The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL



VOL. XII FEBRUARY, 1935 No. 2

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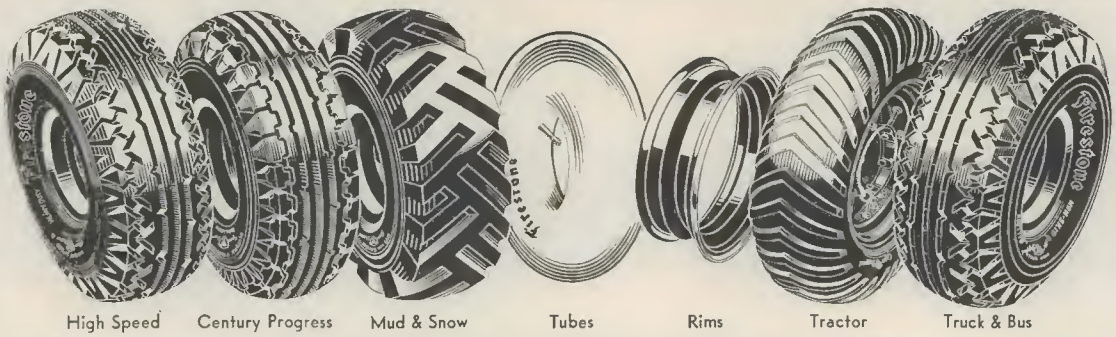
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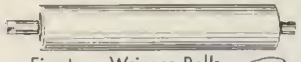
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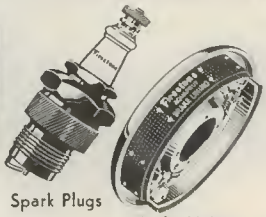
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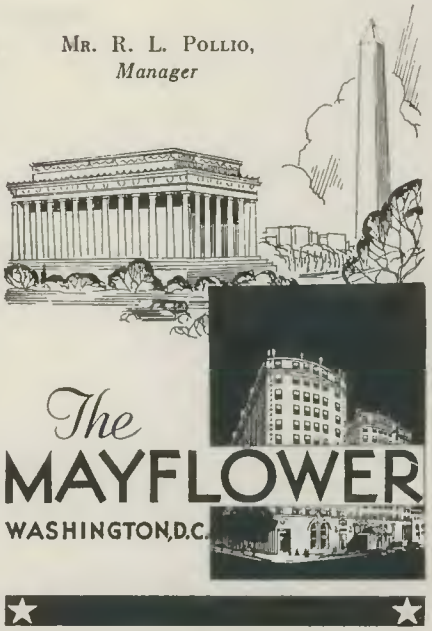
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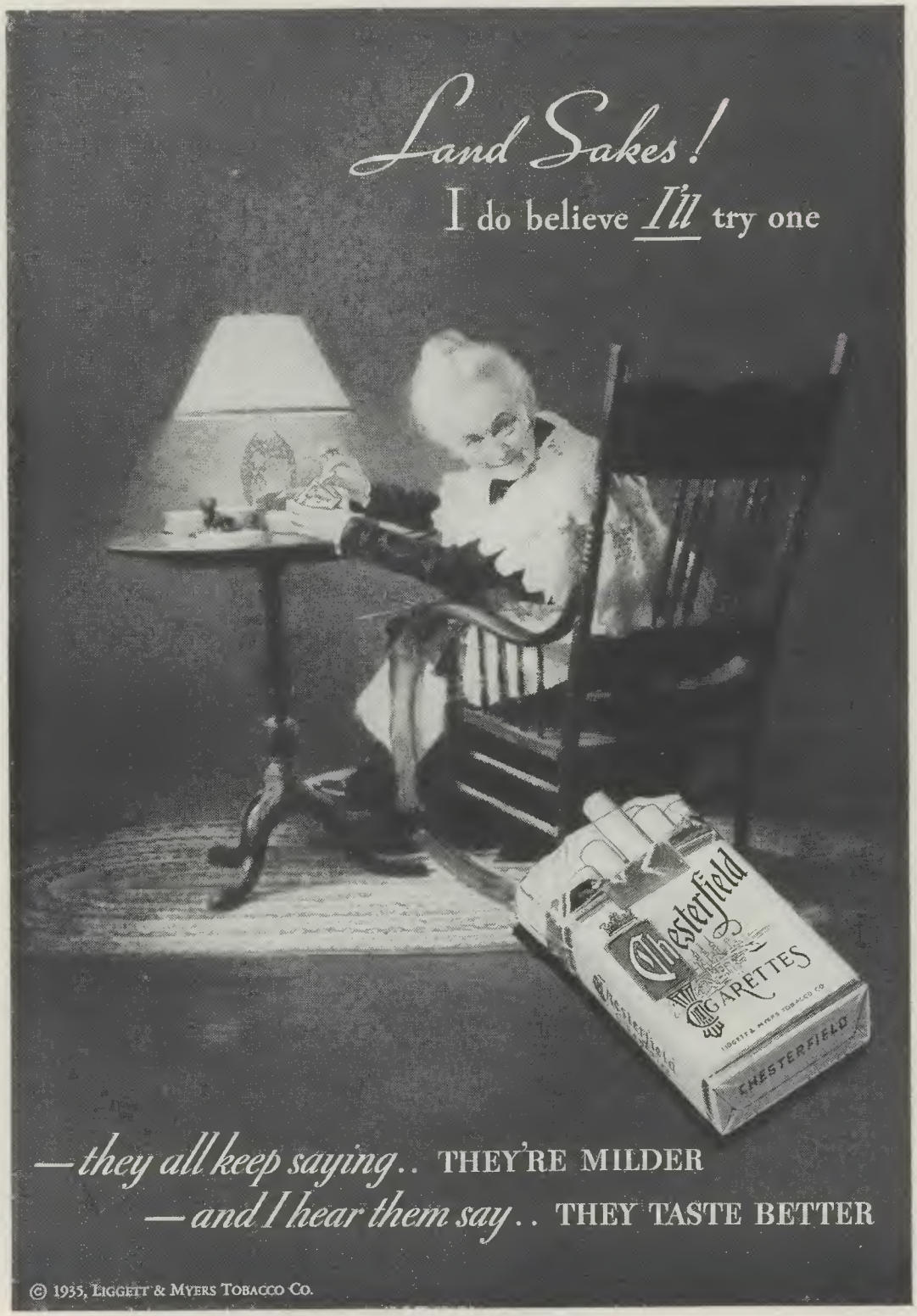
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THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

