The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

Vol. XIII JANUARY, 1936 No. 1
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Issued monthly by American Foreign Service Association, Department of State, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter August 20, 1934, at the Post Office, in Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Foreign Service Officers

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in Indianapolis was equipped
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or tire trouble of any kind.

For eight years Firestone Gum-
Dipped Tires have been in the
winning car in the Pike's Peak
Climb where a skid means death.

On Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, Ab Jenkins drove
3,000 miles at 127.2 miles per hour over the hot salt beds
of Utah, without a blowout or tire trouble of any kind.
The Utility of a Trained and Permanent Foreign Service

By George V. Allen, Vice Consul, Athens

In developing strength and efficiency in any organization, whether for educational, industrial, political, or other purposes, the first requisite for success is to draw to that organization men of ability. No business institution of Governmental service, however carefully devised its program or exalted the ideas of its promoters, can develop utility unless conditions exist which assure for that institution or service a capable personnel. To attract such a personnel, a career must have two outstanding characteristics, namely, opportunity and permanence.

The serious young student in planning his life's career is drawn first to those fields of endeavor which will be of high importance during the generation which lies before him, careers which will challenge his best abilities and offer opportunity for greatest reward when he shall have arrived at an age at which he may expect to have achieved a position of importance. If he considers, for instance, that the era ahead is to be a period of wars, the ambitious youth may find strong appeal in a call to a military career. And if the age promises to be conspicuous for its achievements in diplomacy and international relations, the farsighted young man may wisely consider the field of international relations as his province.

For many years in the history of our nation, business and commerce gained the lion's share of the able and energetic young men of the country. The outlook in the United States was toward the development of our country's physical resources, and industry and trade offered not only the greatest promise to young men for achieving positions of authority and power but also for indulging that innate yearning for the building of empire that so generally animates man's activity. Because of the allurements of commercial and industrial life, business annually drew a disproportionate number of the more able and ambitious men in the country, while the term Government clerk or political appointee was too often synonymous with that of mediocrity.

The past few years have happily witnessed a marked increase in the prestige of all Government careers in America. Since the World War, young men of ability have come increasingly to look towards Washington for their careers, largely because of the more important position which Government has assumed in America and, in consequence, the greater opportunities offered therein for outstanding work and prominent careers. No branch of our Government has experienced this augmentation to a greater degree than that which is responsible for our representations abroad. The tremendous importance of international relations today and the extent to which American interests have multiplied throughout the world have rendered the opportunities for outstanding accomplishment in our consular and diplomatic fields unsurpassed.

This essay was adjudged the best submitted on this subject in the recent prize essay competition, referred to on page 692 of the December Journal.
The stage is set, then, for the Foreign Service to play a conspicuous part in the life of the next generation, but the possibilities for acquiring wealth remain in favor of business, causing the Foreign Service still to be handicapped when competing with more lucrative careers in the annual contest to draw outstanding recruits. The handicap is not unsurmountable, however, and has been overcome to a considerable degree by the permanent basis on which the Foreign Service has been successfully established. Without this basis as an incentive, the Foreign Service would not often attract men endowed by nature with the ability to succeed in life and therefore able in large measure to choose their own careers. No matter how alluring the opportunities of the Service might be for the achievement of glory and fame, few young men would desire to enter it if their careers might be blasted at any moment by a dismissal having no connection with efficiency and depending merely upon the capricious winds of politics. The first utility, therefore, of permanence in the Foreign Service arises from the fact that the permanent basis which it enjoys, when coupled with opportunities for outstanding achievement, has enabled the Service to attract able young men, capable of making the Service efficient and useful in carrying out its purpose.

The influences in our Governmental system clamoring for patronage were difficult to overthrow, and the fight to give permanence to the Foreign Service was not easily won. The history of American legislation contains many glorious pages, but none more important than those which tell of the struggle of the legislators and statesmen who battled for many years before the necessary enactments for a permanent Foreign Service came into effect. Persons interested in the development of our Government consider that the permanent basis which most of our civil services, and particularly the Foreign Service, now enjoy is an invaluable part of our Governmental institutions, to be handed down to the next generation along with those great political heritages of universal suffrage, freedom of religious thought, and freedom of speech and the press so bravely won through the labors of our forefathers. A suggestion that the ground so slowly and painfully gained be thrown into the discard would be heresy indeed.

In order to picture fully the advantages of training and permanence in the Foreign Service, it is well to consider for a moment the kind of service which would exist without those two qualities. Let it be supposed, for instance, that the practice were re-instituted wherein a complete change in the personnel of the American Foreign Service were made by each new administration, with diplomatic and consular officers being removed from office before they had learned well the language and usage of their positions, to be replaced by others appointed to start anew where their predecessors had begun. Inefficiency and confusion would be only part of the ill results in consequence of such a system today. Our foreign policy would lack continuity, the Service would be made up of only such men as were found willing to enter a career which held for them no assurance of more than four years of employment, and the attention of such men as were attracted to the service would be concentrated on political straws in the wind at home rather than in doing properly the jobs to which they were assigned. Such a system, which existed too long in the history of our nation, was at best endurable only so long as the American stake abroad was small, and today would be not only administratively imprudent but detrimental to our national interests and national prestige. America's place in international life today is too important, too deeply embedded and intricate, for the conduct of its foreign relations at home or abroad to be entrusted to other than the best available talent, trained to the highest possible degree. The traditional picture of the American Consul of O. Henry's stories, spending most of his term of office getting to his post and the remainder of his time trying to master his codes, was too sad a spectacle a generation ago for any sane person to wish to see it ever attached to the American system again. An untrained and ever-changing Service would be a national liability, costing enormous expense to operate while rendering our Government a poor contributor to World understanding and a feeble pawn in the international game of diplomacy.

Giuseppe Mazzini pictured an enlightened nationalism in which various nations, representing their own highest interests and developing their best qualities, contributed each its part to the general advancement of the international community. Woodrow Wilson envisaged a world community in which national efforts were addressed to a more direct international cooperation. Whichever standard of international life is to be the guiding theme of the twentieth century, the nations which contribute most to world advancement and world peace must give unstintingly of their brains and ability to the problems arising from their contacts and relationships with each other. America's power and influence are such as to demand that her place in this world advance should be in the lead, but such a position can only be assumed by the aid of an efficient and well-trained body of men charged with day by day conduct of her foreign contacts and foreign relations.

Certain circumstances render the Foreign Service the particular branch of Government in which the qualities of training and experience are most con-
The most obvious of the considerations is the fact that time is required for languages and customs of foreign nations to be learned before an officer is able adequately to carry out his duties in a foreign field. Moreover, the great extent to which the work of the Foreign Service is bedded in usage and precedent causes a considerable amount of study and experience to be required before an officer acquires a working knowledge of the tools of his trade. Such knowledge is no more to be acquired out of textbooks alone than a finished trial lawyer is to be produced out of Blackstone. There is certainly as little substitute for native ability, integrity, and character in diplomacy as in any other fields of human endeavor, but these characteristics have a limited scope when undirected by training, while their effectiveness is increased and embellished by a knowledge of the forms of international intercourse, much as a scientific genius increases his accomplishments by the use of good apparatus. In the sensitive atmosphere of an international conference, where national pride may be aroused by the most unwitting remark, a failure to observe the established rules of intercourse may sometimes do more harm than the genius of all the statesmen present can repair. Although at such conferences inexperienced delegates have sometimes achieved success apparently by the exercise of native ability alone, they have usually leaned heavily upon assistants who were trained and experienced in the methods and customs of international usage.

Furthermore, the one department of the Government most urgently demanding a continuing policy is that charged with executing the nation's foreign policy. Although cabinets and Governments may change, the foreign problems of a nation transcend the platforms of political parties, for issues between neighboring nations continue regardless of changes in the complexion of the officials in power at home. Sudden change of diplomatic and consular personnel does more than merely wreck the careers of the persons involved—it wrecks the policy of the nation, rendering it vacillating, uncertain, and unsuccessful.

Two considerations which combine to render training and performance peculiarly necessary in the American Foreign Service result from our geographical situation and from our democratic traditions. Situated apart as we are, occupied as a nation with our own problems and lacking overfrequent opportunity for foreign intercourse, we do not find among our people a large group of citizens accustomed to international life and familiar from private experience with the language and customs of foreign lands from which a foreign service might be recruited readily. The situation is by no means to be deplored, since a strong national flavor is given to our Foreign Service by the very fact that its personnel is recruited from men whose backgrounds are strictly American. The fact remains, however, that it is more essential in America for a body of officers to be especially trained for foreign work than might be true in a country where, to mention only a minor consideration, the ordinary schoolboy speaks one or two languages in addition to his own. There is certainly no dearth of Americans who are suited by native ability to carry out any tasks which men of any nation are called upon to perform, but the geographical position of our country and its historic preoccupation with internal affairs has precluded the development of a body of men accustomed from birth to the international sphere.

Another consideration, resulting from the democratic traditions of which every American feels so justly proud, increases nevertheless the need for a specially trained American foreign service. The democratic nature of our Government causes us to deny preference in the Foreign Service to an aristocratic group whose members under a less democratic social structure might be predestined from birth to assume positions of importance in the diplomatic ranks of the Government, and who might therefore fit themselves from early age for the work in the foreign field. We have, indeed, numerous
Overtime in Naples

By COERT DU BOIS, Consul General

THE seagoing members of the Naples staff were electrified one day to receive the following announcement:

CONSULAR REGATTA
September 7, 1935
(weather permitting)

"M’en Fiche"
Howard Withey, Master and Francis Withey, crew and

"Sirius"
Coert du Bois, Master and Oresta Mario, crew—leave Mergellina Breakwater Buoy any time after 1 P.M. and race against time to Green Light Buoy off Grande Marina Breakwater, Capri. Each boat can carry oars or sweeps and use them. Passengers allowed at the discretion of the Masters.

"Zio Sam" - - - Homer Byington, Master and Alfonsino, crew, sails at will from Galotti Basin and rendezvous with other ships in Capri Harbor.

September 3—Ships return at will. Handicap time race between Zio Sam, Sirius and M’en Fiche, Capri to Mergellina. Handicaps to be based on elapsed time of outbound voyage.

Bets flew freely and a pool of 50 lire a ship was arranged on the return race on September 8. Flushed with excitement and maybe half a glass of Ischia wine, Consul Hosmer, who was a non-combatant, offered a cup for the winner of this race. You can get good little aluminum cups on the Via Roma for 2 lire.

It seems best to describe the competing ships. Consul Withey’s “M’en Fiche” (which means Me ne Frego) is a 15 foot, half-decked affair that to an ordinary landsman looks like a fair sized row boat which has grown a partial hide over its fore parts. It is marconi rigged, mainsail and jib, and has a roller reefing gadget on its boom. It can be distinguished as far as the eye can see because it is the only sailing craft in the Mediterranean that wears reef points on its jib.

Consul General du Bois’ “Sirius” (name came with the boat and refers presumably to the dog star) is a 22 foot, marconi rigged sloop fitted with a minute cabin and two bunks. Besides mainsail and jib, it boasts a jib tailed known in Neapolitan sailor parlance as an uccellino or little bird. Vice Consul Byington’s “Zio Sam” — (zio meaning uncle—Uncle Sam, see?) is a real boat—a proper marconi rigged 6 meter with a terrifying (to come) spread of sail, beautiful slim lines and a marvellous capacity for taking spray over the bow.

The terms of the handicap were that M’en Fiche and Sirius were to sail even both ways and Zio Sam was to give each ship on the race back the difference in elapsed time that it took to go over. Is that clear? No. Well, it makes no difference because the first two ships got becalmed going over and the Zio Sam didn’t and the difference in time was so many hours—nearly running into days—that the Zio Sam couldn’t have won the second day’s race if she had come back in no time.

The Big Day arrived. M’en Fiche, with Captain Withey in a Greek straw hat and young Withey were trembling with nervousness at 1 p.m. in the Mergellina Basin when Captain du Bois arrived with Consul Wasson and Vice Consul Chiperfield, who, in a fit of temporary insanity, he had asked along as passengers. All being stowed aboard the respective crews set all sail and the two ships crossed the starting line one minute apart—Sirius leading—and ran into a light wind and a nasty chop from the S.S.W.

The M’en Fiche outpointed the Sirius and rapidly drew away to windward.

There being nothing to do about it, except take in the uccellino which was giving the Sirius a lee helm, lunch was served aboard consisting of a noble big can of sardines, two large raw onions and a loaf of Italian bread with a drop or two of Posillipo white wine. Passenger Wasson, having read somewhere that it wasn’t a good idea to leave canned goods in a can, put them on a tin plate in the hot sun and to keep them from being wasted (Passenger Chiperfield, not feeling hungry, wasn’t having any) ate them all. The wind shortly dropped to nothing and a long, oily swell...
Be that as it may, the wind, as I say, dropped and the last seen of the M’en Fiche by those on the Sirius who could still see, namely Captain du Bois and Crew Mario, she was a minute dot on the western horizon against a sunset the color of which is supposed by the weather-wise to bring sailors delight. Darkness fell. Captain and crew, after a conference, took to the sweeps, Capri being then a purple blob about five miles off. The Passengers rallied and made a noble effort to do their bit but they looked so much like Ramon Novarro in Ben Hur, where he is chained to an oar and has nothing on but a coat of glycerine, that it was less wear and tear on the heartstrings to do it oneself. Laboriously sweeping into the Grande Marina Harbor (so called because it is 100 feet bigger than the Piccola Marina) at 8:37 p.m., the sound of wearied oars was heard ahead by those on the Sirius who could still hear together with angry voices saying something about not heaving the anchor over with a vest tangled in the flukes which, on investigation, proved to be the M’en Fiche which had arrived at 8:34 p.m.—having waited an hour or so for a defunct wind to come to life before beginning to row. The result, therefore, stood as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MERGELLINA TO CAPRI RACE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>September 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starting Point</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M’en Fiche 1:01 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sirius 1:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrived</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capri Breakwater</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:34 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:37 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elapsed Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 hrs. 33 min.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 hrs. 37 min.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Next morning Captains and crews gathered in the Piazza in Capri and anxiously scanned the face of the Bay for wind.

