THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL



Photo by Snow.

JAMES GRAFTON ROGERS
Assistant Secretary of State

Vol. VIII MAY, 1931 No. 5

BANKING AND INVESTMENT SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

The National City Bank of New York

and Affiliated Institutions

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

HEAD OFFICE: 55 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Foreign Branches in ARGENTINA . BELGIUM . BRAZIL . CHILE . CHINA . COLOMBIA . CUBA
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC . ENGLAND . INDIA . ITALY . JAPAN . MANCHURIA . MEXICO . PERU . PHILIPPINE
ISLANDS . PORTO RICO . REPUBLIC OF PANAMA . STRAITS SETTLEMENTS . URUGUAY . VENEZUELA.

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK (FRANCE) S. A.

Paris
41 Boulevard Haussmann 44 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Nice
6 Jardin du Roi Albert 1 er

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CORPORATION

Head Office: 55 Wall Street, New York

Foreign and Domestic Branches in UNITED STATES . SPAIN . ENGLAND
and Representatives in The National City Bank Chinese Branches

BANQUE NATIONALE DE LA REPUBLIQUE D'HAITI

Head Office: Port au-Prince, Haiti

CITY BANK FARMERS TRUST COMPANY

Head Office: 22 William Street, New York

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE
55 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

OFFICES IN 50 LEADING
AMERICAN CITIES

Foreign Offices: LONDON . AMSTERDAM . GENEVA . TOKIO . SHANGHAI
Canadian Offices: MONTREAL . TORONTO

The National City Company, through its offices and affiliations in the United States and abroad, offers a world-wide investment service to those interested in Dollar Securities.

London Offices
34, Bishopsgate, E. C. 2 11, Waterloo Place, S. W. 1

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

VOL. VIII, No. 5 WASHINGTON, D. C. MAY, 1931

The Russians Of Saloniki

By ELEANOR WOOD MOOSE, *Paris, France*

(AWARDED THIRD PRIZE IN CONTEST)

AGAIN and again in the narrow crooked streets of Saloniki or in the tiny shops of this bizarre place you meet a people oddly at variance with the rest. A tall sandy people with the high cheek bones of the Tartars and the vivid blue eyes of the Far North. Very picturesque they are as they mingle with the smaller darker people of the South. The men are erect, martial in their bearing, with crisp imperial moustaches or the sideburns of another era, dressed always with some attempt at a uniform. Not so picturesque but quite as remarkable are the women—with faces prematurely old through hardship and suffering, but so immaculately neat and clean in this city of uncleanliness. All a dignified courteous people living in the city, but not of it; a people aloof and apart; the Russians of Saloniki.



Photo by Shrader, Little Rock, Ark.
ELEANOR WOOD MOOSE

If you should take the smallest most out-of-date tram which for all the world looks like the Toonerville trolley and on which you will pay two-thirds of a cent fare, you will be on your way to the Russian camp. In and out the trolley winds through narrow crooked streets, on and on until under the very shadow of snow-capped Hortiatis mountain you arrive at the refugee village of Harilaos, wherein the 100,000 Greek refugees from Asia Minor make some out at living in the most indescribable poverty and squalor, and here, in the very center of this, lies the Russian camp.

But what a difference! For the Russian camp, though only old French war barracks, has been transformed into a little Russian village. The adobe walls have been washed a warm tan, flowers fill the courtyards between the barracks and clamber blooming over the window sills. Immaculate curtains hang at the windows and about all is an air of amazing permanence and tranquility.

Perhaps you have met a certain one of these strangely different people, and if so on this Saturday afternoon you knock with confidence at his door. His welcome is overwhelming. You must come in. He is in the midst of giving an English lesson; it is his mode of livelihood, but you must wait. The lesson takes time, for the Greek tongue is slow in mastering the English gutturals, and your eyes roam about the

little room. The mud walls are a warm rich brown, on them hang pictures of rosehued Moscow, of Russian scenes and people. The furniture is scant and patently made by your host from packing cases, but the wood crackles warmly in the Russian stove and all is warm and cheerful and clean.

Finally the lesson ends and your host comes to make you welcome. Tea hour has arrived and his wife comes in from her round of lessons. She is beautiful with the sandy beauty of her country. Their three-year old son comes in for tea and to kiss your hand with old-fashioned grace and courtesy, and finally the mother of your hostess enters, with all the charm and beauty of old Russia in her manner.

It is a remarkable family to find in such circumstances. But your tea is ready—warm fragrant tea served boiling from the samovar. In its warmth you talk on and on, of world politics, of art or metaphysics, in English that makes you ashamed of your own and you fall silent, wondering.

You know their story, for Saloniki is very small. She was the daughter of the governor-general of Warsaw, her mother a lady-in-waiting to the Czarina. He was the son of one of Russia's land barons of the south. They met first at a children's party in Petrograd. It was love at first sight, but he was all of 12 and from the Crimea, and she just 10 and from the north. But in the years to come fate wove a tangled skein.

War broke over the world and he went with the Imperial Guard as a junior officer. She worked in a field hospital. She and her mother went to the front for the wedding of a brother, and the revolution broke in all its fury. Hidden, they saw this brother shot down on the streets of Kiev by his own men. They escaped to Odessa in a blizzard, lying flat on the floor of a box-car. From Odessa they were taken by ship to Constantinople.

He, having fought through the war unwounded, fell ill of typhoid and was captured by the Reds. Thinking him too near death for a bullet, they threw him into the snow. He was rescued by friends and later hidden three days in a madhouse.

Years after the party at Petrograd, they met again as refugees. She with the Near East Relief, he as a stevedore, but they were young and in love and they married.

Being promised work in Germany, they sold their all to go, but the work failed. Trying to return, they were refused admittance by the Turks. No other country would accept them without visa or passport, and so for three months they cruised up and down the Mediterranean. One day, totally without money, desperate, they had stolen from the ship on to a Greek island. The Greeks had allowed them to stay, and so without money or friends, in a strange and unfriendly country, these children of the rich had begun life again. But they were young together and you hear them speak of their fellow exiles wonderingly. Not once do they mention themselves, their needs, always the others—their friends.

But it is late, the afternoon has vanished. It is so late that when you bid your host good-bye you hurry to the little café nearby for supper. It is Saturday night and while you eat the savory Russian soup, one by one of the members of the little colony troop in to sit about the rude tables sipping tiny glasses of vodka—taking their one weekly pleasure. Slowly you eat your soup, and from the scraps of conversation, from your own knowledge, you re-make the background of this little band of exiles.

These are the men and officers of Wrangel's army, the Whites of Russia who for three years held at bay the red hordes of anarchy and communism. Theirs is an epic story. But prouder than of all their battles and victories are they of the fact that they kept the faith through anarchy and world's end. When the coming of the Germans into Russia would have meant the suppression of Bolshevism and the continuation of their Russia and their own survival, they had hurled them back. There had been days of horror when gradually, gradually, they were driven back. From Odessa they had sent the women and children to safety while the men fought on.

And what a fight this little army of 170,000 had made against the forces of all Russia! But in 1920 Poland made peace with Russia and the whole western army was thrown against them. Inch by inch they were driven, protected by the morasses. But that winter the morasses froze hard. Only Sebastopol remained. Wrangel, the greatest of all the Russians, had seen the inevitable, and in the harbor waited ships from all nations. And while the deep snows of winter held back their foes, the white army with colors flying, had marched aboard these ships to follow their general into foreign lands.

Down the Bosphorus 170,000 strong they came that day of 1920. Over them flew the flags of all nations, and at the water's edge waited wives and sweethearts.

Food had been scarce—the cold intense that winter in Constantinople, and the Turks were at their wits ends to care for these uninvited guests. But in spite of hunger, cold and heart break, not

one Russian stole. The market was flooded with their little possessions exchanged for food. They could not all stay there, and with the last money obtained from selling his ships, Wrangel divided his little army among the nations of the world; 1,800 came to Saloniki.

The lights of the little café flicker feebly, lighting up the face of an elderly man and woman. Her face is sweet, refined, but so tired, so marked with suffering. His bearing is military. He wears the flowing sideburns of a by-gone day. But tonight Colonel X—, of the Russian Hussars, is radiantly happy. After months of searching he has found work—not only one job, but two. No longer shall his wife with her teaching do all. He has been employed as a porter in a tobacco warehouse, and during his spare time he has been given the care of a garden. This very gallant gentleman and officer, who led one of the most brilliant cavalry charges of the last war, is supremely happy, for between the porter's work and the garden he will be able to pay for their lodging.



Very late the lights of the little café flicker and go out. The last drop of vodka is drained from the tiny glasses and even then day is breaking over the snowy cap of Hortiatis—the brilliant blue day of Greece.

Even then the bells of the little chapel were beginning to call the faithful few of this little exiled band to worship. A chapel, which, though nothing but an isolated barrack, has been stained by their patient hands into the deep rose of Moscow.

And inside, how patiently they have toiled, covering the mud walls and ceiling with white wrapping paper—adorning them with Madonnas and ikons painted by their own toil-hardened hands. The priest is very busy. His movements are slow, uncertain from weakness. The early comers watch him with loving, anxious eyes, for the dread white plague has him in its grip. It began when his son returned from the Russian school in Siberia, where the rigorous winters had set the boy to coughing. Even the warm sunlight failed to heal him. The father, tending him day and night, grew ever thinner and more haggard. But there was no one else, for the mother had grown weary of a life in which one dared not even die for fear of funeral expenses.

One Sunday before the little altar the priest had fainted from a hunger that a lone diet of onions and bread could not satisfy. It was better now, for the neighbors shared their little. But help had come too late, and the priest and boy awaited the end with the fortitude of their race; the boy in silence, the old man in service before the altar.

More of the worshippers come, their faces unnaturally white from lack of food, their clothing thin and inadequate against the keen winds of the Vardar. There is not even the usual look of brightness that Sunday brings, for today they celebrate a Te Deum for the soul of Nicholas Nicholaevitch, uncle of the late Czar, the last Grand Duke of Russia, and heir to its throne. Forgiven and forgotten is his record as a general, they only remember that he has shared their common lot. He is the last of the old regime, the rallying point of White Russia and he is gone. Today they sing masses and buy from their weekly pittance candles to burn for his soul.

The voice of the old priest is weak, so weak. It wavers, it breaks, but unseen, back in the church, rise the voices of the choir. Strong, true, like the notes of a great organ, it swells upward, filling the little chapel with a volume of pure melody. High, sweet, spiritual soar the voices of the women. Deep, true, resonant sound the voices of the men, all as one voice, with one note, one melody. Strong triumphant, oblivious of the barrack church, the papered walls, the dying priest. It is the soul of Russia that rises in their music. It is the spirit of White Russia that lives.

The attention of our artist members is called to the charming landscape illustration on page 198 of this issue, which gives a photographic reproduction of an oil painting by Consul Charles W. Lewis, Jr., at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. In sending this to the JOURNAL, Mr. Lewis asks: "Are there any other dabblers in paints in the Service?" A reply thereto would be of general interest.

A Service Idyll

By STEWART E. MCMILLIN, *Consul, Warsaw, Poland*

(A story built out of the names of approximately 700 men in the American Foreign Service. These names appear in capitals, and apostrophes are used since dialect is required if the names are to make a logical vehicle.)

IT WAS EARLY morning in our KEMP on th' MACKENZIE. FROST LAY in th' WOODS an' along th' river's EDGE with YOST a bit of ice, beginnin' to THAW 'neath a YEAGER sun.

Three of us, MEYER REBER, LINTHICUM Bill an' myself has been prospectin', an' are about to start th' DAY in our BACHELDER camp with a few vittles. Meyer, who is COOKE, BAKER an' BUTLER, is COOKINGHAM.

"HOWELL you have yours?" he asks.

"DUNN WOEL BROWN in butter," I says.

That brings a HOLLER. "What!" says he, "Five hun'ered miles from a DERRY, no COWAN th' PADDOCK, an' BUTTERWORTH all th' GOOLD of th' RAND up here! Not by ADAMS sight! A MINOR like yourself ean't humor such tastes before he's struck pay dirt an' comes to be an ALDRICH GUGGENHEIM. ORR maybe you think this th' ENGLISH CASTLE dinin' HALL of th' Duke of CAVENAUGH. Well, you ain't in a CASTLEMAN, but we're LIVENGOOD anyway. Th' WHITE HOUSE STEWART in WASHINGTON may HITCH some fancy STERLING to th' plates instead of one STEELE TEWELL apiece like we got, but I'm GJESSING th' food tastes no better to them than AUER OWEN does to us. Any BETTS?"

"None for you, feller; if EATON was a VYSE you'd be a CHILD of BELISLE," says Bill from th' eabin DORR. "But while ham's all well enough for breakfast, give BRADY an' me somethin' else for dinner or we'll LYNCH you an' BURRI th' remains without a SCHRAUD."

Says Meyer, "I thought of havin' somethin' a little better for dinner to-MORROW."

"DOOMAN, an' tell us WATTS th' thought."

"Well, after an apertif of Ann HEIZER or PILCHER BIAR we surrounds a festal board just CREAGHAN with good an' GOODIER things, an' BURROWS in. After sayin' GRACE we starts with RICE puré an' toasted BRETT cubes. Then eomes a PLAYTER of STURGEON or of trout garnished with a SPRAGUE or two of PARSLOE, if our TROUTMAN gets here, or maybe HAERING. WOOD pigeons or BRIST of TEALL follows. an' LEVIS a few SMALE things like CAHN on th' COBB, BRUNSWICK stew with SAUER GROUT, a MURPHY or two each, HUBBARD squash, pickled EELLS, BLACK BERRY pie an' a BOAL of BALDWIN apples."

"Don't we get nothin' to drink but beer?"

"Yeah, some fine ole port."

"Just port?"

"Yeah, ALLPORT, unless you'd like a STEYNE of SELTZER with a dash of AGOSTINI bitters, or a little WORMUTH as liqueur; we aims to please."

"Surely you'd give us somethin' else to eat, Meyer."

"Only some ROCHEFORT cheese an' maybe some HONEY."

"Ah-h-h, honey!"

"Yeah, honey fresh from the 'IVES. Then, a little FULLER than usual, we drops our cigar BUTTS an' rises as th' sun is sinkin' LOWE to prepare a few BEITZ for supper."

"That'll be nice, Meyer."

"That *would* be nice, you mean. For BANASH your thoughts up an ALLEY; th' COLEMAN ain't brought COLE, th' CARTER ain't come with th' things th' grocer's CLARK was to send, an' what I'll have to give you BOYCE is th' JOYCE of our good ole ham an' flapjacks again, washed down with ARNEMAN tea brought to a nice BOYLE in SPRINGS water, if our WATERMAN an' CHIPMAN"—here he looks stern at me—"will GOFORTH an' RUSSELL water an' WOOTEN chips."

"So that's all we get for dinner tomorrow?"

"CROSS MEINHARDT, it is," says Meyer.

"'ATWOOD DOOLITTLE to fill DE VAULT in my HOPPER," parries Bill. "Th' CUMMINGS of ham an' flapjacks now SIMS MOORE than I can endure."

Bill an' Meyer BICKERS like that while I gets a BLAIS to BRENNAN in th' INGLE nook under th' ham.

"That pipe dream of food," says Bill to us later as we begins to TUCK away BRENT ham, reminds me of one BONBRIGHT CAFFERY an' his PEARSON sorrow at forsakin' fancy grub.

"We met by SHANTZ in th' CARLSON Hotel of Seattle when I was gonna be HUNTER for th' TENNEY-STARRETT mine up th' Mackenzie, here. Bonnie knowed his STYLES. He hypers up in a swell CARR that SCHOENRICH in th' sun like a gold piece—not a PIERCE Arrow, a FRANKLIN, a HUDSON nor yet a HENRY FORD, but a BRAND NEU HENGSTLER Eight. Who was his TAYLOR, GLOVER an' SCHUMACHER I dunno, but Bonnie was HANSON as a fashion plate, an' maybe you think I didn't get a PHELAN of FUNK when he proposes to HUNT with me in th' wild KANAGA MARSH country up-

stream above us here. His cash proposition is great, but My 'EVANS, th' sap says he wants to go DEARING!

"I nearly faints at this point in th' TAIT a tait, but manages to ask him about his previous huntin' experiences an' if he can fish.

"'Well,' says he, swallowin' modest like, an' his face goes several HUSE, 'I've dropped ROBBINS an' DAWES from our BARNES, an' a MARTIN or two from the GARRETT roof with an air GUINN, and you ought to have seen the suckers I used to catch in the POND back of DE MILLE. And I used to SCHNARE rabbits. Once, too, I gave a FOX a fearful PECK with a CLUBB as he was leaving our hen run with a fat POULET.'

"'Them GARRETTY experiences won't help much in Kanaga forest, FIELD, HEATH or MOOERS,' I tells him, MADONNE disgusted. 'S'pose you DYE an' leave a SCANLON my hands?'

"His face goes SEVERE. 'Oh SHAW, Mr. Linthicum,' says he, GRAVES a judge, but with somethin' in his eyes I can't quite get, 'I'll have to confess my prowess to get your approval. As a DE VOTIE of sport I'm a KEENE FISHER who's caught SHOLES of FINLEY prey from DOW, BRIGGS an' other SHIPP. In BINGHAM BAY once I DREW a WILEY MACATEE to th' BEACH.'

"'What was th' matter WITHEY thing?' I asks. 'Was it sick?'

"'As for th' CHASE,' he goes on heedless in a soft drawl that must've been bred SOUTH or to SOUTHARD of th' NASON DICKSON line, 'I GREW up at it, and the Coeur DU BOIS is my natural HAVEN. Where MAGNITZKY trees TOWER high in the GANTENBEIN forests I've potted the spotted WECKERLING. In some GROVES of GROENINGER my trusty TALBOTT once sprang upon a SAVAGE YERBY, barely saving me from the brute's horn before I could whip out my BARRINGER and shoot. Another time, when with LIVINGSTON in DREHER African wastes, and nearly perishing of THURSTON hunger we——'

"'Don't MOKMA, JESTER,' says I, heated, 'I'm in EARNEST.'

"But he clings like a BURR. 'By GEORGE, Linthie,' says he, 'I'm GOWEN with you.'

"'No, YOUNG feller; everythin'd be NUFER you up there. You're no WALKER an' there's no RHOADES for your car. Even a CURTIS or a DOUGLASS plane would come to grief landin' in th' Kanaga country. There a KANE an' WESTCOTT like yours ain't been seen, an' Sweet WILLIAMS don't BLOHM there for your buttonhole,' I adds, cruel.