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Voices and Eyes of the Night

By THE HONORABLE RALPH J. TOTTEN, *Minister to the Union of South Africa*

THERE are many phases of big game shooting in various parts of the world, some of which include letting the game come to you rather than attempting to stalk animals which have wonderful eyes and hearing. I have spent afternoons and nights in a tiny hammock, swung in the trees, when watching for deer and jaguars in South America; I have watched for wild boar or roe deer from a little hut built on poles in Austria and Germany; I have sat frozen all day in a pole blind waiting for Potomac River canvasback ducks; but I think night watching in the African bush is the most fascinating occupation connected with shooting, and I have never grown tired of it.

A properly built machan is not only the safest method of watching but is far and away the most comfortable, besides giving the watcher a much better view of the country around. If there is a large tree handy the entire machan can be built in that, or smaller trees may be used for one, or two, corner posts with cut trunks set firmly in the ground for the others. A substantial platform of poles is lashed some twelve feet from the ground, and this is covered with a twelve-inch layer of dry grass upon which the sleeping bags of the watchers are placed, and some sort of a crude ladder, or steps, is constructed so that one can get into the affair. Care must be taken to have the machan to leeward of the water-hole, kill or bait, based on the prevailing night winds of the district.



"VELANDO EL TIGRE"
Slung in a Tiny Hammock, Ten Feet from the Ground, with Gun, Machete, Game Bag, and Canteen.

After an early dinner the night watchers proceed to the machan with a half dozen boys to carry their guns, sleeping bags, equip-

ment and the lighting apparatus. In Northern Rhodesia, we used the spot light and battery from the truck, which gave an excellent light by which one could shoot to a distance of some eighty yards, but a five or seven-cell electric torch will permit one to shoot with a fair accuracy up to fifty yards. I have a gadget for clamping a flashlight to the barrel of my rifle, and I find this a most efficient arrangement, especially for use with a rifle having a telescope sight. With open sights both front and rear sight must be illuminated, but with a 'scope only the target need be seen for accurate shooting, and this makes a tremendous difference.