“An Irish hurricane” pronounced Captain Withey who should have known because his family comes from Galway and it was originally spelled Ouigtheigh. However, a spare Caprese sailor who joined the group said that that little white cloud sitting on top of Ischia 25 miles off meant a good maestrale later in the day. Blamed if he wasn’t right.

Although there wasn’t a cats-paw on the water by 11:30 a.m. the Masters and the crews of the M’en Fiche and the Sirius went down the hill and aboard their ships blowing on their blisters and got all set to go in case any wind should rise. Puffs were seen in the offing and the word go was given at 12 noon. The M’en Fiche, with its usual dilatory tactics, didn’t get off till 12.01 p.m. Within an hour there was a grand furano wind and both ships with sheets eased were tearing through the water. The Sirius’ best sailing point is with the wind abeam and she kept off to the westward to catch the maestrale (N. W. wind) which the gratuitous sailor had promised and came in on a long arc always with the wind abeam. Which, strangely enough, worked. Captain Ouigtheigh figured differently and headed straight for his destination and had to point up as close as he could when the wind hauled. The result was—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Passed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Starting Point Sirius 12:00 m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M’en Fiche 12:01 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrived Mergellina Breakwater</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:47 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:05 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elapsed Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 hrs. 47 min.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 hrs. 04 min.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The poor Zio Sam was done down by its own speed. On the outbound voyage she got

(Continued to page 31)
All You Need to Know in French

By MABEL A. BROWN

Illustrations by James Meese

"LA PRÉFECTURE de Police, Madame," said my taxi driver impressively as we drew up in front of imposing iron gates.

"La Préfecture de Police," I cried. "Impossible." I was amazed. I had supposed I was going to the bus line terminus to get back a lost umbrella. Hastily I drew forth the card on which that busy, accommodating man at the information desk in the American Express office had scribbled the address for me. I had shown this card to my driver when I got into the taxi.

"1 Rue Lutece," I pointed out to him accusingly. "Oui, Madame, c'est la Préfecture de Police," he insisted. Underneath were the words, "Objets Trouvés." He pointed to these, nodded, seized a five-franc bill from my protesting fingers, and departed, leaving me aghast. Why hadn't the man at the tourist office told me I must go to police headquarters? And how could he be so sure the umbrella would be there anyhow? Was it worth crashing the gates of justice?

Of course, I should never have borrowed Helen's umbrella in the informal way I did. And I should certainly not have been so careless as to leave it in a bus. Not that Helen needed her umbrella for she, poor dear, was spending this long-planned Paris holiday of ours in a hospital with an attack of flu. But the umbrella, I suspected, had been a rather special parting gift, so I was particularly anxious to recover it for her.

Assuming a boldness I was far from feeling, I walked briskly past the guards, through the gates, into an open court. Here there were innumerable signs. "Passeports Français," and "Comptabilité," (whatever that meant), could not concern me, and I was just wondering if "Exhumations" could be a synonym for "things found" when I saw "Objets Trouvés" over an entrance. I hastened to it.

In the vestibule was a directory telling where to "address oneself" for various articles lost. At "Guichet No. 1," were gathered all the lost, strayed, and stolen "bijoux, billets de banque," and other trinkets. If one had been so unfortunate as to lose a "trousseau de clefs," one should address himself to "Guichet No. 9." (I was disappointed to learn afterwards that a "trousseau de clefs" is only a bunch of keys.) "Parapluies et cannes," I noted, were sheltered at Number 7.

Inside, large numerals indicated the various "guichets," and I made my way timidly to Number 7. Evidently half the residents of Paris had also mislaid umbrellas or canes recently for I was obliged to take my place in a long line. So many curious glances were directed toward me that I drew forth All You Need to Know in French and began searching its pages for useful phrases. Had I been at the draper's, the chemist's, or even the locksmith's, help would not have been lacking; but a call at the police station had not been provided for.

Suddenly it was my turn. I was overcome with embarrassment. This could be none other than the "Chef de Bureau" scowling at me, clad in a long black robe or smock. He snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"—j'ai perdu mon parapluie," I stammered.

I know no way of even suggesting the volley of staccato French nasals that he shot at me in reply. He must be condemning the carelessness of American tourists, I decided.

"Je regrette—," I apologized, and indeed I regretted both the loss and the attempt at recovery.
But he was already snapping his fingers at a girl behind me who, I noticed, handed him a paper. As I turned away, bewildered, she made it clear to me, mostly by vehement gestures, that I should present my claim in writing, and indicated a desk near by.

Here, I found, were "déclarations" to be filled out. This was better! The pen is mightier than the tongue when it's a foreign tongue. I would show that scornful Chef de Police hack there that Americans were not utterly dumb.

"Nom et Prénom," "Profession," "Domicile,"—Eagerly I filled in the blank space after each. "Préciser le jour et la date." I had figured all that out in the taxi. "Vers ______. here j'ai perdu _______."

Oh, this was easy.

The next few words bothered me but "quelle sorte de voiture" looked familiar, and I decided that now was the time to reveal the fact that I had left my umbrella in "autobus 'U' en route à l'hôpital Américain." For good measure I also informed Monsieur le Préfet that I had taken the bus on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, and left it near the hospital. (I do not know how the French get into their buses—whether they mount, enter, or ascend them—but I "mounted" mine, umbrella in hand!)

Next came the words "Désignation détaillé de l'objet perdu," after which I was obliged to confess. "Je ne comprends pas cela." Even so, I felt that I was being very efficient. I made a guess at "Valeur de l'objet," signed my name, and returned more confidently to the black-robed major-domo who, I now saw, presided over an enormous ledger.

He snatched the declaration, glanced through it, opened the ledger, ran his finger down two or three pages of meticulous writing, granted, wrote something in the margin of my paper, and holding it toward me informed me that something was "nécessaire." I saw that he referred to the difficult line after which I had declared in French, "I do not understand this." Perhaps—he was explaining its requirements. Anyhow, without knowing a word he said, it suddenly flashed into my mind that a detailed description of the lost object was what was wanted. Why hadn't I understood it before?

"Pour vous?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," I said obligingly, "le parapluie est soie."

"Comment?" he thundered.

"C'est soie. Rouge soie," I insisted. Surely I had not mistaken the word for silk. But he was glowering at me.

"Soie rouge, comme ça." I explained, pointing with my pencil to a red figure in the silk dress I was wearing.

This seemed satisfactory, as far as it went. He grudgingly wrote a few words, and waited contemptuously. He must want a description of the handle as well, I decided. My heavens, what thoroughness!

"Aussi," I continued, thinking hard, "Tete de bois, comme ça!" tapping my head with the pencil. Of course his was the "head of wood" to which I wanted to compare the handle of my umbrella, but I was too much in awe of this pompous official.

Evidently the French standards of efficiency preclude laughing, or even smiling, during business hours. I was abruptly dismissed with some meaningless words, and a gesture in the general direction of a distant door. I assumed I was to present my declaration elsewhere so I tried one or two unlabeled "guichets" but was waved on until I reached the door.

"Magazin au sous sol," I read. I hadn't the ghost of an idea what this meant, but I opened the door cautiously. Neither the dark, narrow stair nor the smells that arose from the damp cavern below were inviting. I hesitated.

"Descendre avec prudence," I read. I should say so. If at all! Just then a young man emerged from the subterranean chasm, and started up, two steps at a time. I sent a frantic S. O. S. to mental headquarters for a French phrase with which to address him. Back along the wires from some mysterious source came the monosyllabic "En bas."

"En bas?" I all but yelled at him, raising eyebrows and declaration, and pointing downward. If he had been a deaf mute from Timbuktu he could not have mistaken my meaning but that did not
Convention Commends Reciprocal Trade Agreements

The Twenty-second National Foreign Trade Convention held at Houston, Texas, November 18-20, 1935, gave wholehearted support to the present effort of the Administration in the field of international commerce, and passed a resolution urging that the reciprocal trade agreements policy be made permanent.

This Convention, sponsored by the National Foreign Trade Council, represents a most important section of American manufacturing and foreign trade interests. The Chairman of the Foreign Trade Council is James A. Farrell, who recently retired as Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation.

The opening address was given by Chairman James A. Farrell. He attacked nationalists and those who oppose any increase in imports, and asserted that those who criticized the reciprocal trade agreements with Cuba and Brazil were guilty of a distortion of facts and the use of mathematical legerdemain. He asserted that national recovery for all countries depends upon seeking an increase in both imports and exports. He announced as the chief aim of the Convention the disentangling of the world situation from policies which have throttled trade and added that one of the chief benefits of the trade agreements is the distinct gain in the reversal of the increasingly restrictive commercial policies of recent years.

A message was read from the Secretary of State which pointed out that the governments of nations leading in world trade are becoming increasingly aware of the futility of the mutual destruction of each other's commerce. The Secretary's message concluded: "Our program is essentially an effort to substitute the instruments of commercial peace for those of commercial warfare and thus to provide an important element in the maintenance of peace itself."

Henry F. Grady, Chief of the Division of Trade Agreements, gave an address entitled "The World Seeks Commercial Peace." He described how the war and subsequent dislocations were the basic causes of recent attempts at self-sufficiency. He pointed out that those countries which took the lead in imposing severe import restrictions have found themselves faced with counter-restrictions.

(Continued to page 44)
The San Blas Islands

By William C. Burdett, Consul General, Buenos Aires

The San Blas Islands are an Indian sanctuary, without modern character. These islands commence about 75 miles east from the Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal and form an outlying fringe to the coast as far as the Colombian border near the entrance to the Gulf of Darien. They are inhabited by an Indian tribe unmixed with negroid or Caucasian influences. Inasmuch as there is so little definite contact with the outside world and no current information regarding conditions at those islands or their inhabitants, it was deemed wise to undertake a visit. The littoral remains practically inaccessible to foreigners and is in large part unexplored.

I recently left Colon on a Sunday night and returned on Saturday morning. The voyage was made on the J. F. Warren, a 150-ton Spanish-owned trading schooner, Diesel engined, and flying the Panamanian flag. It was originally a Pensacola trawler and was purchased by a Spanish resident of Colon who is one of the two chief traders with the San Bias Islands. The only communication between these islands and the mainland is by means of the Warren and one other power schooner, and by the canoes of the Indians.

General Location

Off-shore from the Caribbean coast of eastern Panama, this chain of extremely picturesque and colorful coral islands is distant between two and ten miles from the mainland. Hundreds of these islands are planted with coconut trees. The islands rise only two or three feet above the sea and, strangely enough, they are never troubled with storms. The tide variations do not exceed a few inches.

The People

The San Blas Indians, numbering perhaps 30,000, have formed twenty-two villages on these islands and live very much as they did before Columbus and Balboa. They speak their own language exclusively, although Spanish interpreters and occasionally an English one may be found on some of the islands. Modern additions to their equipment are a few steel tools, cotton goods, and firearms. Much of their life is spent in small dugout canoes, in whose construction and management they are highly skilled.

The race is closely allied to that inhabiting
maintain police on the islands but with residence only at Porvenir, the island nearest to Colon. A small salary was to be paid each of the three Indian chiefs, and they were to acknowledge Panamanian sovereignty and fly the Panamanian flag. This has apparently worked out very well and the Indians, to all intents and purposes, conduct their own destinies.

The Indians are divided into three general clans governed by Chiefs Inapaquina, Nele Cantule, and Robinson, who reside respectively at Sasardi, Porto Gundi, and Nargana. Each village has a sub-chief owing allegiance to one of these three. The villages are ruled by Councils of Elders and by the local chief.

**GENERAL NOTES**

By all modern standards, the people are very poor and are able to import very few items of merchandise from the outside world. Traders, such as the owner of the *Warren*, carry stores of kerosene, lanterns, machetes, axes, calico, and glass beads. These articles are bartered for coconuts and occasionally eggs, tortoise shell, live turtles and monkeys. Coconuts constitute, perhaps, 99 per cent of the export trade.

The Indians are practically self-supporting. They catch fish and grow corn, platanos, and sugar-cane.

They look with suspicion on all foreigners. Although the *Warren* visits the islands regularly, it was not allowed to approach one of them where a festival was being celebrated. Most of the in-
habitants seemed to be exhilarated and were in a menacing mood. No foreigners live permanently in any of the villages except Nargana, where there are several Swiss nuns and a Spanish priest. At Aligandi there was said to be an American woman missionary married to an Indian; she, however, was not on the island when I visited it.

The Indians will not average more than five feet in height. The men dress as do those throughout the Caribbean area, while women are arrayed in Indian fashion with gold nose-rings, tight strings of beads around their lower limbs which permanently constrict them to almost pipe-stem dimensions, a blouse of a red background on which are sewed small pieces of cloth of every other color, and a skirt similar to the “saya” of the East. Mature women have their hair trimmed very short, and in general have a most savage and repellent air.

The people live in the standard palm house of the American tropics: earth floor, thatched roof of palm leaves with sides of split Macana palm or heavy cane tied together with dried vines. A peculiarity of the San Blas house, shared by those of all the Indians of eastern Panama, is that they generally have a second story some four feet from the ground. The second floor serves as a dormitory, while the ground floor is the kitchen and enclosure for domestic animals. In spite of this, the San Blas villages average much cleaner than those of the mainland of some Caribbean countries. The houses, in their large size housing several families, are almost identical with those of the Indians of the upper Amazon.

The tribal sport seemed to be basket-ball played out of doors and male Indians of all ages were seen playing this game throughout the day. It was probably taught them by forgotten missionaries, and happily agrees with their daily task of throwing coconuts from a canoe up the side of a ship, two coconuts at a time, one being thrown from each hand with great accuracy.

These Indians are apparently not apt at learning up-to-date ways and when they immigrate to Panama and Colon are employed as menials.

(Continued to page 38)
Baths up the Kurobe

By Helen E. Van Aken

The moon was still high over the garden wall when we started for the railway station at four o'clock on a crisp October morning. Eight or ten Japanese girls from the dormitory next door joined us. They wore the brown pleated skirts and plain blouses that make up the uniform of the Hokuriku Girls' High School. On their heads were large pointed straw hats like those worn by coolies: on their feet in place of their usual stiff, poorly-made leather shoes they wore straw sandals tied securely around their ankles. Mary, Alma, and I, the three American teachers, likewise wore coolie hats, and had tied protective straw sandals over our hiking shoes. Necessities for three days were stowed in our knapsacks.