"'I'll be there, Linthie, MUSE on that.'

"'How?' I begs to know.

(*Continued to page 207*)



STAFF, AMERICAN CONSULATE, SAIGON, FRENCH INDO CHINA
FEBRUARY 10, 1931

Left to right—Ricksha coolie, Nguyen Van Thuon; messenger, Le Van Luc; clerk, Miss Carolyn C. Jacobs; Vice Consul, W. Everett Scotten; Consul, Henry S. Waterman; clerk, Mrs. Suzanne Russell; clerk, Jose L. Geirosa; and gardener, Nguyen Van Ban

A Week-End On La Gonave

By MARGARET W. MUNRO, *Port au Prince, Haiti*

EVERY day since the middle of last November I have looked from our balcony across the residences of Port au Prince and across the little sails on the blue, blue water to the great dark hulk of La Gonave and I have wished that I knew what was there. And then one Saturday the opportunity came of going with Lieutenant Wirkus on a visit to his former kingdom,* and we were off at an early hour, nine of us, with our blankets and cots and riding breeches.

A launch took us over to the Island where we were carried ashore and set down in a little fishing village, and conducted to the residence of the most important citizen. Lieutenant Wirkus at once went about rounding up enough beasts with saddles to take us up the mountain, and the mayor, if that's what he was, sent forth all his offspring to collect from the neighbors enough chairs to make us comfortable while we had our picnic lunch. The mayor's lady very kindly served us sweet coffee in after-dinner cups, and the pigs, dogs, babies and fighting cocks saw to it that nothing of our repast was wasted. They saw to it so assiduously, in fact, that the deplorable incident of the cock's tail was almost inevitable, but it is only because cocks are more inflammable than naked children, dogs and pigs that it caused such a disturbance when Donald Heath absently tossed his cigarette stub into the proud, bright plumage of a favorite bird. A strong smell of burning tail-feather filled the air as the unfortunate gamester rushed about with the smoke pouring out from behind, and no one knows what might have happened if His Britannic Majesty's resourceful representative had not captured him, turned him over and extracted the stub.

By that time four saddles had been unearthed for the ladies, and Lieutenant Wirkus trudged up the hillside with us and our mounts. The trail was very rocky and very steep, and the view behind us was getting more beautiful every minute, but I was so agitated over the smallness of my pony and the largeness of the boulders that I could scarcely spare it a glance. "Julie's" abode at the top of the climb looked like Heaven itself when we got there. If you have ever read "Magic Island" you may remember that Julie is the chief Voodoo priestess of the Island, and her home is a conglomeration of small huts where she lives with her numerous children and grandchildren. We occupied the dwelling built and kept for Lieutenant Wirkus, a square enclosed by a three-foot railing with a roof over it. On either side of the long table we put up our cots and stretched out on them, while Julie brought us coffee. A gaunt old negress in a starched white dress and bandana, she charmed us all with her gentle courtesy and dignity. No one could have been a more gracious hostess, and we marvelled at her intuitive hospitality. She very much regretted the somberness of her reception of the Roi and his friends, but her dear husband had been dead just two weeks. On his death bed, she told us with tears in her eyes, he showed his appreciation of their 30 happy years together by borrowing a ring and marrying her. And so, of course, we couldn't have a party. She showed us her simple little sanctuary which contained only an altar set with the customary food for the Deity and a bottle of red pop at each plate, and two of the flags used at Lieutenant Wirkus' "coronation."

While we waited for the rest of the party to arrive we watched the various members of the family at their daily tasks. The smallest grandchildren were



* See note, page 197.

shelling peas for supper, and when they had a large kettleful, older sister inspected them and put them on to boil. Firewood is very scarce now, and the tiny fire between the stones looked helpless under the ample kettle. It must have been hours before the water boiled. On the other side of the yard a boy whacking millet from the stalks grinned and offered us his paddle, two others rythmically pounded the grain in a mortar, and another tossed it from a tray into the air while the chickens at his feet cocked their eyes expectantly. Strolling down a lane, we came upon the laundry. The water for this community is scarce also—it has to be hauled four miles—so the deep holes in the rocks were utilized as containers and a little water went a long way. The laundresses pound, wash, rinse and bleach all on the same big rock—a very modern laundryctte which certainly saves them steps.

After supper we all sat about the yard in the moonlight, looking across at Port au Prince. I thought I could distinguish the lights of cars coming down the Petionville road and craned my neck to see around the branches of a scraggly little tree in my line of vision. Presently someone began to lop off the branches, and in another minute the whole tree fell. "Now you can see better," said Julie surprisingly. A little later the fowls in a nearby tree awoke to cackle at the moon, and some grandsons hustled up to throttle them and throw them into a bedroom before they could disturb us further.

At the first flutter of dawn after a cold night my eyes opened on the thin, dark form of Julie outlined against the faint orange of the sunrise, and she was quietly pitching rocks at the chickens to knock them from their perches before they could arouse us. As I lay there watching it grow lighter and thinking how convenient it would be if we could quiet early rising children in the same way, she brought us our coffee in bed, and it was then we noted with some concern that all the neighborhood had ranged themselves along our rail, waiting to watch us dress. Two of us were sorry we had not followed Lieutenant Wirkus' advice and kept our breeches on, but Julie divined our train of thought and taking up the garments led the way across the yard to her bare little room, where we could dress in comfort. When we returned she herself was filling the washbowl, emptying it over the bedroom floor to lay the dust, and refilling it for everyone's ablutions, in between times running across to the little bon-fire to superintend the pouring of hot water through an old sock full of coffee. It was so delicious that we just couldn't get enough of it.

We were truly sorry to leave Julie and her comforts. Mrs. M. had a headache and would much rather have kept right on sleeping in her cot, but we had to get on. Lieutenant Wirkus, Dana and Miss P. went ahead to explore some old caves, and the rest of us strung along through the fields of cotton, Kaffir corn and Congo peas which cover the wide plateau up there in the mountains. Our guide in his big straw hat was the gayest of the crowd. He had a fine saddle, a good enough horse, his overalls were new behind, and he was on top of the world, but before the day was over we would have appreciated a leader a little less elegant and more to the purpose. His gallant way of leaning over and shaking hands elaborately with everyone we met or passed, often holding up the whole procession while he inquired the health of all the relatives, grew tiresome as the day wore on, and after he succeeded in wangling twenty Haitian cents (almost a nickel) out of John Magowan, we were ready to push him off a cliff. Not a hut could we pass but he must dash up to the door and order the occupants out to sell him something, a biscuit, a cup of coffee, or a stick of sugar cane about six feet long which nearly tripped up his little horse half a dozen times before he found a pickininny with a machete to cut it up for him. A cup of rum purchased from a girl on a bourique, and his money was gone, but not his pipe and tobacco, nor his charming sociability. He patronized every little fire for a light, staying to pass the time of day with the family while we plodded ahead, sometimes taking the right turn, but more often not. Meanwhile the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and Mrs. M. more and more miserable. Early in the day I had discovered that my pony was the smallest and worst looking of the lot, but he was by far the best, so I had traded with her for a raw-boned nag that had to be kicked and beaten every step of the way. When I stopped, he stopped, and there we stayed in the middle of the road. To think that I should come to that, after all I've said to people about mistreating their animals! I never was so glad to see the last of anything as I was of that wretched horse.

After hours and hours we came to a ghastly descent. I thought the horses would break their necks and we with them, but we did get down, sideways, backwards, almost head over heels, and behold! the residence of Ti Mem Mem, the "Queen" of the Island. Gently and gradually they broke the news to us that she wasn't there. Somebody had slipped up somewhere and she had gone to Port au Prince. But they need not have worried, for at that moment nothing was of less consequence to us than the whereabouts of the

"Queen." Someone mentioned a swimming pool about a mile away, where a cool and copious spring gushed from the rocks of the river bank, and our cavaliers hastened eagerly down the road with their clean clothes under their arms. About an hour later a number of blowzy, dejected beings, their clothes just a little less clean still under their arms, trouped home from the swimming pool. It had seemed to them only a public pig wallow, with hundreds of natives crowding around to fill their water jars, and they wearily sought their turns at the wash basin. Meanwhile I, with my dainty appetite, had stopped for five cups of black coffee, a box of crackers spread half with pressed chicken and half with cheese, and a package of fig newtons before I had my bath around the corner where Lieutenant Wirkus had pinned up two blankets between two huts. He thought he had provided every luxury, but the gaps were as large as the blankets and the walls of the huts were open-work straw. I expect there were about thirty people filling the gaps when Louise Heath appeared on the scene and chased them all away. She was so fierce and scared them so properly that when her turn came she had hardly an onlooker. Only the young woman who brought the water showed a kindly interest by poking her black face around the curtain at regular intervals, and I suppose that "Shoo!" in just that tone of voice is "How do you like me?" in Creole, for the woman was very polite, and she always answered, "Ummm! Tres belle! Tres forte!"

That evening we borrowed two bon-fires and heated cans and cans of supper, and pails and pails of coffee, and when everyone could eat no more, we lay about on our cots in the moonlight, listening to the drums across the way sending out invitations to the dance. The Queen is the head of the agricultural guilds which the inhabitants of the Island have formed among themselves. There are a vice president and a number of other officers in each organization, and each one has not only his peculiar summons, but also his honors when he arrives. Lieutenant Wirkus was stretched full length on his cot when four very black men with their fighting cocks under their arms came up, saluted him, and dropped to their knees beside the cot, engaging him very earnestly in conversation. As they were leaving, another guest strode in, irate and with a grievance. He had come to the party and they had failed to give him his official honors. What should he do now? Certainly he had come to the right place to find out, but the opportunity for doing a little missionary work in the field of statesmanship and diplomacy slipped away, and a few quiet Creole words of advice from Lieutenant Wirkus still on his back, closed the incident so far as I know. At any rate, I saw the "gros negre" later at the dance, having a beautiful time.

We bestirred ourselves at last, and ambled stiffly across the road. The drums were stirring up the countryside, a small child under a torch entertained the old folks with his version of a Congo dance, and the invited guests came cake-walking out of the night, their chairs on their heads and their babies flung over their shoulders. When a dozen or so had assembled, a circle formed and the dance was on. "Upon my word," said the British Chargé, "the rear of them appears to be on a joint!" The men who were a part of the original circle piled all their hats onto the head of one negro, and thereafter when a man wished to join the dance he put his hat on the head of one of the dancers, signifying that he would take his place. How they all recovered their own hats at the end of the party I didn't stay long enough to find out. It was a good fete, and we wanted to show our appreciation of its excellence, but the uproar and the heavy, pungent air were stupefying to our tired nerves. All night my dreams were highly colored with the wild chanting and the tom-toms. For a while I was in a sleeping-car with a stethoscope to my ears, and when another whole village arrived with their drums to do homage to the King, I watched them vaguely from our knoll and thought it was only a more vivid nightmare. Fortunately they had reached only the preliminary stage of tuning up when Lieutenant Wirkus awoke and, half asleep, I watched his silhouette discouraging them with threats and gestures of royal wrath. They disappeared in the shadows, and I went back to my berth in the Pullman.

In the morning, after some crackers, some cheese and forty eggs, we went over to have a last look at the "bombosh" and see who had survived the night. The drummers were just a little fagged, and the children were tearful wrecks. The gay little dancer of the night before could still perform, but very solemnly. Somehow or other, none of them seemed so attractive on that bright Monday morning as they had in the moonlight, and I was relieved when a few handfuls of coins thrown into their midst broke up the party.

A two hours' ride brought us to another fishing village at the other end of the Island, where our launch awaited us, and we were glad to get aboard. Perhaps there are other places where I'd rather spend my days than the Island of La Gonave, but at any rate it is a comfort to look across at the great, dark hulk and know what's there.



Photo from Robert Janz

LAKE ATITLAN, GUATEMALA

"The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor. . . ."

There are neither moors nor Moors in Guatemala. But only the most beautiful poetry, even though inappropriate, can describe the country. From the tops of its highest peaks, where the world's finest coffee is grown, to the depths of its thickest jungles, which produce the world's worst mosquitoes, Nature has wielded a lavish brush and brought forth a canvas that equals that of any place on the globe.

The country's prize beauty spot, in which the people may justly take a deep pride, is Lake Atitlan, a large body of clear, blue water, hidden away in a nest of volcanic peaks. It cannot be reached by railroad, and a narrow highway, only infrequently used, is the only approach. The road winds in and out among the mountains, so that the traveler makes a sudden turn and comes unexpectedly upon the lake. Seen at dusk, when a blue haze extends across the water, it looks like nothing so much as a huge relief map, a scene difficult to describe but never to be forgotten.

VICE CONSUL ROBERT JANZ.



Photo from Robert Janz

Native Indian climbing one of Guatemala's typical mountain roads on his way to market

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

Vol. VIII MAY, 1931 No. 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The American Foreign Service Journal is published monthly by the American Foreign Service Association, and is distributed by the Association to its members gratis. The Journal is also open to private subscription in the United States and abroad at the rate of $4.00 a year, or 35 cents a copy, payable to the American Foreign Service Journal, care Department of State, Washington, D. C.

Copyright, 1931, by the American Foreign Service Association.

The American Foreign Service Association

Honorary President

HENRY L. STIMSON.....*Secretory of Stote*

Honorary Vice-Presidents

W. R. CASTLE, JR.....*Undersecretary of State*
WILBUR J. CARR.....*Assistant Secretary of State*
FRANCIS WHITE.....*Assistont Secretory of Stote*
JAMES GRAFTON ROGERS.....*Assistont Secretory of Stote*
——— ———.....*Assistant Secretory of State*

RALPH J. TOTTEN.....President
G. HOWLAND SHAW.....Vice-President

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

HOMER M. BYINGTON, *Chairman*, WALTER C. THURSTON, *Vice Choirmon*, PIERRE DE L. BOAL, ORSEN N. NIELSEN and JAMES J. MURPHY, JR.

Alternates:

CHARLES S. WINANS RICHARD FORD
RICHARD M. DE LAMBERT

MAXWELL M. HAMILTON
Secretary-Treasurer of the Association

Entertoinment Committee: A. DANA HODGDON, *Choirmon;* PETER H. A. FLOOD and H. FREEMAN MATTHEWS

JOURNAL STAFF

AUGUSTUS E. INGRAM.....Editor
JAMES B. STEWART.....Consulting Editor
PAUL H. ALLING.....Associate Editor
MARSHALL M. VANCE.....Business Manager
CLAYSON W. ALDRIDGE.....Treasurer of Journal

The American Foreign Service Association is an unofficial and voluntary association embracing most 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, to strengthen service spirit and to establish a center around which might be grouped the united efforts of its members for the improvement of the Service.

TEN YEARS AGO

(From Issue of May, 1921)

"The Senate has confirmed the appointment of Myron T. Herrick as Ambassador to France, and of George Harvey to Great Britain. Peter Augustus Jay, who has been a member of the Diplomatic Service since 1902, has been appointed Minister to Roumania."

"Sheldon Whitehouse has been detached from the Division of Western European Affairs in the Department and assigned as Senior Counselor of the Embassy at Paris."

"Due to the Bolshevik advance in the Caucasus, the American consular officers there have been forced to evacuate first Tiflis and then Batum. Consul Charles K. Moser and Vice Consuls John Randolph and Hooker Doolittle are in Constantinople awaiting orders."

"Speaking before the House of Representatives on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, during the session of Congress just closed, Representative John Jacob Rogers, of Massachusetts, said:

" 'The backbone of our Diplomatic Service is the secretary. A bad secretary may bring on a world war. An efficient secretary may enormously promote the welfare and prestige of the United States. Considering the importance and possibilities of the position, I believe that our secretaries are the most poorly paid men in the Government service. They enter the service at $2,500 or less—after a preliminary training that usually involves six or eight years—and at the end of a lifetime of successful work in the Foreign Service they may hope to receive a salary of $4,000 as First Secretary. * * *

" 'I do not profess to say that all Ambassadors and all Ministers should be appointed from the ranks of Secretaries or Consuls. Nor do I suggest that all Secretaries or Consuls are fit to be made Ambassadors or Ministers. But I do assert that for every reason it is important that, in so far as practicable, competent Secretaries and Consuls should have the prospect before them of a promotion to the rank of Minister as a reward for efficiency. The service itself, and the country with it, will be better off in consequence.' "

* * * J. B. S.



ITEMS



On March 31 the President announced the appointment of William R. Castle, Jr., as Undersecretary of State to succeed the late Joseph P. Cotton. Mr. Castle entered the Department on March 1, 1919, in the Division of Western European Affairs, and on December 20, 1921, was appointed chief of that division. On February 26, 1927, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State and he has held that appointment until his promotion to the position of Undersecretary with the exception of a few months in 1930 when he was designated as special Ambassador to Japan.

At the time of Mr. Castle's appointment to the position of Undersecretary several newspaper writers speculated as to whether the appointment was to be interpreted as the creation of a permanent office in the Department similar to those in the British Foreign Office and in the Quai d'Orsay. Some of these writers express the opinion that it would be highly desirable to have a permanent Undersecretary who would not change with each new administration in order that there might be an interrupted continuity of policy.

The President and practically all of the members of the Cabinet attended the opening game in the Capital of the American League baseball season which took place between the Washington and Philadelphia teams. As usual the President threw out the first ball, but there were also other ceremonies in celebration of Pan-American Day. These ceremonies opened by a parade of the players led by the Secretary of State and the owner of the Washington team, Mr. Clark Griffith. A salute of 21 guns was fired—one gun in honor of each of the American republics. Among the distinguished guests at the game were the diplomatic representatives of many of the Latin-American republics.

Many Departmental fans likewise attended the game and were disappointed to see the Washington team lose by the score of 5 to 3.

Prince Takamatsu, brother of the Emperor of Japan, and Princess Takamatsu were greeted on their arrival in New York on April 10 by Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs, representing the President; by Mr. Richard Southgate, Acting Chief of the Division of International Conferences and Protocol, representing the Secretary of State; and by Mr. Maxwell M. Hamilton, Assistant Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs. Mr. Hamilton accompanied the Prince and Princess during their stay in New York and on their trip to Washington. When the royal party left Washington, eventually to go to Canada, it was accompanied by Consul General Ransford S. Miller, now assigned to the Division of Far Eastern Affairs.

Prince and Princess Takamatsu were received on April 15 by the President who, on the evening of that day, gave a state dinner in their honor. Other officials who gave dinners in honor of the Prince and Princess are the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Adams and the Undersecretary of State and Mrs. Castle.

