

living with her foreign service husband in Russia, Belgium, Austria, Latvia, Estonia, Colombia, Portugal, Iran, and Panamá, and traveling widely in the Orient, the Middle East, and South America.

Much of it was fun, but much of it, too, was grim. In Austria she watched the Nazi takeover. In Latvia and Estonia she witnessed the Russian occupation of the proud little countries. She couldn't see much difference between those two operations except that the Nazis committed their brutalities by day, and the Russians by night. In Panamá she raged at the exploitation of the people by a greedy élite—the nearest she ever comes to undiplomatic language. And in Iran she was sad to see the disappearance of traditional culture.

"I have always deplored," she says, "that our mass-produced goods, our gadgets, our comics, our chewing gum and cocktails take such a hold on some alien cultures while our laws against child labor, our five-day week, our preoccupation with public health and hygiene find so few followers abroad."

IT WILL be seen that Mrs. Wiley is a sensitive woman who knew how to find value in whatever culture she found herself in. Her focus is always on the people of the country rather than on the glamour of her own life or that of other high-level Americans abroad. "Americans who flock together abroad," she remarks, "tend to develop nationalism rather than patriotism. One should not, like a snail, carry one's country on one's back. Its place should be in the heart, invisible but present."

For this sentence, as well as for the whole of her graceful and civilized book, Mrs. Wiley rates a warm round of applause.



THE PROFIT MOTIVE

Path to the Executive Summit

"In-Laws and Outlaws," by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin. 238 pp. \$4), advises the ambitious bungler how to become President of a mammoth Group of Associated Companies. Susan Drysdale, who personally quizzed the author, is a free-lance writer.

By SUSAN DRYSDALE

DURING the past twenty-five years an English phenomenon known as C. (for Cyril) Northcote Parkinson has written and uttered some million and a half words, to his profit and fame—and now he is preparing to eat them. This history professor who makes a good living lambasting business and government bureaucracy, who reserves his unkindest cuts for business consultants, has recently become one himself—and written a how-to book for aspiring young executives.

The counsellors' right to advise, he blandly remarks in "In-Laws and Outlaws," derives "essentially from their initial act in putting up their shingles: 'Sneering, Shockwell and Foggarty, Business Consultants,' or 'Sadleigh, Deep, Loring and Muddleworth, Efficiency Engineers.' . . . What were Foggarty and Muddleworth doing before they proclaimed their expertise? This is by no means apparent. They may have taken a correspondence course. They may have attended a class in ethics at the Harvard School of Business Administration. They may merely have failed to earn their living in any other way."

Of his latest venture the professor says: "I am president of the Parkinson Instituut: NV of Amsterdam, an international firm of business consultants working in Holland, France, Germany, and Belgium. I am managing director of a book publishing company and have also had the opportunity of visiting many industrial plants, discussing their problems of organization. My last such visit was to Friedrich Krupp of Essen."

The avuncular approach to the would-be executive that Parkinson assumes in such chapters as "Punctuality," "Secundity," and "Chairmanship" may seem a shade condescending to those who have reached the top of the administrative pyramid without his as-

sistance. This book, he hastens to make clear, is not aimed at them. "The person in need of advice is below average—stupid, idle, careless, uncooperative, ill-tempered and disloyal. It is for him that books should be written. After all this is a democratic country. Why shouldn't he succeed like anyone else?"

All this businessman requires from his prospective pupil is that modicum of common sense which will enable him to follow the Parkinsonian path that leads to the executive summit. His advice, enhanced by the characteristically pungent drawings of Robert C. Osborn, ranges from how to choose the right father-in-law—"For the sake of his own status, your father-in-law cannot afford to have you anything less than vice-president"—to how to diagnose correctly a company's sex. Sex, by the way, plays a surprisingly important role in the life of a man hopeful for high office, and not only in the corporate sense:

Like any flower or shrub, the industrial plant is either male or female . . . while there may be a male tendency in the wholesale business and a female bias in the retail, it would be a quite wrong to think that this is invariable. . . . When a Merger takes place, the advantage lies normally with the male corporation, which has been acquisitive and active. . . . Executives on the female side are likely to be displaced and thrust aside. For them the future is indeed pregnant with trouble and they have only themselves to blame. Through ignorance of the facts of life, they have found themselves on the wrong side of the Merger. Theirs is a fate which others should seek to avoid. Always be on the male or active side. . . . Merge but never submerge.