The girls were talkative as we wound our way through hack streets to the station. There we met the Japanese woman gym teacher and the man principal who were to share with us the responsibility for the group, the hoy who was to be our official photographer, and the rest of the girls, making forty or so, all in their last year in high school.

In the Hokuriku district of Japan, schools plan an ensoku, or outing, at least one day in every month. It may be an impromptu hike in which three or four hundred students are allowed to abandon their books for a day, pick up their lunch boxes, and journey to some not-too-distant spot. In the school yard they are lined up by classes and counted by the class leaders. Then the walk begins, the students marching in double file with teachers at the head of the line, bringing up the rear, and scattered here and there along the ranks. When the group arrives at its destination at some temple grounds or at a favorite park in a neighboring village, the gym teacher blows her whistle and the lines disband. The girls are free to play games with balls they have brought along, to go off in little groups to enjoy the scenery, and to eat their lunches with their particular friends. When the whistle blows again they are lined up and counted and the trip home starts. There is more freedom and informality than I should have imagined possible in so large a group.

About once a year a longer excursion is planned. The fifth year girls often go off for a week to Tokyo or Kyoto or Nara or all three, traveling third class by train and obtaining special rates in modest inns.

This particular expedition was to take us for three days into the Kurobe Valley, a wild and unspoiled mountain gorge with a hot spring as our special objective.

Our train took us along the sea coast to Mik-
kaichi. We changed there to a two-car electric train which we nearly filled. It pushed on into the mountains as far as the beautiful village of Unidzuki, the end of the line.

It was still only nine in the morning when we began our twelve-mile hike up the river valley. In true ensoku fashion the girls lined up outside the station to be counted; since no one was missing we could start along the winding path that followed the curves of the Kurobe River.

Occasionally we passed groups of Korean workmen preparing with pick and shovel for the day when the water power of the river would be harnessed in great electric stations and dynamos. The abundance of water power in streams has made electricity widely available in Japan. Much of the labor necessary to develop this power has been done by Koreans working as southern Europeans did in America in the days of unchecked immigration.

Except for these small beginnings of construction the valley was just as it had been for many years. Supplies for the hot spring hotels up the river had to be carried on the backs of coolies.

Once the valley widened enough so that the path led up past a farmhouse. Mary and I lingered behind the rest to have a drink at a refreshing roadside spring. We had started on but were still behind when Mary missed her hat. I sat down to rest while she went back for it. The principal at the end of the line of hikers ahead missed us and sent the active young photographer back to look for us. I had been in Japan rather less than two months at the time and was just beginning to have a few lessons in Japanese. Everyone else in the group understood some English, but not the photographer. He found me still seated on a convenient rock waiting for Mary. He inquired in Japanese rapidly. Not one word did I recognize, but I felt sure he was asking where the other teacher was and telling us to hurry on with the others. I made a prodigious effort and remembered the word for hat and a negative.

"Boshi ga nai," "The hat is not," was the best I could do. Such subtleties as, "Miss Miles has lost her hat," were far beyond my ability. So I kept repeating, "Boshi ga nai," and pointing in the direction of the farmhouse.

(Continued to page 39)
I

N 1835—just over one hundred years ago—the American flag and consular shield were first displayed in Sheffield, England, over the door of Thomas Branson and Son, Solicitors, and for almost thirty years, until 1863, Mr. Thomas Branson was the American Consular Agent. The photograph of an oil painting of the old gentleman, hanging in the Consulate, shows what a worthy and dignified representative he must have been.

In 1863, George J. Abbott, the first American Consul in Sheffield, arrived and began a very strenuous tour of duty there which lasted until 1871. With him came his young daughter, Julia Webster Abbott, who is now Mrs. Nichols, apparently enjoying the best of spirits and health in Pasadena at 85.

Mr. Abbott had served many years in the State Department and it is understood that it was he who prepared the first Consular Regulations of 1856. That he was a gentleman of great tact, ability and courtesy, is not only demonstrated by the records of the Consulate, but his name is still a tradition among the older generation in Sheffield as having represented the finest type of American of his period.

Mr. Thomas Branson began the long association his family had with the Consulate. His son, Mr. Charles A. Branson, was Vice Consul from 1868 to 1886, followed in turn by his son, George Ernest Branson, still of Thomas Branson and Son, Solicitors, who was Vice Consul from 1888 to 1897, terminating the almost continuous service of three generations of Bransons for 64 years—comparable to the Spragues of Gibraltar.

Today Colonel George Ernest Branson, former American Vice Consul, former Lord Mayor of Sheffield, Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, etc., etc., still lives in the old red mansion of Thomas Branson, rides regularly to hounds, and every day his tall, erect figure can be seen about noon, taking the mile walk down town to the Sheffield Club to have lunch with his old companions.

Next door to him is his elder sister the lovely, old-world Miss Constance Bransop, who seldom is able to leave the house, but lives among the souvenirs and recollections of her youth. One of her most cherished memories is that of her childhood friendship with Miss Julia Abbott, and after seventy years they are probably closer and dearer to each other than they were when young girls. Through Miss Constance, your humble Consul has been placed in touch with Mrs. Julia Webster Abbott Nichols, and the delightful correspondence which has ensued is only a foretaste of the pleasure he is anticipating when he visits Mrs. Nichols in Pasadena during his approaching home leave.

In reply to a question as to how she was named Julia Webster, Mrs. Nichols wrote that her father and Daniel Webster were close friends. When she was born, Daniel Webster's daughter, Julia, had just died and he had asked Mr. Abbott as a special favor to name his daughter Julia Webster. Mrs. Nichols remembers Daniel Webster very well, whose favorite, of course, she was.

To enjoy the friendship of the fine old Bransons of Sheffield is a rare privilege. Sitting before the same old roaring fireplace where Thomas Branson used to sit in the days of Daniel Webster, it is easy to picture the Misses Julia and Constance demurely at work over their crochet baskets, young George Ernest poring over his study books, and Mr. Abbott and Mr. Charles Branson gravely discussing the cotton embargo while the fate of our country was being decided on the bloody battlefields at home.
PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

In the December issue of the JOURNAL it was indicated that the early publication, as a supplement to one of the regular issues of the JOURNAL, is contemplated of a pictorial register of the American Foreign Service.

It is believed that such a register would increase personnel knowledge among officers, with furnish a means of identification which would be useful in administrative practice, would by its compact graphical make-up better enable the general public to understand the extent of Service, and would tend to bind our far-flung Service into a closer-knit organization. It is further believed that the JOURNAL is the logical medium for undertaking the enterprise.

As the January issue of the JOURNAL goes to press the desired photographs are beginning to arrive. Since the value of the register to officers will depend upon the number of photographs included in the supplement, the JOURNAL invites the cooperation of the officers at each post to make certain that officers at the post who are not subscribers to the JOURNAL, and officers on leave, are informed of the project. It is desired to repeat that, although pictures of Foreign Service buildings need not be uniform in size necessarily, all photographs of officers for publication in the proposed register should be exactly two inches wide and three inches long. All officers who have not responded to the request initially made in the December issue are urged to donate their photographs at the earliest possible date.

Photographs (Officers). To be of recent date, of uniform size, two inches wide and three inches long, covering head and shoulders, and preferably with glossy finish for publication purposes. Two of the leading photographers in Washington have indicated that if an officer has his photograph on file with them they will, at his request and upon receipt of $2.00 from him, forward to the JOURNAL a photograph 2 inches by 3 inches in dimension, for publication purposes. Each photo should have the pertinent officer's name printed lightly in pencil on the reverse side.

Pictures (Buildings). Pictures of exteriors of embassies, legations and consular offices preferably should be about 3 inches by 5 inches, with glossy finish. They should be clearly but lightly labelled on the reverse side in pencil. Brief descriptions should accompany the pictures of buildings to include appropriate information such as the part occupied by the Foreign Service, whether occupied by more than one branch of the Foreign Service or other United States Government Service, whether Government owned, and whether used for residence.

All correspondence regarding the Pictorial Supplement should be addressed to C. Paul Fletcher, Treasurer of the JOURNAL, in care of the Department.

NEW DUTIES OF FOREIGN SERVICE

The policy of the Administration concerning foreign affairs has created new duties for the members of our Foreign Service. This policy, as Secretary Hull has so frequently reiterated, is (1) intensification of world-wide efforts toward peace, (2) cementing more closely our relations with our neighbors in the Western Hemisphere, and (3) recovery in international trade through the reduction of many artificial trade barriers, our part of which is being gradually and successfully accomplished through Secretary Hull's trade agreements program.

This threefold program in our foreign affairs is developing rapidly and, through the American press, is now fairly well understood and, to a great extent, appreciated in the United States.

Abroad, however, full understanding of our policy has been considerably hampered because of less complete press articles and reports. The Department is now enabled to keep our principal missions and consulates well informed as to developments and advances in this program.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that many of our officers are using this material to explain and interpret the American policies in their respective districts abroad. The receipt in the Department of an increasing number of reports and press clippings of addresses by Foreign Service officers before local organizations shows not only the value of keeping our Service fully informed as to developments at home, but also evidences the fact that many of our officers are making careful study and practical use of the information thus supplied to them.

GAUSS GOES TO SHANGHAI

In 1907 a young man, Clarence Edward Gauss, barely twenty years old, went out to China to take up the duties of his first position in the Foreign Service as Deputy Consul General at Shanghai. On December 5, 1935, the Secretary of State called upon this same officer to return to Shanghai as Consul General. Mr. Gauss' long experience in China and his specialized knowledge of the Far East are ample justification for asking him to leave Paris and return to the arduous labors of Shanghai, even before his work in Paris is completed. Others can take up the work in Paris where he leaves off, but there is only one Gauss for Shanghai. The change is more than a transfer, it is an expression of the Department's confidence in Gauss. The JOURNAL wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate him and to wish him success in the field he knows so well.
Elsewhere in this issue is published a review of “Dwight Morrow” by Harold Nicolson. There has been received, from one of Mr. Morrow’s intimate friends, too late for inclusion in this issue, a reminiscent letter throwing further light on that forceful yet human Ambassador. The Journal plans to publish the letter in the near future.

**TEN YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL**

- “Samarkand” by Consul General Ernest L. Harris, was an interesting account of that remote and almost legendary place. Necessarily, the article dealt mainly with the importance of the city of Samarkand as a center of the Mohammedan faith. There were photographs of Tamerlane’s Tomb and of several mosques.
- Paul Chapin Squire contributed a brief article on the Lille consular district.
- A particularly interesting item was an unsigned article “History of the Consular Regulations.”
- Leroy Webber, then Consul at Amoy, now deceased, contributed an article on Tiger Hunting and a poem in Kiplingesque beginning “I take my posts where I find them.”
- Evan E. Young was founder in 1913 of a monthly publication “The American Consul” issued by the staff of the Consulate General at Halifax, according to an illustrated article in the January, 1926, Journal.
- Another of Mr. Grew’s interesting speeches appeared in this issue. In this instance the speech was delivered at a dinner tendered by the Navy League to Admiral Mark Bristol (formerly American High Commissioner at Constantinople) and Mrs. Bristol.

**OUR BASEBALL SCRIBE**

From Shanghai to Santiago de Cuba, from Paris to Callao-Lima, from Port au Prince to Riga and all points between, one of the annual features to which those in the American Foreign Service look forward is Paul W. Eaton’s review of the World’s Series in the American Foreign Service Journal and he never disappoints them. Eaton, a former Washington correspondent of The Sporting News and ex-member of the Department of State staff, always describes the Series in a way that gives Americans scattered over the globe in official services a keener insight into why the games resulted as they did and his descriptive style was never better than in telling about the 1935 series.—From The Sporting News, baseball’s official newspaper.

**COVER PICTURE**

Photograph Submitted by John L. Calnan
A young bride of Galicnik, a town of the Var- 

Var-d district, Yugoslavia.
News from the Department

DURING the month a series of statements issued by the Secretary of State served further to indicate the policy of this Government in the conduct of its foreign relations. On November 15 he issued a statement which follows:

"In view of the many inquiries that are being asked from time to time with respect to trade with Ethiopia and Italy, I deem it proper again to call attention to the statement by the President on October 5, that he desired it 'to be understood that any of our people who voluntarily engage in transactions of any character with either of the belligerents do so at their own risk.'

"On October 10 I explained that the President's statement was based primarily upon the policy and purpose of keeping this country out of war, and that 'it certainly was not intended to encourage transactions with the belligerents.' I further explained that 'our people might well realize that the universal state of business uncertainty and suspense on account of the war is seriously handicapping business between all countries, and that the sooner the war is terminated the sooner the restoration and stabilization of business in all parts of the world, which is infinitely more important than trade with the belligerents, will be brought about.' The President, in a statement on October 30, further emphasized the spirit of this policy.

"The American people are entitled to know that there are certain commodities such as oil, copper, trucks, tractors, scrap iron and scrap steel which are essential war materials although not actually arms, ammunition or implements of war, and that according to recent government trade reports a considerably increased amount of these is being exported, for war purposes. This class of trade is directly contrary to the policy of this Government as announced in official statements of the President and Secretary of State, as it is also contrary to the general spirit of the recent neutrality act.

"The Administration is closely observing the trend and volume of exports to those countries and within a few days the Department of Commerce expects to have complete detailed lists of all commodities exported to the belligerents which will enable exact comparison with lists for the same period last year.

On the same day the Secretary, upon signing the Canadian Trade Agreement, remarked that the United States and Canada are neighbors with the common frontier of five thousand miles and that it is manifest that innumerable opportunities for mutually profitable trade between these friends and next-door neighbors must exist. He mentioned the slump of American trade with Canada since 1929 and said that the Canadian agreement will make possible the profitable sale of much of our surplus production as it will also result in the reemployment of a large number of American wage earners now idle. He also referred to the common interests and common aspirations of the peoples of the two countries and said that he hoped the new agreement would mark the beginning of a new epoch in the affairs of the two peoples.