Among the sights which the Prince and Princess saw during their stay in Washington were the Japanese cherry trees, which were presented to the Capital several years ago by the Japanese Government. The trees around the Tidal Basin were in full bloom and presented an entrancing picture which visitors from all over the United States have flocked to see.

Upon his return from a short vacation in Bermuda the Undersecretary, Mr. William R. Castle, Jr., hastened to California to see his sister who was seriously ill.

Members of the Service will be sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. E. J. Ayers, Chief Clerk of the Department. During Mr. Ayers' enforced absence from the Department during the past month, Mr. Harry A. McBride, Executive Assistant to the Assistant Secretary, has been designated by the Secretary as Acting Chief Clerk and Ad-

ministrative Assistant. Mr. Ayers, his friends will be glad to know, is now steadily recovering his health.

The delegates of the United States at the Conference on the Limitation of the Manufacture of Narcotic Drugs, which is to be held at Geneva on May 27, 1931, are: Consul General John K. Caldwell, assigned to the Department of State, Chairman; Mr. Harry J. Anslinger (formerly a Foreign Service Officer), Commissioner of Narcotics; Doctor Walter Lewis Treadway, Assistant Surgeon General of the Public Health Service; and Sanborn Young, Member of the Senate of the State of California. Mr. Winthrop Greene, Third Secretary of the Legation at Berne, will act as Secretary of the American Delegation, while Vice Consul Marc Smith, assigned to Geneva, will act as disbursing officer.

The following officers have been detailed from the Department to attend the Sixth General Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce which is to be held in Washington from May 4-6, inclusive: Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs; Mr. Walter C. Thurston, Chief of the Division of Latin-American Affairs; Mr. Frederick Livesey, Acting Economic Adviser; Mr. James J. Murphy, Jr., Chief, Commercial Office; and Mr. Walter A. Foote, Consul at Medan, Sumatra, now on detail in the Division of Current Information.

In selecting the furniture and lighting fixtures for the new Embassy at Tokyo, the Foreign Buildings Office has had the assistance and collaboration of the following informal committee: Mrs. W. R. Castle, Jr., Mrs. Francis White, Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay, Mrs. Robert L. Bacon, and Mr. David Finley, Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. This committee met on several occasions during the first part of April and, after careful consideration, made its recommendations regarding the furnishing of practically all of the rooms of the Embassy.

The contract has been let for the razing of the present buildings for the new office building at Paris and it is expected that work will be commenced some time in August. If plans proceed as expected it is hoped that the new building will be ready for occupancy in about two years.

On April 8, 1931, Mrs. James B. Stewart gave a luncheon in honor of the Mrs. James Grafton Rogers, wife of the recently appointed Assistant Secretary of State.

It has been announced that Doctor Tyler Dennett, Historical Adviser of the Department, who has recently returned from a six months' leave of absence, will resign in February, 1932, to accept the professorship of international relations in the School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University. It will be recalled that former Counselor of Embassy Dewitt C. Poole is also connected with the School at Princeton.

While Mr. Dennett was on his recent leave of absence he was engaged in the preparation of a book on John Hay and in revising his well-known work, "Americans in Eastern Asia."

Mr. A. Dana Hodgdon, Chief of the Visa Division, and Mr. Richard Flournoy, of the Solicitor's Office, were two of the three alumni of Washington and Lee University who were recently elected as honorary members of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity. They were initiated on March 28, 1931, at Lexington, Va.

At a recent meeting of the State and War Department Correspondents' Association, Mr. Bertram D. Hulen, of the *New York Times*, was elected president of the association for the ensuing year.

The News (Washington newspaper) of April 7, 1931, carried a picture of Miss Mary Myers, with the following caption: "Students of the University of Georgia may fluuk in Greek and Calculus, but they hit the nail on the head when they picked Mary Myers, 17-year-old freshman in the School of Journalism, as the most beautiful girl in the university. She is the daughter of D. J. D. Myers, United States Consul in Costa Rica. Miss Myers was born in Honduras, but her parents are natives of Georgia."

The following quotation from an editorial entitled "Our Own Foreign Relations," which appeared in the *Review of Reviews* for April, 1931, may help to indicate to members of the service that their work and that of the Department is appreciated in at least one important quarter:

"There is hardly a country in the world today whose government would not testify that the present administration in Washington has shown itself eminently worthy of respect and confidence. Our Department of State, under Mr. Stimson, carries on multiplied activities, because of the expansion of external interests in recent years. But the amount of friction in our foreign relations is surprisingly small; and few problems involving serious differences of opinion are now pending."

News Items From The Field

LONDON

April 1, 1931.

Counselor of Embassy Ray Atherton is spending about a month's vacation in the United States and expects to return on the *Berengaria,* sailing from New York on April 21.

Consul General and Mrs. Lucien Memminger, with their three children, spent about 10 days visiting friends in London during the latter part of March. Mr. Memminger was Consul at Bordeaux and has been appointed Consul General at Belfast.

Minister Ralph J. Totten spent a few days in London en route to his post at Capetown, South Africa.

Senator Dwight Morrow, who passed through London on his way to Sicily, spent a few days with Ambassador Dawes.

First Secretary Wainwright Abbott has reported for duty at the Embassy here.

Consul General Herbert S. Goold, who was at one time First Secretary at London, spent a fortnight in London with his family en route to his post at Beirut.

Consul and Mrs. Henry H. Balch, accompanied by their three children, passed through London en route to their new post at Dublin.

Vice Consul Julian K. Smedberg has been transferred from Newcastle to Dundee.

Vice Consul John H. Fuqua has been transferred from Dundee to London.

Vice Consul Edgar H. Slaughter has resigned from the Consular Service to enter business.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Seddicum passed through London en route to the United States. Mr. Seddicum is Vice Consul at Cardiff, and is returning to the United States to take the oral examination for the Foreign Service.

Vice Consul Guy W. Ray.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

March 10, 1931.

The American Woman's Club of Zurich has recently been reorganized along the lines of the other American clubs in Europe.

Whereas it has been in existence for five years as the American Ladies' Club, with its members largely drawn from Swiss friends, it has now changed not only its name but its character.

At a recent meeting, by-laws, modeled after those of the Berlin and The Hague clubs, were read and adopted, wherein it is stated that:

"The purpose of this organization shall be to further the interests of American women living, working and visiting in Zurich; to promote social intercourse; to provide competent counsel and advice upon all matters of importance to those who are unfamiliar with the customs of the country, and to help them to procure suitable homes."

The club is already taking on a decidedly American atmosphere, with Americans resident in Zurich showing a keen interest in its development. There are to date 60 members, with from 30 to 40 present at each meeting.

While the club can not yet boast of such a large library as The Hague Club, it has made an excellent beginning with 150 books donated, and by subscribing to "The Book of the Month Club" and to "The Book League of America."

Meetings are held every fortnight at the Savoy Hotel, members playing bridge and backgammon before tea. The Program Committee offers some form of entertainment, such as lectures, music, et cetera, once a month.

As there are not many Americans in Zurich, and so far no properly defined American colony, it is felt that definite progress has been made toward creating a real center for American women.

The officers elected are: Honorary president, Mrs. Lewis W. Haskell; president, Mrs. Arthur Suter; first vice president, Mrs. Störi; second vice president, Mrs. Schuurman; treasurer, Mrs. Max Hoepli; assistant treasurer, Mrs. Carl Briner; recording secretary, Mrs. Dennis Harmon; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Trümpler.

Mrs. Lewis W. Haskell.

(Wife of the American Consul General, Zurich.)



THE STAFF OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE IN LIVERPOOL

Left to right, seated—Mr. De Witt T. Warner, Immigration Technical Adviser; Mr. William Pierce, Chancellor; Mr. Cyril L. Thiel, Consul; Mr. Philip Hollond, Consul General; Mr. Hugh Wotson, Vice Consul; Dr. R. B. Snavely, United States Public Health Service. Second row (standing)—Miss Betty Price, Mr. Edword J. McDevitt, Miss Morgaret B. Lloyd, Mr. Henry J. Grgory, Mr. John E. McCormick, Mr. Jomes C. McRae, Mrs. F. Holland. Third row (stonding)—Mr. C. H. Johnson, Miss Betty M. Blott, Mr. W. L. Schultz, Miss Lillie Ashplont, Mr. Gcorge P. Heuston, Mr. Thomos F. Smith

The above photograph was taken on March 2, 1931, to commemorate the sixty-eighth birthday of Mr. William Pierce, who on February 23, 1931, completed his fifty-fifth year of service in the American Consulate in Liverpool.

Mr. Pierce began his service in the Consulate in his fourteenth year under Gen. Lucius Fairchild, an appointee of General Grant. General Fairchild lost an arm in the Civil War. Gov. Stephen B. Packard, ex-governor of Louisiana, was his second chief; Mr. Charles T. Russell, of Connecticut, was his third, and after him came Mr. Thomas H. Sherman, formerly private secretary of James G. Blaine. Then came Col. James E. Neal, Mr. James Boyle, Mr. John Lewis Griffiths, famous after-dinner speaker and later Consul General in London. Mr. Horace Lee Washington, who recently retired as Consul General in London, came next. Mr. L. J. Keena, at present Consul General in Paris, preceded Mr. Pierce's present chief, Consul General Philip Holland.

Mr. Pierce was deputy consul from 1894 to 1916 and vice consul from 1916 until by Act of Congress foreigners could not serve as commissioned officers.

Mr. Pierce, for the past 20 years, has been regarded as Nestor of the Liverpool Consulate. There is not a detail of the office which has transpired in the last 50 years that has escaped him. He is an encyclopaedia of information.

At a banquet given by Consul General L. J. Keena to Mr. Pierce in Liverpool in 1926 to commemorate his 50 years of service many congratulatory letters and telegrams were received, among which were those from Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, Assistant Secretary of State Wilbur J. Carr, Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton and chief of the Foreign Service Administration, Herbert C. Hengstler.

Mr. Pierce's long service in the consulate in Liverpool has brought him into contact with many eminent Americans, one of whom was the late Chief Justice Taft. At the banquet in 1926 Consul Horace Lee Washington, then Consul General in London, told the incident of a meeting with Justice Taft—it seems the two were intimate

friends. On one occasion when Consul General Washington was calling upon Justice Taft, the greeting was not the usual "Hullo Horry," but "Well, How's Pierce!"

When any two officers who have served in Liverpool meet the main subject of conversation is William Pierce. At 68 he is as active, both physically and mentally, as he was 40 years ago. He is usually the first to arrive at the office in the morning and the last to leave in the afternoon. He rarely ventures advice to his chief, but rarely a day passes that advice is not sought of him.

MILAN

At the annual banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce for Italy, which was held in this city on March 14, 1931, Mr. Mowatt M. Mitchel, Commercial Attaché to the American Embassy at Rome, was the guest of honor. He declined, however, to be the principal speaker, stating humorously that, like Charlie Chaplin, his forte was silence.

Consul General Coert Du Bois, of Genova, was also a guest at the banquet. He took a hasty look at Italy's commercial metropolis on Sunday morning and returned at once to "La Superba," as Genova has modestly called itself for half a thousand years.

Consul José de Olivares, from Leghorn, and Mrs. Olivares motored up from Leghorn, Mrs. Olivares to attend a performance at La Scala and the Consul to be present at the annual banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Homer Brett and her daughter, Julia, embarked at Genova on March 17 on the Dollar Liner *President Fillmore* for New York. They will visit relatives in Washington until the arrival of Consul Brett, which should take place some time early in June.

Vice Consul James W. Gantenbein is naturally much pleased at receiving a copy of his first book, "The Doctrine of Continuous Voyage, Particularly as Applied to Contraband and Blockade." The book was written as a part of the work done to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and has now been published by the Keystone Press, of Portland, Oreg.

Mr. Samuel Brumer, formerly United States Treasury representative, has been promoted to the rank and title of Treasury Attaché. Nominally Mr. Brumer is attached to the Embassy in Rome, but his office is in Milano, as this city is much more conveniently located for his work.

CONSUL HOMER BRETT.

SIXTY YEARS' SERVICE

Mr. Jacob M. Owen entered upon his sixtieth year of service as American Consular Agent at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, on April 18, this year. Mr. Owen was appointed Consular Agent on April 18, 1872, during President Grant's administration, less than five years after the establishment of the Dominion of Canada.

In appreciation of his long service, Secretary Stimson has addressed the following letter to Mr. Owen:

"April 7, 1931.

"Jacob M. Owen, Esquire,
Annapolis Royal,
Nova Scotia, Canada.

"MY DEAR MR. OWEN:

"I have noted that on the 18th of this month you will enter upon your sixtieth year of service as American Consular Agent at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia. Your appointment dates back to the administration of President Grant and the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Your period of service began less than five years after the establishment of the Dominion of Canada.

"You have seen amazing changes in the country of your birth and in the country which you have served for so long a time. I am sure that it has been a source of gratification to you to see the steady growth in cultural ties and neighborly sentiment, as well as in commercial intercourse, between the two countries and to feel that you have had a part in this growth.

"I desire to express my appreciation of your loyal and efficient services and to extend my best wishes to you for the future.

"Very sincerely yours,
"(Signed) HENRY L. STIMSON."

The records of the Department of State also show that Mr. Owen's brother, William, was Consular Agent at Bridgewater from April 18, 1872, until December 1, 1919, and that his brother, D. M. Owen, was Consular Agent at Lunenburg from November 24, 1883, until September 12, 1906, when the office was closed.

Consul Romeyn Wormuth, recently transferred from St. John, New Brunswick, to Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, was the guest of honor on February 28, 1931, at a dinner given in the Admiral Beatty Hotel, St. John, New Brunswick, by 50 of his friends. There were many speeches by prominent officials expressing regret at Mr. Wormuth's departure, and Mr. F. A. Dykeman, who presided, presented Mr. Wormuth with a handsome cane with a gold band, engraved "Romeyn Wormuth, from Saint John friends, 1931."



AMERICAN LEGATION, MANAGUA
Destroyed in recent earthquake

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

A recent letter from one of the Legation staff at Managua, Nicaragua, said, "it has been a heart-rending experience," not merely from "the physical shock of feeling the building fall around you, and of having to stay on the second floor while everything rocked like a rowboat, because you could not see to get down . . . but to have to be there hour after hour while successive shocks brought the Legation lower and lower." And then "when one thought the Legation was safe from fire at least, to have it suddenly burst into flames and see everything consumed, including the beautiful possessions of Mr. and Mrs. Hanna." The writer added: "The latter have taken it like soldiers. He is directing relief and stands up head and shoulders above everyone else. He thinks of everyone but himself and is an inspiration to all. Mrs. Hanna worked from daybreak to dark until the wounded were evacuated."

The letter concluded as follows: "The number of dead will never be known It will doubtless exceed 1,500. Fortunately the disaster occurred during Holy Week when all who could afford to do so had gone to the hills or the seashore. Otherwise the death list, especially among the leading families, would have been much greater."

"We are living and working under tentage in the Campo de Marte, but expect to move into a building in two weeks. It is one of the few in town left structurally intact."



"SAYING GOODBYE"

Left to right—Don Aureliano Restrepo, Consul Fletcher Warren, Mrs. J. C. Nichols (mother of Mrs. Hall), Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. Warren, Vice Consul Hall and Vice Consul Phelan. (Consul Warren was recently assigned to Budapest)

SANTIAGO DE CUBA

By EDWIN SCHOENRICH, *Consul, Santiago de Cuba*

Sanitago de Cuba. Associations of San Juan Hill, Rough Riders, Lieutenant Hobson, General Wood. The student of international law will also link the name with the celebrated *Virginius* drama, which was enacted here in 1873. Commemorative monuments remind the visitor to Santiago de Cuba of these asso-

ciations today. The caretaker of the memorial park on San Juan Hill calls at the consulate for his wages, paid by the War Department; the roads built by General Wood have become principal thoroughfares, and a statue stands on the water front promenade to Admiral Lorraine, of H. B. M. *Niobe,* who is accredited with having halted the executions of the crew of the *Virginius.* But a thousand and one notable events and personalities remain uncommemorated. For the New World, Santiago has a deep past. Fancy that it was here that Cortes fitted out the expedition which led to his conquest of Mexico!

At the eastern end of the island of Cuba is the Province of Oriente. Divide this Province into northern and southern halves. The southern section, roughly speaking, will be the Santiago consular district, equivalent in size to Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Sixty miles farther up the coast of the Caribbean, to the east of Santiago, is the United States Naval Station of Guantanamo Bay. In the spring of the year, after the naval manoeuvers, the Santiago consul welcomes a steady number of visiting American men-of-war.

Sugar is king. The place of Cuban sugar in world commerce is so well known as to need no comment, and the dominating influence of this industry upon the lives and destinies of the local populace can be imagined. At the present moment this barometer of human happiness is very, very low. But not so the second industry in importance: Rum. Santiago is the home of the world-famed Bacardi (the accent is on the *last* syllable). The general depression is tempered also by the relatively better condition of coffee growing. But the remaining industries of apiculture, manganese mining, and even the manufacturing of rope shoes (*alpargatas*) are in their respective slumps. Tobacco? This does not apply. The excellent Cuban cigars which are smoked over Santiago's Bacardi come from the western end of the island.



SPECIAL EMBASSY ACCREDITED BY THE PRESIDENT TO EL SALVADOR ON OCCASION OF THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES OF PRESIDENT ARTURO ARAUJO

In front—Special Ambassador Warren Delano Robbins, accompanied by (left) Undersecretory for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Ramón L. Jiménez; (right) Don Miguel Dueñas, Special Delegate of the Salvadoron Protocol; in the rear Secretories Harold D. Finley and Frederick P. Latimer, Jr.; General Casteñada, of the Solvadoran Army; Mojor Peter Geyer, U. S. M. C., Naval Attaché, and Salvadoran Aides-de-camp

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

The following is the text of an address by Consul Charles L. De Vault on February 5, 1931, at Memorial Hall, Yokohama, Japan, on the occasion of the acceptance by the city of Yokohama of 1,000 rose trees sent by the city of Seattle as a return gift for the historic stone lantern presented in October, 1930, by the city of Yokohama to the city of Seattle:

"Mayor Ariyoshi, Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a gracious act of our ever-thoughtful Mayor to invite all of us here today—the American Chargé d'Affaires from Tokyo with his staff, our American Consular group, the membership of the American Association of Yokohama, and of Yokohama's Columbia Society. The addresses of the distinguished Mayor, of His Excellency Governor Yamagata, and of the president of Yokohama's Chamber of Commerce have made this occasion memorable. It is thus that the best of history is made, mutual interests are assisted, and friendship cemented. Not all days in the history of men, cities, or nations are happy days. But days like this ensure happy and grateful memories—they are the golden beads we tell and retell upon our rosaries of remembrance.

