

The **AMERICAN
FOREIGN SERVICE
JOURNAL**

VOL. 19, NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1942





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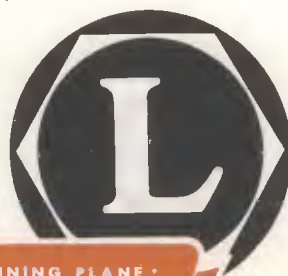
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NOVEMBER, 1942



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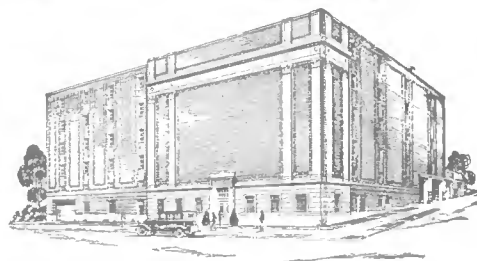


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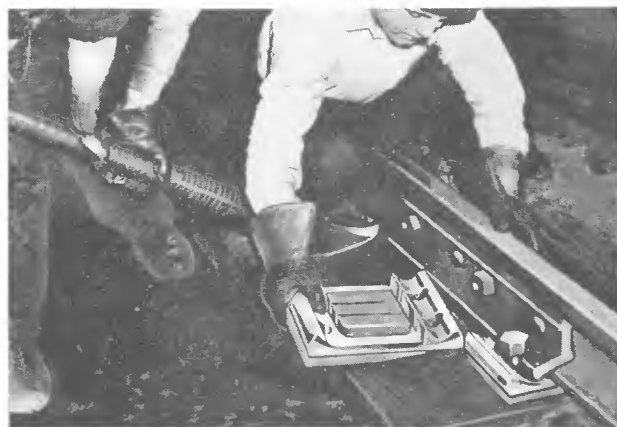
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THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL



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VOL. 19, No. 11

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOVEMBER, 1942

The British Scene

By HAROLD BUTLER, *H.M. Minister, Washington, D. C.*

TENSION is the key-note. The whole country is stretched taut. Every home and every individual is under strain. The war pervades the daily life of every man, woman and child. It is not just the fact that the enemy is only 20 miles away at the nearest, only 500 miles at the farthest point. The drone of the Heinkels and the Dorniers, menacing but invisible in the night sky, is familiar to every human being in England and Wales and to most in Scotland. They do not any longer come every night but they may come any night. The crash of bombs on crowded cities and the spatter of machine guns in lonely villages are no longer of daily occurrence, but no one can exclude them from their reckoning. They have become familiar notions, part of the normal routine of war, but few people who have heard them can dismiss them altogether from their minds. They know that the great air offensive on Germany will sooner or later provoke retaliation, but they also know that war means danger for everybody and they are prepared to take their chance. They have acquired a fatalist philosophy, but it brings no relaxation of spirit. It means subconscious tension.

To that is added the anxiety of the millions who have husbands, sons and brothers in thousands of ships, in thousands of planes, in the sands and swamps and jungles of Africa and India, Syria, Iraq and Iran, in the island fortresses of Malta and Cyprus. Theirs too is a subconscious tension, but it is always there. There is hardly a family which does not know it from the richest to the poorest.

But these subconscious stresses are both increased and relieved by the strain of positive effort. Those who cannot fight, work. The whole nation without exception is under discipline. To save shipping, food has been cut to the minimum necessary to maintain life and energy. It is evenly divided: only those who work hardest in the mines, the factories and the fields have a little more than those who sit at desks. There are few complaints, because rationing is the same for all.

The principle of service has been applied to every man between 18 and 65 and to the vast majority of women. By scientific grading and selection every available able-bodied man has been drafted to form the largest navy, army and air force which the country can possibly raise, running into many millions. But by replacing men by women from all walks of life, by cutting down civilian production to a minimum, by sacrificing most of its export trade, the country has succeeded in paralleling a huge military effort with a huge industrial effort. Though it is only as large as the State of Wyoming, its population of 46 millions has built up an industrial output rivalling that of Germany with its 80 millions and its millions of auxiliary slaves. It has already equalled the German production of aircraft, but only by the most rigorous economy of labour which has enabled 100 British workmen to make as many planes as 170 German workmen. It has made good the loss of every warship lost at sea—and the losses have been very heavy—and has built hundreds of cargo vessels to replace the depredations of the

submarine. Though every shipbuilding town has been bombed, more ships are being built and repaired than in the first world war—and with 100,000 fewer men. And although the greater part of the adult population has been organized to fight or to produce weapons of war, the fields are yielding more food than at any time in British history. Here, too, the close organization and rigid supervision has enabled much to be done with few hands.

But effort does not begin and end with the day's work. Transportation is cut down to the bone to save coal and gasoline. Trains are few and terribly crowded. Private motor cars have disappeared, unless the owner is in some essential form of national service—and even he gets a severely limited ration. Buses and coaches are reduced to a minimum, so that the worker only travels to and from his work with effort and discomfort, waiting in queues for a place, often standing most of the journey. And when a long day's work is done, there is usually more to come. The men have their Home Guard or Civil Defense training or fire-watching. So many nights a month they stand by with their rescue squads or first aid parties or their fire brigades or patrol the streets as wardens or fire guards—and in all these jobs the women take their full share.

As for the housewives they are under as heavy a strain as any. How to economize food, clothes, soap, fuel and light fills their thoughts during every working hour. There is no escape from these insistent problems. But that is not all. One house



The Honorable Harold Butler

in every five in the country has been damaged by bombs. Room is very scarce. Every house is crammed to capacity. War-workers drafted into new factories, women and children evacuated from the great cities, refugees from Holland, Belgium, France and Norway have somehow to be accommodated. How it has been done no one could quite say. It has been done, but not without a continuous strain in millions of homes.

And yet despite the tension the British people are neither nervous nor depressed. When they get the chance they dance and sing and go to the movies, and enjoy themselves greatly. In the long hours of the black-out when the streets are too dark even for walking, they read and listen to the radio more than ever before. They take the bad news with a grunt and the good news with sober elation, allowing their spirits neither to soar too high nor to sink too low. They have passed through many dark hours of acute anxiety and bitter disappointment, but by perseverance and endurance they are quite sure that the enemy will be finally worn down and destroyed.

They know there is no alternative. They are buoyed up by the same resolution, the same exhilarating sense of decisive battle, that helped them to stand alone against the powers of evil for twelve long months. The struggle for victory is the overwhelming task of the present. It leaves few of them the leisure or energy to think far ahead, but at times they allow themselves to dream of the brightness of the future, when the darkness of the blackout is dispelled and the nightmare of war has vanished.

Excerpts from an Address by Ambassador Grew

Delivered to the Staff in Tokyo, May 30, 1942

FOR many years, according to the traditions of Memorial Day, we have annually on May 30th decorated in the cemetery in Yokohama the graves of the American soldiers, sailors and civilians who are buried in Japan, and our Naval Attaché has annually placed a wreath on the water off Yokohama in memory of those who died at sea. These ceremonies, carried out with simple reverence, were symbolic of the American spirit: we do not, we cannot ever forget those who gave their lives for our country, whether in the heat of combat or in carrying out other duties aimed to create conditions in which combat might never occur. The American soldiers, sailors and civilians who are buried in Japan were fortunately in the latter category. Who shall say whether it is the warriors in battle or those who work for peace before war intervenes that best serve their country? Many an American has lived and died abroad without fanfare, yet who labored loyally, unselfishly and patriotically for what he considered to be the highest concept of his nation's good. But when war comes, when freedom and righteousness and law and order are confronted with lawlessness and disorder and slavery and the predatory instincts of primeval man, then:

"Though love repine and reason chafe,

There came a voice without reply:

"Tis man's perdition to be safe

When for the truth he ought to die!"

I have mentioned the occasional moments of discouragement which must have come to all of us during these past difficult months. So far as I am concerned, such moments of discouragement have been but temporary. I have not an iota of doubt of our ultimate victory in this war of the nations. Call it a blind faith if you will. We cannot sit down and prove it as we would solve a mathematical problem. There are too many imponderable factors. Cold logic may ascribe that faith merely to wishful thinking. But there is more to it than that. Let us call it a fundamental instinctive conviction, based on many palpable factors (which to me is just as satisfying as mathematical proof, and if I can pass on to you even a tithe of that conviction and faith to add to your own, it is yours.

Now at last we are going home. I have spoken

of these past months as difficult ones. They have been difficult, in some respects terribly difficult, in varying degrees and for various reasons in the case of each of us. To those who have been separated from their families our sympathy and understanding have been complete if inexpressible. I myself, during these past months, have had plenty of time to survey the ruins of a life's work, as an architect might regard, after earthquake and fire, the ruins of a great building which he had conceived and had endeavored to erect, pier by pier and stone by stone, with a solidity that might permanently withstand the elements. That castle, alas, has crumbled about us. It is not a happy vision.

Some of us, no doubt, will in the future look back upon this experience since last December as a nightmare. Yet to me it will never be a nightmare, simply because it has been the most inspiring experience in a longish public life full of vivid experiences. Here was a group of many different elements, heterogeneous elements if you will, with varying interests, characters and predilections. Human nature is always human nature, and there were inevitable possibilities, if not probabilities, that this little group of ours would fail to stand the strain of the daily and hourly close association of our confinement over this long period. I leave it to you, each of you, to determine whether or not it has stood that strain. My own impression is that no similar group in the same circumstances could ever have stood the strain so well. The community spirit, the desire to share with the others what each could contribute, the cooperation and mutual helpfulness, the abnegation of self in so preponderant a number of cases, and, above all, the cheerfulness and humor that has pervaded our group in its restricted life, restricted both in space and activity, have given me a feeling of the deepest pride that I shall retain as long as I live, just as I shall always retain a close affection for you all. The spirit that has pervaded this group and that has resulted in this splendid cooperative atmosphere is fundamentally and intrinsically American. It is one of the instinctive traits that have made our country great, the trait of community spirit and mutual helpfulness. And as we look back in future on this experience, I

(Continued on page 620)

Pentagon Building

By THE ARLINGTON DISTRICT,
CORPS OF ENGINEERS

THE world's largest building, tremendous enough to provide offices for over 40,000 War Department workers, is fast approaching completion on the south bank of the Potomac not far from the heart of the Nation's Capital. Dwarfing Cheops pyramid, even larger than the Chicago Merchandise Mart, this titan spreads across 43 acres of land on a 300-acre plot once the site of the old Washington Hoover Airport and Agricultural Experimental Farm.

Transformed by this massive structure, old landmarks, low abandoned brick yards and city dumps which for years have wasted the land within sight of the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and Arlington Cemetery have been removed. In their place a mass of limestone and concrete has been built on an area surrounded by parkways which will be eventually surrounded with beautiful parks, plazas, and terraces stretching to a lagoon, the Potomac and the marble columned Jefferson Memorial beyond.

Appropriately named, the Pentagon Building is

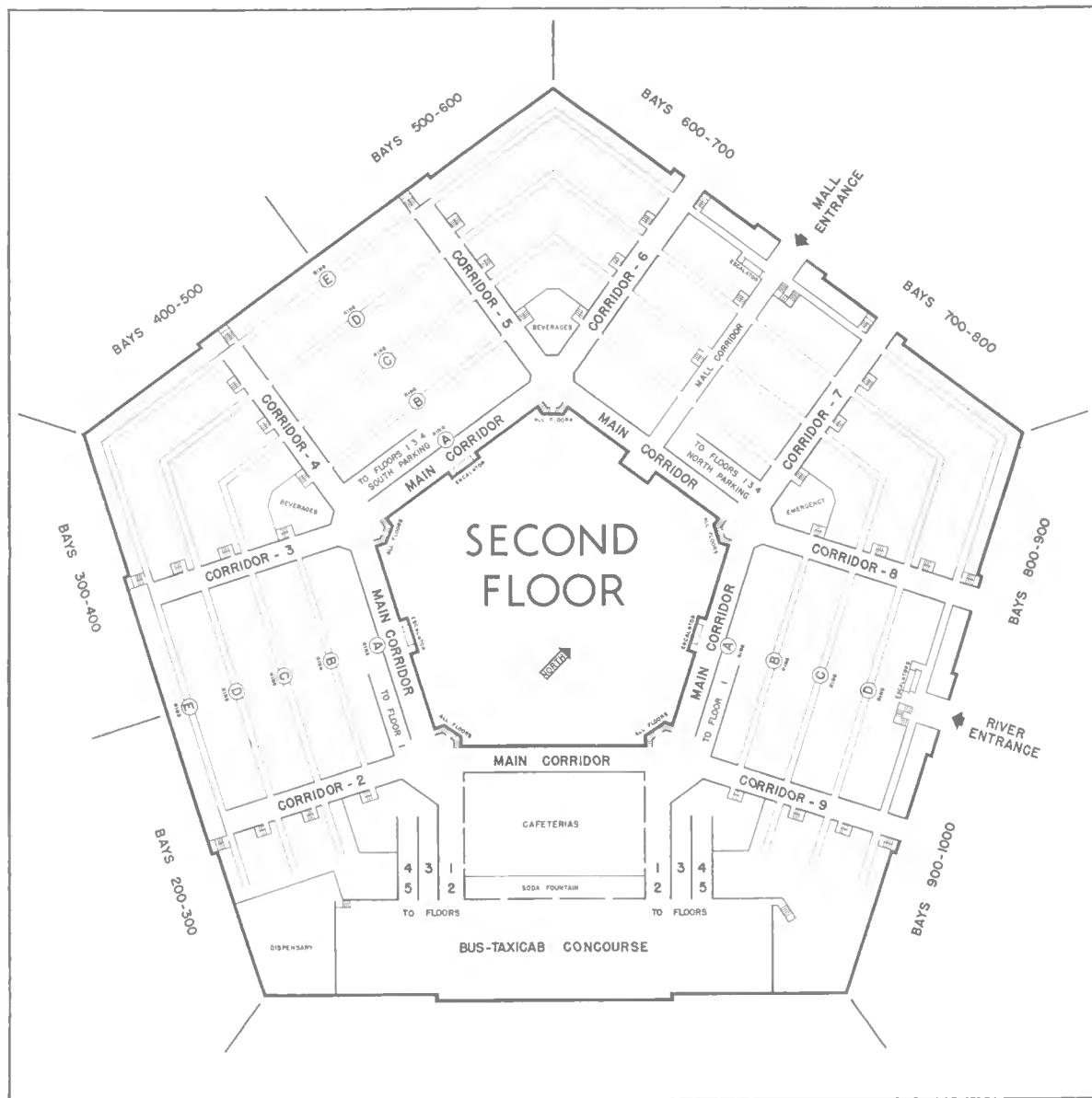
a five-story, five-sided building consisting of five concentric buildings. Each side 921 feet long, the building is almost one mile around its base. It measures 386 feet in width to a center court itself 6 acres in extent. On upper floors concrete bridges span the light wells between adjacent office areas and a 40-foot road in its interior provides for necessary deliveries to all areas.

Not ornate or faced with fancy sculpture, this building is unique in design. Simple yet effective treatment dominates its entrances and its general plan. Its outer walls are faced with limestone while its inner walls are concrete rusticated in a pleasing pattern. A purely functional and utilitarian structure throughout, this building is built to best house the hub of America's momentous war effort.

This building of unprecedented size is five-sided not alone to suit the selected site or to afford advantageous views from the approaches to the building. Once inside its walls it becomes apparent that the Pentagon shape has allowed the development



View of south parking lot showing loading platform to maintenance area of building



of a rapid and practicable system of corridors which reduces distances to a minimum. From a large main thoroughfare circling the interior of the building, corridors radiate out to all offices like spokes on the hub of a wheel. Ramps arranged from floor to floor expedite traffic from the bus terminal and parking areas to offices and avoid the necessity and expense of the banks of elevators a building of this would require. Escalators installed to care for those physically incapable of walking the ramps have been provided and necessary freight elevators have been

included in five central locations in the plan.