Cyril Parkinson, a stocky, comfortable man with brown eyes and a Pickwickian chin, does not attribute his own fame to nepotism. A father-in-law, he has observed, cannot teach you how to paint or to write. While in his twenties and a recent graduate from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, with a degree in history, Parkinson wrote short newspaper stories and painted under the name of John Northcote. Subsequently, for many years, "Squirrel," as he is called by his friends, taught history on both sides of the Atlantic, lectured on the problems of

Books in the News

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—From "In-Laws and Outlaws."

taxation in England and Scandinavia, and wrote books, among them "Evolution of Political Thought" and "War in the Eastern Seas." Equally celebrated, however, is a quizzical body of industrial canon: "Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion," "Expenditure rises to meet income," and now Parkinson's Third Law, "Expansion means complexity and complexity, decay." All this notwithstanding, Parkinson still regards himself primarily as a naval historian, and accordingly serves as admiral in the Navy of Nebraska.

BIRTH OF A FORTUNE: The growth of the Rockefeller fortune was the result not of double dealing and executive-suite knifing but a combination of factors based on Rockefeller's timing: In 1859, aged twenty, he left a \$50-a-month job as a bookkeeper in Cleveland to found his own business. This coincided with the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania. And this was followed by Rockefeller's recognition that the tank car as a cheap method of transporting oil would enable him to sell for less and hereby best his competitors. That was how it all began.

"John D. Rockefeller's Secret Weapon," by Albert Z. Carr (McGraw-Hill, \$6.59), is a fascinating account of the business wars—the battles for

supremacy before and after the government, beginning to take an interest in directing business, started to break up monopolies. How Rockefeller and his successors engaged in one deal after another designed to crush opposition would not be possible today, one likes to think, even though the last chapter in the Billie Sol Estes story has not yet been written.

Mr. Carr has had access to organization records, in particular those of the Union Tank Car Company, the firm that was the source of Rockefeller's "secret weapon," and he has had long talks with many of the surviving figures in the succession of dramas that make up his report. Although not an exposé, it is by no means a whitewash. The Union Tank Car people, who promised not to interfere with the author's findings, did reserve the right to comment and argue. This makes for some delightful exchanges masquerading as conventional footnotes.

The book, a scholarly work, is a valuable addition to the country's economic history, and something more. It is recommended not only to businessmen wondering how Rockefeller did it and what they can still legally accomplish but also to those who like a story of adventure and intrigue with millions of dollars and many lives involved. —WILLIAM M. FREEMAN.

merely the rational conclusion of a conscientious statesman.

What of the arrangements for the flight itself to Ndola, which Mr. Gavshon contends "looked absurd to cautious men"? "The *Albertina* was a damaged plane. . . . It flew unnecessarily at night. . . . Taken together [Mr. Gavshon pursues his suicide innuendo] these were circumstances that appeared likely to cut Hammarskjöld's chances of survival substantially." The point is underlined by the false premise that Hammarskjöld "arranged his flight."

What are the facts? They were found both by the Rhodesian and U.N. Commissions, and confirmed by the Swiss criminologist. The U.N. Commission found: (1) U.N. Air Operations selected the *Albertina*, rather than another available plane, because it was "faster and more comfortable"; (2) "this aircraft was in very good condition and . . . very well maintained"; (3) "the aircraft was properly manned with a competent crew . . ." (4) "After hearing expert opinion, the Commission was satisfied that a night landing at Ndola could not present any difficulties"; (5) "Because of the danger of an attack . . . it was decided to observe radio silence during the flight to Ndola"; (6) "a team of security officers . . . searched the cabin of the aircraft immediately after boarding"; (7) All "circumstances taken together may have rendered a night flight unavoidable. . . . It is also relevant to observe that, because of the danger of an attack from the Fouga Magister, most of the flights in the Congo at the time were taken at night."

The "cautious men" referred to by Mr. Gavshon, to whom the flight arrangements "looked absurd," obviously did not include the members of the United Nations Commission or their expert advisers. The Secretary-General, far from being "politically and morally lost," was in fact embarking on a mission no more hazardous, and no less gallant, than many he had undertaken in other troubled times and places. Dag Hammarskjöld, together with colleagues and crew, lost their lives on a mission for peace. It is not possible to devise a more fitting epitaph for soldiers of peace.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. taste or state. 2. wreath. 3. reveal. 4. asking. 5. remain. 6. certain. 7. theater. 8. grain. 9. hating. 10. meadow. 11. ladies. 12. swain. 13. sparse. 14. answer. 15. lacing.