"The importance of this occasion is not solely that it is the gracious reception of a gift from the city of Seattle, in America, to its sister city of Yokohama, in Japan, in return for an earlier gift. Gifts are of many kinds. I can imagine, on a day like this (with cold and heavy rain), a lover being tempted to present his adored one with a pair of dependable rubber boots and a very substantial raincoat rather than a bracelet, a gem, or other token of tender sentiment. But gifts uncompelled by circumstance, gifts of understanding, gifts of affection, gifts of supreme good will, these, regardless of their utilitarian or monetary value, are the priceless gifts. Long after the gift itself has perished the sentiment the gift embodied and the gratification it evoked, blessing him who gave and him who took, endure as hallowed memories.

"Yokohama's noble gift of four months ago was a supreme example of the gift of pure good will. A splendid replica of that 500-year-old famed lantern of the renowned Taiko Hideyoshi, it weighed 8 tons and is the embodiment of much that is highest, best, and most sacred in the history, tradition, life, and faith of old and new and future Japan. Why a lantern? Few symbols in the world have so wide and fine a significance as the lanterns of solid stone that through the centuries have lighted the way of worshippers and travellers to the shrines and temples of this fair land.

"The gift of flowering trees by our own city of Seattle to this brave and beautiful city of Yokohama, doorway-in and gateway-out of the 'Flowery Kingdom,' has likewise a peculiar fitness. They are living and vivid emblems of tender and ever-renewing beauty.

"Let us, therefore, while we continue to exchange between our two countries tons upon tons of commodities—and may their volume grow—as we exchange inventions and results of scientific and mechanical research; as we exchange professors, students, and lecturers;—let us continue to exchange cherry trees and blossoms, the toys and dolls for children, the lanterns and rose trees for all—symbols of sympathetic understanding and unalloyed good will, of honest sentiment and affection—let us 'say it with flowers' and other tender and affectionate things we know. And I have to say that people of this or other lands can never refer thoughtfully to this heroic city of Greater Yokohama without reverent mention of the wise, devoted, and indefatigable Mayor Ariyoshi, our illustrious host."



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN COMPOUND OF AMERICAN CONSULATE AT CHEFOO, CHINA

Left—Consul Lynn W. Franklin. Right—Consul Leroy Webber (Mr. Franklin succeeded Mr. Webber early this year.)

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,
Though planted in Esteem's deep fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind Intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

—*Joanna Baillie.*

LITERARY STYLE

The following extract from the Instructions to Diplomatic Officers of the United States (1927 edition) contains so much valuable advice in regard to precision, suavity, and clarity of literary style that it will be profitable to study it in connection with the Consular Regulations on correspondence:

The three most preeminent qualities necessary to the style of a diplomatic note are precision, suavity, and clarity.

Precision in such writing includes all the gradations of logic. In no other form of composition, except legal briefs, must an orderly structure of logic be so carefully worked out. Even the simplest note should be examined for flaws in its rhetorical structure and paragraphing, which might represent a fault in building up the idea to be conveyed in the mind of the recipient. It should be the study of the writer of such a note to construct it so that the conclusion shall be inevitable. In order to attain this end, one excellent principle in all long notes is to make a topical outline after writing the first draft, and by so doing the structural flaws will become apparent and the final draft can be rearranged in perfect order. However, in an effort to be convincing, all tendency to be unduly controversial should be avoided. Naturally, the scrupulous exactitude in statement of fact will contribute to the precision desired in the whole composition, but the too frequent use of the words "allege," "seems," or "appears" does not in actuality add to the appearance of this virtue.

Suavity includes the regulation phrases of courtesy, the use of correct designations, titles, and qualifications, and, in general, the tone of a man addressing his equal in terms of worldly politeness which represents true consideration.

To attain clarity, the composition should always be, in so far as possible, a complete effort not dependent in any way on other documents or previous correspondence. Although the files of a foreign office are available to its members, the writer of a note should endeavor to phrase it in such a way as to cause the least research, as the persons who have the large decisions to make are usually too hurried to read through masses of correspondence called up by references in a note. For the same reason, unduly long sentences should be avoided and fine writing, epigrams, and stylistic excrescences of every kind omitted. Even figures of speech which would adorn literary compositions should be cast aside unless they contribute to the understanding of the problem in hand. In so far as possible, it should be the aim of the writer to make his communication so clear and concise that it could be understood a hundred years hence and translated into a foreign language by some one who knew nothing whatever of the subject.

In the consideration of style emphasis must be laid on the vocabulary and, in diplomatic style, this element deserves most careful attention. Despite the Latin and French traditions, English diplomatic notes are not strengthened, but rather weakened by pronounced Latinity of vocabulary. With proper attention to form, the more intensely Anglo-Saxon the vocabulary and the greater proportion of one or two syllable words, the more vigorous and effective will be the style. Particular care should be exercised not to use French words which have proper English equivalents, as, for example, *doyen* for dean, corps *diplomatique* for diplomatic corps; *ministère* for ministry, etc. All of these phrases result from the jargon talked by diplomats everywhere but have no place in writing.

As to the meaning of words, Walter Hines Page, in his *Life and Letters,* volume 2, page 341, makes pertinent observation on this point:

> See that you use no word in a different meaning than it was used 100 years ago and will be used 100 years hence. You wish to use only the permanent words—words too that will be understood to carry the same meaning to English readers in every part of the world. Your vocabulary must be chosen from the permanent, solid, stable parts of the language.
>
> Then see that no sentence contains a hint of obscurity.
>
> Then go over the words you use to see if they be the best. Don't fall into merely current phrases. If you have a long word, see if a native short one can be put in its place which will be more natural and stronger. Avoid a Latin vocabulary and use a plain English one—short words instead of long ones.

NAPOLEON ON REPORT WRITING

Paris. 17th January, 1810.

To M. de Champagny,

Duc de Cadore, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

I send back your report about Rome. It strikes me as being weak, and contains some doubtful assertions. When you say that the entry of the troops into the March of Ancona was not an act of hostility, you put yourself in the wrong, and bring forward questions which would startle Europe. The style is not sufficiently business-like; what I want is hard reasoning, not picturesqueness. I will ask you, therefore, to remodel this report, and return it to me.

Generally speaking the report has no division or plan, and leaves no impression on the mind after it has been read.

NAPOLEON.

FOREIGN SERVICE CHANGES

Released for publication March 21, 1931

The following changes have occurred in the American Foreign Service since March 14:

Edmund O. Clubb, of St. Paul, Minn., now serving as Language Officer at the American Legation, Pieping, China, has been assigned American Vice Consul at Hankow, China.

Franklin C. Gowen, of Philadelphia, Pa., now serving as American Consul at Naples, Italy, has been assigned American Consul at Genoa, Italy.

Cloyce K. Huston, of Crawfordsville, Iowa, now serving as American Vice Consul at Genoa, Italy, has been assigned American Vice Consul at Naples, Italy.

Erik W. Magnuson, of Chicago, Ill., now serving as American Consul at Halifax, has been assigned American Consul at Barranquilla, Colombia.

Fletcher Warren, of Wolfe City, Tex., now serving as American Consul at Barranquilla, has been assigned American Consul at Budapest, Hungary.

Non-Career

Jack D. Neal, of Texas, now serving as a clerk in the American Consulate at Barranquilla, has been appointed American Vice Consul at that post.

The resignation of Edgar H. Slaughter, of Kansas City, Mo., American Vice Consul at Bristol, England, has been accepted.

Released for publication March 28, 1931

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since March 21, 1931:

The assignment of Franklin C. Gowen, of Philadelphia, Pa., from American Consul at Naples to American Consul at Genoa has been cancelled. He has been assigned American Consul at Palermo.

The assignment of Cloyce K. Huston, of Crawfordsville, Iowa, from American Vice Consul at Genoa to American Vice Consul at Naples has been cancelled.

Robert P. Joyce, of Pasadena, Calif., now American Vice Consul at Shanghai, China, assigned Vice Consul at La Paz, Bolivia.

Sheldon T. Mills, of Portland, Oreg., American Vice Consul at La Paz, Bolivia, was confirmed a Diplomatic Secretary on February 27, 1931, and designated Third Secretary of Legation at Panama.

Julian L. Pinkerton, of Versailles, Ky., now American Consul at Bergen, Norway, assigned American Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

The assignment of Kenneth S. Stout, of Portland, Oreg., from the Foreign Service School as American Vice Consul at Puerto Cortes, Honduras, has been cancelled. He has been assigned American Vice Consul at Tela, Honduras.

Non-Career

Donald W. Aitken, of Buffalo, N. Y., now a clerk in the Consulate at Stuttgart, Germany, has been appointed a Vice Consul at that post.

T. Monroe Fisher, of Strasburg, Va., now American Vice Consul at Tela, Honduras, appointed Vice Consul at Santa Marta, Colombia.

Forrest K. Geerken, of Minneapolis, Minn., now a clerk in the Consulate at Adelaide, Australia, appointed Vice Consul there.

Oscar C. Harper, of El Paso, Tex., now American Vice Consul at Ensenada, appointed Vice Consul at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

Coke S. Rice, of Dallas, Tex., now American Vice Consul at Hamburg, Germany, appointed Vice Consul at Malta.

Released for publication April 4, 1931

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since March 28, 1931:

John B. Faust, of Denmark, S. C., now Third Secretary and American Vice Consul at Asuncion, Paraguay, assigned Vice Consul at Berlin, Germany.

The office at Harbin, China, has been raised to the rank of Consulate General.

Thomas S. Horn, of St. Louis, Mo., now American Consul at Antofagasta, Chile, designated Second Secretary of Legation and American Consul at Asuncion.

J. Theodore Marriner, of Portland, Me., American Foreign Service Officer of Class I, now Chief of the

Banking Service
To Foreign Service Officers

With over forty-one years experience in banking and trust business, we offer every financial facility to those in the Foreign Service.

A banking connection in Washington, D. C., with this Institution will be a source of satisfaction while on duty at a foreign post.

AMERICAN SECURITY
AND TRUST COMPANY

15th and Penna. Ave.

Four Branches

Capital, $3,400,000
Surplus, $3,400,000

WASHINGTON'S LARGEST TRUST COMPANY

Division of Western European Affairs, Department of State, designated Counselor of Embassy, at Paris, France.

James J. Murphy, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa., American Foreign Service Officer of Class VI, assigned to the Department of State, resigned March 23, 1931, to accept appointment as Chief of the Consular Commercial Office, Department of State.

Edward B. Rand, of Shreveport, La., now American Vice Consul at Arica, Chile, assigned Vice Consul at Antofagasta, Chile.

The American Consulate at Arica has been ordered closed as soon as practicable.

Non-Career

Raymond Lanctot, of Syracuse, N. Y., American Vice Consul at Surabaya, Java, appointed Vice Consul at Riviere du Loup, Canada.

Released for publication April 11, 1931

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since April 4, 1931:

Garret G. Ackerson, Jr., of Hackensack, N. J., now Third Secretary of Legation at Pretoria, Union of South Africa, designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Lima, Peru, effective after July 1, 1931.

Robert R. Bradford, of South Omaha, Nebr., now American Consul at Messina, Italy, assigned Consul at Breslau, Germany, effective after July 1, 1931.

Homer M. Byington, of South Norwalk, Conn., a Foreign Service Officer of Class I and detailed to the Department of State as Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel, commissioned as a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service under a recess appointment dated March 10, 1931.

Robert D. Coe, of Cody, Wyo., now Third Secretary of Embassy at Lima, Peru, designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Istanbul, Turkey, effective after July 1, 1931.

Eugene H. Dooman, of New York City, now First Secretary of Embassy at Tokyo, Japan, designated First Secretary of Embassy at London, England, effective after July 1, 1931.

Louis H. Gourley, of Springfield, Ill., now American Consul at Sao Paulo, Brazil, and on leave of absence in the United States, assigned Consul at Medan, Sumatra, effective after July 1, 1931.

Bernard F. Hale, of Lunenburg, Vt., now assigned American Consul at Marseille, France, and temporarily detailed to Geneva, Switzerland, assigned Consul at Venice, Italy, effective after July 1, 1931.

Richard B. Haven, of Chicago, Ill., now American Consul at Vienna, Austria, assigned Consul at Messina, Italy, effective after July 1, 1931.

John Dewey Hickerson, of Temple, Tex., a Foreign Service Officer detailed to the Department, resigned from the Service March 31, 1931, to accept appointment as an Assistant Chief of the Division of Western European Affairs, Department of State, effective April 1.

Morris N. Hughes, of Champaign, Ill., now American Vice Consul at Rome, Italy, assigned Vice Consul at Naples, Italy.

Ernest L. Ives, of Norfolk, Va., now First Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen, Denmark, designated First Secretary of Legation at Pretoria, Union of South Africa, effective after July 1, 1931.

Hallett Johnson, of South Orange, N. J., now First Secretary of Legation at The Hague, Netherlands, designated Counselor of Legation at that post.



The American Legation, Sofia

Economy in Shipping

Security (Steel) Vans save expense because they save packing costs, because they reduce space and thereby save ocean freight, because they save breakage and loss, and reduce insurance.

Your allowance will not be exceeded, or will be exceeded by much less if you use Security (Steel) Vans, and your goods will be handled more securely.

Marine, Transit and Baggage Insurance, Special Government Service Policy for Foreign Service Officers.

Security Storage Company

1140 Fifteenth St. Cable "Storage"
WASHINGTON, D. C.

European Office
31 Place du Marche St. Honore, PARIS

Telegrams "Medium"

New York Office
801 SEVENTH AVENUE

for over 40 years providing SECURITY for household goods, silverware, works of art, furs, clothing, rugs, tapestries, motor cars, in

Storage, Moving & Shipping

C. A. ASPINWALL, *President.*

SINCE 1889
42 YEARS AGO
WASHINGTON'S
Florist and Floral Decorators
We Telegraph Flowers
Gude Bros. Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
PHONE NATIONAL 4278
Main Store 1212 F Street N. W.
Three Branch Flower Shops

Alan S. Rogers, of Santa Barbara, Calif., now American Vice Consul and Third Secretary of Legation at Bangkok, Siam, designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Paris, France, effective after July 1, 1931.

Edwin Schoenrich, of Baltimore, Md., assigned American Consul at Mazatlan, Mexico, and serving temporarily as Consul at Santiago, Cuba, assigned to that post permanently.

North Winship, of Macon, Ga., now American Consul General at Copenhagen, Denmark, designated Counselor of the Legation at Copenhagen, effective July 1, 1931.

The assignment of Romeyn Wormuth, of Syracuse, N. J., American Consul at St. John, New Brunswick, as Consul at Santiago, Cuba, has been cancelled. He has been assigned Consul at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

Non-Career

Franklin J. Kelley, of Binghamton, N. Y., now American Vice Consul at Cobh, Irish Free State, appointed Vice Consul at Bristol, England.

Robert R. Patterson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who resigned as a Foreign Service Officer on April 8, 1929, appointed American Vice Consul at Cobh, Irish Free State.

COMMERCIAL WORK FOR MARCH

The volume of trade data received in the Commercial Office of the Department of State from consular officers, excepting the offices in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, France and Germany, during the month of March, 1931, is indicated as follows:

	1931
Reports	2,384
Trade Letters	4,250
Trade Lists	416
World Trade Directory Reports	5,878
Trade Opportunity Reports	413

The officers whose posts and names follow prepared reports received during March, 1931, rated EXCELLENT:

Algiers, Vice Consul Joseph I. Touchette; Baghdad, Consul Alexander K. Sloan; Montreal, Vice Consul Alan N. Steyne; Nanking, Clerk Lincoln C. Reynolds; Naples, Consul Sydney B. Redecker (political); Regina, Consul Lee R. Blohm; Rotterdam, Consul Carol H. Foster (1) and Vice Consul Eugene Nabel (1); Sao Paulo, Consul General Charles R. Cameron (political); Shanghai, Consul General Douglas Jenkins, Vice Consul J. Ernest Black, and Clerk John M. Allison (1 report); Vienna, Consul General Ernest L. Harris.

Trade letters (one letter from each post except where indicated parenthetically) received during the same period from the following-named posts were accorded the rating of EXCELLENT:

Barranquilla; Belgrade; Brisbane; Brussels; Bucharest; Buenos Aires (6); Cape Town (4); Kovno (3); Medan; Mexico City (2); Montreal; Oslo; Prague; Rio de Janeiro; Sao Paulo (2); Tientsin.