On the 18th of November the President received about 150 news correspondents at a special press conference at the White House, and explained personally the principal provisions of the Canadian agreement. Also present at the ceremony were the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Agriculture together with a group of the experts who had expended so much time and effort in negotiating the agreement.
With reference to the Administration's general policy regarding trade agreements, the Secretary's message to the Chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, meeting in Houston, Texas, on November 19, is of interest. In his message the Secretary said: "Each trade agreement which this government signs under the unconditional most-favored-nation principle has a cumulative effect on the reduction of trade barriers throughout the world. Our program is therefore to be considered as a trade restorative effort aimed not only at the rehabilitation of our own foreign trade, but at the restoration of the profitable volume of international trade the world over which is essential for the restoration of prosperity in the United States on a sound basis. Our program is essentially an effort to substitute the instruments of commercial peace for those of commercial warfare and thus to provide an important element in the maintenance of peace itself."

On November 23, the American delegation to the London Naval Conference was announced. The delegates were: The Honorable Norman H. Davis, Chairman of the Delegation; The Honorable William Philips, Under Secretary of State; Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, U. S. N. The following advisers were also appointed to the American delegation: For the Department of State: Mr. Ray Atherton, Counselor of the American Embassy, London; Mr. Eugene H. Dooman, Division of Far Eastern Affairs. The following technical assistants also accompanied the delegation: For the Department of State: Mr. Noel H. Field, Division of Western European Affairs; Mr. Samuel Reber, Secretary, American Legation, Bern, Switzerland. For the Navy Department: Captain Royal E. Ingersoll, Commander R. E. Schulmann, Lieutenant Arthur DeL. Ayrault, Jr., Lieutenant J. R. Fulton, Mr. David McK. Key, Assistant Chief of the Division of Current Information of the Department was assigned to the delegation as press officer and Mr. Allen Haden, Foreign Service officer, was named Secretary of the delegation.

On December 5, the Secretary issued a statement with regard to the autonomy movement in North China as follows: "In reply to inquiries by press correspondents in regard to the 'autonomy movement'in North China, Chinese and Japanese activities in relation thereto, and the American Government's attitude, the Secretary of State said: There is going on in and with regard to North China a political struggle which is unusual in character and which may have far-reaching effects. The persons mentioned in reports of it are many; the action is rapid and covers a large area; opinions with regard to it vary; what may come of it no one could safely undertake to say; but, whatever the origin, whoever the agents, be what they may the methods, the fact stands out that an effort is being made—and is being resisted—to bring about a substantial change in the political status and condition of several of China's northern provinces.

"Unusual developments in any part of China are rightfully and necessarily of concern not alone to the Government and people of China but to all of the many powers which have interests in China. For, in relations with China and in China, the treaty rights and the treaty obligations of the 'treaty powers' are in general identical. The United States is one of those powers.

"In the area under reference the interests of the United States are similar to those of other powers. In that area there are located, and our rights and obligations appertain to, a considerable number of American nationals, some American property, and substantial American commercial and cultural activities. The American Government is therefore closely observing what is happening there.

"Political disturbances and pressures give rise to uncertainty and misgiving and tend to produce economic and social dislocations. They make difficult the enjoyment of treaty rights and the fulfillment of treaty obligations.

"The views of the American Government with regard to such matters not alone in relation to China but in relation to the whole world are well known. As I have stated on many occasions, it seems to this Government most important in this period of world-wide political unrest and economic instability that governments and peoples keep faith in principles and pledges. In international relations there must be agreements and respect for agreements in order that there may be the confidence and stability and sense of security which are essential to orderly life and progress. This country has abiding faith in the fundamental principles of its traditional policy. This Government adheres to the provisions of the treaties to which it is a party and continues to bespeak respect by all nations for the provisions of treaties solemnly entered into for the purpose of facilitating and regulating, to reciprocal and common advantage, the contacts between and among the countries signatory."
an epoch in the extension of world transportation facilities: "As a result of the conferences which have been in progress since Thursday, December 5, between representatives of the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State, Canada and the United States, understandings have been reached which it is confidently hoped will bring about the early establishment of trans-Atlantic air transport services connecting these several countries. These understandings are based upon the principle of full reciprocity between the countries interested. They do not operate to exclude similar arrangements between the United States and other countries.

"The Department of Commerce has given its approval to the establishment of trans-Atlantic airways by way of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Irish Free State to England, and by way of Bermuda to England, and from Bermuda to Puerto Rico, the latter route to be extended by mutual consent. The Atlantic Seaboard ports in contemplation as termini are New York City; Baltimore, Maryland; Cape Charles or Norfolk, Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina, any one of which may be designated as points of entry but no final determination with reference to places has yet been made.

"It is recognized that the northern route is much shorter than the southern route and therefore will have the advantage of more economical operation but this fact does not preclude the possibility of considerable use being made of the southern route. It is expected that experimental flights will be begun early in the summer of 1936 and it is hoped that scheduled services will begin by the summer of 1937. When the full regular service is inaugurated, it is provided that there will be four round trips per week.

"The matter of the carriage of mails is necessarily postponed for future consideration.

"All of the conferences were characterized by a spirit of wholehearted cooperation and the conclusions arrived at received unanimous approval of the conferees."

In a radio address on December 6, the Honorable Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State, quoted the President's inaugural address in which he defined the policy of the good neighbor. Mr. Welles said that the Government has not regarded the policy so laid down as a catch word, a slogan, nor has it merely paid lip service to the principles laid down by the President, but on the contrary during the past two and one-half years it has spared no effort to make the policy of the good neighbor in our international relationships a real and living thing. Mr. Welles said that he could say without exaggeration that we have been successful in so doing and that nowhere in the world has this policy met with greater response than from the other republics of this hemisphere. He added, "After all, a scrupulous respect for the sovereign rights of other nations, and unfailing compliance with the provisions of the treaties into which we have freely entered, and a removal of inordinate and artificial restrictions and barriers of trade, with resultant advantage to international commerce and communications, are the best methods that have yet been devised to promote peace and prosperity on the face of this earth."

Mr. Welles said that he had been asked whether this Administration supported the policy that the American flag followed the American dollar. He said, "that, of course, implies support of 'dollar diplomacy'. The obvious answer to that query was 'Would any portion of American public opinion countenance a foreign flag following foreign capital invested within the United States?' If it is now a cardinal principle of our foreign policy to respect the rights of others it is of course inconceivable that the American flag should be employed in derogation of the sovereign rights of other nations. * * * Beyond such treaty rights as may exist, all that this Government can justly ask is that American capital invested in other countries of this continent be accorded no less favorable treatment than other capital coming from abroad."

He continued, "From my own point of view the United States can have no greater assurance of security in the years to come than that which will grow out of continuing and close political and commercial cooperation with the other American nations. That can only be accomplished through the complete removal of the suspicions which our neighbors have had in the past, of our ulterior objectives." Mr. Welles said that this will, of course, take time and that if this Government is to achieve this highly desirable objective, we must be able to count upon the cooperation of private individuals and organizations in this country.

Mr. Welles concluded: "At a moment when the peoples of the earth are laboring under grave anxiety as to what the immediate future holds for them, it is heartening to remember that there exists today, in my considered judgment, a closer and more understanding friendship between the United States and its sister republics of the western world than has existed since the earliest years of the independence of the American republics. I believe the day is not far distant when the vital need for the perfection of that inter-American relationship will be recognized throughout the length and breadth of this continent. I hope that the whole-hearted efforts which your Government is making in this direction will receive the overwhelming support of the people of the United States."
BILBAO

Between October 15 and November 11, 1935, Vice Consul and Mrs. Owen W. Gaines made a cruise around Spain which took them to the following ports: San Sebastian, Santander, Musel and Villagarcia on the north coast, and to Huelva, Sevilla, Bonanza, Ceuta, Melilla, Malaga, Motril, Almeria, Alicante, Valencia, Sagunto, Palma Majorca and Barcelona at the South. The cost of travel and living on the boat was no greater than living at home. The service is regular.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines visited the consular officers at Seville, Malaga, Valencia and Barcelona and the entertainment received at these posts contributed high spots to a vacation journey which was pleasant throughout.

Consul Lynn W. Franklin, Executive Officer at the Consulate General in Barcelona, and Mrs. Franklin, were house guests of Consul and Mrs. W. E. Chapman over the week-end of October 19 to 21. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were returning to Spain from an automobile trip to Paris and were on their way to Madrid and outstanding points of interest in southern Spain before returning to Barcelona.

It is believed that Service cartoonists will find good material in the following event incident to the Franklin tour: In the Paris Embassy Garage, Lynn hung his hat and his best blue coat on the back bumpers of another car to dust his own. Disbursing Officer Cecil Cross happened to be standing by. Suddenly Lynn saw the other car moving out of the garage. At his command Cecil, the nearest by, dashed for the property, but noticed only the hat, which he recovered. The car was gaining speed. Then some sprinting by Lynn himself to retrieve that best blue coat between thumb and finger tips just as the car was moving out of the Embassy gate. Lynn is through with shirtsleeve diplomacy on the premises of the Paris Embassy.

Consul William W. Corcoran and Mrs. Corcoran, of Vigo, were also house guests of the Chapmans over the night of November 15-16 on their way to Paris for a sojourn of a couple of weeks. They have been invited to return in time for the Thanksgiving feast to be given for the local American colony in the capacious dining room of the Bilbao consular residence.

MONTREAL

On the occasion of Consul John L. Bouchal’s recent retirement from the Service, the staff at Montreal presented to him and to Mrs. Bouchal a silver cigarette box.

The many friends of Vice Consul and Mrs. F. Ridgeway Lineaweaver will be glad to learn that Mrs. Lineaweaver is sufficiently on the road to convalescence from infantile paralysis, which she contracted at Mazatlan last May, to be able to join her husband in Montreal in the near future, where the doctors hope the cold weather will expedite her recovery.

The staff of the Consulate General was recently enlarged by the arrival of Vice Consul and Mrs. Andrew B. Foster, Vice Consul Henry P. Kiley and Vice Consul and Mrs. Russell W. Benton.

SINGAPORE

Consul General Wilbur Keblinger left Singapore for home leave on October 6th. Prior to his departure a luncheon was given in his honor by the American Association of Malaya.

To welcome Vice Consul and Mrs. J. E. Newton and Vice Consul and Mrs. Patrick Mallon and to say good-bye to Vice Consul Allen Haden, about to depart on home leave, a reception was given at the Tanglin Club by Consul General Keblinger.
The following officers have recently passed through Singapore:
Consul and Mrs. Henry S. Waterman en route from Bombay to the United States on home leave.
Consul and Mrs. Sidney H. Browne en route from Batavia to Medan, Sumatra.
Consul and Mrs. Curtis C. Jordan and son Robert en route to Madras, India.

**BANGKOK**

Admiral Orin Gould Murfin, Commanding Officer of the United States Asiatic Fleet, visited Siam on a good will mission from October 15th to 22nd. The flagship, the U. S. S. Augusta, was accompanied by the destroyers Edsall and Stewart and the tender Isabel. The Siamese Government made a very extensive and elaborate program for the entertainment of the visiting officers and sailors, which was executed in minute detail. The visit was a complete success in every respect, and the Siamese defense forces left nothing undone for the entertainment of their guests.

**ITALY**

With the weather finally settling on the bay of Naples, the last of the consular fleet has been drawn up into the grottoes and the sailing expeditions of the summer are no more.
Consul Wasson has left for home leave but new life has come to the staff in the persons of Vice Consuls Parsons and Wallner, who have arrived here on temporary assignments prior to being called back for the Foreign Service School.

During the course of the month of October, Florence has been visited by the following Service Officers:
Consul General and Mrs. Charles M. Hathaway, Jr., of Munich, Consul Thomas C. Wasson, of Naples, and Vice Consul Constance Ray Harvey, of Milan.
Miss Harvey’s visit to Florence is of interest as, being a graduate of Smith College, she has taken this opportunity of extending a welcome to

(Continued to page 51)

When Theodore Roosevelt's book on Oliver Cromwell was published in 1900 its English reviewers conceded that while the author was an American and, therefore, as these reviewers politely but critically pointed out, hardly in a position to understand the part played by the Protector in the development of English institutions, he had nevertheless written a rather good work. This polite but critical attitude produced a feeling of irritation in a few historical and in many political (the star of T. R. was then rising fast) circles in the United States. The feeling was probably not justified but there is more than a passing interest in recalling it as one reads Harold Nicolson's book on Dwight Morrow. The book is written in Mr. Nicolson's best style which means that it contains many brilliant passages, but—it is a hook on an American by an Englishman. This does not mean that it is not a fine piece of work and well worth reading; it is always interesting—and valuable—to see ourselves as others see us. It may be added that the value in question is enhanced when an outstanding figure such as Mr. Morrow is portrayed by an artist like Mr. Nicolson whose previous sketches of or references to Americans have somehow been reminiscent of "Punch" when it uses what is alleged to be American slang.

Needless to say, his biography of Mr. Morrow is very different from these sketches but the artistic touch remains for the author informs his readers that although it may seem "hazardous" for an "Englishman to write a biography of an American," it is to be remembered "that Dwight Morrow while remaining completely American was also something more . . . The point about Dwight Morrow is that while representing the perfect type of American, he also became a model for the completely civilized man. It is thus justifiable to approach him from the universal rather than from the national or particular point of view" (v).

Such an approach is of course justifiable in view of Mr. Morrow's many human qualities and his views regarding the necessity of international cooperation but it may be doubted if the approach in question can be accurately made without a knowledge of American customs with particular reference to the social, economic and political background in which he played such a notable part. John Hay has also been referred to as the completely civilized man (or the equivalent) and as Tyler Dennett has so forcibly brought out in his masterly work on Hay, he was inspired by and constantly worked for the furtherance of international cooperation, particularly between the United States and Great Britain. But what makes Dennett's biography so valuable is that in discussing the factors which produced Hay the man, the diplomat and finally the statesman, he shows a keen knowledge of the environment to John Hay's career whether as a student at Brown, a secretary to Abraham Lincoln, a writer of Pike County Ballads, a lofty dweller on Cleveland's Euclid Avenue trying to be democratic, an Ambassador to Great Britain or a Secretary of State under McKinley and then Roosevelt.