Virtually a modern and air conditioned city in itself, the building provides expansive offices, cooled in summer and heated in winter from a large heating and refrigerating plant. Employees work with the advantages of natural and indirect lighting and proper ventilation while acoustically treated ceilings deaden the din of the busy office.

To feed the hungry thousands, huge cafeteria facilities have been provided, with seating for over

(Continued on page 629)

Ranavalô the Cruel, Queen of Madagascar

By SYBIL SAWYER SMITH

"MY predecessors have given you to me. I put my trust in you, and will obey you in all things," thus spoke the newly crowned Queen Ranavalô I of Madagascar to her idols. These were a carnelian the size of a pigeon's egg, and a smaller diamond-shaped emerald. Each was set in the top of a golden staff, and accompanied the Queen wherever she went.

She was seated on her throne in an open square in front of her palace, where she was crowned in the sight of 60,000 people, her loyal subjects. Forty-eight years old at this time (1828), small, slight and graceful as were most of the Hova race to whom she belonged, the Queen looked much younger. It had not been the intention of her deceased husband, King Radama, that she should succeed him on the throne, but what Ranavalô chose usually came to pass, and she had chosen to be Queen of Madagascar.

Her husband, the late King, had been very progressive. In his reign the Malagassy language was first reduced to writing. King Radama himself wrote in Arabic, but rightly judging this to be too complicated for the majority of his subjects, he introduced Latin characters instead. Pronunciation was settled by pronouncing the vowels as in French, and the consonants as in English. Foreigners were welcome. They founded industries and taught their skill to the Hovas, a naturally apt and quick people. Where the Hovas came from is a mystery, but it is thought they originated in Malaya, as they are light chocolate, olive, or a dark cream in color with dark wavy—not crinkly hair. They have always formed the upper class in Madagascar. Officials, professional and business people to this day are Hovas.

British missionaries came, and French priests to teach Christianity and found schools. The religion of the country was a sort of ancestor worship, animism, and idol worship, with the practice of black magic. Sorcerers and diviners were rampant. Weary of their fetishes, the people lent a ready ear to the teaching of a new religion. 15,000 of them were baptized and became professed Christians, attended the mission schools where they learned to read and write. A tremendous sensation was caused when the chief diviner—the blackest magician of them all—embraced christianity, publicly renounced his old beliefs and burned the whole collection of idols and charms in the open square of his capital.

With the accession of Ranavalô I to the throne, all this was changed overnight. Schools were closed and missionaries expelled. Natives were forbidden under pain of torture and death to practice christianity.

"I abhor it that any man should wish to alter the customs of our ancestors," Ranavalô declared. "Is it not I alone who rule? Who dares say the idols are nothing? By them twelve sovereigns have been established, who counted them sacred."

But the Queen went further—"Anyone when asked if a statement is true, must reply—'I swear it upon our sacred idols.' If he does not do so, I shall know how to deal with him."

And deal with them she did. The greatest outbreaks against Christians occurred in 1837; 1840; 1849 and 1857, although by 1837, all the missionaries had left.

All foreigners were to be kept out of Madagascar, and the most fantastic means were advocated. A sea wall was to be built around this, the third largest island in the world, with an area as great as that of France, Holland and Belgium combined. Thus no ships coming from abroad could land. If by chance any did manage to slip through and land foreigners—then a gigantic pair of scissors was to be set up on the road to the capital—Tananarivo to cut them in two. This last idea is so thoroughly fantastic and gruesome that it is in keeping with the whole life and character of this terrible woman.

The Queen did not confine her persecutions to foreigners and native Christians. She was perpetually waging war against the Sakalava tribe. It was her determination that only her own race—the Hovas—were to be left alive, even to them her cruelty was terrible. Ranavalô reduced her subjects to the level of slaves, making them do forced labor without pay, whenever called upon.

An edict stating that all foreigners were to become Hova subjects and do slave labor, finally compelled Great Britain and France to take action. Their combined warships bombarded the port of Tamatave. Then their sailors landed and stormed a Hova fort, but this proved unexpectedly strong, and the landing party was repulsed with many casualties. This happened in 1844, and merely had the effect of making the Queen believe herself invincible and despise Europeans more than ever. Bombardment of Tamatave was a foolish ineffectual

gesture. As a contemporary said of it: "was either far too little, or much too much."

There were a few exceptions to the Queen's hatred of foreigners. Monsieur Lastelle of the firm of Rautoney and Arnaux of Bordeaux was one. He was a man of great intelligence, charm of manner and tact, he managed to keep his standing at Court.

An amazing side of Ranavalô's character was her love of beauty in her surroundings. She admired the latest in European furniture, clothes, porcelains and ornaments. Most of all, she enjoyed Paris gowns. She would pause drafting an edict, or signing a death warrant to look excitedly through the latest hatch of French fashion papers. Her own frocks came from the Rue de la Paix. Monsieur Lastelle was sent to France on purpose to buy the most costly and up-to-date furnishings and bibelots for the tigerish Queen of Madagascar.

Ranavalô could buy anything she wanted from abroad—except materials of war, and these she urgently needed to equip her well-drilled and always busy army. "Governments as such do not deal in munitions," both England and France told Ranavalô when she approached them.

Then unexpectedly Fate sent someone who could supply her needs. A vessel coming from India was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar and among those who swam ashore was another Frenchman, Jean Laborde. Laborde, as it turned out, was a gunsmith and a mechanical genius into the bargain. Before very long he had acquired great influence over the Queen, who always addressed him as "Father," although he was a good twenty years younger than herself.

Laborde set up works near the capital. The Queen



Ranavalô, Queen of Madagascar

gave him carte blanche as to money, and provided him with as much forced slave labor as he needed. Here at Mantasoa, he built an iron foundry, munition works, as well as spinning and weaving establishments for army uniforms.

The Royal Palace at Mantasoa became a show place. The Frenchmen saw to that. They turned landscape gardeners designing fountains and an artificial lake. Stately stone buildings with pink granite columns housed the Queen and her court. These achievements were all the more remarkable when it is remembered, that coal and charcoal had to be brought on the backs of pack animals from a considerable distance.

Laborde wrote to his brother in France:

"I am convinced that in spite of all the crimes of which the Queen is so to speak the cause, she is not as wicked as it is said. She is a good mother, and has still other qualities, which

would astonish those who hear only of the crimes committed in her name. Unfortunately, fanaticism has made her undeniably barbarous."

The son to whom Laborde referred, was Prince Rakotond, Ranavalô's only child, the only human being she feared. Prince Rakotond was in his way as out of the ordinary as his mother. Brought up without any special education among those who flattered him ceaselessly, he was modest, unassuming and gentle. His love of humanity was as all embracing as his mother's hate.

The time came when the Prince could bear the sufferings of his people no longer. When he learned of the massacres of whole tribes—5,000 being put to death at one time, he wrote to Napoleon III, Emperor of France, begging him to send troops.

(Continued on page 610)



Blair House, 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington

Government Guest House

By EDITH S. WRIGHT

REPRESENTATIVE of Washington today is Blair House—for a hundred years the home of a distinguished American family—now devoted to the role of housing the nation's official visitors.

Other famous Washington mansions, renowned for their hospitality, have found their war-time occupation, too. The Larz Anderson house, for example, now accommodates a branch of the Navy Department, Walsh House near it on Massachusetts Avenue sports a large Red Cross flag, and the work of the British Air Commission goes on behind the doors of Andrew Mellon's former residence. These, however, have not had their share of history's spotlight as has Blair House, owned by a prominent Washington family for the past three generations and always providing a meeting place for the men who have shaped our country's history. A true indication of the times, private ownership of Blair House is now over and the Government is in the process of buying the mansion. The traditions with which the house has so long been associated are being upheld with dignity in its new official position and the transition is a harmonious and appropriate one.

Built in 1824, the house was purchased by Francis Preston Blair in 1836 and has been owned by members of that family ever since. It has grown during the years and is now a four-story building with a facade of pale yellow stucco, green shutters and a white colonial doorway. Constructed with numerous rooms for entertaining, it contains a superb collection of Americana as well as many treasures from the continent. A shock might greet the connoisseur who expected to find Blair House a "museum-piece," for the family collected their works of art at random, and no specific period motif bound them down in their selections. The rather haphazard arrangement of the furnishings enhances, rather than diminishes, the charm of the house, in that it thereby avoids the stilted formality of an arranged collection. In the "office," a small room to the right of the entrance, Lincoln offered the command of the Union Armies to Colonel Robert E. Lee who considered the proposal at length before finally refusing it; but it remains a comfortable room, alive with memories and quite ready to afford the setting for future historic conversations rather than retire behind the red-plush ropes of a museum show-case.

Beautiful Aubusson carpets add color to the two parlors on the left, one behind the other, leading to the light green paneled dining room—the latter creating an indelible impression with its charming

portrait of Judith Cary Bell by Copley, beautiful woodwork originally from the Churchill-Ingram House in Portland, Maine, and a view of the garden to the rear of the house, utterly unsuspected heretofore. From the pantry shelves and safes gleam silver worthy of a collector's niches—the best Americana represented by tankards engraved by Paul Revere and fine examples of Kirk, side by side with flat silver as aristocratically simple as is only Georgian.

Upstairs, interest centers on what is now being called "The King's Bedroom." Light and sunny, it is dominated by a huge four-poster bed and leads directly into the family library, now reserved for the "king" or—"commissar's"—personal use as a private sitting-room. Flanked on each end by gracious portraits of Major and Mrs. Gist Blair, the last members of the family to live in the house and both of whom have died recently, this room runs the width of the house. Its walls are lined with books, bric-a-brac covers the tables, and the chairs are deep and comfortable.

Up still another flight, the hall contains numerous classical Currier and Ives prints. Here also is the most intriguing chamber in the entire house, hidden away from the bustle and movement of the rest of the mansion. Serving the owner as a "den," it displays a magnificent collection of early American glass, artfully grouped in cabinets and cases lining the walls.

Upon the death of Major Gist Blair in 1940, the house became vacant. Meanwhile, due to the ever larger proportions of Washington's wartime influx, it grew increasingly difficult to find suitable hotel accommodations for the distinguished foreign officials visiting our capital. A guest house seemed imperative and Blair House afforded the ideal solution. Vis-a-vis from the State Department on Pennsylvania Avenue and correspondingly near the White House, its location was unequaled. The family was approached and they readily consented to having the famous old mansion put to such a dignified and worthy use.

Up to the present, a temporary arrangement has been in effect, the house still being owned by the Blairs. Only while visitors are in residence is the house now run by the Government. Plans for the outright purchase are being drawn up, the negotiations being handled by the Public Buildings Administration. The State Department operates the house, with actual administrative details managed by the Protocol Division.

As housekeeper, custodian and hostess the De-

partment has retained the invaluable services of Mrs. Geaney, more usually known as "Victoria," who has been with the Blair family for twenty-five years. No more competent person could be in charge, and the Department is indeed fortunate to have the running of the house supervised by one who "knows the ropes" and loves the place as does "Victoria."

First among the distinguished foreign guests to occupy the house in its new capacity was President Prado of Perú, followed by the Foreign Minister of Venezuela, Dr. Parra Perez. Harmless and unimportant sounding, a Mr. Brown was next on the lists—none other than the Soviet Commissar of Foreign

Affairs, Mr. Molotov, was shielded by this name, his visit, however, remaining a tightly-guarded secret. After him came President-Elect Lopez of Colombia, followed by King George of Greece and King Peter of Yugoslavia. The most recent visitor has been Prime Minister Frazer of New Zealand who, incidentally, endeared himself to Mrs. Geaney by promising to deliver a watch to her son, a Marine Corps doctor in Honolulu, in time for his birthday.

Blair House is indeed well qualified for this particular appointment and we may take just pride in having our country represented by a setting which epitomizes American traditions at their finest.



In "The Den," the press is usually received by the guests at Blair House.



The library which serves as private sitting room.

"Meester"

By JOHN FREDERICK FRANK

"NO!" the American exploded. And he mumbled angrily to himself as he tried to walk away from a Cuban boy named Chico.

Art had just stepped off the Havana-Pinar del Rio bus. The long ride had been bumpy and he was weary. The sea had been too short for his lanky American frame and he was bruised. The bright summer sun had burned down and kept him in a continual sweat. His boat had landed in Havana the week before, among, as he termed them, the inquisitive, questioning, staring Havanans. Their gossip was as deadly as their black spiders that lay innocently among the black branches. He had muttered about this to himself all the way down on the bus. He remembered with a shiver how closely some people (looked) him over, out of curiosity. Where he came from no one had ever done that to him.

Art had gone to Cuba both for a vacation and out of curiosity. But for every question he asked the Cubans he had to answer ten. So now, in provincial Pinar del Rio, when he heard a strange boy's voice ask, "Meester? Help you. Meester?" he was disappointed and growled out an angry no.

"Look," Art had added, "I'm not interested." Then he had grabbed up his suitcase and stomped off down the dusty main street of the Cuban town. And Chico, the slim, brown-skinned boy in white, followed the Americano, his cacao eyes wide in wonderment.

"Meester? Where do you wish to go, Meester?"

Art would not answer. He would not even turn around. Instead he quickened his steps. But as he did so he was aware that the boy kept saying "Meester" was not the only one behind him. Turning his head slightly he saw some ten young boys, all staring at him with very large, deep eyes. And then he noticed young ladies staring at him with large, mellow eyes from the other side of the scrolled iron-barred windows that reached out to touch the ears of those on the sidewalk. Art was already over-sensitive to stares. Now he shivered as he felt that eyes were even peering out at him from cracks in the stucco house fronts. The whole town was studying him!

Art had an address to a semi-private boarding house, a type numerous in Cuba. He had by now reached the correct street. But he couldn't find a

house number to correspond with the number he carried. So up the mud-rutted street he went, peering at each door. And then back down the street he went. He dripped perspiration in the hot sun. He was tired. And his following admirers had swelled to a crowd of fifteen. He swore.

"Meester." Again that voice, pleasant but persistent, came from his side. Chico was pointing at a certain house door. "Meester, maybe this is the home you want. No?"

"No," Art grunted roughly and he strode on. But as he did so he saw that it was, indeed, the number he wanted. But now he was past it. How could he turn back and go to that door with all these kids watching? He became very angry and glared at Chico, who wondered even more at this.

"Where did the Americano wish to go?"

Art didn't answer Chico's question but he knew that Chico was startled to see the Americano suddenly run back to that house Chico had first pointed out, push on the door, and then disappear within.

Art had landed in a dark, cool room. He was a little regretful of having entered without first ringing the bell. He stood still, hesitatingly, as a small, brown-haired girl, herself a little frightened, approached him from the patio.

"I was told in Havana by a relative of yours to ask for a room here," began Art.

"Wait, please," said the girl. She went out. A shaft of light penetrated the dark room and Art, turning, saw that Cuban boy again.

Art, surprised, asked, "Do you live here?"

"No, meester," Chico said. "And what is your name?"

"My name?" said Art. "Why, I don't exactly know, son. What's yours?"

"My name is Juan Estrada y Ortis but they call me Chico."

"How interesting."

"Will you be here a long time?"

Art did not answer. The girl had returned, followed by a small, well-proportioned man whose face was lighted by a wide, pleasant smile.

"Buenos dias, buenos dias," said the friendly man.

"Buenos dias," answered Art. "I'm from your sister's in Havana. . . ."

"Oh, yes. You are Meester Davis. Buenos dias."

He shook Art's hand warmly. "I am Señor Carranca. Your room is ready for you. And if you want to bathe, that is fixed for you also."

He led Art to a tiled room with a window facing on to the patio.

Art entered the room, shut the door behind him, closed the window shutters, and began to undress to bathe. But suddenly a shutter was pushed open by a brown hand.

"Are you comfortable?" asked Señor Carranca.

"Oh, yes, quite," answered Art, a little embarrassed as he held his pants to cover himself.

"Very good," said Señor Carranca. "We will see you soon." He smiled and disappeared from the window. Art didn't know whether or not to close the shutter again so he finished his undressing in the darkest corner of the room.