The following officers submitted reports which were rated VERY GOOD:

Addis Ababa, Vice Consul James L. Park; Alexandria, Consul H. Earle Russell; Algiers, Vice Consul Joseph I. Touchette; Amsterdam, Consul General Charles L. Hoover (2); Baghdad, Vice Consul Brockholst Livingston; Beirut, Consul James H. Keeley, Jr. (2) (political), Vice Consul Nelle B. Stogsdall; Belgrade, Consul Stewart E. McMillin (2); Brisbane, Vice Consul Frederick V. Schweitzer; Brussels, Consul Walter H. Sholes (3); Bucharest, Consul John Randolph (2); Buenos Aires, Consul Avra M. Warren (1), Vice Consul Ralph Miller (1) and Vice Consul Hugh Corby Fox (1); Cali, Consul Arthur F. Tower (political); Canton, Consul Frederick W. Hinke; Charlottetown, Consul William A. Bickers; Ciudad Juarez, Consul William P. Blocker (political); Copenhagen, Consul Edward M. Groth; Durban, Consul Gaston Smith; Geneva, Consul Prentiss B. Gilbert (4 political), and Consul Curtis T. Everett (2 political); Habana, Vice Consul Taylor W. Gannett; Hankow, Consul General Frank P. Lockhart (political), and Consul Lewis Clark (political); Harbin, Vice Consul Edward Page, Jr.; Karachi, Vice Consul Lloyd E. Riggs (political); Kobe, Vice Consul Hayward G. Hill; Kovno, Consul Hugh S. Fullerton (2 political), Vice Consul George D. LaMont, and Mr. Rudolph W. Hefti; Lourenco Marques, Vice Consul W. Quincy Stanton (2); Mazatlan, Consul Edwin Schoenrich (political); Mexico City, Consul General Robert Frazer (1), and Consul Dudley G. Dwyre (1); Milan, Consul Homer Brett (1), and Vice Consul James W. Gantenbein (1); Monrovia, Consul Samuel Reber, Jr. (political); Montreal, Consul General Wesley Frost and Consul Joseph F. Burt (1), Consul Joseph F. Burt (1) and Vice Consul Alan N. Steyne (2); Munich, Consul General Charles M. Hathaway, Jr. (political); Nanking, Consul Paul W. Meyer (political); Naples, Consul Sydney B. Redecker; Ottawa, Vice Consul Daniel Gaudin, Jr.; Patras, Vice Consul C. Franklin Yeager, Jr.; Pernambuco, Consul Frederick Van Den Arend; Port Limon, Vice Consul Thomas J. Maleady; Port Said, Consul Horace Remillard; Prague, Consul John W. Bailey, Jr. (1) and Clerk Adelaide W. Guthrie (2); Rangoon, Consul George J. Haering (political); Regina, Consul Lee R. Blohm; Rotterdam, Consul Carol H. Foster (2) and Consul Egmont C. Von Tresckow (1); Saigon, Consul Henry S. Waterman; Saloniki, Consul Charles J. Pisar (2); Saltillo, Consul Samuel Sokobin; Santiago de Cuba, Consul Edwin Schoenrich (2 political); Sao Paulo, Consul General Charles R. Cameron (2 economic and 1 political); Seville, Vice Consul Gerald Keith; Shanghai, Consul Paul R. Josselyn (1 economic and 1 political); Singapore, Consul General Lester Maynard (political); Sofia, Vice Consul Thomas F. Sherman; Stockholm, Consul

General John Ball Osborne; Suva, Consul Quincy F. Roberts; Tallinn, Consul Harry E. Carlson (political) and Clerk Edward Hunt (1); Tangier, Consul Donald F. Bigelow; Tegucigalpa, Consul Robert F. Fernald; Teheran, Vice Consul Henry S. Villard; Tela, Vice Consul T. Monroe Fisher (political); Tientsin, Consul George Atcheson, Jr. (political); Toronto, Consul Emil Sauer (1), Consul C. Paul Fletcher (1), and Vice Consul Frederick A. Bohne (1); Trieste, Consul Rollin R. Winslow; Tunis, Consul Leland L. Smith (2); Turin, Consul William W. Heard; Valparaiso, Clerk Don Jay Berry; Venice, Consul John E. Holler; Vera Cruz, Consul Leonard G. Dawson; Warsaw, Consul Harry L. Franklin (2); Wellington, Consul John W. Dye (political); Winnipeg, Consul General P. Stewart Heintzleman (1 political and 2 economic); Yarmouth, Consul Charles W. Lewis, Jr.; Yunnanfu, Consul Harry E. Stevens (political); and Zurich, Vice Consul Cavendish W. Cannon (1) and Vice Consul Hugh F. Ramsay (2).

Trade letters received during the same period from the following named posts were accorded the rating of VERY GOOD:

Algiers; Amsterdam; Antwerp; Baghdad (2); Basel; Batavia; Belgrade; Berne (2); Brisbane (2); Brussels (3); Bucharest (3); Budapest; Buenos Aires (6); Cape Town (3); Durban; Genoa; Guadalajara; Guayaquil; Habana; Kovno (2); Mexico City (2); Milan (2); Montreal (2); Oporto; Rio de Janeiro (2); Rome; Rosario (2); Rotterdam; San Jose; San Salvador; Sao Paulo (4); Surabaya; Tallinn; Tenerife; and Vienna.

SHIPPING REPORTS

During the month of March the Shipping Section of the Division of Foreign Service Administration accorded the rating EXCELLENT to shipping reports submitted by the following officers:

Vice Consul Charles A. Converse, Cape Town; Vice Consul Albert E. Clattenburg, Jr., Athens; and Vice Consul Hernan C. Vogenitz, Barbados.

VISA CORRESPONDENCE

The officers whose posts and names follow prepared letters received during March, 1931, rated VERY GOOD: Buenos Aires, Hugh C. Fox (1), and Mexico City, George H. Winters (1).

TRADE DETAILS

During the period from March 15, 1931, to April 15, 1931 (not previously reported), the officers named below were, according to a statement kindly furnished by the Division of Foreign Service Administration, sent on the following trade details or conferences:

Consul William H. Beach (Bombay) to Charlotte, N. C., Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans, Houston and Galveston; Consul Edward Caffery (San Jose, Costa Rica) to New Orleans; Consul Walter A. Foote (Medan) to Baltimore; Consul Louis H. Gourley (Sao Paulo, Brazil) to New York and Birmingham; Consul General George C. Hanson (Harbin) to New York; and Consul William R. Langdon (Dairen, Manchuria) to Milwaukee.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Photographers to the
Diplomatic Corps and the
Consular Service

HARRIS & EWING

THE HOME OF
"NATIONAL NOTABLES"

1313 F Street N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.
Phone National 8700

FOREIGN SERVICE SCHOOL

The following officers reported for duty in the Foreign Service School on April 1, 1931, their preliminary assignments being given in parenthesis:

Albert H. Cousins (Vancouver), Henry B. Day (Naples), Sherburne Dillingham (Habana), William E. Flournoy (Tampico), Talor W. Gannett (Habana), Miss Constance Harvey (Ottawa), John Hubner, 2d (Department), Paul C. Hutton (Panama), Robert Newbegin, 2d (Berlin), and Alan N. Steyne (Montreal).

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

The following personal notes as to the foreign representatives of the Department of Commerce have been received in a communication dated April 14, 1931, from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce:

A change has been made in the official post of Trade Commissioner Walter B. Hertz from Paris to Brussels.

Mr. Robert G. Glover, formerly Assistant Commercial Attaché at Santiago, Chile, has been designated Assistant Commercial Attaché at Mexico City.

Assistant Trade Commissioner Chauncey T. Langdon has returned to the United States from Bogota on account of his health. He will be assigned to duty in Washington temporarily.

Among the foreign representatives now in the United States on leave and on itineraries are: Assistant Commercial Attaché Leigh W. Hunt, from Brussels; Trade Commissioner Thomas Butts, from Paris; Trade Commissioner James E. Wallis, from Berlin; and Trade Commissioner G. O. Woodard, from Hong Kong.

THE LANGDON
2 EAST 56TH ST.
NEW YORK

A Quiet Exclusive Hotel In New York's Social Centre

PATRONIZED BY MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE

RATES: SINGLE $4.00, DOUBLE $5.00
ALL ROOMS WITH BATH

CABLE: LANGDON, NEW YORK

PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

In the lists of changes of duties and stations of officers of the United States Public Health Service, received since the April issue of the JOURNAL, the following have been noted:

Surgeon J. D. Reichard. Directed to proceed from Ellis Island, N. Y., to Toronto, Canada, and return, for the purpose of attending the meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, June 1-5. March 12, 1931.

Sr. Surgeon Hugh De Valin. Relieved from duty at Ellis Island, N. Y., and assigned to duty at Dublin, Irish Free State. March 12, 1931.

Surgeon M. V. Veldee. Directed to proceed from Washington, D. C., to Montreal, Canada, and return, for the purpose of attending the meeting of the American Public Health Association, September 14-17. March 12, 1931.

Sanitary Engineer W. H. W. Komp. Relieved from duty at Albany, Ga., on or after April 1, and assigned to duty at Panama City, Panama, in connection with malaria investigations, stopping en route at New Orleans for conference. March 16, 1931.

Board of medical officers convened to meet at Cologne, Germany, for the purpose of inspecting and condemning unserviceable property. Detail for the board: Surgeon G. C. Lake and Assistant Surgeon E. G. Williams.

Surgeon L. A. Fullerton. Relieved from duty at Vancouver, B. C., and assigned to duty at Marine Hospital, Chicago, Ill. March 23, 1931.

Biochemist M. J. Shear. Directed to proceed from Boston, Mass., to Montreal, Canada, and return, for the purpose of attending the meeting of the American Society of Biological Chemists on April 8-11. March 24, 1931.

Board of officers convened to meet at the Marine Hospital, Detroit, Mich., to make an examination for the State Department. Detail for the board: Surgeon J. H. Linson, chairman, and Assistant Surgeon L. C. Watkins, recorder.

Asst. Surgeon V. M. Hoge. Relieved from duty at National Institute of Health, Washington, D. C., on April 13, and assigned to duty at Montreal, Canada. March 28, 1931.

Surgeon G. A. Kempf. Relieved from duty at Warsaw, Poland, on May 1, and assigned to duty at Vienna, Austria. March 30, 1931.

Chief Pharmacist C. O. Sterns. Relieved from duty at Paris, France, on April 9, and assigned to duty at Ellis Island, N. Y. March 31, 1931.

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION PACIFIC FOREIGN TRADE COUNCIL

Announcement of the eighth annual convention of the Pacific Foreign Trade Council has been issued by its president, A. F. Haines, vice president, American Mail Line. Oakland, Calif., is to be the hostess city this year, and the dates will be September 17 and 18, 1931. These dates will form the nucleus of a Foreign Trade and Transportation Week in the Bay District, as the Pacific Westbound Freight Conference has arranged to convene in San Francisco on September 14 and 15, and the Pacific Southwest Regional Advisory Board of the American Railway Association will call its members together on September 16 in San Francisco.

Interest and participation in trade conferences of this kind increase each year with the growth of Pacific coast commerce. Last year the Pacific coast carried on a billion dollars worth of foreign trade, which is one-eighth of the amount credited to the entire country. Of both foreign and domestic trade it handled 84,000,000 cargo tons, or one-seventh of the Nation's water-borne commerce. An industry of this size places responsibilities on the business men of the section which can only be handled through cooperation and discussion of the problems confronting them.

The decrease in trade with China resulting from the decline in silver exchange is of direct interest to the Pacific coast of North America as affecting one of its principal markets. The Pacific Foreign Trade Council, a confederation of Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade of Pacific Canada, United States, and Mexico, at its convention this fall will afford an opportunity for analyzing the situation and making plans for a rehabilitation of that trade.

Shipping interests are concerned with the present surplus of ship tonnage, which will be a subject for discussion. Passenger travel will have more prominent attention than heretofore. The pioneer stage of encouraging travel up and down the Pacific coast has passed, and now is the time for laying plans to expand these efforts to include trans-Pacific travel.

The use of highways and air service in commercial transportation will be of general interest. Agriculture and mining are more or less affected by general trade conditions, and discussions will be held to take stock of their situation. These are a few of the topics to be covered at the Pacific Foreign Trade Council convention in Oakland, September 17 and 18.

EXTRA COPIES

By BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON, *Vice Consul, Baghdad*

"Anonymous," in the January issue of the JOURNAL, has a plan for improving the "Brandt System" of follow-up by recommending the making of an extra copy of correspondence needing future attention. I groaned at the thought of an excuse for another *extra* copy. The regulations provide for files of extra copies, to be destroyed when no longer of use. But are extra copies *ever* of use? To conform with modern business practice, the new inventory system has been devised. Extra copies for the use of inspectors are abolished. In my mind it is high time *all* extra copies were blacklisted. If anyone can indicate a service that they do which is not satisfactorily filled by the ordinary file copies, I shall be most pleased to admit my fault in trespassing upon the JOURNAL'S precious space.

Admit that one has a copy which can be marked for reference, upon which cigarette ends may be dropped without destroying the official archives, but do those features warrant the use annually of countless extra reams of manifold paper? I have still to be convinced. If I have a request for information on the market for sewing machines (the classical example), and I have written a similar trade letter during the year, I ask for the previous and I have my material. Now if I had an *extra* copy, I should dig through countless *extra* copies of letters on every known thing *but* sewing machines, if they were filed chronologically (as I found one library of extra copies), or I should read through endless discussions on other phases of sewing machines if the extra copies were filed by subject. If I want the previous on a subject, I consider the regular, called-for file the place to find it, and if it is not there it is the fault of the file clerk, not my lack of *extra* copies.

The filing system in the Foreign Service is not perfect, but it will not be improved by *extra* copies. Do not make an *extra* copy because you fear you may not be filing the regular copy properly. I reported at one office and found *extra* copies in every possible file, to say nothing of the "extra copy file," and along with that discovery I found other things. No, *extra* copies do *not* make for efficiency.

I know of *one* good cause served by *extra* copies. Posts under the E. I. C. system which send five copies of political reports to the Department, and at least two to other offices, find it difficult to get nine legible copies always, and often must type such reports twice or else use new carbons with each sheet. In such cases, make *extra* copies and send them along to E. I. C. It will save retyping for distribution in that office.

These lines are submitted in the hope they will stir others of approval or disapproval. The Service needs discussion of Service problems, and the JOURNAL is the medium.

Hotel Lafayette

Corner 16th and Eye Streets, N. W.



Only three minutes from the State, War and Navy Departments, the White House, and all Clubs, and is the center of all that is worth while

SPECIAL RATES
TO THE DIPLOMATIC AND
CONSULAR SERVICE

A review of "The White King of La Gonave," by Faustin Wirkus and Taney Dudley, with an introduction by William B. Seabrook, appeared in the *New York Times* Book Review April 12, 1931: "This interesting and picturesque book on a phase of Haitian native life will be judged not so much by the remarkable experience of Lieutenant Wirkus, of the gendarmerie, in the almost forgotten island of La Gonave as King Faustin, as by what may be called the welfare work the ex-sergeant of marines did among the black folk who were supposed to be his subjects," says the reviewer. "He understood them as few white men have ever done, and he always treated them as human beings who should be protected from graft, neglec tand cruelty."



BY THE ARNO

Oil painting by Charles W. Lewis, Jr.

BIRTHS

A daughter, Barbara Harrison, was born on July 26, 1930, at Peiping, China, to Language Officer and Mrs. Horace H. Smith.

A daughter, Ellen Warfield, was born on February 25, 1931, at Chihuahua, Mexico, to Consul and Mrs. Francis Holmes Styles.

A son, Wilson Perrine, was born on April 2, 1931, at Washington, D. C., to Consul and Mrs. Walton C. Ferris.

MARRIAGES

Vogel-Booth. Married at Copenhagen, Denmark, on March 4, 1931, Mr. William Dickerman Vogel, of New York City, and Miss Virginia Kingswood Booth. Mrs. Vogel is the daughter of the American Minister to Denmark.

Maney-Mahoney. Married on March 5, 1931, Vice Consul Edward L. Maney, now assigned to Guaymas, and Miss Helen Mahoney, of Grand Junction, Colo.

Vincent-Spencer. Married at Tsinanfu, Shantung, China, on March 28, 1931, Consul John Carter Vincent and Miss Elizabeth Thayer Spencer.

McGregor-Hopkins. Married at Boston on April 6, 1931, Vice Consul Robert Gardner McGregor, Jr., now assigned to Beirut, Syria, to Mary McMurtrie Hopkins, of Boston, Mass.

The wedding of Miss Suzanne Andrews Park, daughter of Vice Consul Sam Park, at Biarritz, France, and Mrs. Park, to Henry Philip Ammidown, son of Mrs. George H. Dyer, of Milwaukee and New York, and the late Philip Holmes Ammidown, of Seattle, took place in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York on April 10, 1931. Following the ceremony there was a reception at Sherry's, after which Mr. and Mrs. Ammidown started on their wedding trip. On their return they will make their home at Greenwich, Conn.

Miss Park was educated at Lakewood, N. J., the Holton Arms, Washington, and Princess Mertchesky's School in Paris. Mr. Ammidown, who was born in Seattle, Wash., was graduated from Asheville School in 1925, attended Roxbury, and is of the class of '30 at Yale.

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM—"PANAIR"

PAA

U. S. AIR MAILS TO SOUTH AMERICA, CENTRAL AMERICA, MEXICO, and WEST INDIES

PASSENGERS—AIR EXPRESS

WORLD'S LARGEST OPERATORS OF MULTI-ENGINED AIR TRANSPORTS

18,000 MILES OF AIRWAYS—FLYING 80,000 MILES EVERY WEEK

Board of Directors

R. F. Hoyt, Chairman, S. S. Colt, Lyman Delano, S. M. Fairchild, G. B. Grosvenor, T. E. Hambleton, W. A. Harriman, Leonard Kennedy, Robert Lehman, Grover Loening, George Mixter, E. O. McDonnell, R. H. Patchin, F. B. Rentschler, J. T. Trippe, W. H. Vanderbilt, C. V. Whitney

President and General Manager, J. T. TRIPPE
Technical Advisor, COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
Chief, Foreign Relations, EVAN E. YOUNG
Washington Representative, P. E. D. NAGLE

GENERAL OFFICES: 122 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK CITY

THE MASTER'S VOICE

"Go to the masters," the youthful writer was advised.

So he went, and he threw himself at the feet of the world's great. "Tell me how to become a great writer," he begged.

"You must be brief," said de Maupassant.

"But with plenty of action," interposed Dumas.

"Words! Words! Words!" cried Shakespeare. "You must know and use myriads of words."

"Dream," said Longfellow, encouragingly. "The thoughts of youth must be long, long thoughts."

Mark Twain was whimsically serious. "Work," said he, "at first without pay. No trade without its apprentice."

"Study the beauty of the hills and the valleys and the wild things,'" ventured Scott. "No story can live without nature's background."

"Visualize," Jules Verne said dreamily. "Be vivid; far-seeing; prophetic."

"Look in thy heart and write," gravely spoke Sir Philip Sidney.

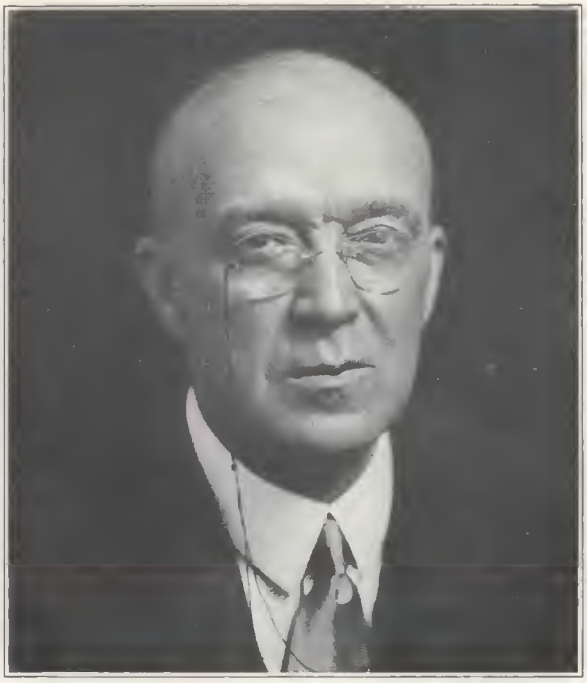
But still the young writer was not satisfied, and so he went and knelt before Christ, the Great Teacher. "Show me the way that I may become a greater writer," he prayed.