THE MACHAN FROM WHICH WE SAW SIX RHINOS

I generally took two rifles, the double .470 and the .30-'06, with 'scope sight, a game bag with a couple of sandwiches and a thermos of hot tea, my six power binoculars, and a great assortment of clothing, especially for the upper part of the body. The high veld nights get terribly cold towards morning and one needs plenty of insulation. I always place my sleeping bag with its foot towards the bait so that I can sit up and watch with my legs and feet inside the bag. I wear heavy underclothing, wool breeches, a flannel shirt, a knitted wool waistcoat, a leather jacket, and a sheepskin-lined trench coat over all; yet I often get bitterly cold between three and four o'clock in the morning.

We always have one native with us to watch for game in the event that we go to sleep. Dave MacArthur used to make a three foot square extension to the regular machan for the boy to sit on. When I asked Dave why he made the boy's seat so small, he grinned and answered:

"You see these boys are so darned lazy that if they are comfortable they will go to sleep, so I make their seat so small that if they go to sleep during the night they'll fall off the machan, and that'll wake 'em up all right."

Callous, but eminently efficient.

After we were in place and the boys had gone back to camp with their lanterns bobbing along through the bush, we arranged our equipment, had a cigarette, and then settled down to await what the night might offer for our amusement or excitement.

As the noise made by the boys gradually died out in the distance the hush would be for a time deathly still, then bit by bit it would awaken and come alive. First the night birds would open up, then there would come sudden rustlings in the grass as the small fry began to move, and then the smaller bucks would come stealing out of the dark bush like graceful grey ghosts cautiously approaching the water in order to get their precious drink before more dangerous visitors made it a hazard. As the night became increasingly vocal the experienced hunter could pick out the actors by their voices. The serval has a faint mewing call difficult to distinguish from some of the bird calls; the jackal has two calls, a wail like the cry of a lost soul, and a sharp bark like a dog; the bushbuck and koodoo both have pronounced barks, while the reed buck has an irritating whistle. The wildebeest has a metallic grunt and the zebra a keen, shrill whinny.

Occasionally one hears the coughing roar of the leopard, but not often, as "spots" is not much given to advertising. All night one hears the mournful, rather musical "Ah-oo-oo-oop!" of that loathsome scavenger, the hyaena, and later when you are getting a bit drowsy and are half asleep you are suddenly wide-awake with a thrill running up your spine as a deep grunt back in the dense hush informs you that the chief actor of the nightly drama of the veld is announcing himself.

"Ugh, ugh-a, ugh-a, ugh-oo-oo-oo-wa, ugh-oo-oo-oo-wa, ugh-oo-wa, ugh-wa, ugh, ugh, ugh." Starting with a deep, resonant grunt, rising by degrees to a powerful, shaking crescendo, then dying away

in a series of diminishing grunts—it is a sound that never fails to stir the listener and make the hair stiffen on the back of his neck—the full throated roar that announces to the lesser beasts that the king is abroad and has started hunting. And so the nights would pass, always interesting and full of fascination.

A more or less typical "machan" night's entertainment, although introducing a rather more than usual number of "turns," was one that I spent with Dave MacArthur watching a bait, near a waterhole, in Northern Rhodesia. We had got well settled on our perch when I became aware of a small buck approaching the water from the deep grass on the right. In the bright starlight the binoculars enabled me to decide that it was a reed buck. After drinking it circled to the left where it got our scent, or that of the dead gnu we were using for bait, and began to whistle. It would walk along, take a nibble of grass, and then whistle in the silliest and most absurd manner possible. After this had been going on for some time, Dave leaned over and whispered to me that he was sure this was an old maid, as her actions were exactly like those of a gentle but talkative old spinster looking under the bed for the ever-expected burglar and then screaming softly to herself just to keep in practice.

Then we had in turn a small herd of hartebeeste, some gnus and a clump of zebras coming in to water and cutting up capers all about. Then as silently as a ghost a jackal came creeping up to the bait, but he was evidently suspicious as he wouldn't venture closer than fifteen feet to the dead animal. He watched it for awhile, plainly to be seen in the faint light, then began barking at it, nor would he stop until I threw the light of the torch on him, when he disappeared like a shadow. We heard several hyaenas in the distance, and the barking and quarrelling of a company of baboons in a donga nearby.