He was disturbed a little. Did they think this was a social visit? They were so damn friendly. He must make it clear that he was a paying boarder just as the Cubans who were boarding here. In fact, just like the people who were walking back and forth now before his window, peeking in each time they passed to see what the Americano looked like. Art couldn't find it in him to slam the shutters in their frankly curious faces, so he undressed as hurriedly as he could, tearing off buttons as he did so.

After his bath Art left his room and found the whole household, from a withered, centenarian grandmother to two brown babies, waiting for him in the patio. Art was asked to sit down. Each remarked on the weather. Then they all asked him general questions, such as on "alla," the United States. Slowly the questions became more personal. When Art answered sarcastically it was considered American humour and they all laughed. Then the grandmother asked him if he had a sweetheart and would he like one here, looking as she did so at a pretty niece. Art hastily rose and excused himself. He must walk about to restore circulation after the long bus ride, he explained. He quickly slipped out the front door; stopped a moment to sigh with relief.

"Hello, meester." Chico was waiting for him.

"God!" said Art. And he started down the street. It was late in the day, that time when villagers sit relaxing on their tile porches. As Art passed each porch comments would be made on him, clothes, his long legs—everything. Art's face reddened. And as he continued down the street he felt more and more uncomfortable. Frequently a "Hello, meester." would float out to him from the depths of a porch. They were very, very friendly people. Too goddam friendly, Art muttered. Then he began to jerk insolently his hand at a starrer as

a greeting, but in an affected, insincere way. However this only brought the starrer out from his porch, all smiles and pleasures, ready to greet Art.

The American walked more briskly. As the town was not large he soon reached the dead end of the street and, feeling he must escape, hiked into the luxuriant growth that surrounded the town.

Art picked his way carefully through the honeycomb of red-flowered bushes, over fallen palm branches, around thorn clumps. The relief of escaping from the prying curiosity of the townspeople made him forget the passage of time.

It seemed but a few minutes of walking had brought him to a small and untrammelled, virginal clearing. Here he sat on the earth and relaxed. He chewed tips of grass, and gazed around him. He observed that the little wooded hill was not basically different from the woods he used to play in near his boyhood town. But then, how could the people that lived here be so different? It was an amazing phenomenon to him, these people of Pinar del Rio. Actually like dream people. Maybe this was all a dream! If it were he fervently wished that it would end.

The mosquitos had found Art and were busy. He no longer could sit still so he rose, waved a mist of them away from his head, and started to re-enter the woods to return to the town. But as he did so it occurred to him that he was not going in the right direction. Puzzled, he stepped back into the clearing again and began searching for signs of his first entrance, a crushed palm leaf perhaps, or a broken stem. But everywhere he searched the clearing edge looked untouched and fresh.

The sunlight had begun to fade with coming of evening. Art had been searching for what seemed hours for a way out of the little clearing. He was becoming uneasy, and visions of a night in the woods began to worry him. The mosquitoes were biting him more frequently, and even their size had increased, it seemed to him. Suddenly Art felt he was not alone. His body tensed. He glanced around. A white-clothed figure stood motionless on the edge of the clearing. Art peered at it. It was Chico.

Art felt a wave of relief empty out of him. But, trying to appear unconcerned, he said, a little too casually, "Why, hello there, Chico. What are you doing around here?"

"Oh," said Chico vaguely. "I was gathering these wild roses for the home. They grow very beautiful here, just off this clearing on a *loma*, by a clear, clear, pool." He lifted the wild red roses he held in his hands. "Do you not like them?"

"Yah, sure I like the flowers. They're ok, nice."

Cuban
Street
Scene



American Photo Studios, Habana

"You like flowers, no?"

"Yah, sure I like flowers. They're ok."

"We love them," Chico said, simply. "Pretty flowers and pretty people. And then at evening, with a guitar, we dance maybe. You dance our dances, no?" He artfully breathed in the perfume of the roses. His white teeth shone in the dusk as he smiled and added. "That is what we live for, meester. Pretty things—especially pretty people." He chuckled a little. "I have an uncle who is poor. So very poor he does not eat. But his white suit coat, it is clean, always clean. You have a white suit coat?"

"Is that right? Well." Art was impatient to leave the clearing but he knew he couldn't find his way out unless he was with Chico, so he just stood and slapped at mosquitoes—and ignored Chico's questions that came after every statement.

"You no see the deer here before in the clearing?"

"No."

"They always come down. They are very friendly—and even inquisitive. If they know you they sniff at you with their wet noses, so close sometimes that it tickles." He giggled at the thought of this. "But perhaps they were frightened of you. Do you think?"

"I neither know nor care." Art gazed around him.

Chico stopped breathing in over his roses. Then the Americano did not love him? To Chico there was no in-between. One either loved or hated. So the Americano hated him—and he felt bad way down inside of him. Art, if he had looked, might have seen this in Chico's face. Momentarily, as hate creates hate, the Cuban boy's eyes had smoldered. But this had passed quickly again and only a deep hurt look remained, as in the eyes of a wounded doe who begs for explanation at the approach of its hunter.

"I am going back now," said the boy. He looked at Art.

Art didn't answer but started off instead and headed in the direction that Chico seemed to have pointed out the pool lay. He pushed into the dense foliage, stopped to watch Chico slowly leave the clearing on the other side to return to the town, marked the place in his mind, then with a sigh of relief, continued on into the woods.

Art worked his way through the density, passing through open spots wherever he found them. Soon he felt himself going over a small *loma* or hill, such as Chico had described. But when he reached the level woods once more no pool was there. Instead

there was the same heavy, lush greenery; the same tangled, close-knit undergrowth, dank and cruel.

It was nearly dark now and Art again was uneasy. He debated whether to push on and see the pool that Chico had interested him in in spite of himself, or whether to return to the clearing. A branch came out of the dusk near his head, then disappeared again. Art didn't stay to investigate. He turned and began to retrace his steps to the clearing.

The woods grew as he walked. No longer were openings in the foliage to be found. Strange shapes swooped near him as he stumbled along. He hurried now, but his apprehension was as rapid, increasing, for he did not know whether he was hurrying nearer to or further from the town. And then the night had come. . . .

Art had stopped his hurrying. A strange calm was over him. He did not allow to enter his consciousness the tales of things that happened in the woods at night. Rather he thought slowly and clearly. He would light a fire. A large fire. And perhaps some townspeople would see it and come to find him. Perhaps Chico would help them. Art groped around in the dark, collecting bits of dry wood. He shivered a little as his hands would slide along a fungus growth or he pricked by a sharp something. He gathered the wood into a little pile and, from the steady flame of his cigarette lighter, a small fire was started. He crouched to blow and fan it. And he watched as the flames rose, throwing grotesque shadows that danced in and out of the forest around him. He heard noises that he never had heard before. The dream was becoming a nightmare.

All the dry wood within reach was now on the growing fire. Art looked around and saw behind him a small creek bed that reflected the fire in its dampness. A cluster of black branches lay along its edge. He rose, walked over and stooped to pick them up, one by one. As he did so a spidery object moved, and Art felt a sudden sharp pain in the fleshy part of his hand. He dropped the branch. He looked at the swelling of his flesh and ice cubes slid along his back and legs. He turned back to the fire, staring at his shaking hands. . . . The shadows danced furiously in rhythm with his heart. Suddenly a white figure appeared across the fire from him, and Art, feeling very tired, sank down on the damp jungle ground. . . .

It seemed but a second had passed and Art was again conscious. He looked around him, bewildered. He saw Chico, a bloody knife in one hand, squatting before him and wrapping something around his hand. Then he realized his hand was aching. Chico looked at him and said,

"I am sorry I have to cut into you, Meester. But it was the only thing." There was blood on his lips as he spoke. He gently wiped it off.

Chico smiled, his large eyes twinkling.

"I think the spider it does not love you."

Art was helped to his feet and, leaving the dying fire, he was lead out along the creek bed. The moon was bright now. Art walked slowly behind Chico, feeling weak—and also strangely humble.

"These mosquitoes are bad, no?" said Chico.

"And how!" agreed Art, feebly slapping his neck.

"They can drive you *loco*, unless you are used to them."

The two proceeded on in silence, Chico pushing small branches aside for the American to pass through.

"You know, meester," said Chico, "I think you do not like us."

"Why?" said Art, "what makes you say that?"

"Then why else do you go in the woods, among these mosquitoes? No, meester, you do not like us. But," he added, "I think I know why now."

"Why?" asked Art. He knew, though, what Chico would say.

"Because we like to know all about everyone. What they do, how they feel, what they think. But that is all we live for, you could say."

"Oh."

"But it is not because we want to hurt each other. It is because—well—because it is interesting to do. And," added Chico, his cacao eyes sparkling, "when an Americano comes, bueno, he is for all of us."

"Why?" asked Art. For the first time he realized that if he asked questions, no questions would be sent his way.

They talked on the return through the woods to the town. The American asked the Cuban boy about the town life; how the people made their living. And Chico told Art of the large *fincas* or ranch-farms which covered the land beyond. How the people who owned them were very wealthy and the people from the town who worked on them growing the sugar and tobacco were very poor. But as long as there was music and flowers—and love, Chico said, money was a thing to laugh at.

Art understood what Chico meant by love. For one thing he knew that here one hardly ever kissed his girl. Just being with her was enough. And most people were considered married when they lived together, love and not law binding them. Art was surprised that Chico knew all this too. But it was a thing so strong here that anyone could understand it. Which was probably why even an American like Art could too.

(Continued on page 621)

Switzerland is Fighting Too

By J. ROBERT DENBY

THE Swiss, although nominally neutral, are far from innocent bystanders placidly waiting for the present world wide conflict to explode to a finale. Quite the contrary. The Swiss are fighting, too. Fighting to keep the breath of life in their country's strangled economy. Fighting, also, through both diplomatic channels and the International Red Cross, to aid a disinherited humanity.

Both tasks become increasingly difficult as the war thunders on. Switzerland's predicament on the home front, aggravated by the United Nations and Axis blockades, has forced the government to assume full control over all phases of national economy. Today, Switzerland is a socialistic state. There

are stringent regulations for everything from cutting timber to running a chemical factory or opening a poultry farm. Virtually every business operates under strict price controls. And since the Swiss army must maintain constant watch along the nation's frontier, draining a large percentage of manpower from civilian enterprise, even labor is regimented. Every man up to sixty-five, every woman up to sixty, is subject to labor service.

So far Switzerland has suffered no acute food shortage, largely because of the government's foresight in building up large reserves many months before the war. All citizens were urged, early in 1939, to stock up on a two months' supply of food,



Photopress, Zurich

Due to Switzerland's general mobilization of her army, farms throughout the country are hard pressed for help. General Heuri Guisan has consequently appealed to the nation's youth to give cheerful assistance to peasant families whose masculine members are absent on military duty. This photograph shows a group of students, armed with pitchforks and scythes, on their way to an appointed field of voluntary endeavor.

and instructions were given regarding the type of food to be stored and the best way to preserve it. The government continues to make every effort to increase present reserves. Even so, the Swiss have had to tighten their belts considerably. Coffee, tea and cocoa are hard to get. Sugar rations are a pound and a half per month. Current meat rations are 4-2/5 pounds a month for adults, a pound a month for children. Butter and cheese consumption is also limited, primarily because Switzerland is concentrating more and more upon farm produce, with dairy production falling steadily.

The gradual transition Switzerland is undergoing from a dairy to a farm nation is a direct result of the government's self-sufficiency program, directed by Dr. Fritz Wahlen, head of the Federal Agricultural Experimental Institute. Dr. Wahlen points out that 7.4 acres of pasture land are required to produce enough food for one person. But when this same area is planted with a staple product, it will feed eighteen persons. Consequently, more and more land is being converted to agricultural use. The government's goal is 1,235,000 acres of cultivated land, certainly small in comparison to the tremendous areas farmed in America, but large indeed for Switzerland, whose tiny 15,737 square miles are 23% wasteland, 22% thickly forested and the remainder densely populated.

Swiss ingenuity has been working overtime in many fields. The tobacco plant, for instance, promises to offer relief for the shortage in cooking oil and fats. Experiments have shown that tobacco seeds contain about 40% of a good quality oil

which can be used for cooking without any refining. Under optimum conditions, almost 1000 pounds of tobacco seeds can be obtained per acre. So Swiss tobacco planters have been ordered to permit part of their crops to mature for seeds. If results this summer prove satisfactory, tobacco seed oil may soon be a kitchen favorite with Swiss housewives.

Gasoline and motor oil are also at a critically low ebb. Automobile traffic is strictly regulated. No pleasure driving. And even bus service is limited. Wood-gas is being used by about 2000 autos in Switzerland, but the fuel is poor in quality, and does not supply the power a car needs on tortuous alpine roads. Swiss chemists hope to develop a more efficient substitute fuel in the near future.

Another big headache is the coal shortage—for both industrial and private needs. Fortunately, the country's vast resources of water power supply, as always, an abundance of electricity for the railroads, which are 85% electrified. But lack of coal is felt acutely in factories and "at home." Last winter the Swiss were allotted only 50% of their normal fuel requirements. Heat was allowed only in the living rooms of houses and apartments—except in cases of illness. Consequently, "paper bullets," which appeared during the World War, are again being used. They consist of soaked paper compressed into balls, then dried in the sun. The fact remains, though, that "paper bullets" and fire-wood can supply only a fraction of the fuel needed. In addition to coal, other vital raw materials are necessary if the nation's highly developed industries are to remain in operation. So, in between the devil and



The Central Information Bureau for Prisoners of War, established by the International Red Cross at Geneva, Switzerland, is located in the "Salle de Conseil Général," formerly known as the Palais Electoral. It takes care of the exchange of mail, notification of relatives, the inspection of prisoners' camps and the exchange of the critically wounded. Incoming mail brings from 50,000-60,000 letters daily. Volunteer helpers number over 4,800. This photograph shows a group of workers carefully reading some of the letters received.

the Atlantic blockade, the Swiss concluded a treaty last year with Germany—a highly unfavorable one from the Swiss standpoint, yet justified because it supplies them with desperately needed coal, iron ore, as well as seed potatoes.

* * *

Difficult though the battle along the home front is, the Swiss still find time to contribute enormously toward the maintenance of what remains of international decency. They represent American, British and other allied interests in Axis countries and vice versa. A Swiss consulate or legation man has to be a combination agent-detective-lawyer-postman. His duties may include anything from attempting to restore confiscated property or locating missing persons in war zones, to inspecting and reporting on conditions in civilian detention camps or relaying a message between belligerents.

The Swiss are also doing magnificent work to relieve, through the International Red Cross and national welfare organizations, the sufferings of innocent war victims. The Central Information Bureau for Prisoners of War, maintained by the Swiss-born International Red Cross Committee in Geneva, is doubtless one of the world's busiest spots. Rows and rows of typists and operators of business machines are at work, indexing the names of war prisoners, setting up data which serves as a precious connecting link between separated families and loved ones. The amount of mail handled is staggering. An average day sees up to 60,000 letters delivered to the Bureau. As many as 114,000 have arrived in a single 24-hour period. At present, over 12,000,000 index cards are on file, and the number grows with each successive campaign. After the fall of Bataan for example, the names of 25,000 American prisoners were cabled to the Bureau—probably the longest cable ever sent.

The Central Information Bureau has a staff of 3500 in Geneva headquarters alone, with almost 2000 more in auxiliary offices in other sections of the country. The majority of these workers are volunteers. Only 700 of the entire Geneva staff receive modest salaries. Since most volunteers are regularly employed, they must give up their evening leisure hours. Always the work becomes more involved, more complex as the war flames over wider areas. Especially difficult, even for the polyglot Swiss, is the problem of corresponding in so many different languages.

Particularly heartwarming is the aid the Swiss are giving child war victims through their own welfare organizations. Ever since the fall of France, the Swiss have taken care of relays of 2500 children at a time, each group enjoying nourishing food,

proper medical attention and adequate clothing for 90-day "vacations" in private homes or special centers. At first, only French and Belgian children were accepted. But this past spring the program was tremendously expanded. The new plan includes all children anywhere, and the Swiss increased the number that can be taken care of at one time to 10,000.