Although Nicolson writes with a more facile pen than Dennett, his biography of Dwight Morrow—with the exception of the chapters dealing with Mr. Morrow's service as Ambassador to Mexico (XV, XVI) and as a delegate to the London Naval Conference in 1930 (XVII)—suffers by comparison with the biography of John Hay because of the author's quite natural inability to understand the American setting to Morrow's career. The lack of understanding is present in the chapters dealing with Mr. Morrow's student days at Amherst where he "transferred his lodging to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity house and . . . made his Phi Beta Kappa" (page 29), his activities as a corporation lawyer (84-102), his support of Taft against Roosevelt (120 ff), his membership in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company (124-144), his attitude during the World War until "America Intervenes, 1917" (383-392) and his service in the United States Senate (383-392). The chapter (XIV) entitled "The Man Who Knew Coolidge, 1923-1927" contains a great deal of interesting information regarding the close relations between the two men but there is a feeling, after reading it, that either Mr. Morrow kept the knowledge in question to himself or else his biographer failed to grasp it. In chapter XIV we are told that Mr. Morrow was "confident" that during his term as a Senator he could "impose" upon his colleagues "the precision of his intellect, the force of his knowledge, the illumina-
tion of his vision” (page 389). Mr. Morrow entered the Senate on December 3, 1930, and died on October 5, 1931. His Senate term was therefore never finished but one may be pardoned for wondering if Mr. Morrow’s confidence extended quite that far, the more so as he proved himself such a good “party man” in the Senate that it was said of him by a hostile critic that he had “spent a lifetime getting a reputation as a great Liberal only to spend three months in the Senate blasting it” (page 392).

While Mr. Nicolson was obviously writing under a handicap in his discussion of what may be termed the national or domestic aspects of Mr. Morrow’s career, he was under no such handicap in writing on Dwight Morrow’s achievements in the field of international affairs. When he resigned from the British Foreign Service in 1929 to devote himself to writing, Mr. Nicholson was regarded as one of the most able and astute of the younger members of that service. Needless to say, his attitude towards international problems is that of a realist and it is as a realist that he analyzes Mr. Morrow’s service as Ambassador to Mexico and as one of the American delegates to the London Naval Conference.

The chapter (XVII) on the Naval Conference brings out Mr. Morrow’s part in the negotiations; he “concentrated on the Franco-Italian problem” (page 58). Whether or not the author emphasizes too strongly the part in question is a matter of opinion. His statement that “Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, occupied what was mainly a representative function” will startle those who are familiar with Mr. Adams’ activities at the Conference. Mr. Nicolson is on more solid ground when he declares that “Ambassador Hugh Gibson, whose long and embittered experience of international conferences and of naval disarmament in particular was of the greatest value to this delegation” (358). In his references to and discussions of some of the major problems before the Conference it is abundantly clear that Mr. Nicolson takes the British attitude regarding them—and their appropriate solution, as the British see it. One ventures to add that there are passages in the discussion in question which will be read with singular interest by Senators who are identified with the “Big Navy” group.

C. W.


Mr. Clark has arrived at an understanding of China from his years spent there as teacher and editor; he writes with sympathy and insight. His appraisal of Chinese history particularly in regard to modern and contemporary events is that of the sociologist more than that of the historian, but he does not lose sight of the factual and narrative aspect of his work in the elucidation of events and the interpretation of his data. Much of the material for the more recent years has been drawn from unpublished sources.

The proper balance of fact and interpretation amply justifies the title, which is at once literal and metaphorical. The figurative wall is, of course, China’s isolation, and the latter and more valuable part of the book is devoted to a survey of its crumbling; in the first part Mr. Clark describes the building of the Wall and the character of Chinese civilization and traces the vicissitudes of both through the ages. These ages have seen the decay of isolation to a point perilously approaching disintegration. On this aspect of Chinese history the author is deeply concerned with both Western and Oriental trends of thought, and offers the view that what may appear to be disintegration is in fact a reintegration not merely interesting but probably of far-reaching significance not only to the Orient but to the world. GEORGE VERNE BLUE.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NEUTRALITY: A Study of the American Understanding of Neutral Obligations During the Years 1792 and 1815. By Charles S. Hyneman. (University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1934. Pp. 178. $2.50.)

A timely and trenchant study of the origins of American policy and the duties of a neutral during the relatively brief but highly important era of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. Dr. Hyneman sets his problems against their contemporary background, and in so doing he shows how state policy must necessarily be conditioned by actualities instead of by abstractions. Much of the material in this readable and useful book has been drawn from unpublished sources, notably the archives of the Department of State and the Treasury.—G. V. B.
Foreign Service Changes

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since November 15, 1935, and up to December 15, 1935:

Leonard G. Bradford of Boston, Mass., American Vice Consul at Budapest, Hungary, appointed Vice Consul at Izmir, Turkey, and to the Italian Islands in the Aegean Sea.

Leonard G. Dawson of Staunton, Virginia, American Consul at Munich, Germany, assigned American Consul at Lille, France.

Alfred W. Donegan of Mobile, Alabama, American Consul at Basel, Switzerland, will retire from the Foreign Service upon completion of thirty years' service on September 30, 1936.

Andrew E. Donovan, 2nd, of California, American Vice Consul at Mexico City, designated Third Secretary and Vice Consul at La Paz, Bolivia.

John K. Emmerson of Canon City, Colo., newly appointed Foreign Service Officer, assigned to the Department of State, appointed Language Officer at the American Embassy, Tokyo, Japan.

The transfer of Frederic C. Fornes, Jr., of Buffalo, New York, from Sao Paulo, Brazil, to Dundee, Scotland, has been canceled and he has been assigned to the Embassy at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, as Third Secretary.

William Galbraith of Los Angeles, California, Third Secretary of Legation and American Consul at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, assigned Consul at Mexico City.

Taylor W. Gannett of Omaha, Nebraska, American Vice Consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador, assigned American Vice Consul at Paris, France.

Clarence E. Gauss of Bridgeport, Connecticut, Counselor of Embassy and American Consul General at Paris, France, assigned American Consul General, Shanghai, China.

Lon S. Gresham of Georgia, American Vice Consul at Bremen, Germany, now serving temporarily as Vice Consul at Rotterdam, Netherlands, assigned to that post permanently.

Theodore Jaeckel of New York City, American Consul General at Vancouver, Canada, now in the United States, will retire from the Foreign Service on April 30, 1936, by reason of physical disability.

Gerald G. Jones of Pierre, South Dakota, American Vice Consul at Barranquilla, Colombia, appointed Vice Consul at Belfast, Ireland.

Walter A. Leonard of Evanston, Ill., American Consul at Bremen, Germany, assigned to Stockholm, Sweden. He will be commissioned Consul General.

The services of Davis B. Levis of Syracuse, N. Y., American Vice Consul at Paris France, have been extended by Executive Order to December 1, 1936.


Chester W. Martin, American Foreign Service Officer, Retired, died November 15, 1935, at his home in Cherrydale, Virginia.

David J. D. Myers of La Fayette, Georgia, American Foreign Service Officer assigned to the Department of State, will retire from the Service April 30, 1936, by reason of physical disability.

Julian L. Pinkerton of Versailles, Kentucky, American Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, assigned American Consul at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, where he will serve in dual capacity of Second Secretary of Legation and Consul.

Julian L. Pinkerton of Versailles, Kentucky, now assigned American Consul at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, designated Second Secretary of Legation, to serve in dual capacity.

Edward B. Rand of Shreveport, La., American Consul at Tahiti, Society Islands, now in the United States, assigned Consul at Algiers, Algeria.

Lester L. Schnare of Macon, Ga., American Consul at Hamburg, Germany, assigned Consul at Milan, Italy.

John William Scott of Ottawa, Kans., American Vice Consul at Vienna, Austria, resigned from the Service effective November 15, 1935.

Elvin Seibert of New York City, American Vice Consul at Southampton, England, assigned American Vice Consul at Shanghai, China.
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CHANGES IN THE DEPARTMENT

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service personnel, assigned to the Department of State, since November 1, 1935:

Consul David C. Berger, who was temporarily in FE, has left the Department to return to his post at Tientsin.

First Secretary Eugene H. Dooman (in FE) and Second Secretary David McK. Key (in CI) have been detailed to the Naval Conference in London.

Vice Consul Theodore C. Achilles has returned from Geneva and is now on duty in WE.

Second Secretary Cabot Coville (from the Embassy at Tokyo) is temporarily detailed to FE for duty until the arrival in the Department of John Carter Vincent.

Consul Charles S. Reed, 2nd, (from Shanghai), is temporarily detailed to FE for duty.

John C. Shillock, Jr., of Portland, Oregon, Third Secretary of Legation and American Vice Consul at La Paz, Bolivia, designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Santiago, Chile.

E. Talbot Smith of Hartford, Conn., American Consul at Milan, Italy, assigned Consul at Dundee, Scotland.

Addison E. Southard of Louisville, Kentucky, Counselor of Legation and American Consul General at Stockholm, Sweden, and now in the United States, designated Counselor of Embassy and American Consul General at Paris, France.

Girvan Teall of New York, American Vice Consul at Winnipeg, Canada, appointed Vice Consul at Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa.

The transfer of Girvan Teall of Little Falls, New York, from Winnipeg, Canada, to Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, has been canceled and he has been appointed Vice Consul at Barranquilla, Colombia.

George Wadsworth of Buffalo, N. Y., Counselor of Legation and American Consul General at Bucharest, Rumania, assigned Consul General at Jerusalem, Palestine.

Stanley L. Wilkinson of Danville, Pa., formerly American Vice Consul at Santa Marta, Colombia, appointed Vice Consul at Winnipeg, Canada.

The following officers, now serving at Vienna, Austria, have been assigned for duty in dual capacity at that post:

Reed Paige Clark of Londonderry, N. Y., American Consul, designated also First Secretary of Legation; Walter J. Linthicum of Baltimore, Md., American Vice Consul, designated also Third Secretary of Legation; Alan S. Rogers of Santa Barbara, Calif., Third Secretary of Legation assigned American Consul.
in before the wind died entirely in 4 hours, giving each rival ship over 3 hours’ handicap on the next day’s race. Since the crossing is only 20 miles, a floating log, properly sailed, ought to do it under 7 hours with any wind at all. She left at 2 p.m. when the wind was good and fresh and got in at 4.27 p.m.—2 hours and 27 minutes—as good time as has been made by any of the flash Club 6-meters this summer.

Now comes the big surprise. At the Staff Luncheon the following Thursday—an institution that is now spelled with capital letters—non-combatant Hosmer produced a cup that would put the eyes out of a blind man. Massy silver it was. Massy, I believe is the word. And suitably inscribed as follows:

Foreign Service Regatta
September 1935
Won by sloop “Sirius”
Coert du Bois, Master and Owner
Mario, Crew

Bets were paid and prize money distributed to the crews and then everybody hurried back to sign invoices and make out inventory cards because it was nearly 12.30 p.m.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CHANGES

Mr. Charles E. Dickerson, formerly Commercial Attaché at Cairo, is sailing at an early date for Stockholm, where he has been assigned as Commercial Attaché.

Mr. Julian E. Greenup, former Assistant Commercial Attaché at Madrid, has been assigned to Lima, Peru, as Commercial Attaché, succeeding Mr. Julian D. Smith, who has resigned from the service. Mr. Greenup will leave for Lima about January 1.

Assistant Commercial Attaché A. Bland Calder, who has been in the States for several months, sailed recently to return to Shanghai, via Europe.

Mr. Charles Ducote, at one time stationed in Buenos Aires, but more recently assigned to duty in Washington, has been appointed Assistant Commercial Attaché at Habana, Cuba, and will leave at an early date for his post.

Mr. George L. Lewis, formerly at Cairo, has been appointed an Assistant Trade Commissioner at Athens. He sailed recently with his bride, the former Miss Polly Cooke, to whom he was married in Washington on November 30.

Mr. William Witman, II, has been appointed as Clerk to the Commercial Attaché at Caracas.

W. P. W.
persons able by wealth to provide themselves with any private training that may be desired, but we take just pride in our claim that the positions of power and influence in our Government are held open to ability and merit, that our Foreign Service is recruited from no special class of society or economic group, and that the democratic control of our foreign relations is thereby assured. At the same time we face the necessity of training men to assume those positions in the Foreign Service of our nation which we decline to reserve for any particular group. If the reactionary and aristocratic societies of Metternich and the Bourbons found it necessary to put emphasis upon the training of their foreign representatives, such training is even more necessary in America, where the lowest school boy fortunate may aspire to the highest honors within the gift of the nation.

An important element in the development of the American Foreign Service in recent years has been the appointment of career men as ministers and ambassadors. The opening of such posts to the career services has been highly beneficial to the morale of the officers, who otherwise would consider themselves as men struggling up a mountainside the summit of which was forever closed against them.

A further need for a permanent foreign service results from the fact that a non-partisan, objective attitude on the part of members of the Service is essential for the effective execution of our foreign policy. Only career training, with appointments made irrespective of political affiliations and posts assigned with consideration only for the good of the Service, can assure an objective attitude in the service, useful to any administration at home and in any field abroad. A person who obtains by political means an appointment to a particular country merely because he prefers to live there than in the United States often fails to represent his country's interests in as detached a manner as is necessary for the effective discharge of his duties.

The necessity for training and permanence in the Foreign Service today results in part from special conditions which exist in the modern world, and which, evidence indicates, will continue to grow stronger as the years progress. Detractors of the modern diplomat often assert that before the advent of the telegraph, diplomatic representatives were placed largely on their own initiative and were therefore in greater need of training and experience than their successors today, who can obtain immediate instructions from home and are merely rubber stamps for their foreign office. Evidence, however, points to a contrary conclusion. It was more often the case in former days that officers far away from home, knowing that reports might be several months late anyway, had strong incentive to be lazy, to hibernate in Algiers and Siam and let things go, doing little except draw their pay for preparing quarterly reviews of general trends in their districts. Today, if a revolution breaks out in Crete, a military occupation occurs in Mukden, or an insurrection arises in Antilla, the officers of the region affected must be on the alert immediately, telegraphing accurate news of the events as they take place, not six months later. As life increases in complexity, a higher rather than lesser degree of training is required of persons responsible for the smooth operation of Governments. Furthermore, when American interests were concentrated at home, it was not always of tremendous moment whether the consul in Australia waited for six months to report political happenings in his district. But today, with American interests multiplied around the world and the future pointing to a steady enlargement in this interest, our foreign service has become increasingly vital in all parts of the world, and officers must be on the alert to protect American interests of a variety and extent undreamed of by their predecessors.

