant. He is a strong Nkrumah party man. He was one of the first of the older men to join Nkrumah's Convention Peoples Party way back in 1950. He has served as First President of the Accra Branch of the party and he has also been the party's National Treasurer.

He was born at Akuse on July 24th, 1902 and he went to school in Sierra Leone which in those days had the most advanced educational institutions in Britain's West African colonies. Affluent West African families from as far away as Nigeria used to send their children to school in Sierra Leone.

After school Mr. Halm went to work for a business firm which was later merged into the giant United Africa Company. Like so

the majority of educated, middle-class-in-the-making, Gold Coasters, he joined Dr. J.B. Danquah's United Gold Coast Convention Party when it was formed in 1947. At the end of that same year Dr. Danquah, as head of the new party, invited Kwame Nkrumah who was studying in London, to return home and assume the secretaryship of the party. Nkrumah arrived back in the Gold Coast in December of 1947 and assumed his new political post. Mr. Halm, meanwhile, had become a member of the Accra Town Council and Treasurer of the party. He must therefore have been pretty close to Nkrumah in those early days.

When Nkrumah broke away from the United Gold Coast Convention party and formed his own Convention People's Party in June of 1949, Mr. Halm stayed on and only switched his allegiance in 1950. From that point onward Mr. Halm has been a faithful Nkrumah man, and his reward has been a series of very high offices. He has been Chairman of the Ghana Industrial Development Corporation and its twenty-four subsidiaries, first President of the Black Star Shipping Line, and a member of all the more important Trade Missions to various parts of the world. He entered diplomacy when Nkrumah named him Ghana's first Ambassador to the state of Israel. It was from Israel that he was transferred to Washington in 1959.

As we sat in that big and comfortable and peaceful room, I thought of Dr. J.B. Danquah, one of the finest scholars the Gold Coast which is now Ghana had ever produced. The fine scholar had invited Nkrumah back from England and had set him up in the country's nationalist politics. That fine scholar had been head of the party of which Mr. Halm had been treasurer. That fine scholar had then become leader of the opposition in the parliament of an independent Ghana. And that fine scholar was now languishing in jail as one of

Kwame Nkrumah's political prisoners. Mr. Ambassador Halm was no stranger to the events which have led to this point. As we sat there I wondered if he ever thought of Dr. J.B. Danquah. Whether he did or not, in terms of the reality of practical politics, in terms of serving the best interests of Nkrumah's Ghana and Ghana's Nkrumah, Mr. Ambassador Halm struck me as an excellent choice. He is shrewd, skilful and experienced and, when there is need for it, he can be the most charming person you have ever met. He is also the most influential among the African diplomats in Washington, reflecting perhaps the great influence of his country as the first of the independent state of the new Africa, and still, to an extent, the pace-setter, though others, like the great Nigeria are now coming forward to offer challenge. But whatever happens later, for the present Ghana is still the leader, both inside Africa and in the world of diplomacy abroad. And Mr. Halm, I felt, was aware of this and drew great strength from it.

His message, when we parted, was to tell the West not to tie political strings to aid.

From: The Office of Senator John F. Kennedy
362 Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

REMARKS OF SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY (DEM.-MASS.)
LUNCHEON IN HONOR OF THE AFRICAN DIPLOMATIC CORPS
WASHINGTON, D. C. -- FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1960

These first few weeks of summer are a historic time for Africa and for the United States. Between June 20th and July 1st four new African states -- containing more than ten per cent of Africa's people -- will become free and independent. And three days later -- on July 4th -- the United States will celebrate the 184th anniversary of its own national independence.

During the turmoil and struggle of that first successful revolt against colonial rule, Tom Paine wrote that "a flame has arisen not to be extinguished." And today that same flame -- ignited by a small group of Americans in 1776 -- the flame of freedom and equality and progress -- burns brightly across the entire continent of Africa -- kindling in men the desire and the will to shape their own destinies as free men.