And Christ heard him, and turned unto him and spoke one word. "Love," said He.

And His voice was both a command and a benediction.

—*Dora Folsom Martin,* in *Yeoman Shield.*

IN MEMORIAM



NATHANIEL B. STEWART
Taken at Barcelona June 18, 1930

Nathaniel B. Stewart, former American Consul General at Barcelona Spain, died on April 17, 1931, at the home of a friend, Charles S. Pearce, 1503 Newton Street N. W., Washington, D. C., where he and his wife, Mrs. Lucy Taylor Stewart, had been staying for the last three months.

Mr. Stewart left Barcelona last November, when his health became impaired. Accompanied by his wife he came to Washington and entered a hospital; but later he was moved to Mr. Pearce's residence. Despite the serious nature of the heart trouble from which he suffered, hope was maintained for his recovery.

Born in Butler, Ga., January 4, 1871, Mr. Stewart was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1893, and then came to Washington to attend the George Washington Universal Law School. While a student at the law school, he entered the civil service, working as a clerk in the Navy Department. In 1897 he was transferred to the War Department, where he served in a similar capacity for two years.

From 1899 to 1901 Mr. Stewart was Chief of the Division of Accounts of the Engineer Department in Habana. In 1902, after a year's service as paymaster of the same department, he became Provincial Treasurer of the Philippine Islands, where he remained until 1907.

Leaving the Philippines, Mr. Stewart was appointed, after examination (July 7, 1907) Consul at Castellamare di Stabia, Italy, August 15, 1907. He was transferred to Madras June 10, 1908, where he was stationed for two years. In December, 1910, he became Consul at Durban, Natal, staying there until July, 1913, when he was transferred to Milan, Italy. It was while he was Consul at Durban that Mr. Stewart married Mrs. Lucy Cobb Taylor, of Americus, Ga.

On July 17, 1914, Mr. Stewart was appointed Consul General at Large, and after several years of inspection work in European Russia, the Near East, India, and Africa, he was detailed to the Department and became Chief of Office of Consular Personnel on September 1, 1921. In September, 1923, while in charge of that office, the earthquake in Japan occurred, killing nearly 250,000 persons, including the American consular officers at Yokohama, and Consul General Stewart volunteered for the difficult and dangerous assignment to that post, and he and Mrs. Stewart proceeded there at once and lived in tents and temporary portable houses during the arduous reconstruction period.

From Yokohama Mr. Stewart was transferred to Tokyo in December, 1923, and after more than two years at that post he was appointed Consul General at Barcelona on January 7, 1926.

Mr. Stewart is survived by Mrs. Stewart and a stepdaughter, Lucy, who is the wife of Howard Bucknell, Jr., Second Secretary of the American Legation at Panama; also by his four brothers, Edgar, Horace, Lester, and W. C. Stewart, and one sister, Mrs. C. S. Baldwin.

Mrs. Stewart left Washington for her home in Americus, Ga., with her husband's body the evening of April 17. She was accompanied by Mr. Herbert C. Hengstler, Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Administration, who acted as the official representative of the Department of State and of the American Foreign Service Association at the funeral services in Americus.

The following committee of eight officially represented the State Department at the residence and carried the casket to the hearse: The Hon. Wilbur J. Carr and Messrs. H. M. Byington, H. C. Hengstler, Harry A. McBride, Tracy Lay, James B. Stewart, Thomas M. Wilson, and Harry A. Havens.

In the passing of Consul General Stewart the American Foreign Service loses one of its ablest

officers and one who has won the honor and esteem of all his colleagues. He and Mrs. Stewart have endeared themselves to all who have been so fortunate as to be associated with them, and on behalf of all such friends an expression of deep and sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Stewart and the family in their sad bereavement.

AN APPRECIATION

In the sad and untimely death of Consul General Nathaniel B. Stewart, our Government suffers the irreparable loss of one of its most loyal and steadfast servants, and our Foreign Service of one of its most outstanding officers.

He leaves behind him an enviable record of 38 years of endeavor devoted unselfishly and untiringly to the interests of his country. All through this period, in many foreign lands, in all parts of the world, he has stood as a splendid example of the very finest type of American manhood. Contact with Consul General Stewart was an inspiring privilege, and there are hosts, not only of our fellow countrymen but also of the foreigners with whom he had to deal, whose lives have been bettered and whose standards have been raised by knowing him, and who will today deeply mourn his going.

From the very beginning of his career he became known as a man worthy of implicit confidence, and early in life we find him taking a prominent part in clearing up the chaos in Cuba and the Philippines after the Spanish-American War. He was a member of the first class to enter the Foreign Service after examination, and thereafter became one of the staunchest supporters of the "career" service. His conception of duty was that of the ideal officer. No questioning of an order from the Department ever escaped his lips and no hesitation ever marked his carrying out of that order. If he saw a need and the order did not come, he volunteered. His inspections of consular offices stand today as examples, notwithstanding the fact that his inspection tours carried him into the swamp lands of the Congo and malaria-ridden Liberia.

His detail as the first consular officer in charge of personnel matters in the Department was marked by many constructive measures of infinite benefit to the Service. Largely to his painstaking labor and patience, we owe the retirement provision in the Foreign Service Act—a provision of such paramount importance to our officers who have given their many years of service, but a provision from which he himself did not live to benefit.

Many are the officers in our Service today who owe at least a part of their success to Consul General Stewart's kindly, fatherly and inspiring advice. In his endearing nature there was no compromise with anything that was not open and aboveboard, and to adopt, as far as one could, his standard, could only lead to success accompanied by a clear conscience.

Only a few know of the privations he and his dear wife suffered in the heart-breaking days in Yokohama after its terrible catastrophe, but his record of accomplishment under such discouraging difficulties was brilliant. As Consul General at Barcelona, he became known throughout Spain as one of the most helpful and efficient foreign representatives in that country, endearing himself not only to his countrymen in Spain but also to the Spanish authorities far and wide.

Seldom has such a record been made in our Service and seldom will it be equalled in the future, but an example has been set before us that will never be forgotten—an example that will always live and will in itself place the Service upon a higher plane. H. A. McB.

Major James E. Dunning, who retired as American Consul General at Large in March, 1914, died at his home in England on February 25, 1931. Major Dunning was born in Bangor, Me., October 2, 1873. After spending several years in journalism, being editor of the Bangor, Me., *Commercial,* 1895-1901, and later the *Portland Press, Advertiser,* and *Sunday Times,* 1901-1905, he was appointed after examination Consul at Milan, April 11, 1905; he was transferred to Havre May 31, 1909, and on August 22, 1912, he was appointed Consul General at Large, which position he resigned in 1914. He was in the American Army during the World War, being first a captain and later a major in the Q. M. C. at London and in charge of the purchase of supplies for the A. E. F. He was also connected with the National City Bank and the International Banking Corporation. After the war he continued to reside in London, and was governing director of James Dunning & Co., Limited, of Abchurch Lane, E. C., and also on the board of the British Quarrying Co., Limited, and the European Trust Co., Limited. He was a fellow of the Institute of Bankers and of the Royal Society of Arts. His death occurred at his home in Sussex (Legsheath Farm, Forest Row, near East Grinstead); he went to his garage to work on his car and had closed the door and left the engine running, and death was due to carbon monoxide poisoning.

IN MEMORIAM



Harris & Ewing
EDWIN HALDEMAN DENNISON

The death of Consul Edwin Haldeman Dennison at Quebec on March 22 came as a shock to those who heard two days previously of the accident he had suffered from falling in his bathroom in the Chateau Frontenac in that city. The painful effects of the fall brought on internal complications which proved fatal.

The funeral services, which were held on March 24 in the chapel of the Jeffery Hale Hospital, were attended by many prominent local officials, among whom were His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of the Province, attended by his two aides; His Worship, the Mayor of Quebec; Mr. Christian Gross, Secretary of Legation, representing the American Minister at Ottawa; Consul General Wesley Frost, from Montreal; and Consul Horatio Mooers and Vice Consul Leslie G. Mayer, of Quebec. Representatives of the Quebec Consular Corps, of which Mr. Dennison was the dean, were also present. The Hon. William Phillips, former American Minister to Canada, telegraphed condolences and sent a beautiful wreath of flowers.

The Chronicle Telegraph, of Quebec, in its issue of March 24, said in the course of a lengthy tribute: "Mr. Dennison had only friends in the ancient capital and was greatly beloved by all those who were privileged to enjoy his intimate friendship. In the conduct of his official duties, for which he had undergone training both wide and prolonged in many parts of the world, he exhibited ability, tact and unfailing courtesy. But chiefly it was the manner in which he rose superior to a handicap that might have proved too great for a lesser soul, that won the admiration and enlisted the sympathies of the entire community. Acute lameness of many years standing forced Mr. Dennison to move about slowly and, it would seem, painfully with the aid of two canes. In this situation Mr. Dennison showed a surprising activity and was a familiar figure in all public gatherings and on the street. Even the gruffest street car motorman would delay for his convenience, and conductors hastened to lend him a hand at need. For everyone Mr. Dennison had a cheery word and an infectious smile; his temperament was remarkably equable, his sense of humor quiet but quick, and his patience inexhaustible. To the able bodied his life was an object lesson from which most of us might profit with advantage. In the name of the entire community this paper tenders to the bereaved widow, who was his devoted companion and helpmate in the fullest sense of the term, its heartfelt condolence. May the memory of a Christian gentleman and the consciousness of the universal esteem in which he was held sustain and comfort her."

L'Evenement, of Quebec, also spoke edtorially in a similar strain, recalling with sincere appreciation the tact and kindness with which Mr. Dennison had discharged his duties.

Mr. Dennison was born at Columbus, Ohio, on October 28, 1872, son of Neil Dennison and Mary Haldeman, and grandson of William D. Dennison, governor of Ohio and Postmaster General in the Lincoln and Johnson administrations. He was educated at Harcourt School, Gambier, Ohio; St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; and Yale (1891-92). After serving in the Indian Service from 1892-1898, he was in the Indian Bureau from 1898 to 1903, and then was appointed, after examination, Commercial Agent at Rimouski, Canada, November 7, 1903. On June 22, 1906, he was appointed Consul at Bombay, and on December 19, 1910, he was transferred to Dundee. On

October 18, 1915, he was promoted to Consul General and assigned to Christiania. In 1917 he was assigned to Birmingham, England, and on March 15, 1919, he was sent to Quebec, where he remained until his death.

Mr. Dennison was married in 1908 to Mdlle. Lucie Tessier, daughter of Hon. Judge Auguste Tessier, a former Provincial Minister, who survives him and to whom sincere sympathy is extended in her bereavement.

Walter Scott Penfield, well known to many of the older men in the American Foreign Service through his connection with the State Department from 1901 to 1904, when his father, Judge William L. Penfield, was Solicitor to the Department, died in Washington on April 11, 1931, aged 52 years. Mr. Penfield was born in Auburn, Ind., and was educated at Howe Military School, the University of Michigan and George Washington University. He had a long and distinguished career in international law, having a private practice in Washington, and having represented the Government in several important cases. For a time he was professor of international law at the Washington College of Law, and was also a former vice president of the American Bar Association. He retired from the practice of law in December, 1929, because of ill health. The funeral services were held on April 14 at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, Washington, and among the honorary pallbearers were Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director general of the Pan American Union; Hon. Wilbur J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State; Dr. James Brown Scott, secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; and Dr. Don Adrian Recinos, Minister of Guatemala.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON PARENT EDUCATION

William John Cooper, United States Commissioner of Education, has announced details of the program for the national conference on parent education which he has called, in cooperation with the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, to meet at Hot Springs, Ark., May 1 and 2, 1931.

The conference will be a "curtain-riser" for the convention of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, which also meets at Hot Springs immediately following the conference on parent education.

Representatives of colleges, universities, national welfare and educational associations and U. S. Government agencies attending the conference will grapple with the vital policy determining problems upon which the practical work of thousands of parents and teachers depends. This is the first nation-wide meeting called by the Office of Education to bring together lay and professional agencies engaged in parent education projects and promotion.

Subjects which the conferenee has been invited to discuss are: The changing backgrounds of home and family life, parent education problems at different ages of children, professional training of leaders in parent education, and utilization of existing forces for parent education.

Dr. Stowell's new work entitled "International Law: A Restatement of Principles in conformity with Actual Practice" was reviewed in the last issue of the JOURNAL. Since then a letter from Mr. Denys P. Myers, of the World Peace Foundation, Boston, Mass., has been seen, and in it he congratulates the author on "a brave, perspicacious and scientific piece of work," and says "as I penetrate more and more deeply into the new analysis of the subject which you have given, I am finding myself more and more in agreement with the handling and continuously more convinced that you have made a fundamental contribution to the development of the science."



DIRIGIBLE "LOS ANGELES"

Taken on a recent visit to the Guantanamo Bay Naval Station. Official photograph forwarded by Consul Edwin Schoenrich.

Baseball's Greatest Opening

By Paul W. Eaton, *Department*

BASEBALL'S greatest opening was held in Washington, April 14, 1931. It is only in the Capital that this could occur, because it is there that the President of the United States initiates the celebration of the beginning of another year of baseball activities. On this occasion it was expected that, for the first time, the entire Cabinet would also be present; and it was the first when all but one of its members witnessed the opening game. The Attorney General was absent; but, as he is charged with prohibition enforcement, it is only natural to suppose that he would find the pressure of business something with which to reckon.

The game was between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, champions of the world, and the Washingtons, who finished second to them in last year's American League race. This promised a battle of giants, and those who expected it were not disappointed. The contest was very close from start to finish, and was tied three times before a decision was reached in the 11-inning fray.

The exact figures for attendance were not given, it being stated that "more than 32,000" saw the sport. The correctness of the statement is proved by the fact that the stands will accommodate that number and there was a numerous overflow onto the field after they were filled. The turnout at Washington was greater than anywhere else except in New York and Chicago. It was the largest first-day crowd on record in the Capital.

President Hoover was in rare form and threw out the first ball like a real professional. He remained until the tenth inning of the bitter struggle, when he had to leave, to fulfill an engagement; but this will not affect the baseball vote, for the Chief Executive is well known as an ardent "fan." By the way, there really is a baseball vote. A veteran of the game, Ad Gumbert, used to be elected regularly to a good office in Pittsburgh when the rest of his party's ticket could not pull through. "Cap" Anson was chosen as City Clerk in Chicago by 15,000 plurality, while the others on his ticket lost. This state of mind is not confined to the rank and file. The late Ban Johnson was a very strong partisan of the Republicans; but, when asked if he would vote for Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, a former baseball man, if he were nominated for President by the Democrats, Mr. Johnson replied emphatically that he would.

A slight illness kept Sam West, one of the brightest Washington stars, out of the lineup, but Harry Rice, the substitute who took his place, batted and fielded brilliantly. On the second day of the series an accident took First Baseman Jimmy Foxx out of the Athletics' cast, thus evening bad breaks. The gates were opened more than three hours before game time, and the preliminary ceremonies were marked by the blare of military music, the roar of artillery in salute, and all the cheering and other noise that a regular baseball crowd could contribute.

In addition to being a red letter day in the baseball calendar, April 14 was Pan American day and the city was decorated with flags in honor of that occasion. Baseball took a great interest in this feature of the occasion, an interest which is reciprocated by many of the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the Latin-American nations. Cuba and some of the Central American countries are alive with baseball ardor, and Mexico has long been animated by a much more than platonic interest in what will soon have to be recognized as the American rather than the national game, and has contributed many stars to major league teams in the United States.

The preliminaries were ended by a grand parade of the two contesting teams, led by the United States Army Band and headed by Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson and President Clark Griffith of the Washington Club. When the procession reached the flagstaff in deep center field, the flags of all the 20 Latin-American nations were raised. A battery of field artillery, equipped with the 75's adopted as a result of the World War, fired one gun as each banner was hoisted, the Star Spangled Banner being the last to be displayed.

Great enthusiasm, perfect weather, wagon loads of flowers, and all the elements of a perfect day were present. Everything was good, and the Athletics were too good, as they defeated the home team after a battle that was anybody's fight at all stages until the last half inning, and required two extra rounds to reach a decision. This was the more disappointing because the Washingtons were ahead during most of the contest.

The opposing pitchers were left-handers, Walberg for the visitors and Brown for the home team. The game was well played, the boards of strategy of the two clubs being no less redoubtable

than their players. That this is the case with the Washingtons is indicated by the fact that, of the eight team managers in the American League, five are former Washington players. They are Johnson, Washington; Mack, Athletics; Peckinpaugh, Cleveland; Harris, Detroit; and Bush, Chicago. The St. Louis manager, Bill Killifer, is a brother of a former Washington player, Wade Killifer. The Athletics' general staff consists of Connie Mack, Eddie Collins, and "Kid" Gleason. Mr. Mack is a great field general, Collins has had no superior as an "inside" player, and Gleason is a very rugged, hardy baseball plant, one who inspires confidence and is full of fight and determination. Quiet and serene except in moments of stress, he is like Byron's

"Mildest mannered man
"Who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

His idea of the way to enjoy a holiday is to mix in a fight against three or four "strong-arm" gangsters.

In starting Pitcher Walberg, Mack did the unexpected. But his opponents always expect him to do the unexpected. He did it last year when he opened in Washington with one of his young, inexperienced pitchers and "got away with it." The champion Athletics are considered weaker in pitching than last year, and this is one of their methods of saving their two great moundsmen, who may have to bear the brunt of the burden this year.

These two pitchers are Grove and Earnshaw. Last year Grove took part in 50 games and Earnshaw in 49, and no other hurlers in the League were in as many games. Grove pitched 291 innings, an average of about 6 per game, and Earnshaw 296, for about the same average. Often they were saved to go in toward the end of a contest and save it. Manager Mack worked this plan successfully in this April 14 clash. Experts are wondering whether these two can bear so great an extra burden in 1931.

The Athletics scored in the first inning, a double and a single giving them one run. The Washingtons matched this in their half—a walk, a sacrifice, an infield out that advanced a runner, and Cronin's single enabling them to tie the score.

After Simmons' single scored Haas of the Athletics in this round, Lloyd Brown, the Washington pitcher, set down in order the next 22 visiting batsmen who faced him, a most remarkable feat, especially at this season. Walberg pitched well enough to keep the Washington base-runners away from the plate until the seventh round, and the teams remained tied, 1 to 1, during all that interval. Then Catcher Spencer of Washington doubled, and scored when Second Baseman Myer did likewise. Spencer, whose batting was only fair last year, is starting at a great pace with the stick, having amassed a batting average of .545 in his first three games, and his hits being most timely.