(*Continued to page* 110)



JAPIE AND HARRY AFTER THE BATTLE. THE DOUBLE .470 IS LEANING AGAINST THE RHINO AND JAPIE IS HOLDING THE REMINGTON



Lawrence Higgins

"EL FUEGO" IN ERUPTION—ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA

The Inter American Highway in Central America

By WILLIAM R. MANNING, *Department of State*

CENTRAL AMERICA is a scenic paradise. Mountains are, as in most of Mexico, nearly everywhere in view. Many in this region are volcanoes, some being mildly active continuously—their smoking peaks adding to the picturesqueness of the landscape; and a few have been in violent eruption in the not very distant past; but serious damage from their activity has been rare, recently at least. Like the boiling springs and spouting geysers in Yellowstone Park, Steamboat Springs and elsewhere, these volcanoes seem to serve as safety valves which afford relief for the irresistible forces pent up in the earth's interior.

Five relatively small countries divide Central America proper; and they have done so since their common independence from Spain a hundred and fourteen years ago except during about a decade, or a decade-and-a-half, at the beginning of this period when, nominally at least, they were united in a single confederation. Since its dissolution, about a hundred years ago, there have been many attempts, a few partly successful for a time, to restore the union, the last only fourteen years ago—the centennial year; but centrifugal forces have usually prevailed, and still prevail, over centripetal, although the ideal persists and may some day be realized.

So far as this article is concerned, Panama—only about a fifth as old as the other five—is considered also a part of Central America. It was in Panama City that the first Inter American Highway Conference assembled in 1929, as stated in the previous article of this series, to consider a highway "from the southern border of the United States to the Panama Canal."

When the Department of State announced through its diplomatic missions in 1930 that the Congress of the United States had appropriated $50,000 to enable the Secretary of State to make available this Government's cooperation with the other interested Governments in reconnaissance surveys to locate the best route or routes for such a highway, the Governments of five of these six countries indicated through the Pan American Union (as the pertinent legislation made an essential prerequisite) that they desired the cooperation of the United States. Through the sixth, El Salvador, the route had already been determined, and much of it had been graded and parts of it surfaced. Salvadoran officials courteously made known the termini of their route and contributed other useful data.

Highway engineers of the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States were sent to Panama about the middle of 1930. The Government of Panama made space for headquarters available to them, in public buildings. From here, in cooperation with the appropriate authorities of the interested countries, they conducted during the

next three years a double reconnaissance (first, on land—much of it on foot—and, secondly, by aerial photography) of the route through western Panama, through Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Honduras (coordinating their route with that already located through El Salvador), and finally through Guatemala to the Mexican border. About the middle of 1933 the engineers returned to Washington where, during the next eight months, they completed their report.*

The located route lies along the Pacific slope, except where it follows along, or near, the continental divide. There were several reasons—each apparently a compelling one—for this choice. The distance from Panama to the Mexican terminus is much less by the Pacific Coast than by the Atlantic; the rivers there are smaller and less expensive to bridge; the annual rainfall is only about half as great and construction and maintenance costs will therefore be less; the climate is more salubrious; most of the inhabitants dwell on that slope; and, finally, one country, El Salvador, is wholly on that side of the continental divide.

Where the route follows this divide it is a veritable skyline drive with magnificent views in both directions. Sometimes it follows high, mountain-bordered interior valleys or plateaus. Elsewhere it skirts the bases of foothills or spurs of the main mountain ranges. In still other places it lies along the coastal plain near the ocean. Bordering most of the route is luxuriant vegetation; but a few places are nearly barren wastes or bad lands. Variety renders ennui all but impossible. Sometimes the ocean is visible, lakes often, mountains practically always, and smoking volcanoes not infrequently.



TAKING IT EASY IN SALVADOR

Courtesy Bureau of Public Roads, Washington, D. C.

Wherever they are suitable, existing roads, whether paved or only graded or even unimproved cart trails, have been followed in locating the route for the highway and incorporated in it.