Increasing interrelationships between nations today has been cited until trite, but recitation does not change the fact that the air has become filled with wireless messages and broadcasts which are playing increasingly important parts in national and international affairs. Treaties have to be drawn keeping these channels of communication in order—a highly technical business, requiring the greatest degree of training. To cope with the other nations which have trained services, America must have such a service or be left out of consideration when the aerial treaties are drawn, the postal conventions made, and the international labor codes adopted.

In ancient times when a diplomat was accredited to a powerful prince who ruled his realm according to his own despotic will, seldom asking the advice of his ministers or listening to the voice of public opinion, it was only necessary for the diplomat to gain the ear of the prince in order to speak to the nation. A well-filled larder and a pretty wife were the best attributes a diplomat could have, and sometimes the only ones he needed. When the prince spoke, the will of the nation had been given, and opinions of others had little influence and were unworthy of being reported. Today, with the advance in the importance of public opinion, the foreign service officer, in order to fathom properly the feelings and temper of his surroundings, must
SHARE WITH OTHERS WHAT YOU EXPERIENCE

In your travels as a Foreign Service Officer, have you not come upon peoples, customs, places, of such human and abiding interest that you could not resist the urge to write to the folks "at home," telling them what you had observed, so that they too might experience your travel adventures? You may have even taken photographs to illustrate all the more vividly your word descriptions.

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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE
Gilbert Grosvenor, Litt.D., LL.D., Editor
WASHINGTON       D. C.

WRITE FOR THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE
understand a much wider and more complicated voice, speaking in multitudinous tones around him, through newspapers, votes, strikes, riots, petitions, and other expressions of group action. A proper interpretation of this voice and a knowledge of what is significant among the many manifestations of popular will which occur require training of a very special sort, and generally comes only with long practice.

It is frequently asserted that democracy is on the wane today and that dictatorships are rendering the will of the people of little importance. On the other hand, there is no form of government in which the acclaim of the populace is more assiduously sought than in a dictatorship—no public figures in the world today owe more of their power to the force of oratory, to the thrilling appeal of banners, symbols, and song than do the dictators. Display and pageantry, enjoyed by despots of old as food for the despots' own vanity, are today the very life-blood of the dictator's power. The Gracci in Rome never spoke with rousing words to such crowds of people as gather today to hear national leaders harangue their followers, nor are the material and psychological counterparts of "grain and the circus" any less carefully provided today to cultivate the plaudits of the multitude. Side by side with the unorthodox court methods and secret police which exist today are the most highly developed and ardent propaganda bureaus that have ever existed, seeking the good will of the masses whose opinions the aristocrats were wont to despise.

When the will of the mob is of such great importance, the foreign service officer, in order to judge intelligently the movements taking place about him, must be an able observer, diligent in seeking evidence that might be overlooked by one untrained for such duties. The course to be taken by a government ruled by a small clique or dominated by a military staff usually may be foreseen within general lines, but the caprices of a mob which has thrown up one of its members into the semblance of power is much more difficult to project. Political theorists have only begun to explore the field of mass action, the influence of universal suffrage, and the spread of learning to the common people. The foreign service officer whose duty it is to keep his finger on the pulse of the nation to which he is accredited has a task far different today from that of even a generation ago, and one which requires training and experience in subjects which his predecessor never was called upon to consider.

A simple illustration of the considerations mentioned above may be drawn from the recent events surrounding the plebiscite of the Saar and the elections in Danzig. During several weeks before the
voting in the Saar, pre-election campaigns were waged by three parties appealing to the voters in their separate manners. An astute observer having knowledge of the psychology and background of the people of that area was required to estimate the appeal of the Swastika bands which paraded the streets of Saarbrucken singing patriotic anthems and providing pageantry for the populace.

Events similar to those in the Saar occurred in the subsequent elections in Danzig, where the appearance of Swastika arm bands and stormtroopers caused uncautious observers to foretell a parallel result there. The diplomats who foresaw the results of these two situations clearly and prepared their Governments for them are to be congratulated. Examples closer home may be taken from recent history in Cuba and Mexico. To judge wisely the most probable actions of large groups requires some judgment, based on both training and experience, and the nation which does not have such observers in its foreign service today is inadequately provided to cope with modern conditions. A few geniuses at foretelling political events may arise now and then, but for the ordinary man long training and experience are required in order to be able accurately to forecast group reactions.

A more pertinent illustration of the need of trained observers is provided by the events which have occurred in national and international economics during the past five years. Comparatively few have been the diplomatic representatives who have mastered the difficulties of exchange, of money, of gold standards, and of managed currencies. Many foreign representatives in the United States during recent years have had to turn to their university textbooks in economics in order to report intelligently upon the changes wrought and in prospect by legislation of the New Deal, and the nations which have been blessed with representatives who understood these things have been highly fortunate. Outside the United States, the task of fathoming the effects of trade restrictions, quotas, barter transactions, and monetary policies has been equally difficult. Persons unskilled in the comprehension of trade balances, flight of gold, and production statistics have been left out of a great deal of the diplomatic picture during recent times. If wealth and social qualifications were the high requirements of a diplomatic representative accredited to monarchs of old, the present qualifications are an understanding of economic trends and mass reaction. The modern Foreign Service officer may be called upon to gauge the effects of symbols and slogans on the voters of the Saarland, the extent to which the millions of India will follow the instructions of a

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diminutive leader in a cotton shirt, or the results of a bear raid on a nation’s currency.

Since the Conference of Versailles, an unprecedented emphasis in the world has been placed on international conferences. Never in the world’s history have so many multi-national groups met each year in an effort to settle problems by council-table methods. Some of these meetings have been fruitless, and few of them have achieved the results their sponsors hoped for them. Nevertheless, they have been held, and will probably continue to be held in ever-increasing number as the interdependability of the world decreases. Technical conferences to arrange postal, radio, aeronautic or hygienic conventions are almost continually in session, and these must continue regardless of the fate of political conferences, which themselves show no signs of decreasing. For better or worse, the world is committed to the conference method, and it remains largely for Foreign Office officials to make the method work.

The past fifteen years have shown that there is no more delicate task to perform than that of bringing achievement out of an international conference. Yet results must be achieved if the recurrent destructive wars of the past are ever to be checked. Such results are not to be achieved without persistent effort on the part of men accustomed to dealing with the sensibilities of alien mentalities, and the nations which contribute the largest number of such men will add greatest good to the international structure. If only a modicum of the terrible results foretold for another war is realized, the world may well look to the next major conflict with the gravest apprehension. The only method by which such results may be avoided is through diplomacy, and a kind of diplomacy which looks not to the besting of an opponent, but to the discovery of paths along which nations may walk in harmony and peace. As Chief Justice Hughes has so aptly remarked, “Events must be anticipated, and the monsters of the imaginations must be slain daily.” Such achievements by diplomacy can only be realized by study, training, and an attack on the problems by the best minds of the world, in the most highly organized method possible.

Sometimes in the history of science great discoveries or inventions have been made by the attic scientist, experimenting alone, but more and more today the great discoveries are coming from the laboratories of the leading industrial concerns and universities, where many scientists have collaborated on new discoveries, and where no one person can lay claim to the whole achievement. So in diplomacy, the laboratory method has come to prevail. International delegations, whether at Versailles or at an international postal conference, are supported by groups of experts trained in their individual fields. The days when Thomas Jefferson and six clerks constituted the State Department are no more. Industry has recognized the utility of the laboratory method, wherein trained scientists, working steadily at the problems to be solved, advance the physical well-being of our country. Statesmen now realize that Government must attack its complicated tasks with no less efficiency and skill. Only through the concentrated efforts of able men, trained and experienced in their work, may the knotty problems of disarmament, of international trade, and of world stability and peace be brought to solution.

THE PRESIDENT PRAISES CONSUL GENERAL CUNNINGHAM; SECRETARY HULL SAYS “WELL DONE”

The President on December 7, 1935, sent the following telegram to Consul General Edwin S. Cunningham, Shanghai, who is retiring from the Foreign Service:

“On the completion of thirty-seven years in the Foreign Service of your country I send you this expression of my sincere gratitude and appreciation of the contribution of your distinguished services, which have been of great value to the nation.

Franklin D. Roosevelt.”

The Secretary of State, on December 9, sent the following telegram:

“Dear Mr. Cunningham:

“It is with a sense of distinct pleasure that I accept this opportunity to join with the American community at Shanghai in according to you fitting testimonial of the long and distinguished service which, often under the most difficult of circumstances, you have so loyally and efficiently rendered the Government and the people of the United States. To have earned for oneself, as you have done throughout nearly thirty-eight years of unceasing effort in the furtherance of American interests, not only the sincere appreciation of your Government and the high esteem and affectionate regard of those who have been privileged to be associated with you, but also the simple, yet all embracing verdict of ‘well done’ must be a source of deep gratification to you as it is to the Department of State and to me personally.

“I am confident that as you lay aside official duties you will continue to be constructively interested in the problems of your country and your fellow men. My best wishes are and will be with you.

Cordell Hull”
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SAN BLAS

(Continued from page 15)

Scores of the men are employed as mess attendants at the Army posts on the Canal Zone. It would seem that the chief future for these San Blas Indians is in a tourist sense. It is remarkable that only seventy-five miles away from the cross-roads of the world which thousands of tourists visit every week, there should be such a singularly picturesque and interesting region that has escaped advertising. The Islands would, of course, be spoiled in time after an invasion of tourists, and their native customs would respond to foreign influence, but at this time they afford one of the most interesting sights it is possible to see anywhere.

It is agreeable to note that a visit to the San Blas coast involves no formalities or restrictions except the mood of the Indians. Perhaps it would be prudent to avoid the Islands in holidays, a time that is readily apparent, as there is no mistaking the Indians' sign language when visitors are unwelcome. A fast launch service from Colon coinciding with the almost daily visits of tourist steamers would open a most attractive new area for tourists and render more accessible a region of great natural beauty while affording the travelers a glimpse of unspoiled aboriginal life.

Other than for tourists or scientists who seek material for study, the San Blas Islanders are, for the present, safe from intrusion. There appears to be no mineral wealth in the country, their islands are off the trade routes, they produce a minimum of items for export, and at that the trade balance is in their favor.

CONTRAST

Albino and a Dark-skinned Resident of San Blas.

Photo by John Fisher
I dare say that my pointing might have been more effective than by linguistic effort but it was never really put to the test, for just as I was about to try one more “Boshi ga nai,” Mary appeared around a curve in the path, breathless, with the boshi. She explained in a fluent torrent of words and we all hurried to catch up with the procession.

The scenery was growing more and more wild and more and more unlike what I had always imagined Japanese scenery to be. Now and then a robust pine gave heavy contrast to the fernlike plumage of the maples covering the hills that rose nearly vertical out of the water. Sometimes the azure blue of a wild hydrangea or the yellow of a wild chrysanthemum appeared almost on the path. The river was narrower and steeper. There were fewer pools of an extraordinary shade of clear, cool green and more miniature waterfalls and whirlpools churning the green water to a troubled white foam.

As the gorge contracted the path grew often narrow and difficult. It was pleasant not to look too suddenly down the sheer declivity to the bed of the stream. Four times we were forced to cross the river on swinging bridges of increasing crudeness and difficulty. The last ones had insufficient planking with boards running crosswise and nothing but some slender looking wires running lengthwise under the boards and some more wires at waist and shoulder height to hang on to as we crossed. We were twenty to thirty feet above the water and rocks of the river; a misstep would be dangerous if not fatal. But not at all impressed by the insecurity of the crossing, the bolder girls would get part way over and jounce up and down as their more timid sisters tried to cross. Still no one fell in; neither was anyone left behind unable to summon courage enough to cross.

“How much farther?” I started to wonder. It seemed a long time since our picnic lunch. My feet were beginning to rebel against walking over rough stones in rough straw sandals; I was becoming aware of muscles long forgotten.

“There we are—Kanetsuri Onsen!” Nakamura San, the gym teacher, pointed to the curved roofs of the hot spring hotel that was our destination, a group of plain wooden buildings grouped under the trees at the foot of the cliff across the Kurobe River.

One more swinging bridge to cross and we had arrived and were being welcomed by a bowing

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hotel proprietor and two little maids in dark kimonos.

Most hot spring hotels have the hot water from the spring piped into a bath inside the hotel. Kanetsuri's greatest charm is its natural, outdoor bathroom.

After we had rested a bit and the girls had their dip Nakamura San came to tell us that she had made special arrangements to have the spring reserved so that we three might bathe in privacy. Doubtless the proprietor was amused at American modesty.

We put on the starched cotton kimonos that any inn provides for its patrons and slipped our feet into the wooden clogs that the maid said would be best for climbing down to the spring. I regretted wearing them long before we had gone down many of the rough stone steps leading to the stream. My feet were tender and objected to the stiff strap between my toes. I tried going barefoot and they objected still more to the sharp stones.

Finally we reached the bottom. Ferns grew out of every crevice in the rocks. There was a small pavilion where we might leave our clothes. The hot water bubbled up in a natural pool under overhanging rocks that almost formed a cave. The temperature varies, we had been told, in accordance with some subterranean conditions: sometimes the water is too hot for comfort, but today it steamed just enough to make a dip delightful in spite of the cool air of the late afternoon. The water cooled as it mingled with the cold flow of the rest of the stream. There was room enough in one place for a swim, a strange swim leading from hot water to warm, to tepid, to a final cold rinse that made us forget sore muscles and aching feet. We remembered them again as we climbed back to the hotel, but it was easier to go up than it had been to go down.