In the ninth, Bishop of the Athletics singled, Haas doubled, and Cochran flied deep, scoring Bishop and tying the score. Manager Johnson of Washington then removed Pitcher Brown and substituted Pitcher Fred Marberry, thinking he could deal best with the next batter, Al Simmons, the visitors' best batter, in a pinch, with a runner on base. Marberry struck out Simmons and the score remained tied at two all.

In the tenth, Miller of the Athletics singled and advanced to third on an error, and Boley singled him home. This gave the A's, as they are sometimes called, the lead; but the home team tied it up again in their half, which First Baseman Judge started with a single. Harry Rice reached first on a safe bunt, and a bad throw by Grove, Mack's pitching ace, who had replaced Walberg in the eighth, in pursuance of the usual plan for handling the A's pitching power, put Bluege on base. The Washingtons now had the bases full

Hotel Martinique

FIVE BLOCKS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

SIXTEENTH STREET AT M
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Hotel of Refinement

Special Rates
To Active and Retired Foreign Service Officers and Their Families

Write for Booklet

J. Maynard Magruder, Managing Director

and none out, and they looked like a three to one favorite to win the game. But the best they could do was to tie the score again and prolong the suspense that had kept the throng short of breath during the "nip and tuck" struggle.

In the eleventh, Manager Johnson had to send in another pitcher, as Harris had batted for Marberry in the tenth. He chose Alvin Crowder, who seems not to have acquired his normal form yet, and Cochran, Simmons, and Foxx singled. Miller added a long fly, and the net results were two runs. Grove, by a masterly burst of his best pitching, held the home batters safe in the Athletics' half, and the game was over, the score being 5 to 3 in favor of the visitors.

That the Washingtons played the better game, except in the last inning, is shown by the facts. Each team made nine hits, with the same total of bases. Each made one error. The Washingtons stole one base to the visitors' none, made four sacrifice hits to their none, and got six bases on balls to their one. The "left on bases" record shows their shortcoming, however. Thirteen of them were left, to only five of the A's, showing that the local heroes lacked the punch in the pinch.

The Washingtons beat Mack's cohorts next day, 7 to 1, with Irving Hadley pitching against George Earnshaw, the champions' hero of the last World Series. Hadley let them down with four hits. He is a terror to evil-doers and should be as good a pitcher as there is in any league, owing to his wonderful natural equipment. But Irving takes on weight easily; and, what doesn't go so well with this tendency, he also takes on sweets in wholesale lots. This did him no particular good in former years; but this season he is reputed to be living on black bread, hard-boiled eggs, and Potomac water extra dry; so let ambitious batsmen beware.

The Washingtons also won the third game. The score was 5 to 4. They won 12 of their 22 contests with the Athletics last year. At this time they are resting easily, and they think that they can predict what will happen if the two Athletic pitching aces fail to do all-season iron-man stunts, and perhaps if they do them.

NOTICE

If members of the Association have not forwarded their dues of $5 for the current fiscal year, they are urged to forward them without further delay.



Horatio Mooers pinxit

TROUBLES OF AN OLD-TIME CONSUL

A SERVICE IDYLL

(*Continued from page* 177)

"'SCHURMANN it's like this: not being a CROOK from old BAILEY or other durance vile, and quite without a TRAMMEL, what's to hinder? I may not be a FITTS SIMMONS, a SULLIVAN, a BARNY MCFADDEN nor yet a STARKEY, but I *am* a FREEMAN, HARTLEY, WHITE and twenty-odd; besides, think what a good STORY I tell.'

"'Odd you sure are, Mr. Caffery,' I says. 'Good-bye.'

"'Au revoir, Linthie,' grins Bonnie.

"But a week later as we heaves anchor in FRAZER LANE after our CRUSE up, I nearly passes out, for there stands Bonnie beside me, lookin' MEEKS a lamb.

"'DONEGAN!' says he.

"'I am,' I admits, 'but where th'——?'

"'Entirely f. o. b., Linthie; just a little JAECKEL and HYDE stuff.'

"'But where *did* you hide?' I asks.

"'Behind some whiskers. You're no PINKERTON, Linthie; I was th' fuzzy old ENGELHART with the AURELL difficulties of a HARE lip who cleaned you yesterday at poker, increasin' your need of my money.'

"'Well, of all th' GALLMAN, you——'

"'Not all. I've got some yet,' says he.

"Still splutterin' I was when I hears a HALE. It's TATEM VILLEDROUIN, a bit of a bully I'd helped once when he needed it bad. He shakes hands an' stares HART at Bonnie.

"'This GIBSON girl a NEWCOMB friend of yours?' he asks.

"'No!' I snaps, peeved at th' fresh youngster who'd fooled me.

"'Huh!' he grunts, 'Is it BEEBE DANIELS, or ELLIS from Wunnerlan'? Where'd you reckon she got her RIGGS—from MONTGOMERY WARD, or SEARS an' STARBUCK?' He stumbles against th' youngster real annoyin'. 'Who's your MILNER, MALEADY? An' what kind of perfume you got on your hanky?'

"Bonnie COX an eye at me. 'Is this GROSS person who's BENTON trouble and REAGAN of booze a friend of yours, by any JANZ?' he begs, courteous.

"'Sometimes,' says I, still stubborn.

"'Then that's fine. It KENT be one of the times when he's JOSSELYN a GEST of yours,' says he, droppin' his traps, an' I'm near paralyzed to see him give the Canadian a light tap on th' BUSSER.

"Villedrouin gaps at him stupefied, then lunges at him roarin' abuse.



GREAT PULSATING ARTERIES OF COMMERCE...

They throb with the life of two continents. They register the pulse beats of a hemisphere. Great pulsating arteries of commerce... All America Cables.

Here's a three cable duplex route (two-way) for the thoughts, the inquiries, the orders, the BUSINESS of the Americas.

Here's speed that turns thousands of miles into minutes... accuracy that is the product of fifty years of experience in linking the Americas by cable... dependability of a degree that merits the confidence of the world.

The International System of which All America Cables is a part offers a world-wide service of record communications under a single management... to and within the United States and Canada via Postal Telegraph... to Europe, Asia and The Orient via Commercial Cables... to Central America, South America and the West Indies via All America Cables ...and to ships at sea via Mackay Radio.

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

All America Cables

Commercial Cables — *Postal Telegraph* — *Mackay Radio*

"'BLOCKER he'll kill you,' I yells an' makes for the two of them, for th' Canadian is a TOLMAN, 40 pounds over Bonnie's weight, with a hard reputation; but it seems I'm not needed. I sees Bonnie DODGE an awful wallop an' bob up like a cork. For a split second Villerdrouin is off guard, but that's enough for th' boy friend. With his body BOWEN like a whip at th' waist I sees his FAUST streak up with a kind of wet smack to th' other's chin, who does a BRODIE on deck, BUCKLIN' over an' out, cold.

"'ALLING all it looks like a big SUMNER,' says th' winner, brushin' off his STETSON.

"'ALLEN all you'll do for a kid, still gettin' his GROTH,' says I, feelin' his biceps, admirin'. He's an ARMSTRONG as an iron bar.

"Villedrouin writhes, comes to an' manages finally to STEGER to his feet.

"Bonnie speaks to him soft. 'Well, BELOVSKY, how did you like my nice BALLANTINE with the COTIE perfume on it?'

"Th' Canadian cusses slow an' wonderin' to himself, but says nothin' else.

"'LETCHER learn from this not to insult a defenseless GOURLEY,' says th' boy friend, an' with this last BOHNE MOTT picks up some of his equipment an' motions to a deck hand to have the mere 300 pounds or so of boxes that's left taken ashore.

"'Bonnie,' says I, no longer LEARY of him, 'we've got lots to do before we hits th' Kanaga; come on!' An' we GAINES th' pier leavin' Villedrouin to his CUSSANS.

"But I wonders about th' boxes an', when I comes to examine 'em, I nearly KEHL over, for he has about all th' things Meyer, here, planned for dinner, an' some 50 kinds of extra fancy stuff besides.

"'You've been readin' RYDER TAGGART yarns of th' LEWIS an' CLARKE expedition,' I reproaches him gentle, 'or you've got a CHILDS idea of huntin' in th' North. Up here we don't go into th' Woods with CURREN jelly, CAMPBELL soup, tomato KETCHAM, WORSTER sauce an' Chicken a la KING. An' it's bad form to bring SWIFT an' ARMOUR meats.

"'Maybe *you* don't do it, but *I* do,' he says, real stubborn. 'I'm not an ABBOTT from a bloomin' old ABBEY, but like good food. Let the porters carry it like we—they do in Africa.'

"'With Livingston, eh?'

"He grins.

"'Buddy,' says I, serious, 'where we're goin' there'll be th' LOREN two of us. We travels light with a blanket each, a skillet an' a POTTER two an' shoots all our food except a little bacon an' flour. If EVERETT leaked out that you and I'd tackled the Kanaga with all this stuff it would be MANEY a LONGYEAR before th' HICKS from here to DAWSON an' FAIRBANKS an' back again'd stop cacklin'. Either I sells this stuff to th' breeds now for what I can get, or you can keep it yourself an' I goes to my other job, quick.'

"Bonnie is sure peeved but he gives in finally, savin' only about 20 big bars of PETERS chocolate an' some little cans he'll say nothin' about.

"For days we canoes upriver, BOHLEN right along, an' Bonnie can paddle. Woods come WRIGHT down to th' river, but there's little game in sight except a flock of BRANDT now an' then, or a CRANE. Bonnie don't mind. He's fillin' REAMS of paper an' notebooks with his impressions. 'Never mind, Linthie,' he says when I 'rags' him an' complains of th' extra weight. 'I carry my own duffle and you never can tell—this might make something good enough to REED in the sanctums of PUTNAM, MCMILLIN or HARPER Brothers, and then you'd be glad I ROTE it.'

ALIEN PROPERTY CUSTODIAN CLAIMS

and all other

WAR CLAIMS

in connection with confiscated properties by former allied or central governments

Miscellaneous Collections here and abroad, New Financing, Funding of Debts, Re-organization of Foreign Firms, Incorporations under American Laws, Financial Investigations and Credit Information

CARL M. J. von ZIELINSKI

Foreign Trade and Financial Adviser
90 WALL STREET
NEW YORK

Cable Address: "Zielinski" All Standard Codes Used

Agents and Correspondents in practically all parts of the world.

"Midafternoon one day we caches th' canoe an' takes to th' brush. 'Your MARRINER days are over for a while, Bonnie,' I says. 'Here we does a Dan'l BOONE into th' GREEN Wood. TREDWELL in th' FOOTE steps of your LIEDER an' be quiet; we MACY game.' With that I starts off at a good clip.

"But after a hundred yards it strikes me that somethin's wrong. I hears never a sound, only th' light whish of my own moccasins, an' there never was a GREENE HORNE yet that didn't thrash 'round in th' brush terrible. I goes on another hundred yards an' stops to look back. Bonnie nearly bumps into me. He's travelin' heavy, with 50 pounds of stuff on his shoulders, a SMYTH an' WASSON at his waist, an' a rifle slantin' down an' forrard under each arm, but he's walkin' like a cat an' with never a glance for his feet as his eyes roam among th' trees, missin' nothin'.

"'Go on, man,' he says, impatient like, an' I goes, but maybe my thoughts makes me careless, for we've just crossed a BROOKS bed when I hears a whirrin' rattle an' SCHOTT almost simultaneous that sounds like a CANNON.

"'Timber rattlers don't get this far NORTH,' I apologizes from where I'd landed, 6 feet away, as I looks down on th' big thrashin' COYLE of one that would've got me through my pants leg if Bonnie hadn't snuck off his head with th' SMITH an' WESSON.

"'This one did, but no HARNDEN, it seems; go on making footsteps if you want us to eat tonight,' says he.

"We sees nothin' to shoot before night, an' camps in th' dark, with Bonnie makin' fire expert like at th' edge of a BOWER of pines while I breaks open th' flour an' bacon. He sure is a RIDDLE, that boy; there's MORIN him than meets th' eye, I thinks, as he goes on an' makes two beds of balsam boughs while I prepares supper of PICKERELL larded with bacon, coffee an' shortbread. Afterward, leanin' back on our beds comfy as in MORRIS chairs, an' watchin' th' SPARKS FLYE up, Bonnie reaches over an' takes some chocolate an' a little can from his pack. 'Pottie de Foy Grease,' I reads.

"'Is it to fry bacon in?' I asks.

"Bonnie grins. 'No, for the inner MANN,' he says, PATTON his tummy, an' after cuttin' a chunk from th' can for himself he passes it. 'Stick some of this under your BONNET, Linthie,' he says. I does so. It's not bad, but I guesses that after th' appetite I'll give him next day he won't need to FOSTER it any with Pottie.



Photograph © Herbert G. Ponting.

SHIBA TEMPLE, TOKYO, IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

Write today for illustrated 16-page booklet detailing the kind of photographs desired. Address, The Editor.

MEMORANDUM—

To all Members of the Foreign Service:

Because of your residence in and knowledge of all parts of the world, you have a unique opportunity to contribute materially to international understanding and friendship.

This opportunity is open to you through the pages of the National Geographic Magazine, whose 1,275,000 families are eager to read human-interest accounts of life in every land and to see and study photographs portraying the work and play of other peoples.

By offering your manuscripts and photographs to The Geographic you will be performing a very real service to mankind. You will have the satisfaction of assisting this Magazine interpret to its readers the varying modes of life of different races and nationalities.

Incidentally, this Magazine pays liberally for all material which it deems suitable for publication.

The National Geographic Magazine—Washington, D. C.

Gilbert Grosvenor, Litt.D.; LL.D., Editor

"I don't have to sound th' REVELEY at dawn, for my fellow KEMPER. I hears a CARROLL an' finds he's CLUM a high COTTON wood to CRAIN his neck at th' woods. I makes breakfast an' he WYLES th' time cleanin' an' handlin' th' guns as if they was babies, all TWITTY to be goin'. His rifles are a light STEVENS an' a big BOHR silent repeatin' BROWNE that's pure joy to handle an' must've cost a PURDY sum.

"'Try her,' he says just before we starts off, an', later—'How do you like her?' After I puts three bullets into th' heart of a little pine knot at a hundred an' fifty paces.

"I sighs. 'WYTHE DICKINSON did you let me try her? When girls HUDDLE like that into your shoulder you MERRIAM. Keep your eyes on that gun; I'm already DOTY on her, an' a CHAPIN LOVELL do anything.'

"'And all's FERRIN love, eh?' says Bonnie, but he likes me better for my understandin' of that gun as we strikes off at sunup.

"'Well, Bonnie Caffery,' thinks I to myself, 'you can fight, paddle a canoe, shoot, trail like an Injun an' make a good camp, but can you stand th' gaff?' I strikes a good step that I intends to keep up for three days till we reaches th' cabin of MILLER DEICHMAN, an old trapper friend of mine, known as 'MILLS,' who lives there with his daughter, for there is th' HARTS of game country I knows well.

"At noon when we feeds Bonnie sets on a log an' favors his feet while conversin' cheerful about DIEKEMA macaws with red topknots, that he'd found in th' STOGSDALL forests subsistin' on orchid buds an' GUFLER beetles. That makes me hit th' trail a little early, an' we never stops but once, when a grouse COCHRAN from cover an' I potted him for supper.

"Bonnie sleeps like a child an' looks fit next morning. At noon he tells me one about bein' in a SOKOBIN village on RINGWALT River once, where th' MAYER or chief complains about th' crocodiles comin' up in FLOOD time for nice fat pickaninnies. Their best BOWMAN kills all but one old CROCKER, but she just shuts her eyes an' grins, leavin' no mark open for him when he PELTZER with arrows. That gives Bonnie an idea. Th' first day there he hears a hullabaloo on shore an', grabbin' a pointed stick he's prepared, he reaches th' bank just as th' Crock captures a fat little pickaninny. Sure enough, there's a twinkle of humor in the old girl's eye. 'I say, Crock, have you HEARD this one?' sings out Bonnie, an' tells her th' old one about th' Consul who was satisfied with his post—for awhile, an' then appeals to ST. PETER for a transfer on account of



Gentlemen's Apparel of Distinction

Most New York men of importance lean toward clothing by Saks-Fifth Avenue because of its unobtrusive yet exclusive styling. Men of the United States Foreign Service Department may take advantage of this Saks-Fifth Avenue service through the mails.

Suits at 65.00 to 120.00
Overcoats at 65.00 to 150.00
Dinner Coat and Trousers at 65.00 to 125.00
Tail Coat and Trousers at 75.00 to 130.00
Dinner Vests at 10.00 to 30.00

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
611 Fifth Avenue
New York

th' altitude. Well, th' crocodile opens its mouth to laugh, lettin' th' pickaninny run away, an' with that Bonnie thrusts th' stick inside with POINTS up an' down between her jaws, an' when she bites again that finishes her.

"But I notes that Bonnie's put his feet to cool in a KREECK, an' that they's bad swole, so I waits till he mentions th' subject of movin' on, himself.

"'I say,' he says that night after supper, layin' back careful on th' balsam boughs, 'about this Deichman cabin—why not slip around slow and easy to LEE, so it won't smell us, then creep up and grab it of a sudden, instead of trying to run it down like this?'

"I snores gentle.

"'Poor old Linthie,' says Bonnie, soft like, 'the old BLACKGARD is all worn out with the rigors of the trail.' An' he goes off to sleep.

"We sets off early next morning an' TRAVERS thick brush, WORMAN our way through. Towards midday th' man behind me is draggin' his feet an' it's costin' him dear for every MEILY goes. At noon he lifts a piece of half raw bacon an' eats it while I'm cuttin' more wood. I think his pack looks lighter. 'Whats become of th' pottie?' I asks.

"'Heaved it into the woods yesterday so as not to miss th' BUSS,' says he cheerful, an' eats as though half starved. Afterward we leans back against a tree for a spell.

"'Once in Africa,' says he. 'I recall sitting comfortable like this in a TOTTEN TODD village after lunch, when I was startled by PIERSON KREIS as of a SOULE in PAYNE. Inquiring about them, I learned that they came from a DUTKO bird which had just deposited an egg. I asked the chief why his people didn't make way with a bird that made such a fearful ROWE about a thing the LORD expected of it, and the chief sternly rebuked me, saying that his people pitied the Dutko bird. He added that he would send me a nice fresh Dutko egg next morning for breakfast. He did.' Bonnie stops, then—'Well, Linthie, let's be going.'—an' he rises painful an' we BERGIN to make ready for th' trail.