From Paris they come, pinched, large-eyed gamins. From Flanders, Serbia and Belgrade. From broken homes and valleys of death. Shy at first, then gradually more cheerful and talkative as they become acclimated to their bright new surroundings. Forty thousand youngsters a year. Thin, weak bodies strengthened. Young lives saved, mended. Yes, for this work above all, which includes the maintenance of milk kitchens and baby welfare stations in most Axis dominated countries, Switzerland will be remembered. Remembered as the neutral who waged a magnificent fight—for all.

FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Electoral College of the American Foreign Service Association was convoked on September 29, 1942, in Room 214 at the Department for the purpose of electing the President, Vice President, and Executive Committee of the Association for the year commencing October 1942.

The Electoral College was composed of the following:

Achilles, T. C.	DuBois, Coert
Ballantine, J. W.	Erhardt, J. G.
Brandt, G. L.	Foster, A. B.
Bucknell, Howard, Jr.	Fullerton, H. S.
Byington, H. M., Jr.	Gray, C. W.
Chapin, Selden	Macatee, R. B.
Daniels, P. C.	Summerlin, G. T.
Davis, M. B.	Ravndal, C. M.
DeCourcy, W. E.	Wailles, E. T.

The following members were elected to the offices mentioned for the year commencing October 1942:

For President: Nathaniel P. Davis, Class I.
 For Vice-President: Charles B. Hosmer, Class I.
 For the Executive Committee:
 Howard K. Travers, Class III, Chief of VD;
 Cecil Wayne Gray, Class IV, S;
 W. Perry George, Class V, Eu;
 Homer M. Byington, Jr., Class VI, CI;
 Andrew B. Foster, Class VIII, FA;
 Alternates:
 James H. Wright, Class VII, RA;
 Foy B. Kohler, Class VII, NE.

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The American Foreign Service Association

The American Foreign Service Association is an unofficial and voluntary association of the members of *The Foreign Service of the United States*. It was formed for the purpose of fostering esprit de corps among the members of the Foreign Service and to establish a center around which might be grouped the united efforts of its members for the improvements of the Service.

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EDITORS' COLUMN

AT the meeting of the Electoral College on September 29, it was voted that the Executive Committee of the Foreign Service Association should submit a panel of candidates for election. Nathaniel P. Davis was nominated to be President and Charles B. Hosmer to be Vice-President of the Foreign Service Association for the year 1942 to 1943. The Electoral College voted the nominations by acclamation.

Both of these Officers are well known throughout the Service for the many years of loyal and able service that they have given the Government as Foreign Service Officers and also for their devotion to the Foreign Service itself. Mr. Davis, for four years Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Administration in the Department, contributed greatly with his unusual administrative ability to improving Service conditions and procedure. Mr. Hosmer has in years past labored successfully to solve legislative and budgetary problems vital to the growth of the structure of the Foreign Service itself.

The Association is to be congratulated upon the election of both of these Officers.

Particularly fitting at this time, however, is the election of Penn Davis as President of the Association. For nearly a year, Penn Davis and a small group of our colleagues have been marooned on the Philippines in the custody of our enemies, the Japanese. They know, of course, that they have not been forgotten either by their friends or by the Department and they undoubtedly have not lacked confidence that every possible effort would be made to effect their exchange. As the months have gone by, the strain of their captivity undoubtedly has increased. From the recent arrivals on the *Gripsholm*, we know already by word of mouth what those who remained behind are up against and we appreciate fully the fortitude they need to face their present ordeal.

Throughout the Service the election of the new President of the Association will be greeted with hearty approval, both for the man and for the circumstances surrounding the choice. We hope that the news of this gesture of esteem taken by the Foreign Service within itself will reach Penn Davis and will bring with it its message that we have not forgotten him and those with him.

The Journal offers up to \$25.00 for articles, preferably illustrated, and up to \$5.00 for single photographs.

News from the Department

By JANE WILSON

Auxiliary and Foreign Service Training

In the September issue of the JOURNAL this column carried a short account of the recently inaugurated intensive training course in the Department for the Auxiliary Service in matters relating to the proclaimed list, freezing control, alien property custodian work, export control and foreign requirements.

On October 1 another school of this type began a five weeks' course the scope of which is somewhat wider, and it is hoped by the Department that the benefits derived by the officers attending will make for the smooth and efficient working of economic and commercial relations between this country and the other American Republics.

The October school included:

(1) Foreign Service Officers recently returned from Far East, assigned to Latin American posts:

BUTRICK, RICHARD P.—Santiago.
EDWARDS, J. DIXON—Camaguey.
FORNES, FREDERIC C., JR.—Sao Paulo.
GROVES, H. LAWRENCE—Caracas.
HOFFMANN, WALTER F.—Rio de Janeiro.
MC CONAUGHY, WALTER P.—La Paz.
RICHARDSON, W. GARLAND—Sao Paulo.
SLAVEN, STANLEY G.—Habana.
WARNER, GERALD—Nuevitas.
YUNI, WILLIAM E.—La Paz.

(2) Newly Appointed Foreign Service Officers:

SANDS, WILLIAM L.—Corumba, Brazil.
SCHMITT, HERBERT F. N.—Bogota.

(3) Recently Appointed Foreign Service Auxiliary Officers:

CONKRIGHT, WILLIAM A.—Mexico City.
CURRY, HUBERT—Lima.
HARMON, ROBERT L.—Santiago.
KELLY, HENRY—Iquitos.
LEBEL, LOUIS—Sao Paulo.
LEONHARDY, TERRANCE G.—Barranquilla.
PATTERSON, A. N.—Unassigned.
PEARSALL, DAVID J.—Osorno or Iquito.
RAY, JOHN A.—Guatemala.
STANFORD, G. ALONZO—Tocopilla, Chile.
WAGGONER, EDWARD—Valdivia.
WOOD, HILTON F.—Guayaquil.

(4) Foreign Service Officers Ordered in from Field to Attend School:

BOHAN, MERWIN L. (Already in Washington)—Buenos Aires.

BURROWS, CHARLES R.—La Paz.

CATLETT, DON V.—Ciudad Trujillo.

CLARK, DUWAYNE G.—Asuncion.

CURTIS, CLION, JR.—Port-au-Prince.

DAWSON, ALLAN (Already in Washington)—Rio de Janeiro.

GLOVER, ROBERT G.—Montevideo.

GREENUP, JULIAN C.—Lima.

HOOVER, JOHN P.—Caracas.

MALEADY, JOSEPH E.—San Salvador.

RANDALL, HAROLD—Buenos Aires.

RANDOLPH, ARCHIBALD—Guatemala.

SOWELL, ASHLEY B.—Panama.

TRIOLO, JAMES S.—Bogota.

ZWEIG, BEN—San Jose.

This latter category of officers have been ordered to Washington to attend this school, partly to learn of recent developments in Washington, and partly to consult with interested Departmental officials on practical details of work of this nature which they have been doing in the field.

(5) Auxiliary Foreign Service Officers Ordered in from the Field:

CONNELL, RICHARD McVEY (Already in Washington)—Bogota.

ROBBINS, WARREN D.—Buenos Aires.

WHEDEBEE, ROBERT E.—Tegucigalpa.

COCHRAN, H. MERLE—Department of State.

GIBSON, WILLIAM—Board of Economic Warfare.

PICOTT, MONTAGU—Division of World Trade Intelligence.

RAMSEY, HENRY COLDWELL—BEW Liaison Officer to Foreign Funds Control Division.

(6) Newly Appointed Officers to the Foreign Service Auxiliary:

COLLINS, ATWOOD (Reported Oct. 13)—Puntarenas, Costa Rica.

HINKE, FREDERICK W.—Lima, Peru. [ama.

LA GUARDIA, LIONEL (Reported Oct. 13)—Pan-

SHULL, FRANK, JR.—Rio de Janeiro.

DAVIDSON, KENNETH M. (Reported Oct. 16)—Rio de Janeiro.

BRADBURY, ROBERT (Reported Oct. 20)—Not yet assigned.

ESTES, STOCKTON M. (Reported Oct. 20)—Not yet assigned.

Heard in the Corridors

... Retired Foreign Service Officer HOMER BRETT hasn't been idle while visiting his daughter in California. The results of his activity came off the press in October—read “Blue Print for Victory.” from his pen. . . .

... MADELEINE HALE, winner of one of the 1939-40 Association scholarships, is now in the Division of Special Research of the Department. She is the daughter of the late Consul BERNARD F. HALE. . . .

... We have just heard that the architect-constructor of the apartment building in Guayaquil in which Vice Consul and Mrs. JOHN SLAUGHTER were crushed in the earthquake last May was of Italian nationality, and skipped town immediately after the catastrophe. . . .

... There are approximately 175 Auxiliary Foreign Service officers. . . .

... DAVID M. SMYTH was a Foreign Service Officer for two years. After he resigned he wrote a book entitled “American Vice Consul.” Read the review of it in this issue of the JOURNAL. . . .

... MILLARD L. KENESTRICK has been appointed Chief Clerk of the State Department. . . .

... There is a move on for the guns and anchors decorating the Department of State to be considered for scrap metal, but they may land in the Army and Navy historical museum because most of them are irreplaceable. . . .

... One got away from COERT DU BOIS off of Tarará not long ago. That's a fish story he didn't tell upon his return to Washington. The whole thing came out, however, the other day when Ernest Hemingway wrote him that the 439 pound marlin turned up on the beach after all. The fisherman recognized him from the wound in his shoulder where the hook had torn off a distance from his jumping. He wasn't dead and the meat dressed out 326 pounds. . . .

... An Airgram came into the Department the other day marked TRIPLE PRIORITY. Pul-lease!

... The Honorable RALPH TOTTEN has written a novel about South Africa. It is entitled “Bush Telegraph.” Also, he is planning an exhibition in November of his oil paintings. Most of this collection are scenes of Florida where he has been staying. And get him to tell you about that big moose he bagged in Canada not long ago. . . .

... We hear that the former Minister to Bolivia and MRS. DOUGLAS JENKINS are gradually getting settled at 2257 Oglethorpe Ave., Augusta, Georgia.

Honorable Mistake

Those long crates stamped “American Embassy, Tokyo,” lying on the ground floor of the State Department Building for many months, reeked with interest—at least the rats thought so. Here is the story:

Once upon a time, before the war, some murals were sent to decorate the walls of our Embassy in Tokyo (we didn't trace the birth certificate of these paintings in the Department's files of ten or fifteen years ago). On the canvases, measuring room-high, are depicted various sepia scenes—there's one of a New York skyline, one of Congress and, among the lot, a Japanese scene. Imagine the dismay of certain offices when our Embassy in Japan shipped them right back to the State Department. The reason: the Japanese scene for one side of the dining room was of such dimensions that the sacred mountain—Fujiyama—was cut, most irreverently, by the pantry door!

It wouldn't seem worthwhile building an Embassy around the paneling, but how about cutting the canvas to fit an Embassy—all but the Japanese scene, which could be left for the rats.

Welcome to Our City!

Secstate, Washington.

295, October 8, 3 p.m.

Department's 42, October 6, 8 p. m.

It is believed that Miss ——— should be advised as follows as no post report has as yet been submitted for ———. There are absolutely no suitable living accommodations here for single women, health conditions are poor, expenses high and distances so great that she will require her own car. She will find little or nothing in the way of amusement or social diversion. Code work will be her principal duties and she will normally work seven days per week.

Doc.

More tales of house-hunting woes are going the rounds. These two we vouch for 'though, because the F.S.Os, doing the hunting told us first hand. One officer went to look at the house for rent at \$250 a month. He wasn't particularly struck with it, but decided to take it as he really needed a roof over his head. He was a bit staggered when informed that a year's rent had to be paid in advance. The other unfortunate house hunter went to put his name on the waiting list at one of the large modern apartment buildings, and found that the list already had been inscribed by two thousand and eighty-two applicants!

ANDREW B. FOSTER

He's handling war and emergency problems in the Division of Foreign Service Administration—and in these times there are plenty of them. However, in spite of his cluttered desk he took time out to act as Secretary-Treasurer of the American Foreign Service Association and during the last year ably conducted the affairs of that office.

Dartmouth and St. John's College, Cambridge, are his alma maters, and to his Foreign Service field experience are chalked up assignments to Montreal, Athens and Salonika.



Sheepskin?

In the Foreign Service Room recently a member of Foreign Service, assigned to a post in West Africa was proudly displaying a "diploma" he had just received from the U. S. Naval Dispensary for having completed the following course of injections:

Anti-Typhoid vaccine—3 doses; Typhus inoculation—3 doses; Cholera vaccine—3 doses; Tetanus Toxoid—2 doses; Cowpox vaccination—1 dose; Yellow fever vaccine—1 dose.

And they are designating the blood count now by letters, which seems to be the international method.

This "diploma" is the kind which has to be kept up to date to remain valid as "booster" shots of some of these vaccines must be taken at the end of one year.

You can tone down your mutterings against the Department because you haven't received those typewriters you requisitioned—and listen to this tale, tapering from sad to glad. For five long months every means was used by the Department to obtain typewriters for the field. Finally, news has come through that a lot of machines, discarded by other government agencies in Washington, have been turned over to the State Department. These will be reconditioned and you will have *something* to use. All of which goes to show that the Department did the best it could not to leave you out on a limb.

The following Divisions, originally located in the Temporary U Building on Constitution Avenue, have been removed to 1712 G Street, N. W.: International Communications, Research and Publications, Office of Philippine Affairs, and the Caribbean Office.

RIME OF THE FIVE H'S

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN—*Sir:*

Five hated Aitches made all free men sore.
Hess went to England, then there were four.
Four hated Aitches sat on the Nazi tree;
A patriot shot Heydrich, then there were three.
Three hated Aitches remain alive, it's true:
Hitler, Himmler, Hermann—but they will soon be through!
The devil has his claws on them, no matter how they yell,
And will take them to the sixth big Aitch—in other words, to Hell.

DAILY READER.

New York, June 29.

Courtesy Carl M. J. von Zielinski.

Translations and copies done by yang lady with perfect English Knowledge and practice in typing.
Phone 18019.—9699

—Courtesy R. F. BOYCE.

News From the Field

FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

ACLY, ROBERT A.—*Union of South Africa*
 BECK, WILLIAM H.—*Bermuda*
 BINGHAM, HIRAM, JR.—*Argentina*
 BONNET, ELLIS A.—*Ecuador*
 BUTLER, GEORGE—*Peru*
 CLARK, DUWAYNE G.—*Paraguay*
 CRAIN, EARL T.—*Spain*
 FISHER, DORSEY G.—*Great Britain*
 FUESS, JOHN C.—*Ireland*
 FULLER, GEORGE G.—*Central Canada*
 KUNIHOLM, BERTEL E.—*Iran*

LIPPINCOTT, AUBREY E.—*Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq*
 LYON, CECIL B.—*Chile*
 LYON, SCOTT—*Portugal*
 MCGREGOR, ROBERT G., JR.—*Mexico*
 MITCHELL, REGINALD P.—*Haiti*
 POST, RICHARD H.—*Uruguay*
 SMITH, E. TALBOT—*Abyssinia, Eritrea, British and Italian Somaliland*
 TAYLOR, LAURENCE W.—*French Equatorial Africa, The Cameroons and Belgium Congo*
 TRIOLO, JAMES S.—*Colombia*
 WILLIAMS, PHILIP P.—*Brazil*

JERUSALEM



Mr. Willkie; Consul General Pinkerton; and Major General McConnell, Officer Commanding British troops in Palestine, photographed on Mr. Willkie's recent trip.