In at least two of the countries, although at some distance from the line of this highway, are important ruins or relics of the Mayan civilization which had flourished throughout Central America and decayed or been transferred to other regions before the coming of the Spanish conquerors. For tourists with artistic temperaments, these will prove irresistible attractions, if, and when, laterals from the main highway are constructed to them.

In most of the Central American countries coffee, grown chiefly in the highlands, is the principal crop, for export at least; and bananas, produced chiefly in the Atlantic coastal plain, are the second in importance; but in Honduras bananas are first, and only a little coffee is produced. For local consumption, maize is, in all, the most important crop and probably beans are second, followed by sugar cane and rice and many other vegetables; and all tropical and many temperate zone fruits are also produced for local consumption. Cattle and chickens and other domestic animals and fowls contribute importantly to the food supplies of these peoples. Many minerals, including gold, silver, copper and iron are produced in the mountainous regions.

Although between half and three-fourths of Mexico's section of this highway is completed or nearing completion or, at least, is passable for automobiles, the fourth nearest Central America appears to be practically impassable, the last eighth (a little more than two hundred miles) apparently still not being definitely located, except at and near the Suchiate, the boundary river.

In Guatemala, however, a road



PRESENT ROAD AND STOREHOUSE IN A REMOTE SECTION OF COSTA RICA

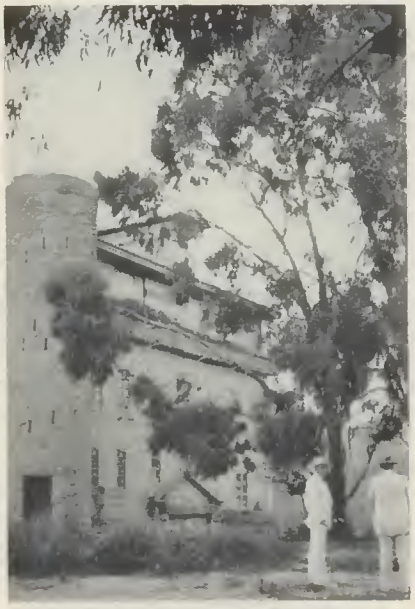
Proposed Inter-American Highway (Senate Doc. 224—73d Cong.—2d Session). Price $.70. Obtainable from the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C.



Courtesy Bureau of Public Roads, Washington, D. C.

TYPICAL HUTS JUST OFF THE HIGHWAY IN PANAMA

(far from perfect but passable for automobiles, at least in the dry season which lasts nearly half of the year) begins at the Mexican boundary and extends across the country, nearly 320 miles, to the border of El Salvador. Leaving the Mexican boundary, the ascent is abrupt from the torrid valley to the cool uplands, rising in a little less than 40 miles from about 1,000 to about 10,000 feet above sea level. The highest elevation reached on the entire route between the Texas border and the Panama Canal, about 10,500 feet, is some seventy miles farther east at Las Flores. Most of the Guatemalan section of the highway follows high plateaus or mountain valleys.



OLD FORT, TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS

Excepting short distances in or near some of the larger cities, the existing road is not well graded, smooth, nor hard-surfaced; and it is generally narrow with many sharp curves and steep inclines. The finished Inter American Highway will, it is contemplated, have eliminated these undesirable features and be easy and safe.

In the highlands of Guatemala the native American Indians constitute the dominant element in the population. Their language, dress, arts, and customs are much as they were before the Spanish conquest. One of the engineers who effected the reconnaissance says of this section:

"The scenery throughout is unsurpassed. Lofty and symmetrical volcanic peaks stand sentinel over the terraced farmlands. Silvery lakes nestling among the mountain ranges afford fishing grounds for the Indians who may be seen paddling their home-made dugouts across the silent waters. Distant views of magnificent mountains and valleys appear through an atmosphere so clear that the visual detail is astounding. Streams both turbulent and tranquil wend their way seaward through valleys of luxuriant green. All this combined with the picturesqueness of the inhabitants and the charm of quaint villages will make the trip one long to be remembered." (D. Tucker Brown, in the *Caravan*, October, 1934.)

The same writer says:

"It is a rare treat to pass through a coffee plantation when the trees are in full bloom and get a whiff of the fragrant blossoms. And it is equally satisfactory to see the deep green foliage, not unlike the holly in color, with myriads of bright red berries literally lining every small limb and branch."