We the people of the oldest nation ever founded on revolt from colonial rule welcome the nations of Africa -- our newest partners in man's centuries-old struggle for individual freedom, national independence and human dignity. And we welcome them in the knowledge that the battle which we began 100 years ago will not be won until every land-mass -- from Africa to Asia to Eastern Europe -- is occupied by men who are their own rulers, by nations which are free to pursue their own goals, by governments which are founded on the consent of the people whom they govern. This was the American dream in 1776; it is now the African dream -- and together, Africa and America, the newest free nations and the oldest -- must dedicate themselves to fulfilling that dream for all mankind.

Much in Africa today is the same as America of 180 years ago: Africa has new and independent governments -- courageous and resourceful people -- and the determination to build strong, and stable, and prosperous states. But, although much is the same -- much is different. For in the last half century the struggle for freedom has assumed a new dimension. The enormous advance of science and the rise of industrial societies has resulted in what Arnold Toynbee has called the most revolutionary fact of the modern world -- not the hydrogen bomb or space satellites -- but the spreading knowledge and hope that the benefits of modern society and technology can be made available to all men.

This is the most important fact that distinguishes Africa from the rural, agrarian America of 1776. The people of Africa are determined to emerge from the poverty and want which now blankets much of that vast continent. They intend to accomplish the modernization of their society -- to create a growing economy -- in a small fraction of the time it took to build modern America and Europe. They hope to compress the history of the last two centuries into a few decades. And America -- with its fast growing industrial society -- has done more than any other nation to stimulate these desires and arouse these hopes.

The satisfaction of African aspirations for rapid material progress is not merely a goal -- it is a necessity. For stable and free governments -- in Africa and throughout the world -- can only exist on a framework of economic advance. National freedom is meaningful only when it brings freedom from poverty and want. Political independence cannot exist without economic independence.

Thus, just as America provided the spark which helped bring freedom to Africa -- we must also do our part in helping to create the economic conditions which are essential to freedom's continued existence. We must do this, not because we wish to use the African nations as pawns in the cold war -- not because we wish to make them our unquestioning instruments in the fight against communism. We must help Africa because the ultimate survival of the Free World depends upon our ability to help construct a community of stable and independent governments -- where human rights are valued and protected -- and where people are given the opportunity to choose their own national course, free from the dictates or coercion of any other country. And we must help Africa because -- as the richest and most advanced nation in the history of the world -- we have an obligation to help the hungry and poor of all lands achieve the freedom from want which is the ultimate basis of human dignity.

What, then, is America's role in Africa?

It is unwise to generalize about a continent as vast and as varied as Africa. But it is clear that three basic, urgent necessities underlie all of Africa's hopes for economic development.

The first is the need for education -- for educated men to man the factories, run the schools, staff the government and form the core of the educated electorate on which the ultimate success of democracy depends. Today little more than a quarter of all Africans receive even a primary school education. The number of college graduates is pitifully inadequate to fill even the top positions of public and private responsibility. America, with its ideal of free and universal education as the privilege of every citizen, has provided the standard for Africa's future -- and now it is our opportunity and challenge to help Africa move toward that goal.

Second is the need for food. Almost three-quarters of Africa's people struggle to survive on subsistence farms. Although famine is rare, malnutrition and its consequent diseases are not, and the effort to provide adequate supplies of food is ceaseless. Increased and diversified agricultural production is essential both to the health of Africa and to its economic development -- and America, with its amazing farm technology and food surpluses, can be of major assistance.

The third basic need in Africa is the need for development capital. By themselves the African nations cannot hope to generate the basic investment which is essential to the creation of a modern and growing economy. Africa today is the least productive area in the world -- yet it possesses a vast, virtually untapped reservoir of manpower and abundant resources. These raw materials can be translated into a higher standard of living for Africa's people only through a constant flow of capital investment.

As Chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on African Affairs, I have, many times in the past, had occasion to suggest the ways in which the nations of the West could cooperate with the nations of Africa in meeting these urgent needs. And I stress the word "cooperate." For just as we do not seek to impose our political forms on the new African nations, we must take equal care not to impose our patterns of economic development on those same nations. Africans must assess their own needs -- determine their own basic goals -- and share in the programs designed to help them -- if those programs are to be effective.

Thus, if we are to meet the overwhelming African need for education, we must not only greatly increase the number of African students -- future African leaders -- brought to this country for university training -- but we must establish a multi-nation African Educational Development Fund. This fund -- in which the African States would be full partners -- would plan for the long-range educational needs of Africa, helping to establish the school systems and the universities which would eventually allow Africa to educate its own people. And while Africa builds its own educational system this fund would send a vastly increased stream of experts and educators -- engineers and technicians -- to train Africans in the tools of modern production and modern agriculture, and in the skills and knowledge essential to the conduct of government. This fund would also bring modern methods of agricultural production to Africa, meanwhile using our own food abundance to meet immediate problems of hunger and malnutrition.

The job of providing development capital must also be undertaken by the West in full partnership with the African nations -- and by government in cooperation with private business. For the capital needs of Africa are far too extensive ever to be met by government alone. Without a vastly increased flow of private investment into the potentially rich markets of Africa, efforts to achieve rapid economic development are doomed to failure. The job of government is to provide the economic conditions and the long-range plans on which a sound program of attracting private investment can be built. An international development fund -- directed by Western and African nations -- can provide the capital necessary to construct the basic elements of economic advance -- roads, railways, power, water supplies, hospitals and all the other public needs which are vital to the establishment of an industrial economy. This fund can establish local Development Banks -- such as we have already set up in Tunisia -- to aid local businessmen to expand and modernize. And -- perhaps most important -- such a fund would also provide the technical assistance

with which African nations can establish long-range programs of economic development -- to plan the best use of their resources, to assess their potential markets -- and which can also help educate private industry all over the world to Africa's enormous economic potential. You at this conference today, have properly made the objective, of building Africa's economy, your own vital concern.

But these measures of economic and technical and educational assistance are not enough. To meet the challenge of the new Africa -- to turn our common dream of freedom and equality into a reality -- we have work to do here in America. For our struggle to achieve racial justice at home is part of a common world problem of human integration -- the problem of integrating many different races and nationalities in a world community in which the great majority of people are colored. Progress here will help promote a democratic solution of the problem in the rest of the world, just as the rise of Africa is helping to quicken the pace of change here.

Again there are great differences -- but the essential aim is the same: a society in which no man has to suffer discrimination based on race and creed, in which no man has to suffer domination by another, in which no man has to suffer segregation or apartheid or any other form of human indignity.

(more)

For a century and three-quarters we in America had a framework of law in which to work out this problem peacefully -- the framework you, too, have now. And we have developed our economy to great heights as you will do in time. But 184 years after declaring these truths to be self-evident -- we are still unable to rest on our achievements. Our progress in achieving this promised land -- in which human dignity is secure and equal opportunity is enjoyed by all -- has been remarkable progress indeed -- just as progress has been remarkable in Africa. But our efforts must go on and increase -- to achieve equal access to the voting booth, to the schoolroom, to jobs, to housing, and to public facilities, including lunch counters.

Whatever economic, political or international considerations are involved, this is essentially a moral issue.

It calls for moral leadership -- for effective, peaceful action by people and by governments.

Such action inevitably involves some unrest and turmoil and tension -- part of the price of change. But the fact that people are peacefully protesting the denial of their rights is not something to be lamented. It is a good sign -- a sign of increased popular responsibility, of good citizenship, of the American spirit coming alive again. It is in the American tradition to stand up for one's rights -- even if the new way to stand up for one's rights is to sit down.

And the fact that the Supreme Court in this country in one area after another is upholding the constitutional right of all Americans to equal treatment and is requiring far-reaching changes is also a sign of national vitality.