Photo courtesy Aubrey Lippincott

MEXICO CITY

September 21, 1942

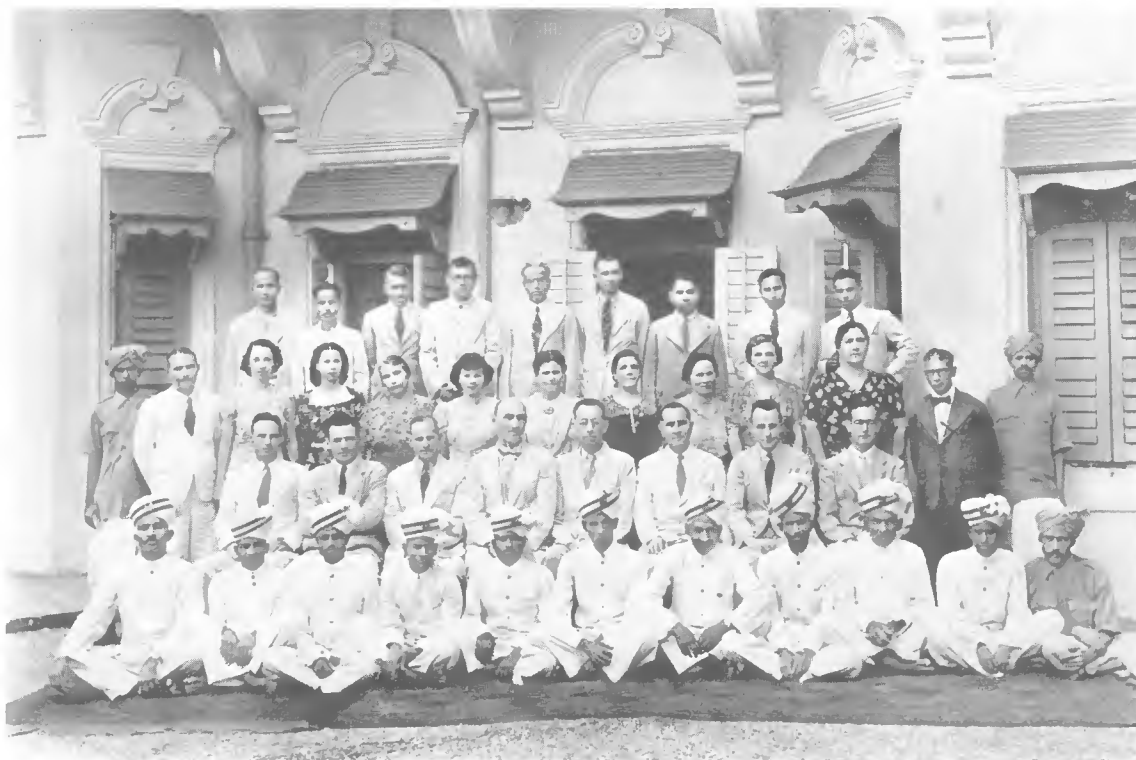
There are so many comings and goings in Mexico now that it is impossible to report arrivals and departures with any degree of promptness or accuracy. However, during September, Messrs. Carrigan and Trimble, Second Secretaries at the Embassy, left for Washington to assume duties in the Department. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney O'Donoghue arrived here from Havana and have taken the house vacated by the Trimbles.

Incidentally, the Department Foreign Service list

for July shows that with the exception of military and naval personnel the number of officers assigned to the Embassy in Mexico City exceeds the number assigned to the Embassy in London, thus making Mexico City the largest Embassy in our service.

In connection with the Mexican Independence Day celebrations and also as evidence of the close collaboration between Mexico and the United States, the American members of the Mexican-United States Joint Defense commission spent a week in Mexico City from September 13 to 20 inclusive.

ROBERT G. MCGREGOR.



AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL, CALCUTTA, AUGUST, 1942

Back row: (left to right) standing—Clerks B. N. Basu, A. C. Dass, C. V. Krishnan, P. N. Dutt, A. N. Aiyer, C. R. Penheiro, T. Subramanian, S. Ramayya, A. Hennessy. Next row: (left to right) standing—Sweeper Banamali Das; Clerks B. Gomes, Mrs. M. E. Chubb, Miss M. Lawrence, Mrs. E. W. Pote, Mrs. D. M. Thomas, Miss R. Teasdale, Mrs. I. Heberlet, Mrs. M. A. Achlimbari, Mrs. J. Grenyer, Mrs. G. LeFranc, S. C. Dataa; Sweeper Banna Das. Second row: (left to right) sitting—Radio Operator Carl Lindgren, U.S.N.; Vice Consul W. William Duff, Consul Carl E. Christopherson, Consul Clayton Lane, Consul General Lester L. Schnare, Consul Robert L. Buell, Vice Consul Martin J. Hillenbrand, Vice Consul Adrian B. Colquitt. Front row: (left to right) sitting—Messengers Mohd. Abbas, Mohd. Tahir Khan, Ram Kisun Sinh, Fathy Modh., Birodhi Prasad, Shew Prosad Panday, Brijkishore Ram, Basir Khan, Ramanand Ram, Rameshwar Prosad; Sweeper Suni Gochayet.

BOGOTÁ

August 17, 1942

The most important event of the past months was the arrival on April 22nd of Ambassador and Mrs. Arthur Bliss Lane. The entire Embassy staff and members of the American colony as well as representatives of the Foreign Office and Diplomatic Corps met the Lanes on their arrival at the Bogotá airport. Shortly after the arrival of Ambassador and Mrs. Lane, they were entertained at an informal cocktail party at the home of Secretary Gerald Keith to which all members of the Embassy staff were invited.

Soon after the Lanes had unpacked and were established in their new residence, Ambassador Lane was obliged to repack and spend the month of July accompanying the then President-elect, Dr. Alfonso Lopez, on his visit to the United States.

From June 5th to June 9th, the Embassy played host to the Consular officers from all sections of Colombia at a Consular Conference. The conference was officially opened by a general meeting at which Dr. Alberto Gonzalez Fernandez, Secretary General of the Colombian Foreign Office, and Dr. Roberto Pinto Valderrama, Chief of the Consular

(Continued on page 628)

The Bookshelf

FRANCIS C. DE WOLF, *Review Editor*

HOW WAR CAME, by Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1942, pp. 342. \$2.50.

The world was familiar with Rainbow papers in the last war. It has seen them continued in the present war with a refinement in the United States—the unofficial White Paper. This book belongs to that category.

It is an official report but without the imprimatur of the government. That does not detract materially from its value because the internal evidence points in one direction—to access to official reports, several of them heretofore withheld from publication, and to official guidance.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is the most complete exposition, from the administration standpoint, of the American phases in the diplomatic history of the war in the period it seeks to cover, from the fall of France to Pearl Harbor.

The authors consider the period “immensely creative” in foreign policy, as creative as the period at the beginning of this century “when the Atlantic and Open Door policies were made articulate.” They expect it will be projected into the future through “curves of policy” that are “likely to remain constant.”

The relations of the United States during the fateful time under examination with Japan, Great Britain, Russia, France, and the American republics, culminating in the “Grand Alliance” of the United Nations, as well as the birth of the Atlantic Charter and the broad bases of foreign policy, characterized by “idealism, consistency and strength,” upon which the government took its positions are set forth in such detail that through very complexity the reading is at times tedious even to the initiated.

The story is not new in general outline. It is, of course, far from the last word. But there are points of refinement, high lights, and some times heretofore unrevealed episodes that constitute a distinct contribution and make the book well worth study.

It is the joint product of two experienced newspaper correspondents, Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. They have written a sympathetic viewpoint, even though they plead objectivity. Possibly the material might not have been made available at this time if officialdom had not been satisfied of the sympathetic approach.

Yet the whole story is not told. That is admitted

in the foreword which says that, whereas there are facts which previously could not be revealed, now “certain of these can be disclosed”; but “there remain gaps.”

Furthermore, the record is not opened until the fall of France. It may not be too hazardous to suggest that much in American policy and action that went before Sedan had an important bearing on what came after.

In general the record, as far as it goes, is set forth carefully and with restraint. There is some times understatement, as when the authors describe the provision in the lend-lease legislation for repairing British naval ships in American yards as “a measure which severely strained this country’s neutral status under international law.”

But as a conspicuous exception there is little restraint in dealing with the isolationists. They are flayed on every occasion. They are sneered at as “vulgar” imitators of distinguished isolationists of the past. Special emphasis is reserved for Colonel Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler.

For the most part, though, personalities are avoided. A painstaking effort is made to set the record straight on what is described as a delaying action on a global scale against the “conquering” Axis powers.

Our relations with France, continually complicated and often misunderstood, are justified in the sweep of the story itself. The primary aim was to keep the French fleet and bases out of Axis hands and to maintain a line of communication to Vichy for common sense reasons.

For long with Britain’s fate in doubt, it was a case of trying to hold the Atlantic line.

With Russia it was first a matter of trying to wean Moscow from the Axis and then, after Hitler had turned on Stalin, to render what aid was practicable and possible.

With Latin America it was a case of promoting hemispheric solidarity against the Axis.

With Japan it was the tragic story, given in illuminating although not complete detail, of adhering to traditional and tested principles, of hoping for the best, but playing for time until the conversations with Admiral Nomura and Kurusu ended with Pearl Harbor.

For the first time the “inside” story is related of the drafting of that Anglo-American “written alliance,” the Atlantic Charter, which aims at disarm-

ing the aggressors and policing the peace until "a genuine association of self-governing nations" is established.

The authors tell of the contributions made to that document respectively by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, when they had been brought together by Harry Hopkins; and how at that time, when the two leaders met off Newfoundland, the prime minister, not the President, favored an immediate break with Japan. Mr. Roosevelt prevailed and later could claim to have won four months' time through the negotiations with Japan rather than three months that he first set as his goal.

Yet the United States was unprepared for Pearl Harbor. All eyes instead were on Thailand and the southwest Pacific. Secretary Hull had warned repeatedly in picturesque Appalachian frontier language that Japan might strike at any moment as the diplomatic conversations dragged on but a smash at the heart of American sea power was not looked for in Washington, nor apparently was the blow expected on the day it fell.

President Roosevelt had banned telephone calls that Sunday afternoon and was lingering over his mid-day meal from a tray in the oval study of the White House. Harry Hopkins was with him in V-neck sweater and slacks. They were seeking rest through relaxation when Secretary Knox prevailed upon the White House switchboard to violate orders and put him through to the President with the stunning news of the attack. The story is graphically told and deserves a permanent place in American annals.

There is little doubt that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull considered Admiral Nomura sincere. Their opinion of Kurusu was quite the opposite. But, one ventures to predict, that historians will search deeper before being satisfied that all is known concerning the consideration in the final stages of the conversations of a "modus vivendi" that would provide a "temporary breathing spell" in the Pacific. Chinese opposition evidently killed this device.

There are many other incidents and anecdotes that properly belong to the records—of how President Roosevelt was disposed to accept an invitation for a conference at sea in the Pacific with Prince Konoye, the Japanese premier, when Japan welched; of how the United States was promptly informed of the threats implicit in the tripartite pact of the Axis and in the Japanese deal with Laval for penetration of French Indo-China.

There was the warning that Undersecretary Welles gave to Ambassador Oumansky of Hitler's plan to attack the Soviet Union, though one sus-

pects that Mr. Welles may not have been completely sure of the information that had been received from several sources. The ambassador took it with salt. Much later there was a second warning from Mr. Welles that Japan had agreed to attack Siberia at an unspecified time. This time the ambassador omitted the salt.

And there is revealed the successful opposition over several months of President Roosevelt to a projected Russo-British compact this year for absorption of the Baltic republics by Russia in the post war settlement. That would have torpedoed the Atlantic Charter. Incidentally, the American press was not permitted to publish the information at the time.

There are many more incidents and details of diplomatic negotiations and maneuvers, as well as characterizations of leading actors in the drama, that cannot be touched upon here because of limited space.

Within its self-imposed limits "How War Came" is an excellent ex parte contemporary account of one of the critical periods in American history. The complete story in its true perspective will not be written for many years.

BERTRAM D. HULEN.

THE ATLANTIC SYSTEM, by Forrest Davis. Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York. 1941. 363 pp. \$3.00.

A trifle pro-British and a little anti-German for the difficult days of our neutrality but quite all right with most Americans since Pearl Harbor. Somewhat inclined to prove a theory at any cost but thereby an excellent argument for the cause it has espoused. So much for possible criticism of this production.

This entertaining and instructive volume combining historical recital with political philosophy has, as the name implies, the surging Atlantic for its stage and the developing Anglo-Saxon democracy for its background. Despite the fact that the early 19th Century found England, a great world power, hanging in the balance between the despotism of Central and Eastern Europe and the liberalism of the Atlantic world. The foreword gives the cue when it says that "modern democracy was flourishing best in the states of the Atlantic seaboard — in both Europe and America" and the entire argument centers in two fundamental thoughts of Admiral (then

(Continued on page 622)

Why is a Horse-Shoe Lucky?

(A Story of Sun-Worship and its Symbols)

By MAURICE P. DUNLAP, FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER RETIRED

"WHY the horse-shoe upside-down?" I asked, pointing to the large, iron emblem fastened over the door.

"So the luck won't spill out," answered the Norseman, chopping at the door-post. They were tearing down an ancient house to make room for "improvements."

"It will spill soon," I rejoined, as the post tottered.

Another stroke, the pillar broke in two. The frame, heavy with carving, toppled; the horse-shoe, loosed from corroding nails, fell with a thud on a rubbish pile.

"Want it?" asked the Norseman, wiping his brow.

"Thanks," I replied, picking it up.

It was too big for a pocket so I wrapped it in paper torn from a wall. . . . "Ha-ha!" said the horse-shoe (or I thought so.)

I removed the paper. That horse-shoe looked old and cunning. It had been painted, perhaps when the door was painted; bits of white paint adhered to it, and red paint. Two nails, long and crooked, creaked as I shook it. That was what I had heard.

I wrapped it again in the paper. . . . "Ha-ha!" came a muffled laugh. So I pulled off the wrapping.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked.

"At what people say," was the reply. (Or I thought so.)

"About being lucky?"

"About being *upside-down*," it corrected in rusty tones. "As though *that* made a difference. Just

shows how people lose their traditions. And so their ideas get twisted. . . . The *Vikings* knew."

"What did they know that *we* don't know?" I queried.

"About horse-shoes, for one thing. Of course they were nearer the *old* tradition," it explained. "Think of those fellows that went to the Crusades with *golden* shoes on their mounts."

"Yes," I recalled, "And when their king would impress the Turks, he made his horse kick off a shoe, just to show them. But how were they nearer the '*old* tradition'?"

"They knew that horse-shoes—particularly golden ones—bring *lykke*. That word, you know, in the Norse, means not only *luck* but happiness."

"In English," I said, "one may have luck *without* happiness."

"The English may have forgotten these things."

"No," I objected, "I've two charms from England, both used for luck; one represents a horse-shoe and one the sun. They're of brass."

"*Golden* horse-shoes were hung on houses here," rejoined the horse-shoe (rather boastfully, I thought.) "There's such a house over there."

The building opposite were even older than the one being demolished. What stately houses these, with stately names, some of them from Viking times. And every house I saw, bore a symbol to suggest its name. One was the "House of the Golden Shoe" and over its portal was a slipper.

"That's a *lady's* shoe," I said.



SUN-RINGS ON DOORS

(Left: From Norway)

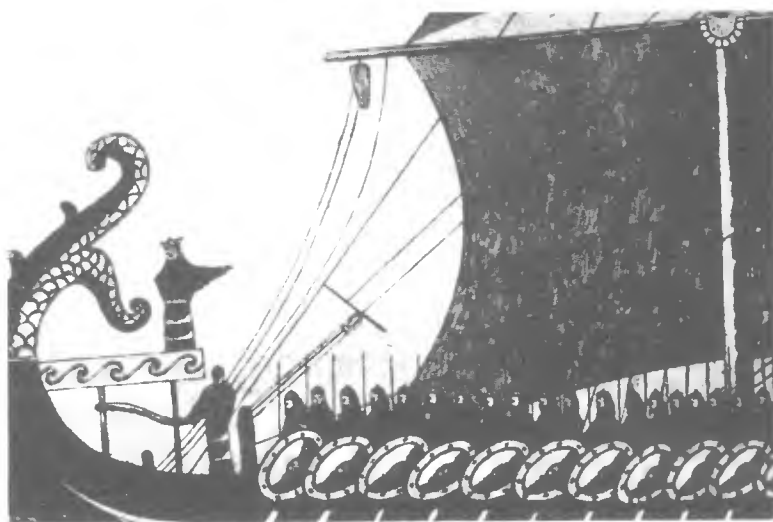
(Right: From England)

Strange and beautiful symbols were used by Vikings on their temple-doors to suggest the Sun . . . Some of these temples became churches but the rings remained. Even in Christian times, the ring itself was regarded with veneration and fugitives from justice, while clinging to it, could not be harmed.