The principal Guatemalan cities passed by the highway are San Marcos, Quetzaltenango, Chimaltenango, Guatemala City (the capital), and Jutiapa. Through El Salvador, the smallest of the six small countries (although it is the most densely populated and in some respects the most highly developed—especially in road building) the highway is also passable the entire distance, some 180 miles, a small part in the west having a finished asphalt surface. It extends east and west approximately through the middle of the country, at altitudes varying from about 150 to 3,000 feet, passing by the way of Santa Ana, San Salvador (the capital), San Vicente, and San Miguel to the Rio Goascoran on the Honduran border, over which a bridge 975 feet long will be needed to connect the two countries. The eastern end, while usable, is less improved than the western.

(*Continued to page* 112)



A COOL HOTEL LOUNGE IN NICARAGUA

A PILGRIMAGE TO KOYASAN



TEMPLE ON KOYASAN

By HELEN E. VAN AKEN

"ROKKON-shojo-oyama! Rokkon-shojo-oyama!" (May our six senses grow pure as we climb the heights!) White-clad pilgrims chant this prayer as they trudge up the long, steep pathway to the ancient Buddhist monastery of Koyasan, not far from Osaka in Japan.

For more than a thousand years the mountain has been sacred to the Buddhist faith, and devout travelers have journeyed far to gain the merit supposed to come from such a pilgrimage. In primitive days all must go on foot unless they chose to fold their feet under them in a compact "kago" or basket chair slung from the shoulders of coolies. In these modern days the indolent or prosperous or hurried travelers may journey by motor car to a certain point up the mountain; nearer the top the road narrows and all must proceed to the shrine on foot or by "kago."

The pious or adventurous still choose to walk all the way. The typical pilgrim in his white kimono wears a broad-brimmed, peaked straw hat, effective in rain or in bright sunlight; he has his feet protected from the touch of earth and sharp stones by straw sandals bound about his ankles; he carries a little box for begging; and he is supported by a wooden staff branded with the seals of other sacred spots he has visited.

An occasional foreigner joins the native group and journeys up the mountain in search of rest and calm or to learn of customs not his own. Three of us packed a lunch and a few belongings in khaki-colored bags intended for children's school-books and began the climb.

"Let me carry your bundles!"

"No, let me. I am big and strong."

"Let me walk behind you and push you. The path is long and steep. You will soon grow tired."

We were besieged by middle-aged women who hoped to earn a small fee by escorting us. We chose one to carry some of the bundles; they were still as persistent as mosquitoes. Not until we threatened to take our bundles back again and go on by ourselves did they finally give up and leave us in peace.

Before long we stopped at a thatched teahouse to eat our lunch. A country girl brought us a tray containing a pot of hot tea and some small, handleless cups to drink it from. She stared at us in friendly curiosity as we ate our sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.

"How old are you?" she finally asked, and was astounded to find out that the largest member of the party was also the youngest.

"It will surely rain today," she announced.

"Why?" I replied in my halting Japanese. "There isn't a cloud in the sky."

"Oh, but it will. It always does when foreigners appear on Koyasan. They bring meat in their lunch and the gods are displeased, for it is forbidden to eat meat on the sacred mountain."

We assured her that we had no meat, and she was relieved. And however much influence our vegetarian lunch may have had, it is certain that we met none but clear skies for the next two days.

As we walked on we felt rewarded for having decided to go on foot instead of by car. In spite of the warnings of the women who had wanted to push us, we found the five or six miles of road not too steep for enjoyment, and there are enchanting views of distant hills and terraced rice fields and thatch roofed cottages. A tablet not far from the top marks the place beyond which women were formerly forbidden to climb and had to wait for the return of their husbands. The old edict is no longer in

force; we were allowed to continue with the rest.

On the mountain top there are no inns, but almost every temple has rooms to which travelers are welcomed by the Buddhist priests in authority. No definite charge is made, but it is the custom to pay the price of similar accommodations in an inn. The pilgrims usually sleep close together on mats spread on the floor of a large room. We chose a temple and as honored guests were taken to more exclusive apartments and made welcome and comfortable by our smiling hosts, the priests.