Back in the hotel we found everyone waiting for supper in a large room. One of the little maids set an individual lacquer tray before each of us. Supper consisted of a mixture of beef and onion served with soya bean sauce, cold shrimp, broiled fish, pickled white radishes and seaweed, and quantities of steaming hot rice. I remembered the long way the coolies had carried all the supplies and tried to be appreciative. It wasn't very easy with forty pairs of eyes watching me while they pretended not to watch; I knew they were wondering how the new teacher would manage her chopsticks and her Japanese food. I managed to down one bowl of the unsalted rice with the other food, but nearly choked.

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over a thin brown slice of pressed seaweed that tasted the way the seashore smells on a particularly "fishy" day.

With supper over, we were glad to slip away to the room on the second floor that was to be ours. Nakamura San slept with the girls in the large room where we had eaten. We were too tired to realize that our sleeping mats were thin and not too comfortable; we fell asleep before the murmur of voices and the suppressed giggles had died away downstairs.

On our breakfast trays a bowl of soup took the place of the beef and onions; otherwise the dishes were identical with last night’s supper even to the seaweed. I was glad there were still sandwiches from Kanazawa for our noon lunch; at least we were to be spared the cold rice and pickles that the hotel furnished for the girls to take along on the day’s expedition.

We ate at noon four or five miles up the valley on flat rocks in the stream. The beauties of the day before were intensified as we penetrated farther into wild regions. There were more heights to scale and more swinging bridges to cross before we reached our objective, a narrow spot in the gorge known as the Monkey’s Jump.

“We must come back when the foliage has turned!” one or another of us kept saying.

Back at Kanetsuri another outdoor bath was as delightful as the thought of it had been all day, and we knew enough to wear shoes, not clogs, down the stone steps.

Supper presented the same old menu, washed down with quantities of tea and seasoned with hikers' appetites. We had discovered a store among the odd buildings that sprawled about the hotel. The stock was limited but it included several cans of Formosan pineapple. After an evening of playing games with the girls, we retired to our room to eat slabs of the delicious fruit and drink the juice out of our tea-cups. Never was ambrosia more delectable. We were ready to sleep even more soundly than the night before.

We wakened to hear rain beating determinedly on the roof. We were in for a damp twelve miles. Out of our knapsacks we took the squares of heavy oiled paper that we had brought along for just such an emergency. Properly folded and fastened at the neck they made excellent raincoats, and their green and crimson and blue and yellow tints made the only gleam of cheerfulness in a drenched and dripping world. The photographer, who had been working overtime taking pictures of the girls on the bridges and along
narrow paths and everywhere but in the bath, took one last time exposure of the girls in the rain ready to start, and packed away his camera for the rest of the day.

Coolie hats made as effective umbrellas as they had sunshades. But rain seeped inside our shoes until our toes were small floating islands in flooded rivers. Triangles of wet skirts and petticoats marked the space where paper raincapes failed to meet in front. There was no place to sit down to rest or to eat. We munched chocolate and raisins on the trail.

At last we reached the trolley station in Unidzuki. There was an hour to wait for the train. Girls stood around and dripped puddles on the station floor. Some of them produced lunch boxes and stowed away cold rice and pickled radishes. That gave us an idea. We had brought with us one more can of Formosan pineapple. Nakamura San and the principal refused to share it and so the three of us then and there retired to a corner and devoured the whole can. If it had been ambrosia the night before it was manna now. No pineapple picked ripe from a Hawaiian tree ever seemed so delicious, even though we risked cutting our lips and broke all sanitary laws by taking turns drinking the juice out of the can.

In the foreign teachers' house that evening there were hot baths in a wooden tub that seemed actually to rival our pool in the cove of the Kurobe. We had let the cook plan the dinner. There was hot soup, there was beefsteak, there was no rice and no seaweed, but curiously enough there was pineapple salad.

KEEPING COOL IN CEYLON

Bob Buell (Right) and George Renchard of Colombo Enjoy Surfboarding
TRADE CONVENTION
(Continued from page 12)

and the result has been a shrinkage of trade and increased internal dissatisfaction. He pointed out that, according to a recent World Economic Survey by the League of Nations, the policy of trade restrictions is being liberalized by many nations, and emphasized that the only practical plan for achieving commercial peace is that which provides for reciprocal reductions of trade barriers by means of bilateral agreements which are generalized by unconditional most-favored-nation treatment. “I desire to say, in conclusion, that I am convinced that the multiplicity of trade restrictions which have been resorted to in an attempt to solve the economic and financial problems of individual countries, have aggravated rather than improved the situation in those countries and have reacted harmfully on other countries. Trade destruction has been the inevitable result of what is in effect trade warfare. I believe that the world is now beginning to realize that the only solution to its difficulties is a freer exchange of goods.

“The United States, with its trade agreements program and in other ways, is taking positive action toward that end. Its efforts are based upon the principle of fair and equitable treatment and equal opportunity to all. The United States is leading the way to commercial peace and a new era of prosperity.”

A unique feature of this Convention was the attendance of a distinguished group of delegates representing Canada, Latin America, South Africa, Australia, Japan, China, and the Philippines. At the Chinese-American Anniversary Dinner the Consul General of China presided and addresses were given by the Honorable W. Cameron Forbes, Chairman of the American Economic Mission to the Far East, by the President of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce of New York, and others. The American-Japanese Trade Council luncheon was presided over by the Consul General of Japan and addresses were given by Mr. Forbes, by the Chief of the Far East Section, Department of Commerce, and a message was read from the American-Japanese Trade Council at Tokyo. At the Latin American Section addresses were given by several industrial leaders and officers concerned in Latin American affairs. Other interesting speeches by foreign delegates included addresses by the Minister of the Union of South Africa and by the Secretary for Australia in the U. S. A.

In addition to Latin American and Asiatic problems considerable time was devoted to cotton, tobacco, credit, collections and exchange. Break-}

fests each morning were devoted to the Trade Adviser Service, and the individual problems of various exporters and importers were discussed informally throughout the sessions. The main interest, however, of this representative group of American business men was in the trade agreement program. The final declaration of the Convention included recommendations regarding shipping, exchange, finance, air mail and relations with Latin America and Asia, but two resolutions were of particular interest to the Department of State:

(1) “This Convention rejects as fallacious and destructive of normal world trade relations the theory of a bilateral balancing of trade . . . National self-containment has no place in the economic policy of the United States. . . . The task before the United States is that of reopening the natural channels of world commerce by trade agreements with other countries. . . . The Reciprocal Trade Agreements program has the support of this Convention. . . . The agreements made by the State Department during the last year have been beneficial to our export and import trade and are thereby contributing to domestic recovery and demonstrating that prudent negotiations do improve international trade relations without impairing the general domestic welfare. . . . We commend the Secretary of State for making the policy of reciprocal trade agreements effective. . . . This Convention urges that the reciprocal trade agreements policy be made permanent.”

(2) “Governmental activities designed to rebuild foreign trade will fail of full accomplishment unless adequate appropriations and personnel be provided to meet the increased demands arising from expansion of foreign business through the operation of the reciprocal trade agreements and the necessity for dealing with complex problems. . . .”

The officers who attended this Convention as representatives of the Departments of State and Commerce were able to assist individual business men in meeting their problems. Exhibits arranged by the Department of Commerce and the Department of State, together with addresses and informal conversation, informed the industries as to what the Government is doing to solve current problems. The officers were able to report that the present foreign trade policies of the Administration appear to have the wholehearted support of the important industries represented at this Convention.

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Pen and ink drawing by Jerry Lee Smith
SERVICE ARTIST

Jerry Lee Smith, seventeen year old daughter of Consul E. Talbot Smith, Milan, who has been studying art for the last two years, gave her first "one-man" show at the Casa d'Artisti in Milan, October 8-18, 1935. The exhibition consisted of thirty pen pictures of Italian landscapes and scenes and was enthusiastically praised both by the public and the press.

The introduction on the invitation was prepared by Giovanni Mussio, and is quoted below, in translation:

"Not many words are needed to introduce Jerry Lee Smith. She is an authentic American from New York, scarcely 17 years of age, daughter of the United States Consul in Milan, and like her father who many years ago was captain in the American Army Ambulance Service in Italy at Cima Grappa—she is very fond of our country which first inspired her work as an artist. It is necessary to add, even in this brief biography, that she is also an exquisite artist, an artist by instinct, spontaneous, attentive, effective and gifted with all the qualifications and possibilities necessary to create works of greater importance and larger proportions.

"The thirty pictures which she now exhibits at the Casa d'Artisti indicate, better than any opinion of ours, what may be expected of her in the field in which she specializes: black and white. However, we must call special attention to a few of the drawings exhibited: Moltrasio, sailboats at the Lido of Venice, rustic scene at Porta Ticinese, and note with particular satisfaction that Miss Smith, who spent all of her life in foreign countries accompanying her father to China, Germany, Norway, has given preference to the Italian landscape and has asked an Italian teacher, Giuseppe Calli, to show her what form to give to the pictures which crowd her mind and imagination."

One of Miss Smith's works was purchased for permanent display in the Museo di Milano, of the Galeria d'Arte Moderna. Generally this organization buys nothing, but after an artist has exhibited several times he is permitted to present the Museo with a picture for permanent exhibit.

Nearly half of the pictures were bought by the public, which, to quote Consul Smith, is "an indication that either the pictures were very well received or priced too low!"

One of the best of Miss Smith's drawings is reproduced on the facing page.

EPISODE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

ONE beautiful Sunday morning a few years ago, a huge ocean liner rode at anchor on the Pacific, many miles out of her usual course. In fact, it was out of the course of any except tramp ships.

In the distance Hull Island of the Phoenix group—a coral atoll dotted with palm trees, seemed also to be rocking gently at anchor. Between the island and the steamer three miles of sea tossed in the hot sunshine which hurnished each crested wave.

Within the atoll lay a beautiful blue lagoon. On the extreme end of the island a flag staff stood from which hung reversed—an English flag—the signal of distress.

Strange to say it was not this flag which had stopped the liner. Before leaving Auckland, New Zealand, the Captain had received orders to go out of his course that he might leave an accumulation of mail for the white overseer of the island. That was all.

A few moments after the anchor had been dropped, a tiny spot appeared on the water. This soon developed into a dug-out canoe, catamarau rigged, such as is used commonly by the South Sea Islanders. When it came alongside, the passengers, crowding the deck above and leaning over the rail, saw that the little craft tossing below, contained one white man and three natives. The white man, gaunt, and haggard, began to tell a pitiful story of isolation, sickness and almost starvation.

Four years before Hull Island had been leased to a man named Lever to exploit the trade of copra. and this man in the dug-out, whose name was Schafer, had been sent there with his family as overseer of the natives of whom there were about twenty-five. A little more than a year before that lease was signed over by Lever to an export company, which almost immediately after, went into liquidation. Lever had neglected to inform Schafer of the change, and when the company failed, it, too, sent no word to the overseer. As the Phoenix group of islands is out of the regular path of ships plying between America and Australasia, this white man and his family had been completely isolated for months, sick and hungry, and only the fact that a few letters had accumulated for him in a far away New Zealand post office, had prevented a greater tragedy from taking place in a few more weeks.

It was difficult for those above him to understand the speech of the man at first. But he explained that he had lost his upper set of false teeth a few months before. "I have been trying
to get off from this island for a long time. We have no food except what fish the natives can catch and the fruit that grows here, such as coconuts, pineapples, and papayas. My wife and two children are ill and three of the natives. When questioned as to the nature of the diseases, he said one man had rheumatism in his back, another had some sort of fever, and the third had an abscess under his arm. He did not say what was the matter with his wife or children. "I have done what I could for them but I have no medicines."

Earlier that morning, when the news that the ship was to make this unusual stop had spread among the passengers, many had given magazines and cigarettes to the purser to be put over with the mail. The stewardesses had also made up a purse among themselves, and bought some mineral water as their contribution. But when Schafer saw these rolls of papers and magazines being lowered into his boat he called up, "We have enough to read, we need food and medicines. Give me food and medicines." Then he begged to be allowed time to go back to the island and bring out a larger boat, as the dug-out had room for scarcely more than the four men.

Every passenger on that ship would have been glad to be delayed many hours for the sake of loading up a boat full of necessary food and supplies. But the Captain answered back to Schafer's plea, "No time!" Again he begged and held up his hand full of the beautiful and unique feathers of the boswain bird. "These are all I could grab in a hurry when I saw the ship," he called up to the officer, "please give some to every woman on board. And I have a big green turtle on shore I will bring you if you will only let me go back for a bigger boat. I want to get..."
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off the island, we are ill, we have seen no ship for over eight months. The last one to call here left only a small supply of foodstuffs. We are hungry—we need food and medicines."

So as quickly as possible a small supply of meat, rice and flour was brought on deck and lowered into the canoe and a few bottles of whiskey and brandy, and the doctor sent down some medicines. But what a pitiful quantity it was out of all the supplies with which the refrigerators and store-rooms and hospital of that great ship was filled. Of course the Captain of a big liner is responsible for the safety and health of his passengers and crew and must not expose them to contagious diseases except in cases of absolute emergency. But everyone on board that ship felt that this was an emergency when the Captain should have done everything in his power to relieve the sufferings of those marooned on that island, with no means of communication with the outside world.

Everyone who heard Schafer's plea felt that the ship should wait until a large boat, the larger the better, could be sent full of everything necessary to keep alive and well this little group of forgotten humanity until they could be taken back to civilization. But again the Captain said "No time" and ordered the anchor up and full speed ahead. There were few dry eyes among the passengers as the ship slowly pulled away from the little canoe rocking on that sunny sea with the sad-faced Englishman bravely waving his hat as long as he could be seen. No one felt it was right to leave him there and when three torpedoes were fired as a farewell salute it seemed like a jeer at his loneliness.

Later that day a deputation of men went to the Captain and asked that a wireless message be sent to Suva, the Capital of the Fiji Islands, telling of Schafer's miserable plight and asking that a ship be sent to take him and his family away. And these men paid for the message.