VIKING SHIPS OF THE SUN

(Norway)

The drawing, about 3,000 years old, is on a cliff, probably once an altar to the Sun (retraced by modern Viking). Two thousand years later, in a similar boat, Vikings display their shields as sun-signs.



"Pleases tourists," was the quick answer. "But wise-folk tell of an earlier sign—a horse-shoe, golden—like a disk. . . . Oh, to be golden, like a disk," sighed the rusty emblem.

"Why?" I asked, trying to feel sympathetic.

"Because a symbol for *lykke* should suggest, as much as possible, the Norsemen's greatest *lykke*. This is, and always has been, a disk, round and golden. How they wait for it, hopefully, yearningly, each winter. How their blood mounts, as *it* mounts, higher each day, until they may bring out their ships, faring forth to fight, to love, to live—endowed with new strength and power."

"So the horse-shoe was their symbol for the sun?"

"One of their symbols; they had others. Often they made images of the sun, itself—as on that house yonder."

The house, I noted, was called "Sol-gard" and under its gable was an image of the sun in its glory.

"It looks like one of my brass charms," I said. "Now I understand why they resemble each other."

"The Vikings were artists," remarked the horse-shoe. "They fashioned strange and beautiful symbols to remind them of the sun. They were whimsical; some object, like a horse-shoe, glorified by their thought, passes down to their children with a hidden blessing."

"White magic," I said.

"But those brawny fellows were deeply religious, too. Each symbol where it stood—under the eaves, on the wall, by the door—was a like a prayer: 'God Bless Our Home.' Even a horse-shoe, from its honored place, might send them a thought:

"God sends his Sun in darkest hour,

To bring you *lykke*, light and power."

"God sends his Son," I repeated, "that's Christian ritual."

"God sends his *Sun*," repeated the symbol, "is an older ritual; Vikings knew it with the Egyptians—and its symbols."

"That's too early for Vikings," I protested.

"When Egypt was in her prime," I was told. "Norsemen lived in the bays—or *viks*—along this coast. Both people were sailor-folk; they traded, exchanged ideas as well as goods. Their sun-symbols show this, as the Sun-boat. Both used the sun-ring for *lykke*; Pharaoh gave them to his friends; Norsemen hung them on temple-doors; lovers of both lands have exchanged sun-rings to pledge their troth, since the dawn of time."

"We passed a door-way where a three-faced head looked down. The head wore a crown; a sun-sign, I was told. Close by, a deer-head. . . .

"No sun-sign here," I guessed.

"When Vikings stalked an elk," I learned, "the arching antlers suggested—to them—the sun. Later they built their famous Hall of the Hart, adorned with deer-horns—with the same thought in mind."

* * * *

That winter was long and dark. Heavily the night brooded over that city by the fiord. . . . I was glad to have my horse-shoes.

The brass one was pleasantest to view. Over and again it kept saying: "Remember—the Sun!"

But the rusty one, more intimate, would lean from its place over my books, and whisper:

"When you go for your walk today, look for a sun-symbol."

And in that town of Norse tradition, I usually found one.

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(Continued on page 610)

S E R V I C E G L I M P S E S

Jane Clark at Asuncion with Julian and Du Wayne, Jr.



Francis Spalding and his guide, Suliman, atop Umm El Byrra, mountain fortress above the ruins of Petra, Trans-Jordan.



Pyramid enthusiast William C. Trimble emerging from one of the most inaccessible Mexican ruins near Toluca.



The representation aboard the "Gripsholm" of the F.S.O. School of June, 1940. Left to right, Arthur B. Eunmons, III, vice consul formerly at Keijo, Chosen; Fulton Freeman, language student formerly at Peking, and Niles W. Bond, formerly vice consul at Yokohama.



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Visa Division Mr. Howard K. Travers	VD
Division of World Trade Intelligence Mr. John S. Dickey	WT

RANAVALO THE CRUEL, QUEEN OF MADA- GASCAR

(Continued from page 537)

dethrone the Queen and make Madagascar a French Protectorate. This was in 1854. To this appeal Napoleon III paid no attention. The reason was that his relations with England were cordial, and he feared to strain them. Europe was of far more interest to him than Madagascar. Great Britain and France with respect to Madagascar were like two dogs pacing circumspectly around a bone, each afraid the other would seize it, and neither daring to make the first move. Again and again in 1857 and 1860, Prince Rakotond appealed in vain to France, finally offering to renounce his rights to the succession, efface himself completely, or even leave the country, if only the persecution of his wretched harried people came to an end.

It is one of the minor wonders of the world, that Ranavallo the Cruel was permitted to die in her bed, but such was the case. She departed peacefully in 1861, at the age of eighty-one. She had reigned thirty-three years, and in that time had caused one million deaths by wars and executions. Her life is one of the most fantastic in history. As one writer puts it: "Out of a background of darkness and blood, rises the figure of this terrible woman."

(The French definitely took over the Island of Madagascar in 1895 after two years of hard fighting with the natives. Formal annexation was proclaimed in 1896. General Gallieni, later Military Governor of Paris in World War I, who had commanded the French forces became the first Administrator of the island. The native sovereign was exiled to the Riviera, where she died some years later.)

FOREIGN SERVICE RETIREMENTS

The following retirements from the American Foreign Service will become effective on October 1, 1942:

Stuart E. Grummon, F. S. O.—Class IV.
Robert H. Heingartner, F. S. O.—Class IV.



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German Methods in Occupied France

By LAURENCE W. TAYLOR, Consul, Brazzaville

WHEN I was at Strasbourg, in 1938, one year before the beginning of the war, I received a visit from a friend from Copenhagen, where I was formerly stationed. This friend was spending his vacation with his wife at Baden Baden where she was undergoing treatment for rheumatism. While his wife was taking the curative baths he spent his time walking in the Baden Baden parks and talking with persons he met. During their visit to us in Strasbourg my friend said to me:

"I had a peculiar experience in Baden Baden the other day. While I was sitting on a bench in one of the parks a German sat beside me and we began to talk. During the conversation it came out that I was a Dane and the German said to me:

"So you are a Dane! That is interesting. Do you happen to know a city in Denmark called Roskilde?"

"Why yes," I replied, "I know it very well."

"It appears," continued the German, "that Roskilde is on the road between Copenhagen and Esbjerg."

"That's right," I replied.

"And in the center of the city," continued the German, "there is an open square. At one corner is the Cathedral and along the side are buildings belonging to the Cathedral. On the second side there are residences. On the third side there are stores and the stores continue down both sides of the main highway to constitute the business district. On the fourth side of the square there is a Post Office."

"Yes," I replied, "That is correct. When were you there?"

"Oh," replied the German, "I have never been there, but when we take over Denmark, I am to be the Postmaster at Roskilde."

The unfortunate sequel to that story is that my friend thought the experience a great joke and the German a bit crazy.

I do not know if that German is now in his Roskilde Post Office or whether or not all the plans for the occupation of conquered countries were as thorough as the story seems to indicate but I do know that the occupation of France was skillfully and methodically accomplished.

A great deal has been said and printed of Ger-

many's secret weapons. I think that history will lay more emphasis on Germany's unusual weapons, both those of conquest and that used to solidify the occupation.

Perhaps I can illustrate by explaining how some of them were used in the capture of Tours. Tours was the last large French city captured by the Germans before the armistice with France. The city is not far distant from Bordeaux where I was stationed at the time and I was in a position to learn something of the methods used.

When the German army was approaching the city, German parachute troops and equipment were dropped in and behind the city. Among the parachutists were men who could speak French without accent and in the equipment was a complete broadcasting unit.

Soon after the pounding of the parachutists the Mayor of the city received a telephone call purporting to be from the French Commander of the area. He was advised to evacuate the city at once. Then his line was cut so that he could not verify the call. The Chief of Police also received a telephone call advising him that the Mayor had ordered the evacuation of the city and urging him to send his policemen to warn people and help them leave town. A radio broadcast in the French language then warned the townspeople that the German army was approaching and that everyone should leave at once taking whatever baggage could be carried.

As the people began to pour into the streets German planes came over and dropped bombs in the heart of the city. I saw the result of the bombing later and there was an area in the business district comprising about three square blocks where there was not a wall standing higher than my head. The area was occupied by retail stores and residences and the bombing apparently had no other object than to terrorize the fleeing population.

As might be expected the residents of the city poured into the streets carrying bundles, pushing bicycles or baby carriages loaded with possessions and leading or carrying the aged and the children. They wedged their ways into the roads leading from the city in all directions except that from which the Germans were approaching and swelled the torrent

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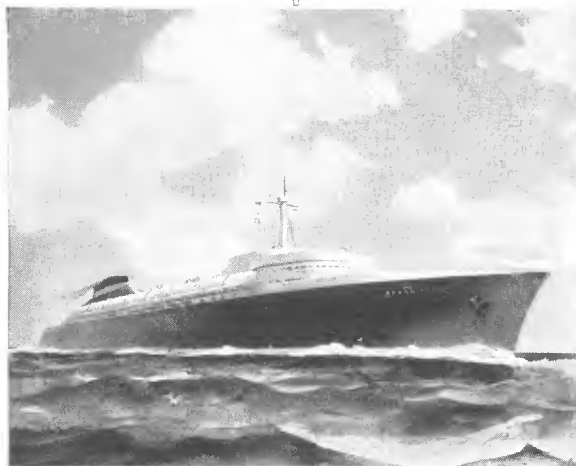
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of humanity already moving south from other cities similarly evacuated.

The result of the confusion, the congestion, and the masses of milling humanity was that the French were unable to maneuver, unable to reach the city, unable to fire a gun for fear of hitting civilians. They were even unable to use the anti-aircraft batteries because of the danger from falling pieces of exploded shells. The French army was helpless and the Germans entered the city and took it without opposition.

The methods employed in subduing the occupied area were equally ingenious. Formerly occupying armies were content to keep the peace in the occupied area. The Germans set about at once to make the occupation a profitable investment.

I was in Bordeaux when the occupying army entered the city. Mechanized units passed into and through the city for three days traveling at the rate of about twenty-five miles per hour. In Bordeaux they took over a considerable number of offices of the French administration, all the hotels, all the schools including the dormitories of the University, the barracks and to a considerable extent, rooms in private homes. They set up their offices with the equipment and furniture they found either in place or from stores or other offices except for the telephone. The telephone was installed connecting all offices and hotel rooms, and tying in with the long distance system between towns. It had its own exchange and power generator and was completely independent. The army was established in its new quarters and ready to operate as a control unit in forty-eight hours from its entry into the city.

The first thing the Germans did was to requisition all supplies. Bordeaux had prepared for a war of three or four years. The warehouses were full of food and supplies, enough to keep the population going in case of a failure of supply lines. Within thirty days after the arrival of the occupying army the warehouses were all empty.

Stocks of raw materials in the possession of manufacturers or dealers were requisitioned and placed under guard. They could not be used or transported without permission from the German control. Stocks on hand in the retail stores were in general not requisitioned except those of flour and sugar, but retail goods vanished when the soldiers began to buy.

The troops which were quartered in Bordeaux at first were those which had fought in Poland and in France and they were given a month of liberty in the city to enjoy the fruits of their labor. They were paid off in Occupation Marks which could be spent only in occupied France. The mark was given the

arbitrary value of twenty francs. At that rate of exchange the common soldier was rich beyond his fondest dreams and he set out with a will to spend his money. The fruit, candy and pastry first attracted the soldiers' attention. The candy stores were soon cleaned out and either closed their doors or undertook a new line of merchandise. The pastry flour soon gave out, but in order to keep the boys happy, the bakers were allowed to make pastry for sale on Fridays and Saturdays with allotments of flour that became smaller and more adulterated as the weeks passed. There was a rush on the baggage stores as suitcases and small trunks went into German hands to be filled with shoes, clothing, cloth, underwear, ladies' wear, furs, needles, pins, razor blades, shoe strings, and other things that were known to be scarce at home.

I happened to see a train leave Bordeaux for Germany carrying troops going home on furlough. It looked like a Santa Claus special with every soldier loaded with baggage, parcels and bundles for the folks at home.

Since deliveries could not be made to the retailers from wholesalers' stocks without German permission, which was seldom granted, or granted for only limited quantities, the retail stores soon contained little more than empty shelves. As time went on the troops were shifted so that new men with more money were constantly being brought to the city to pick over what had been left by the previous units and to regret their fate in being too late for the first choice.

Having control of the raw materials the occupying army had a strong leverage on all business and industry. A friend of mine who was a barrel manufacturer complained to me one day that he was faced with closing his plant. He was distressed at having to throw all his employees out of work but he had used all his supply of wood for staves and could not get approval of his request for more wood. I saw him a little while later and asked about his business. He told me he was still working. He had in desperation accepted a contract to make barrels for the German army and was receiving the wood he needed to complete the contract. I asked him what the army needed barrels for and he told me they were a peculiar kind of barrel with no bung hole, and were probably for making rafts for the trip across the English Channel.

The occupying army was not satisfied with the control of raw materials, however, and extended direct control to all factories and businesses which were working on German contracts and to many who were not supplying the Germans directly. The German advisor was in each case installed in the manager's office, and it was he who controlled the



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The principal officials of many importing companies have come to the U.S.A. recently to visit their manufacturers and to talk with those Officials of their own Government, and of the U.S.A. Government, in Washington, who are concerned with exports. They have learned how best to help themselves. Some have appointed representatives in the U.S.A. responsible for keeping them up to date on the current situation, and for interpreting their viewpoint and requirements to manufacturers and to Government Officials.

Still others rely on the manufacturers

and exporters, themselves, to help them with this work.

WHAT TO DO

A booklet, in English and Spanish, "Effective Export Orders and the War Program", explains these problems in greater detail. It was prepared originally for the benefit of distributors of Westinghouse products in many countries; however, a copy will be sent, without obligation, to any business man who is interested, if he will write on his Company letterhead. Address WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC INTERNATIONAL COMPANY, Manufacturer of Electrical Products, Room 2036C, 40 Wall Street, New York, New York, U.S.A.

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use of the raw materials, the wages, hours of work, speed of operation and disposition of the product. No decision of the management could be put into effect without his approval and his suggestions were immediately executed.

In addition the shares of French businesses and industrial enterprises were purchased on the market or from owners so that control of the Board of Directors also came into German hands. I have heard that the money paid by the French Government for the maintenance of the army of occupation was used to purchase such stock.

The control by individual advisors was not limited to commercial and industrial enterprises but extended into all branches of the administration. The Mayor of Bordeaux was under the constant guidance of his German adviser without whose consent he could not make a decision and whose orders he followed. The Chief of Police had his advisor and the police on the street in following his instructions may or may not have known that they were inspired by the German officer at headquarters. As much as possible the manner and extent of the German control in the occupied area was kept hidden from the public. Advisors were not available to the public and had no contact with French civilians. They operated only behind the screen of the French administrative organization.

For example, when the safe deposit boxes at the banks were pillaged, every effort was made to make it appear as an act of the bank. The holder of a box received a notice from the bank to appear at a given hour with the key to his box. He was met by two officers of the bank who with him opened the box and examined the contents. All money, coins, gold, silver, jewels, foreign securities or other articles of value were removed and taken over by the bank. The articles were listed and the box holder was given a copy of the list in the form of a receipt which stated that the articles were being placed with the bank "for safe keeping." At no point was the army of occupation mentioned but in the background there was always a German officer watching the procedure to see that it went off satisfactorily. If the owner failed to appear the box was broken open.