"'Huh! That's a queer yarn, Bonnie.'

"'Yes, isn't it?'

"'Did you like th' egg?'

"'I couldn't eat it, for when I saw it I, too, was filled with pity for the Dutko bird. VANCE and make some footsteps, Linthicum.'

"I stops an' stares hard at Bonnie. 'Well, HULLEY MOSES, why?'

"Says Bonnie, sad like, 'The egg of the Dutko bird is square!'

(To be continued)



The Standard of Efficiency

In the commercial centers—in the cities and far-off corners of the earth—in the schools of every nation—in fact wherever human thoughts and deeds are recorded—there you will find the UNDERWOOD—the standard of typewriter efficiency.

Stenographers and typists realize that "Underwood" means fast and accurate typewriting—with less fatigue and better work.

The executive, too, appreciates the value of "Underwood" work—clear, clean-cut letters down to the last carbon, and he knows that when a letter is "Underwood" typed it represents his company's highest standard.

A demonstration of the Standard Underwood, or any other of our products, will place you under no obligation.

Underwood

Standard, Noiseless and Portable Typewriters—Bookkeeping Machines

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Division of Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

1413 New York Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

"SALES AND SERVICE EVERYWHERE"

"UNDERWOOD, ELLIOTT-FISHER, SUNDSTRAND—SPEED THE WORLD'S BUSINESS"

UNDERWOOD

Speeds the World's Business

STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK
26 Broadway New York

SOCONY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK

The Mark of Quality

Socony Products

Illuminating Oils

Lubricating Oils and Greases

Gasoline and Motor Spirits

Fuel Oil

Asphaltums, Binders and Road Oils

Paraffine Wax and Candles

Lamps, Stoves and Heaters

Branch Offices in the Principal Cities of

Japan	**Philippine Islands**	**Turkey**
China	**Straits Settlements**	**Syria**
Indo-China	**Netherlands India**	**Bulgaria**
Siam	**South Africa**	**Greece**
India	**Australasia**	**Jugoslavia**

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES MARCH 1, 1930, TO FEBRUARY 28, 1931

Balance brought forward		$7,757.61
Receipts		
Premiums from members	$14,021.14	
Dividend for year ended February 28, 1930	1,705.21	
Bank interest	111.70	
Refunds:		
Protested checks $58.75		
Advance to beneficiary 700.00		
	758.75	
Premiums due and unpaid	270.00	
		$16,866.80
		$24,624.41
Expenditures		
Premiums paid to Equitable Life Assurance Society	$21,755.62	
Premium on bond of $5,000 for Secretary-Treasurer, 2 years	25.00	
Two blank receipt books with stubs	37.00	
Exchange on foreign checks	1.80	
Premiums refunded	111.25	
Temporary advance to insurance beneficiary	700.00	
Auditing books for insurance year ended February 28, 1930	70.00	
Clerical assistance, 2 years	1,200.00	
Checks protested	70.00	
		$23,970.67
Surplus account:		
Premiums due and unpaid	$270.00	
Balance on hand	383.74	
		$653.74
		$24,624.41

SUPPLEMENTAL STATEMENT

Receipts		
Premiums received on account of insurance effective after March 1, 1931		$7,442.75
Balance		
Premiums payable to Equitable Life Assurance Society March 1, 1931	$5,812.08	
Working balance	1,630.67	
		$7,442.75

Members March 1, 1930	302	
Additions during year	14	
	316	
Deceased	3	
Withdrawn	10	
	— 13	
Members February 28, 1931	303	

Total amount of insurance in force March 1, 1931, $1,588,000.00.

Insurance claims paid March 1, 1930 to February 28, 1931:

	Amount	*Date of death*	*Date of payment*
Edward H. Carter	$2,000	Oct. 14, 1930	Oct. 24, 1930
Edward P. Lowry	5,000	Nov. 11, 1930	Dec. 8, 1930
Herbert A. Lowe	2,000	Dec. 16, 1930	Feb. 9, 1931

ROBERT DUDLEY LONGYEAR,
Secretary-Treasurer.

MOONSHINE

By Roy W. Baker, *Consul, Bristol, England*

Does history record the origin of the name "moonshine," as applied to a well-known product of some of the isolated sections of the United States?

The writer believes he has discovered it as far away from home as Wiltshire, England.

England, as the world knows, is a land of traditions. Each of the shires, or counties, of the West of England Country has its tradition bearing on the characteristics of the folk of that shire. Wiltshiremen generally are known as "moon-rakers" because of the principal shire tradition regarding their forebears. This runs as follows:

Long, long ago, present-day "moon-rakers" or Wiltshiremen say, there used to be a considerable traffic into that county in imported brandy and whisky on which the importers had neglected the little detail of excise duty. Therefore the county was heavily policed by the agents of the Crown. One night a couple of farmers were bringing home a consignment of good cheer that had just arrived via the Bristol Channel, when the donkey ran away; the cart struck a pillar of the bridge over a small body of water and in went the consignment. The noise attracted several customs officials, who came up to find the rustics, aided by the light of a beautiful moon that was shining, worrying the placid water with rakes, trying to extract their kegs. Asked what they were doing, the farmers pointed to what was obviously the reflection of the moon in the water and said they were raking to get that fine cheese out there in the water. The officials thought they were merely a bit "daft," laughed and went off, and presumably the countrymen successfully fished out their "cheese."

The official emblem of Wiltshire is a medallion showing the two rustics raking the waters by the light of the moon, and at the side larger figures of farmers with rakes, each winking, with a finger laid alongside his nose.

Moonshine did it all.

Mr. W. R. Motherswell, former Minister of Agriculture, defined a diplomat for the House of Commons recently as "a man who can bring home the bacon without spilling the beans."

Correct lubrication of industrial machinery clear around the world demands a knowledge of an infinite variety of machines and conditions in all countries. From a background of 64 years' experience, Vacuum Oil Company service and lubricants have achieved world-wide recognition.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

77%

of the world's largest manufacturers* use Vacuum Oil Company's lubricants for their exacting requirements.

*Not including oil companies.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



A *good* tooth paste and a *good* dentist *are not luxuries*

IPANA is the *newer* type of dentifrice specifically made to care for your gums as well as your teeth. With it your teeth are white and shining—your mouth cleansed, refreshed and invigorated—and your gums strengthened, toned and stimulated.

Soft foods and sub-normal chewing deprive gums of needed exercise. The tissues become congested, soft and weak. *"Pink tooth brush"* with its attended evils—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even the less frequent pyorrhea—sets in.

But Ipana and massage will rouse the gums and speed the fresh, rich blood through the tiny capillaries. Hundreds of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana. For it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by dental specialists in treating gum disorders.

Ipana isn't a cheap tooth paste—it couldn't be. Its ingredients are costly—its formula scientific and modern. But it is well worth the few cents extra cost.

Ipana is sold in all the principal cities of the world. If you can't obtain it in your locality please notify us and we will send you a full size tube free of charge. Give it a chance to make your teeth whiter, brighter—your gums firmer, healthier.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A POLITICAL BOOK SHELF

By JOHN CARTER, *Department*

Two recent books on the subject of peace deserve serious attention. In "The History of Peace" (Dial Press, $4) Mr. A. C. F. Beales considers peaee, not as the traditional interlude between wars but as an active human institution. More gripping and realistie is Kirby Page's "National Defense. A Study of the Origins, Results and Prevention of War" (Farrar & Rinehart, $3). The author has here assembled a tragie and unanswerable group of quotations by eminent statesmen, publieists, ete., on every phase of the World War. It is a monument to the moral anarchy and intelleetual inadequacy of the modern international society. It compels the question: Is the international idealist as "impractical" as the nationalistic realist?

However, the main eurrent of political publieation runs ever more strongly towards Soviet Russia. Many books on Russia are, of course, utter trash or of merely subsidiary interest. Ferdinand Ossendowski's "Lenin. God of the Godless" (Dutton, $3.75) is mere lurid anti-Bolo propaganda, while "Soviet Foreign Trade Menace or Promise" (Liveright, $2.50) is a treatise by two of the Amtorg's economists on the special subject of Russo-American trade relations. On the other hand, George Vernadsky has written a good historical account of the history of the Bolshevist party under Lenin's leadership in "Lenin. Red Dictator" (Yale Press), although it leaves mueh to be desired as a biography of Lenin himself, that monolithie creature who is still an enigma to the West and a materialistic Messiah to the Communists.

Two recent books on Russia, however, possess more than usual interest. Bruee Hopper's "Pan-Sovietism" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a fine piece of historical, economic and social analysis, designed to diseriminate between the essential character of Bolshevism as a social philosophy and organ of political and economic control, and the earthly Russian roots whieh have eolored and prejudieed its eharaeter in the eyes of the West. His book is brief, well written and well-informed. Most striking of all is the translation by George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge of M. Ilin's "New Russia's Primer. The Story of the Five Year Plan" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75). This is the book written for Soviet school children to acquaint them with the nature and the objectives of the Russian economic program and to advise them as to their share in it. Curiously enough, it is calculated to

catch the imagination of the American adult, a work of genius in the art of exposition, or propaganda, call it what you will. It is interesting to observe that it preaches no hatred for the capitalistic world, only pity and contempt for the "stupidity" with which it manages its affairs. It is one book on Russia which ought to be read if we are to get a conception of the aspirations of a scheme which is not unworthy of the human intelligence.

A few scattering publications deserve passing mention, as, for example, Francis W. Hirst's "Wall Street and Lombard Street" (Macmillan, $2), "Fifty Years of Party Warfare, 1789-1837," by William O. Lynch (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), and Gen. Charles H. Sherrill's "Bismarck and Mussolini. A Study of the Will to Power" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50).

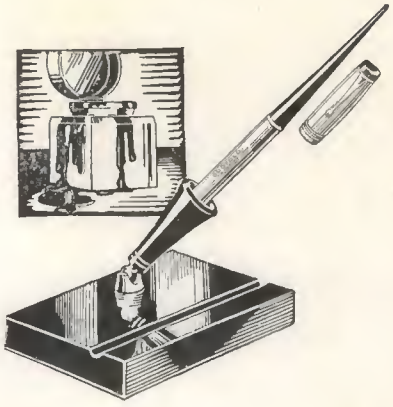
RECORD

Consul E. R. Dickover, at Kobe, Japan, claims to have established a record in the service, in that he has passed through more grades of the service in one post than any other officer. He was assigned as Vice Consul at Kobe in 1916, while still a Student Interpreter at the princely salary of $1,000 per annum. In the fall of that year he passed his first Interpreter examination and was promoted to the grade of Interpreter at $1,500; in 1917 he was promoted to the $1,650 grade; and in 1919 he passed his final Interpreter examination and became an Interpreter, Senior Grade, at $1,800. In 1921 he was promoted to Consul of Class VI, and in 1923 to Consul of Class V. He was reclassified as a Foreign Service Officer of Class VI in 1924; promoted to Class V in 1925, to Class IV in 1929, and to Class III in 1931. Eight promotions in all—and all while stationed at the same post!

Some of the officers in the Department who are fortunate enough to have offices on the east side of the building facing the White House enjoyed watching the annual egg rolling which took place in the White House grounds on Easter Monday. The original scene of the egg rolling was on the sloping grounds of the Capital, but some 50 years ago the scene was changed to the White House. So many thousands of children wish to indulge in this pastime every Easter Monday that the White House grounds are not large enough and it has been found necessary to start rival contests in the Zoological Gardens and in Rock Creek Park.

Keep Pace

...with the Times!



Once ink wells had to be tolerated. Now, the Parker Desk Set makes them unnecessary. The smooth writing Parker Duofold Pen contains its own ink and fits in a handsome base. It is always ready for writing—within sight and reach.

And the Parker Duofold Pen is easily converted for pocket use. You get two pens at the price of one.

Parker Duofold Desk Sets

14

SOLD BY GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

Distributors in all principal cities

LETTERS

(This column will be devoted each month to the publication, in whole or in part, of letters to the Editor from members of the Association on topics of general interest. Such letters are to be regarded as expressing merely the personal opinion of the writers and not necessarily the views of the JOURNAL, *or of the Association.)*

SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
March 20, 1931.

MY DEAR MR. INGRAM: May I second the suggestion sent up from Chihuahua by Consul Francis H. Styles and published in the March issue of the JOURNAL, advocating the publication of short descriptive bits on our consular districts. I am enclosing three paragraphs on the district of the consulate at Santiago de Cuba, also three photographs of the dirigible *Los Angeles* taken on a recent visit to the Guantanamo Bay Naval Station. The pictures were taken by the official photographer. The commander of the naval station has given permission for their release.

If Consul Styles' suggestion catches any more fish, why not print them in a monthly column bearing some such title as "Consular Districts in a Nutshell?" Or, if this title lacks desirable alliteration, the JOURNAL can startle its readers with a flash of good-humored levity in "Bird's Eye Views of Our Bailiwicks."

With best wishes for the continued success of the JOURNAL, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN SCHOENRICH,
American Consul.

NUEVO LAREDO, MEXICO,
March 31, 1931.

DEAR MR. INGRAM: I wish to endorse most heartily the letter of Consul Cooke, at Plymouth, England, in regard to the printing in a separate form of the article in the January issue of the JOURNAL by Walter F. Boyle on "The Habit of Representation." At the same time I want to add my enthusiastic congratulations for Consul Boyle in writing such a splendid expression of what is required of every enthusiastic Foreign Service Officer. Since my entry in the Service I have collected newspaper articles and other material bearing on our Service, and I consider Consul Boyle's article one of the most valuable I have yet seen. The points he brings out could well be enlarged upon though I doubt that his manner of dealing with the subject could be improved upon. While we all can make typed copies of this article, I believe that we shall all be very grateful if the JOURNAL could arrange to reprint the article so that we could have a few copies to distribute to friends and to the occasional young people who write for information regarding the Foreign Service for their studies in school or for the purpose of deciding whether or not they should take up the Service as a career in life.

Very sincerely yours, RICHARD F. BOYCE,
American Consul.

PANAMA CITY, PANAMA,
April 1, 1931.

DEAR MR. INGRAM: All of us in the Consular Service have been amused by the sorry mis-spelling of Consul, Consular, and Consulate, which appear in our daily correspondence, but for me the climax came this morning when the mail brought me a communication addressed to the "U. S. Consolcr Office."

"At last," I said, "some one has recognized the chief function of the Consul." And, inspired by this bit of dys-orthography, I dashed off the following parody:

U. S. CONSOLER'S OFFICE

Come to the Consulate,
Whate'er your anguish,
Here, 'neath the eagle seal
Make your appeal.
Here bring your tale of woe,
Here try to borrow,
The trav'ler has no sorrow
The Consul cannot heal.

Yours sincerely,

H. O. WILLIAMS,
American Consul.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE RUSSIANS OF SALONIKI—*By Eleanor Wood Moose*	173
A SERVICE IDYLL—*By Stewart E. McMillan.*	176
A WEEK-END ON LA GONAVE—*By Margaret W. Munro*	178
LAKE ATITLAN, GUATEMALA—*By Robert Janz*	181
NEWS ITEMS FROM THE FIELD	185
LITERARY STYLE	191
FOREIGN SERVICE CHANGES	192
COMMERCIAL WORK FOR MARCH	194
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CHANGES	195
EXTRA COPIES—*By Brockholst Livingston*	197
BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES	199
IN MEMORIAM—*N. B. Stewart, etc*	200
BASEBALL'S GREATEST OPENING—*By Paul Eaton*	204
AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Annual Statement	212
MOONSHINE—*By Roy W. Baker*	213
A POLITICAL BOOK SHELF—*By John Carter*	214
LETTERS	216

We Will Bond You

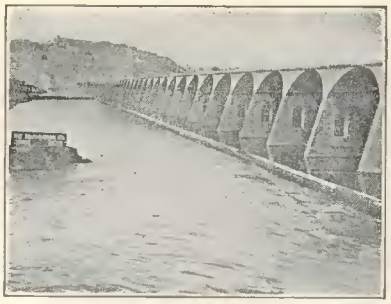
HORACE F. CLARK & SON
GENERAL AGENTS—NEW JERSEY FIDELITY
935 Investment Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Phone National 9763



POWER STATION

ENGINEERING
CONSTRUCTION

BUILDERS OF
SUPERSTRUCTURES
AS WELL AS
SUBSTRUCTURES



IRRIGATION DAM

Office Buildings - Industrial Plants - Warehouses - Railroads and Terminals - Foundations
Underpinning - Filtration and Sewage Plants - Hydro-Electric Developments - Power Houses
Highways - River and Harbor Developments - Bridges and Bridge Piers - Mine Shafts and Tunnels

THE FOUNDATION COMPANY

NEW YORK

ATLANTA · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · LONDON · LIMA
PITTSBURGH · SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL · MEXICO CITY · CARTAGENA

THE FOUNDATION COMPANY (FOREIGN)

NEW YORK

LONDON · TOKYO · ATHENS
PARIS · BRUSSELS



DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR
OFFICERS

WILL ENJOY

THE WILLARD

with its large rooms, high ceilings and outside bathrooms. Within the past few months the rooms have been newly decorated; with their bright and attractive chintzes, they are charming in appearance and provide the utmost in comfort.

Single Rooms with Bath—$4 and upward
Double Rooms with Bath—$6 and upward

Unexcelled cuisine and service at very moderate prices
in
Main Dining Room and Coffee Shop
A la carte and Table d'hote meals

25% discount on room charges to members of the United States Foreign Service

On Famous Pennsylvania Ave. at Fourteenth and F Sts.
TWO BLOCKS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

FRANK S. HIGHT, *President*



When you go abroad your own ideals of luxury!



The fomous tronsotlontic fleet of the United Stotes Lines drows its inspirotions from the best mode ond monners of Americo's sociol life. So, you find ... your stateroom a revelotion in completeness, to the smallest occessory ... your cuisine so appetizing it recently won four coveted owards ... your alert stewards speaking your own languoge ... yaur diversians ranging from putter to night club ... your lounges and solons invested with elegance. Little wonder 103 college olumni orgonizotions singled out these ships os their officiol fleet to Europe! For five doy speed, toke the Leviothon, World's Lorgest Ship. For economy with luxury, the superb cobin liners ... George Woshington, Americo, Republic, President Hording or President Roosevelt. Sail ... under the Stors ond Stripes!

Consult your local Steamship Agent or

UNITED STATES LINES

45 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y.