Many on the ship at luncheon that day felt choked as they tried to eat the food served to them, thinking of that poor little group left behind with scarcely enough to keep them alive. And the women at whose places at table were the bosom bird's feathers, will always remember that peaceful sun-kissed sea, the beautiful island, and that lonely white man standing in his tiny canoe holding up his only offering and saying, "For every lady on board."

Contributed by MRS. WILL L. LOWRIE.

Consul General Lowrie, retired, and Mrs. Lowrie are now living at 217 North Royal Street, Alexandria, Virginia.
the group of sixteen Smith College juniors attending the courses of the University of Florence during the current winter.

The unofficial staff of the Florence Consulate was increased during the current month by the addition of one wife, due to the marriage of Clerk Sirio Sodi, who has at last decided that bachelorhood offers one only 50 per cent of life's joy.

BUDAPEST

I once knew a veteran who loved to talk about his experiences in the war. At first he would be patient and gently lead the conversation around to that subject. But finally he became so brazen that, at a dinner party, for instance, he would turn to his partner, swing his fist hard on the table, glassware or no glassware, and cry: “Bang!” Then he would lean over and say: “Speaking of the war reminds me—etc., etc.”

I am even more brazen than my friend! Speaking of Madrid reminds me of a story which I heard many years ago.

An Englishman had just arrived in Madrid and went to a large restaurant for dinner. He was ravenous and wanted a large beefsteak with mushrooms. However, there was the language difficulty: He knew no Spanish and the waiter could speak no English. Finally, in desperation, he borrowed the waiter’s pencil and on the back of the menu card drew the picture of a steer with an arrow pointing to the particular cut of meat he wanted. Then he sketched what he thought was a mushroom. The waiter was a very interested observer, and finally, just as the guest-artist was finishing his sketch, a pleased smile came over the waiter’s face and he triumphantly yelled: “Si Senor! Si Senor!” and rushed for the door. In a few minutes he returned, and what do you imagine he brought?—A ticket to the bull fight and an umbrella!

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Born to the Ambassador to China and Mrs. Nelson Trusler Johnson, in Peiping, December 10, 1935, a daughter.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beaulac, a daughter, in Washington, December 21, 1935.

Born to Consul and Mrs. Richard Porter Butrick, on September 23, 1935, in Shanghai, a son, Richard Porter Butrick, Jr.

Born to Vice Consul and Mrs. Carl Walther Strom on November 20, 1935, at Vancouver, B. C., a daughter, Karen Dorothea Strom.

Born to Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Raymond Eliot Lee in London on October 1, 1935, a daughter, Susan Jennifer Crowell Lee.

IN MEMORIAM

Deepest sympathy is extended to Richard Southgate, Chief of the Division of Protocol and Conferences, whose father, Louis Warren Southgate, died at his home in Washington, November 26, after a lingering illness.

Deepest sympathy is extended to Vice Consul Monroe Williams Blake, whose wife, Mrs. Irene L. Blake, died November 7 at El Paso, Texas.

Mr. William M. Gaines, father of Vice Consul Owen W. Gaines of Bilbao, died on Friday, November 22, in an automobile accident near Atlanta, Georgia. The Journal offers sincere sympathy to Vice Consul Gaines.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Hofer, American clerk in the Consulate at Tunis, Tunisia, since 1921, died suddenly at her home there on October 24, 1935. She had served under Consuls Cookingham, Smith, Nester, Withey and Armstrong.

From a letter which she left to be opened after her death, it appeared that she embraced the Moslem religion approximately eight years ago. Following her wishes contained in this letter, she was buried in an Arab cemetery in accordance with the rites of the Mohammedan faith.

Mrs. Hofer was the grand-daughter of United States Senator William M. Stewart. She is survived by one son residing in the United States, to whom the Journal extends sincere sympathy.

Vincenzo de Masellis, one of the veteran clerks in the staff of the Consulate at Rome, died on November 12, 1935, at the age of 62, having been in continuous service for 28 years.
INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

A language student in the Department submitted the article appearing in the August, 1935, JOURNAL suggesting a possible means of achieving a precise international language.

By an interesting coincidence a somewhat similar idea was at about the same time attributed to the Honorable David J. Lewis, House of Representatives, in an Associated Press dispatch reading:

Representative David J. Lewis, House member from Maryland, who dabbles in science as a sideline, is wondering whether music couldn't be made a universal language.

He doesn't mean melodies whose sad or joyful notes could be understood by men of any tongue—music is already universal in that respect.

What he has in mind is the possibility of a language, based on the notes of the scale, which might be used as a conversational medium the world over.

"Counting the half-tones, there are 12 notes in the octave," he said. Wouldn't these notes provide enough combinations to make a simple language?"

Such a language wouldn't be spoken but sung. It might be hummed, or it might be accompanied by words in language. A Frenchman might sing in French and a Russian reply in Russian, but if their notes were right and each understood the proposed new language of tone, they could understand each other.

"I suppose musicians would raise the objection that the notes would be combined without regard for harmony," Lewis said. "The result would not be melodious, or even harmonious, but just combinations of musical notes. It really wouldn't be music at all."

The Marylander has no plans for working out the language or for trying to get it used. It is just a random idea, he says, but he is wondering whether some one couldn't do something with it.

FRENCH

(Continued from page 12)

occur to me at the time.

"Oui," he assured me, holding up a cane, evidently just reclaimed. I cast prudence to the wind, and scurried down the stairs, feeling at last that my goal was near.

The underground storeroom was a catacomb of umbrellas, each in its proper niche, evidently, for as soon as my turn came, and my declaration had been examined, the "rouge soie," "tête de bois" umbrella was deposited in front of me.
“Ah, oui, bon, bon,” I exclaimed, reaching for it. “Mais, non.” Official red tape does not unwind itself that quickly. I was not allowed to touch the precious “objet trouvé” at all. I must return to the major-domo above, it seemed, and show him some new hieroglyphics on my paper. These appeared, on the whole, satisfactory to him, and he abruptly demanded “argent.” I asked how much and for what but his reply did not enlighten me.

“Pour vous?” I inquired as sweetly as possible. This sent him into a rage, and I offered him my change purse intact in an effort to pacify him. He extracted several coins carefully, the total amounting to about twenty cents, and entered the sum in the ledger with pains.

“Pour Monsieur Domec,” he snapped. (Monsieur Domec, I afterwards learned, was probably the person who had found my umbrella.)

“Eh bien! Votre passeport.”

From the moment my taxi driver had deposited me in front of this place I had felt that I was being regarded as an “objet de suspicion” by the personnel of the Paris Police Department, but now, when I was unable to produce my passport, as requested, the assumption that I was an imposter seemed justified. Unfortunately I had left my passport at the hotel.

In vain I offered letters, express checks, and other identifying papers. They were regarded coldly. Matters seemed at a standstill. I hated being defeated after having given what seemed like the better part of my vacation to the matter. I decided, in desperation, to throw myself on his mercy.

“Monsieur,” I said confidentially and solemnly, “mon amie est très malade à l’hôpital Américain. C’est nécessaire—pour moi—aller, tout de suite, à l’hôpital avec le parapluie. Vite, vite, aidez-moi, s’il vous plait.”

I thought I had exhausted my vocabulary. Then suddenly an old proverb, class motto back in high school days, popped into my head.

“Vouloir c’est pouvoir, Monsieur, n’est-ce pas?” I entreated beseechingly, with idiomatic fervency. Not a smile. I thought I had lost. He was looking at me very queerly.

“Pensez-vous,” I begged, clutching my forehead for emphasis.

“Allons,” he said suddenly, slamming shut the ledger. He strode authoritatively toward the cellar. I followed breathlessly. There was still a long line waiting here, besides groups of people lounging about with no apparent purpose. My champion marched to the front, and laid my declaration on the counter in the midst of murmured protests from the line. Then he turned and addressed them dramatically. Whatever he said not only held them entranced but drew a crowd of onlookers from hidden recesses of the catacombs. All business ceased. I caught only a few words. “This woman here—American—ill.” Later something puzzling about “perdu la tête,” at which everyone looked at me sharply, followed by the statement that “one demanded the umbrella continually,” and a lot more. It was all too fast for me, but every one nodded, sympathetically I thought, when he finished.

“En avant!” he summoned me, with a masterful gesture. All eyes followed me as I stepped forward. He placed the umbrella in my hands ceremoniously, as one might a diploma, and his manner seemed, at the moment, both kind and gentle. But for some reason I was more embarrassed by this glimpse of mildness than I had been by all his crusty harshness.

I thanked him, and the others, haltingly. Then I fled for the stairs in confusion, but at the foot I turned, waved my umbrella, and laughed. This broke the tension. The crowd laughed, and waved back, and we parted happily.

On my way to the hospital it occurred to me that “perdu la tête” might have a more sinister meaning than appeared on the surface. Hastily I drew forth All You Need to Know in French, and turned instinctively to a list entitled “Emergencies.” Here, almost at once I read, “Elle a perdu la tête”—“She has gone crazy!”
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## SERVICE VISITORS

The following visitors called at the Department on leave or en route to their posts during the past month, their names being taken from the Register in Room 115:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Place of Origin</th>
<th>Post</th>
<th>Date of Registration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ernest E. Evans</td>
<td>Bradford, England</td>
<td>on leave</td>
<td>November 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reginald P. Mitchell</td>
<td>Hankow</td>
<td>on leave in Jacksonville, Fla.</td>
<td>November 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarence Howard Boyd</td>
<td>Quito, resigned</td>
<td>on leave</td>
<td>November 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas C. Wason</td>
<td>Naples, on leave in Newark, N. J.</td>
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<td>November 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph E. Newton</td>
<td>Singapore, on leave</td>
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<td>November 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. A. Dow</td>
<td>Santiago, on leave in Washington</td>
<td></td>
<td>November 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Bliss Lane</td>
<td>Managua, on leave</td>
<td></td>
<td>November 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Paul Tenney</td>
<td>Hamburg, sailing November 20</td>
<td></td>
<td>November 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles S. Reed</td>
<td>II, Shanghai, temporarily assigned to Dept.</td>
<td></td>
<td>November 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James R. Wilkinson</td>
<td>Leghorn, on leave</td>
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<td>November 18</td>
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<tr>
<td>Augustin W. Ferrin</td>
<td>Malaga, on leave</td>
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<td>November 18</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert Harnden</td>
<td>Barranquilla, sailing November 23</td>
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<td>November 18</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. Russell Engdahl</td>
<td>Calcutta, on leave in Spokane, Washington</td>
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<td>November 19</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. F. Hawley</td>
<td>Glasgow, on leave in New York City</td>
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<td>November 19</td>
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<tr>
<td>James P. Moffitt</td>
<td>Stuttgart, on leave</td>
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<td>November 19</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. J. Clarke</td>
<td>Victoria, Brazil, on leave in Maryland</td>
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<td>November 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Katherine A. Egerton</td>
<td>London, on leave in Washington</td>
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<td>November 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Franklin C. Gowen</td>
<td>London, on leave in Washington</td>
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<td>November 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arminius T. Haeberle</td>
<td>Dresden, on leave in St. Louis</td>
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<td>November 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walter N. Walmley</td>
<td>Jr., Habana, en route to post</td>
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<td>November 21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry W. Ward</td>
<td>Santiago, sailing November 29</td>
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<td>November 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>V. H. Blocker</td>
<td>Belize, on route to new post</td>
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<td>November 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fay Allen Des Portes</td>
<td>La Paz, on leave</td>
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<td>November 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>George E. Chamberlin</td>
<td>Retired</td>
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<td>November 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Allen Haden</td>
<td>on en route to Disarmament Conference</td>
<td></td>
<td>November 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bernard C. Connelly</td>
<td>Melbourne, on leave in Rock Island, Ill.</td>
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<td>November 22</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. E. Southard</td>
<td>Stockholm, on leave</td>
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<td>November 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harold Shantz</td>
<td>Moscow, on leave in Bronxville, N. Y.</td>
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<td>November 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. H. Keeley, Jr.</td>
<td>Saloniki, on leave</td>
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<td>November 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Josephine Pasquini</td>
<td>Habana, en route to post</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kenneth S. Stout</td>
<td>Lisbon, sailing December 3</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>David Thomasson</td>
<td>Helsingfors</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Samuel T. Lee</td>
<td>home leave prior to retirement</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Franklin B. Atwood</td>
<td>Santo Domingo, en route to post</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. O. Spamer</td>
<td>Nagasaki, on leave in Baltimore</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Winthrop S. Greene</td>
<td>Bogota, on leave</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Orme Wilson</td>
<td>Prague, on leave in New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>Emma B. Booker</td>
<td>Palermo, on leave in Cleveland</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Everett Scotten</td>
<td>Princeton, on leave in New York</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. M. Abbott</td>
<td>Riga, sailing December 11</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maurice P. Dunlap</td>
<td>Dundee, on leave in Chicago</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>John K. Emmerson</td>
<td>Tokyo, sailing December 13</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. M. Collins</td>
<td>Winnipeg, on leave</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walworth Barbour</td>
<td>Athens, on leave in Lexington, Mass.</td>
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<td>December 25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Troy L. Perkins</td>
<td>Dairen, on leave</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. P. Young</td>
<td>Vienna, on leave</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert E. Clattenburgh</td>
<td>Jr., Batavia, on leave</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert H. Cousins</td>
<td>Jr., Caracas, on leave in Portland, Oregon</td>
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<td>December 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leonard E. Thompson</td>
<td>Port-au-Prince, on leave</td>
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<td>December 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arturo J. Romero</td>
<td>Buenos Aires, on leave</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh Corby Fox</td>
<td>Berlin, sailing December 12</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 12</td>
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<tr>
<td>John H. E. McAndrews</td>
<td>United States Dispatch Agent</td>
<td></td>
<td>December 14</td>
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## ARMISTICE DAY BOY

Young Arthur Myers, whose name has 11 letters, has the unique distinction of having been born at exactly 11 A.M. on the 11th day of the 11th month of 1924, and weighed exactly 11 pounds at birth. On November 11th, Armistice Day, he celebrated his 11th birthday at 11 o'clock. Arthur was born in Mexico City, and now lives with his parents in Calexico, California. His father, Willys A. Myers, is American vice consul at Mexicali, across the International Boundary.—From “Believe It or not.”
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