I had occasion to follow that matter through on behalf of an American citizen who had surrendered, under protest, the contents of his safe deposit box. I forced my way through the French official screen and after much difficulty got to the German officer who was in control of the matter. I must have thrown him off guard with the bluntness of my question for he gave me what was probably a truthful answer when I asked him what was to become of

the articles which had been taken from the boxes. He told me that their value would be credited against the reparations that France would be required to pay after the war.

It is difficult to explain that the conditions I have described came about gradually, methodically and without advertising and took a considerable time to perfect. The control of all available supplies came at once but the other controls were put into effect gradually and as quietly as possible. Those in charge of control operations avoided official contact with the public.

The attitude of the French public in occupied France toward the invaders changed as they became aware of what was happening to them. At first they were stunned. The capitulation of the army, the armistice, the terms of which were never made public, came so suddenly that few were prepared for them. Many could hardly believe the truth even after the occupation troops filled the streets. They walked about as if in a dream. Then came a feeling of resentment against the British. They told themselves that the British had deserted them at Dunkirk and that they had not sent sufficient troops in the first place. The resentment against the invaders was modified by the feeling of relief that at least the fighting was over. The conduct of the German soldiers was disarming. They were polite, they behaved themselves in public, they created no incidents between themselves and the population. The control of the press was anticipated and accepted. What was not anticipated was that the occupied zone was to be cut off completely, not only from foreign countries but also from the unoccupied area. The impossibility of seeing or communicating with friends, relatives and business contacts in the rest of France was unbelievably galling. Gradually the public became aware of the commercial and administrative control and resented the gradual running down of all activity that was not concerned with supporting the German army or population. The use everywhere of the German language was annoying. The signs in all public buildings were duplicated in German. All restaurant bills of fare were printed in German and French. Theater programs appeared in both languages and the French newspapers carried part of the news in German.

By the summer of 1940 it became appallingly clear that the entire occupied area had been securely tied and was being milked of every resource, past, present and future and that the framework had an appearance of permanence that could not be reconciled to any previous conception of military terri-

(Continued on page 628)

The Consular System of the United States

From the "New York Herald" of July 4, 1853

Courtesy The Honorable Wesley Frost, Minister to Paraguay

THE modern office of consul first originated in Italy, about the middle of the twelfth century. The commercial relations of the Venetians and Genoese republics with various other countries, barbarous and civilized, rendered the establishment of foreign consuls necessary, who duties it should be to look after the commercial and political interests of the governments they represented.

Other governments, as their commerce became extended, found it necessary to adopt the consular system. England, as her trade became enlarged, at an early period, followed the example of Italy. France also adopted the system, followed by other countries, until at the present time there is no civilized government without its consular representatives scattered over the world.

There is no official service more important than that rendered by consuls to their governments when properly discharged. Their offices are threefold:—First, to look after the shipping and commercial interests of their governments; secondly, to keep them posted regarding all political movements of importance; thirdly, to note all improvements of importance, whether in inventions, mechanics, or discoveries or improvements in the arts, and especially in agriculture, &c., accounts of which should be recorded, and transmitted to their governments. They should also thoroughly understand the political and physical character of their own country, and be fully posted as to its statistics, resources, &c., so that they might be able to answer questions promptly, and to hold up the good points of their country to the admiration of others, and thereby gain esteem and confidence.

Scarcely any two States have adopted precisely the same consular system. That of England is, no doubt, established on the most extensive and efficient scale, yet it is in some respects extremely defective.

Among them all that of the United States is the worst. We hang to a system which was imperfectly organized in 1792, just after the adoption of the constitution by thirteen comparatively poor and feeble States. In 1792 the whole cotton crop of the United States only reached 357 bales. Whitney's saw-gin was not invented until 1794, which increased the crop of 1794-'94 to 3,750 bales. In 1792 we were unable to pay salaries to consuls. The consular fees at Liverpool were insignificant, while those at Havre and Havana were not worth having. Indeed, but few American consuls were sent abroad, and we had to rely upon the services of a few friendly foreign merchants, among whom was Mr. Fitzpatrick, the father of the present Empress of France, at Malaga, in Spain. In 1803, fifty years ago, Congress passed an act amplifying the previous law of 1792, but which did not

change the very serious defects of the old. Since that time to the present no other law has been enacted. The imperfections of the system have grown into monstrous grievances, and the whole rendered more or less useless, or positively injurious, as far as the highest interest of the country is concerned.

In the past fifty years the country has expanded into thirty-one States, with a population of about twenty-five millions. The crop of cotton, from a few hundred bales, has increased to one of over three millions. Almost everything has changed. Even State constitutions have been remodelled, and vast territories cultivated, but the wretched consular system of 1803 remains just where the law of that year left it. All attempts to remodel or improve it have failed. If the system is bad, the mode of filling consular appointments is still worse, and grossly reprehensible. Qualifications are rarely thought of by any administration. The extent of assumed party services by applicants have generally appeared to be the sole test of qualifications. A man who has performed dirty work in local or State elections—a man without political honesty, or the sincere respect or confidence of the community, who knows little of his own country and less of those at a distance, whose education and pursuits have been of a nature to unfit him for the duties of a consul, who knows comparatively little and cares less for the laws of nations or of trade, is ignorant of all languages but that of his mother tongue, and of all sciences and arts but those of the village pettifogger or pothouse orator, and reckless of all improvements save those adapted to the winning an office—no sooner does his party triumph than he is first to claim his reward. Not fit for any responsible office at home, he is thought good enough for a consul, and is forthwith despatched to represent the country abroad—to watch over the commercial interests of our merchants, and to elevate the character and dignity of our country by the superior example of his profound knowledge, integrity, and industry. In plain English, to injure our commerce, disgust his countrymen travelling abroad, and to lower his country and people in the eyes of all enlightened foreigners.

In the last fifty years Liverpool has grown to pay our consul in fees nine to ten thousand dollars per annum, and Havana about as much. These offices are generally bestowed on political partizans, for their services, while other consulates, in many respects scarcely less equal in commercial and political importance, afford fees inadequate to support respectable persons in office, and are either filled by foreigners or some politician who is incapable of doing anything at home. Or, perchance, some American factor residing abroad, is found willing to receive the title



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as a means of promoting his private interest. In brief, the whole system is a jumble of absurdities, disgraceful to the great and growing country which tolerates it, and unworthy of the age in which we live.

The magnitude of our growth, of our shipping and commerce, of our territorial expansion, of foreign intercourse and onward progress, demand the complete and radical overthrow of the obsolete rubbish of the past century and the adoption of a new and expanded system better suited to our new position among the nations of the world. We have, under Providence, a great mission to perform. We have to hold forth the principles of our free institutions to the down-trodden people of the world. Our colors must be unfurled on our outer walls, and nailed to the signal mast of liberty.

We must have able, true-hearted ministers of our faith, to represent both our pecuniary and political interests in foreign lands, whether savage or civilized and if Executives will appoint disqualified persons to go abroad the Senate should not hesitate to reject them.

EXCERPTS FROM AMBASSADOR GREW'S ADDRESS

(Continued from page 583)

believe we shall realize that far from being a period of stagnation, each one of us has gained something, each one of us has developed traits of character that may have needed development, each one of us has perhaps grown a little in stature. "And if I seek oblivion of a day," wrote Burns, "So shorten I the stature of my soul." There has been no oblivion during this period, but rather work and care for the greatest good of the greatest number. That is the cause of my feeling of inspiration. I venture to hope that you all feel the same way about it, and that that same magnificent community spirit will carry us all the way home, right up to our landing on the soil of our beloved country.

Now we are going home, to take whatever part we may find or be called upon to take in the great effort of our country. Please share my abundant faith, if you can, that that effort will not be in vain. We shall need the courage of our faith, and we shall continually need, in working with our fellow-Americans at home, the same close cooperative spirit of which we have learned something during these months of our association here.

BIRTHS

FALES. A daughter, Alice Peck, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Fales on September 2, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Fales is assigned to the Department.

BROWN. A daughter, Barbara Park, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Aaron S. Brown on May 6 in Washington, D. C. Mr. Brown is assigned to the Department.

GOVERNMENT OVERTIME

Two Government employees who had only a nodding acquaintance happened to meet one day in a Washington cafeteria.

"I see that we are employed in the same branch of the service," observed one of them. "How do you find the work assigned to you?"

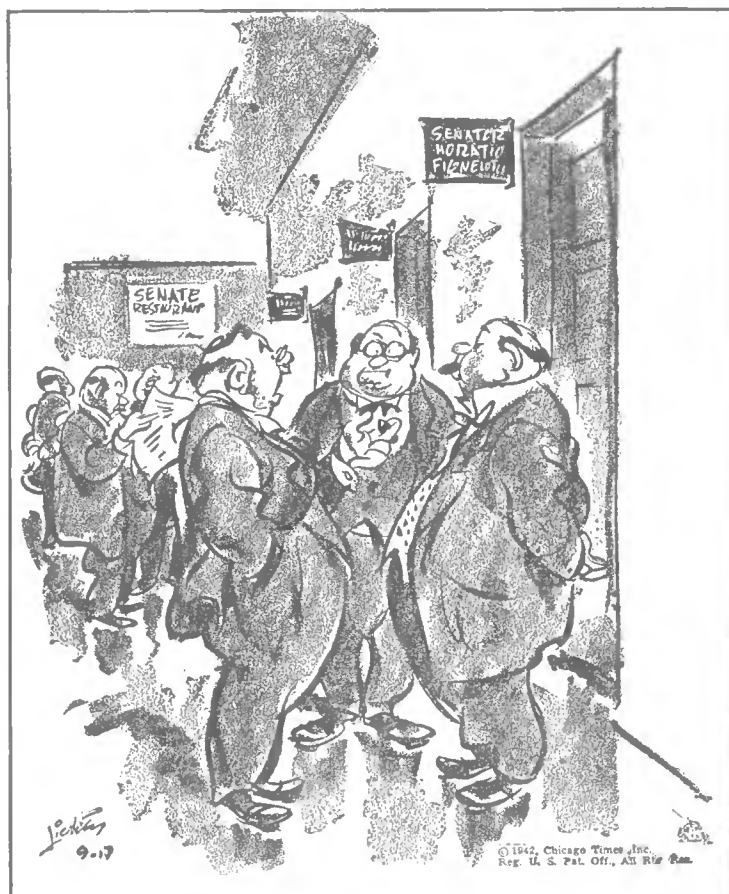
"Rather easy to handle," replied the other. "My desk is always cleaned up every evening and sometimes I'm even able to get away by four o'clock in the afternoon."

"That's rather surprising. No matter how hard I try I'm never able to leave until after six-thirty, with papers still piled high on my desk. How do you manage to get away?"

"That's easy. I figured out that in a division as large as ours there was sure to be some officer by the name of Smith, so whenever a knotty problem is submitted to me for decision, I send back the papers with the endorsement 'referred to Mr. Smith of this Division for action'."

"Well I am the Mr. Smith to whom you have been turning over your papers and now I know who is responsible for my having to work overtime."

—Contributed.



From the Washington Post

"My committee has found evidence of scandalous waste in government departments—why in some places 2 men were doing a job, when there easily was room for 8."

"MEESTER"

(Continued from page 594)

Art was now very glad that Chico was with him. And when the two finally arrived at the Carranca home, Chico solemnly shook Art's good hand in *hasta luego* and Art smiled and answered,

"Until later, Chico."

Señor Carranca had a small cup of thick, sweet coffee ready for Art. It was poured out into a large cup of hot milk on the table in the patio, before the same family circle Art had run away from plus the addition of a few inquisitive neighbors who enjoyed just to look at an Americano. Señor Carranca gave Art a big brown cigar, rolled by a street-corner vendor out of rich tobacco leaves for which the province was famous. Art sipped his coffee, puffed on his cigar, leaned back, and relaxed. His hand still ached but he did not care.

Later that night he and Señor Carranca walked

over to the town square. A military band played waltzes and congas, and the young people strolled around the band while the others sat on benches on the edge of the square and admired them. Señor Carranca's niece was there, gracefully parading with friends. And this time Art noticed that she was very lovely, especially when she smiled their way, at her uncle—and at him. He decided then that he would stay in Pinar del Rio at least a week.

"Meester."

Art turned around. Chico was there too. He had been helping his mother but now the night was his.

Art and Chico and Señor Carranca stared happily at the handsome young people, parading to the music in the night. Little electric lights, wired overhead between trees, lazily swayed in the evening breeze to accentuate the straight features of the men and graceful, full forms of the women. Art enjoyed his staring. And when his eyes caught Chico's, silent laughter passed between them.

Geographic facts help America at war



■ The United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps make strategic use of THE GEOGRAPHIC's vast storehouse of world knowledge—its 300,000 unpublished photographs and manuscripts, its library, its wealth of cartographic data. Thus, when you help this Magazine gather factual information you aid an organization which is making many unique contributions to America's war effort. Liberal payment will be made to Foreign Service Officers for acceptable photographs and narratives portraying geography of timely interest. Before preparing a manuscript, please submit to the editor a brief outline of your proposed article.

A sacred bull relaxes confidently on a sidewalk in India; photographed for The Geographic by Maynard Owen Williams.

The NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE—Gilbert Grosvenor, *Litt.D., LL.D.*, Editor—Washington, D. C.

THE BOOKSHELF

(Continued from page 605)

Captain) Mahan, U.S.N., that war, however defensive in character, must be waged aggressively if it is to hope for success and that a cordial understanding with Britain should be one of the first of our external interests.

Certainly if the reader is a product of the period of the Gay Nineties he is presented here with more than ordinarily interesting side lights, i.e., personal letters, marginal notes, informal conversations, and the like which "let him in" on some of the things he may not in the past have fully understood. To a slight extent it is debunking at its best.

The volume while reviewing history for the past half century is at times amazingly modern as evidenced by the following extracts with their actual dates in parentheses:

"With the stepping stones of Hawaii, Guam, Midway, and Wake . . . and the overreaching Aleutians, this country . . . might restrain Japan to the seaward. Nor were the Japanese remiss in their own observations on that point." (Report of opinion of United States naval experts in 1898.)

"Reports of German unfriendliness rested on English 'invention'" and "the United States would have nothing to fear elsewhere if it made a deal with

Berlin." (Recommendation of the German diplomat Hatzfeldt in 1898-1899.)

"It must be borne in mind that good relations with the United States were 'vital' to England and that the British Government would never agree to anything harmful to American relations." (Chamberlain to Bulow, November 1899.)

"In the coming century the German people will be hammer or anvil" and Germany will "allow no foreign power to tread upon our feet or push us aside, either in trade or in politics." (Bulow's prediction in the Reichstag in 1900.)

"On land the Germans had, no doubt, a corresponding advantage over the Anglo-French coalition, with the French forces enfeebled, French morale at one of its periodically low ebbs and the British Army, as usual, scattered over the empire and weak." (1905.)

"We have got to support France against Germany and fortify the Atlantic system beyond attack; for if Germany breaks down England or France, she becomes the center of a military world and we are lost." (Henry Adams in 1906.)

This volume is old enough to be history, young enough to be current events, deep enough to be political philosophy, and sufficiently light for enjoyable reading.

HARVEY B. OTTERMAN.

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

AMERICAN VICE CONSUL, by David Smythe.
The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, 1942.
207 pp. \$2.50.

In this little volume the author has written what he recalls of his experiences and impressions of a brief tour of duty as a vice consul. He has done so in an informal, narrative style, which is easily readable. To the reader, his experiences will be worth more than his impressions, for they are frequently entertaining and they are his to relate freely as he pleases. His impressions, sometimes immature and inaccurate, have tricked him into the commission of something near indiscretion, and are apt to disturb the mental ease with which the reader would like to read such a book.

After the heavy weather of the Paris visa office during the 1938-39 stampede, of which a lively and realistic picture is drawn from first hand experience, the author returned to the Foreign Service School. It is clear that the School, after the feverish experiences of Paris, was more than mildly horesome. Moreover, the Department itself was austere and in the midst of his lessons he mused that a cold dead fish would be a fitting ornament for its entrance. He looked forward impatiently to another assignment in the field, but in the end when he drew Bilbao his heart sank.

It is unfortunate that in the boredom of his new post, for the relief of which he displayed none of the imagination that illuminates much of his story, he acquired an impression of the Spanish character that is almost wholly erroneous. As gloom is settling on his spirit like a heavy fog he retrieves something in a brief escape, thanks to which he is able to add a touch to the picture by recounting the story of the telephone conversation between the defender of the Alcázar and his son, a captive of the loyalists:

"Father, they have captured me. They say they will shoot me if you do not surrender the Alcázar."

"I believe it, my son."

"Then, Father, what shall I do?"

"Commend your soul to God, my son, and die like a Spaniard."

Back again to the dreary climate of Vizcaya, he took stock of himself. He had taken from the Service the best it could offer. Anything more it might give him must be in the nature of anticlimax. After the war there would be only visa work and commercial affairs. Of the former he had had his fill, and he had no interest in the latter. He decided—and the reader will not doubt that he decided rightly—that he was in the wrong niche and impulsively cabled his resignation to the Department. He did not dream that even this might produce an anticlimax, but it did: for two weeks he received no answer, and when he did it was an order to remain until the arrival of his successor. (W. P. G.)



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I CAN'T FORGET! by Robert J. Casey. Bobbs Merrill Company, New York, 1941, 399 pp. \$3.00.

Mr. Casey was the foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* covering the present war during 1939 and 1940 on various European fronts. He begins on a terrace in Luxemburg, covering the "phoney" phase of the War. He devotes several chapters to his first hand observations of the soldiers of the French and Belgian armies before their collapse, and his conclusion is that they were good men, ready and willing to fight.

He was in Paris when France fell, and travelled with the pitiful flight of refugees across France into Spain. He sat in on the bombing of London, and at the end of the book is departing for the wars in North Africa.

We liked Mr. Casey and we liked his book. He is hardboiled and tender-hearted. He squeezes the most out of an emotional situation with mild understatement, and he softens the grime of his tales with an ironic and perceptive humor. It is this humor and his ability to tell a tale well that distinguishes his book from the flood of reports by foreign correspondents back from Europe. Furthermore, he gives credit where credit is due, and the American Foreign Service gets its share. He devotes half a chapter to George Platt Waller, who was Chargé at Luxemburg during his stay, and whom he characterizes as

"... no tearful poet making sad music about a past that has gone away and left him, but a knight in shining armor getting ready to set things aright, ..."

and more practically

"It is doubtful that any man better grounded in the principles of the steel industry and the banking business ... ever stepped into the duchy."

Ambassador Tony Biddle won Mr. Casey's heart when, in the midst of the bombing of Bordeaux, he found time to call personally and check on the plight of his fellow Americans.

And of David M. Smythe (since resigned) who "had come from Madrid to see what could be done" about getting the refugees across into Spain he says:

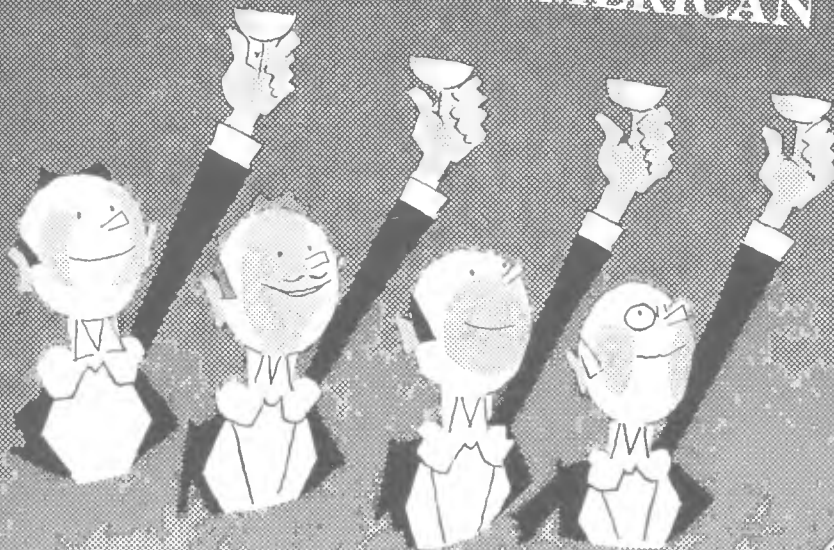
"One remembers Mr. Smythe because with a lot of other miscellaneous error you come to adult life cherishing the belief that all the United States consular service conforms to patterns something like his. ... Our Mr. Smythe is smart, energetic, resourceful, and polite and decent to old people. He sat down to minister to the needs of bedlam and for some ten hours he did it efficiently, patiently, without loss of temper and without raising his voice."

Which sounds to us like the description of what a practically perfect Foreign Service Officer ought to be.

H. G. KELLY.

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

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THE DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN, by W. T. Stace. Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York, 1942. xi, 322 pp. \$3.00.

Somewhat forewarned, your reviewer expected a thorough reading of *THE DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN* to prove a task. It did. It proved a satisfying task like the accomplishment with one's hands of a piece of work of important dimensions; like proving a theorem in geometry.

This book won for its author the first Reynal & Hitchcock \$2,500 prize for "the best non-fiction book written for the general reader by a member of the staff of an American college or university." The author, W. T. Stace, a lecturer at Princeton, is a native of Great Britain and a graduate of a distinguished career in the British Civil Service in Ceylon.

Herr Hitler and his desperate followers will do well to pass up *THE DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN* in their reading. Mr. Stace's preface, dated at Princeton last August, would arouse their curiosity. Mr. Stace's complete treatise would surely weaken their grip on themselves. It would show them more clearly than they will be able to see until they begin to be smothered by the ruin of their own making, that their philosophy is that of the jungle; that it leads to the destruction of all that men hold good. Following through the clear reasoning of this book, one is obliged to admit that even a four-footed animal has appetites less gluttonous and less destructive than the Nazi followers of the philosophy of Nietzsche. Not even an animal is so ravenous for power, so ruthless that he does not feel for his fellows—at least for those within his sight—some of the kind of sympathy that decent men and women feel, the sympathy upon which Christianity is based, and which Nietzscheanism and the Nazi revolution repudiate.

Mr. Stace writes unheatedly of these things. He never preaches. He presents his question and proceeds to analyze and assemble and prove the answer with patient logic, though now and then when the going gets the heaviest he strikes out with a sharp wit that considerably lightens the piece, and shows him to be more than a convincing logician. For example: "If the reader should at this stage express a doubt whether all this tall talk has any very definite meaning, I for one should sympathize with him. . . . And whether the ideas here expressed are clear or hazy, true or false, intelligible or unintelligible, they are important and cannot be ignored for the reason that they have exerted an enormous amount of influence in the world." That paragraph after more than 200 pages of careful development of his thesis, a development so engrossing to this reviewer that when he once opened

the book by mistake beyond the page he had previously reached, it was like having skipped a valuable chapter in a novel.

Stace shows that the beliefs and the way of life which the democracies of the world today consider worth fighting for are a logical combination of the doctrine of the primacy of reason of the Greek civilization and the doctrine of the primacy of sympathy of the Christian civilization. Together they lead to the things all men call good. He traces the origins of these two doctrines, examines their weaknesses when standing alone, and touches upon the disastrous results that follow overpartisanship. "One of the tragic facts about history is that human reactions are indiscriminating. The storms of human feeling heat blindly. They destroy the good along with the evil." Stace points out.

He attempts no predictions. He is content to prove by measurements which all men would have to agree are valid ones, that the Christian principle, which is sympathy, is an irremovable part of man's being, the basis not only of our civilization but of all human society. "of pre-Christian societies, of non-Christian societies, of societies which have never heard of Christianity."

He finds that man is by nature social, a rational, sympathetic creature. That a completely nonsocial man does not exist and cannot be bred. He ends the book by explaining some of the contortions which the modern totalitarian professionalists have exhibited. Their philosophy contradicts itself. It claims to emphasize the social nature of man. Theirs is the social revolution. Yet they despise that very essence of democracy—human sympathy; that true cement of society which makes men ashamed of war with their fellow men.

WILLIAM JACKSON,
Department of Agriculture.

A DICTIONARY OF MILITARY TERMS (English-Japanese; Japanese-English). Creswell, Hirooka, Namba. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1942. iii, 1226 pp. and appendices 175 pp. \$7.00.

The University of Chicago Press released on August 4, 1942 an American edition of "A Dictionary of Military Terms, English-Japanese, Japanese-English." This dictionary was originally published in Tokyo in 1937 and was compiled by Major H. T. Cresswell and two officers of the Japanese Army. This new edition published by the University of Chicago Press is particularly timely and will prove of great value to those officers and civilians who are learning the Japanese language and to those who are reviewing or refreshing their knowledge.

Many of the terms contained in this highly valu-

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able compilation are not to be found in the standard English-Japanese, Japanese-English dictionaries.

"Major" H. T. Cresswell is now Colonel H. T. Cresswell, U. S. Army, and recently returned to this country on the M. S. *Gripsholm* from Japan where he was serving as our Military Attaché at the time of the outbreak of war.

MAX WALDO BISHOP.

GERMAN METHODS IN OCCUPIED FRANCE

(Continued from page 617)

torial occupation. It was then that the careless acceptance of the bland country boys in green uniforms turned to smouldering hate and respect for the British reached a new high point.

I have told you the story of a country that went to war with Germany, that fought the war with Germany, that went down to inglorious defeat before Germany and is now participating in the "New Order." Our country has gone to war with Germany, it is fighting a war with Germany. Does the parallel stop there? I hope so, but for those of you who think that the conditions I have described apply to another world, another situation and that our country is protected and immune to such disaster let me remind you that that, too, is what the French thought.

IN MEMORIAM

COLLINS. Harold M. Collins, Foreign Service Office on duty in the Division of American Republics of the Department of State, died on September 24, in Washington, D. C.

KELLOGG. Mrs. Frank C. Kellogg, wife of the late Secretary of State, died on October 1 in St. Paul, Minn.

SCHURMAN. Jacob Gould Schurman, former Ambassador to Germany, died on August 12 in New York City.

GARRETY. William P. Garrety, retired Foreign Service Officer, died on September 20.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

(Continued from page 603)

Section of the Foreign Office, spoke informally to the group. The subjects of cultural relations, strategic materials, Proclaimed List, priorities, Consular administrative procedure and other important matters were discussed in a regularly scheduled series of informal conferences during the three remaining days of the conference. Ambassador and Mrs. Lane entertained at an informal buffet supper

at the Embassy residence to which all visiting officers, as well as Embassy officers and wives and Embassy clerks and their wives or husbands were invited. This party served as a housewarming for the Ambassador's new residence.

JAMES S. TRIOLO.

CIUDAD JUAREZ

October 1, 1942

Consul General William P. Blocker of Ciudad Juárez on September 30, 1942, celebrated his fiftieth birthday. At an early hour many of his friends joined with the staff of the Consulate in presenting their congratulations to Mr. Blocker. The esteem in which he is held was manifested by the great number of persons who called to pay their respects; among these were the authorities of Ciudad Juárez and the adjacent city of El Paso, Texas, members of labor organizations, members of the Rotary and Lions Clubs and others.

STEPHEN AGUIRRE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, published
monthly at Washington, D. C., for October 1, 1942.
State of District of Columbia }
County of Washington City } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George V. Allen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher, American Foreign Service Association, Washington, D. C.; Editor, Henry S. Villard, Department of State, Washington, D. C.; Business Manager, George V. Allen, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

2. That the owner is: American Foreign Service Association, c/o Dept. of State, Wash., D. C.—President: Herschel V. Johnson, Department of State, Washington, D. C.; Secretary-Treasurer: Andrew B. Foster, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

GEORGE V. ALLEN, *Business Manager*.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1942.

CATHERINE D. MCKAIG.

(My commission expires October 23, 1946.)

PENTAGON BUILDING

(Continued from page 585)

6,000 people at one time. In addition to these hot food services, nine beverage bars located throughout the building dispense sandwiches, ice cream and cold drinks to the hungry, thirsty throng. Food is prepared in the building's own kitchens and bakeries equipped with facilities to receive, store, refrigerate, prepare and serve food for a city of 100,000.

A three-lane bus and taxi terminal capable of loading 28 buses simultaneously every three minutes extends beneath a large concourse 630 feet long and 150 feet wide. Terminal facilities, rivaling Grand Central Station in New York City, will handle 30,000 people in the space of an hour. The War Department employee can place his fare in a turnstile and leave on a bus which is announced and dispatched by an electrically operated system of control, thus expediting traffic through the terminal during rush hours. Around the concourse above the terminal is space for stores, including a barber shop, a bank, and a soda fountain with a counter 300 feet long.

Two large parking areas for a total of 8,000 cars have been paved for the War Department worker in areas north and south of the building within walking distance of the office. These lanes may be filled or emptied in an hour's time without congestion or interference from local traffic, truck or bus services.

The building is approached over a network of over 20 miles of highway ingeniously arranged so that nowhere on the entire twisting system will there be a stop light or cross traffic. Three through express highways, four cloverleaf intersections, twenty-one stone faced grade separation bridges with necessary interchanges and connections form the modern pattern of parkways which surround the War Department's new building. In a plan designed to the needs of the future new and rapid inter-urban channels are opened into Virginia where serious congestion on inadequate roads has impeded traffic in recent years.

Conceived by the War Department and initiated and organized under the general direction of Lt. Gen. Somervell a brief six months before Pearl Harbor, this building has received the personal attention of the President in its approaches, appearance and design. Scheduled for completion in December of this year in a period of 15 months it has been both designed and constructed. The project is under the supervision of the Corps of Engineers with Lt. Col. Clarence Renshaw in charge. Mr. George Bergstrom and Mr. David Wilmer were the Chief Architects. Mr. Paul Hanck was Building

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COVER PICTURE

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Beatrice Comeau, Tokyo	Sept. 26
Samuel J. Fletcher, Tientsin	Sept. 26

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Fay Allen Des Portes, Guatemala	Sept. 28
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Ben Zweig, San José	Sept. 30
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Charles R. Burrows, La Paz	Sept. 30
Ashley B. Sowell, Panamá	Sept. 30
Lillian G. Gardiner, Tokyo	Sept. 30
H. M. Benninghoff, Tokyo	Sept. 30
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A. Bland Calder, Moscow	Sept. 30
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Dorothy J. Vanderwort, Vichy	Oct. 1
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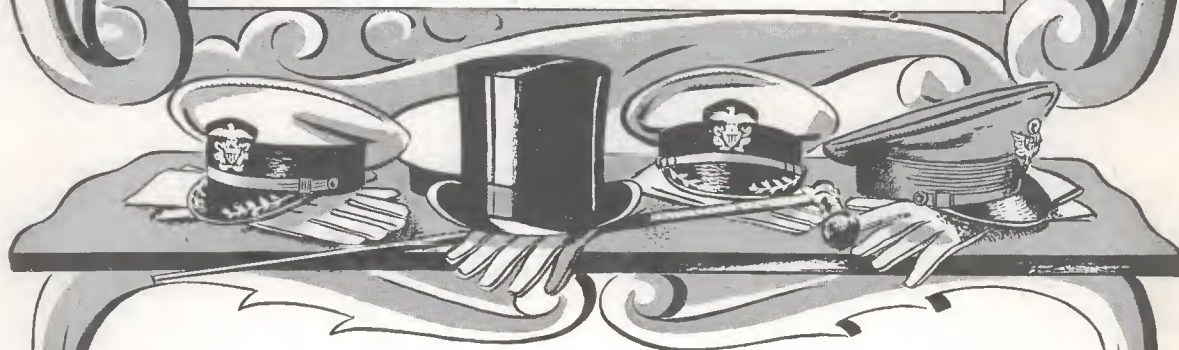
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