We had left our shoes at the entrance and had shuffled over the polished wooden floors of the temple corridors in the heelless cloth mules provided for us. In our room we found comfortable robes of heavy quilted silk with a clean, removable lining of washable material.

The room itself was luxurious, the matting clean and white and thickly padded for comfort. The attendant poked and blew the charcoal fire in the big bronze firebox and brought out brown striped silk cushions for us to sit on. Like all Japanese rooms, this was furnished in strict simplicity, but it was luxurious simplicity: in one corner was a screen covered with gold leaf; the branches of blossoming plum in the bronze container in the alcove were arranged in conventional grace; the scroll painting which hung above the flowers represented the skill of a great artist.

After a cup of tea there was still time to walk past many of the temples of the flat mountain-top, to go through a great gate and up a little road where we had a magnificent view of ridge after ridge of mountains fading away in grandeur on a horizon many, many miles away.

Back in our temple room a polite boy placed in front of each of us a low, square, lacquer table containing a bowl of steaming, clear soup, another bowl of unsweetened, vegetable custard, a dish of bamboo sprouts dipped in soy-bean sauce, and a plate containing an ingenious paste of mixed vegetables. Beside one of us he left a huge, round, lacquer box of rice from which to serve us all generously. Then, for fear we should find the vegetable meal insufficient, he left us some two dozen eggs which we might cook by burying them in the hot ashes of our charcoal fire-box. Our chopsticks were soon exploring the various dishes, and we found them so delicious that we left the eggs quite untouched.

After the supper was cleared away we were ready for rest and clapped our hands for the attendant to bring out our beds. He brought soft mattresses and coverings of gorgeous red silk. We raised our own board bill when we saw them, as we had done when we tasted the well-cooked supper.

The next morning we were up at five to attend an early morning service in the temple. There were forty or fifty people sitting on the floor of a large room with three altars at one end bright with candles and images and brocade hangings. The priests wore brilliant red and gold brocade over their black robes. The air was incense-filled, and priest-boys kept up a monotonous chant throughout the service. As the priests moved impressively back and forth in their worship a fire crackled and leapt upon one of the altars and the atmosphere was one of religious solemnity. Then, the more formal service over, the priests called the people nearer the altar and began to sell them indulgences, bits of paper and cakes to keep away sickness and bad luck.

After breakfast we wrapped our board money in white paper and delivered it to our hosts. They bowed their thanks and sent us off with an acolyte, or student priest, to be our guide around the sacred mountain-top. He wore a black robe with some fine, blue-embroidered white stuff about his waist. His intelligence and courtesy and his pride in the history of Koyasan made him an excellent guide.

It would take a student of Japanese art to appreciate the ancient and valuable paintings displayed in the museum where he took us first, but even my untrained eye could detect the beauty of line and the antiquity of many of the art treasures there.

Much of the monastery land is used as a cemetery, made beautiful by hundreds of old cryptomerias, evergreen trees which unite the strength and sturdiness of the pine with a certain delicacy of plumage seldom found in so massive a tree. Of the many cemetery monuments, we liked best the five-storied pagodas, symbols of earth, air, fire, water, and space. Stone lanterns had been gathering moss for years to soften their lines.

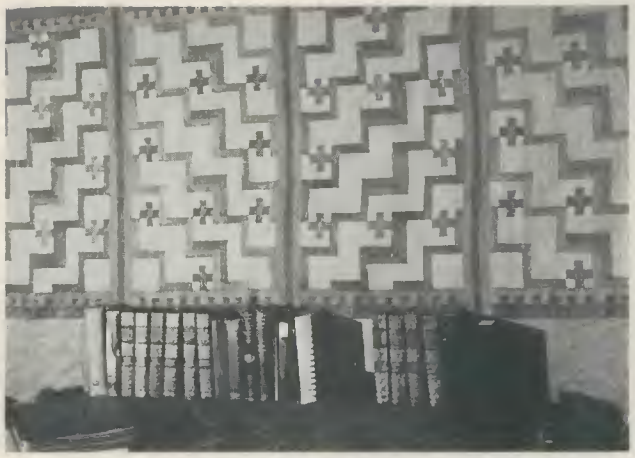
Our guide told us much of Kobo Daishi, made abbot of Koyasan in the year 816, a great scholar who is said to have invented the syllable alphabet commonly used in Japan to supplement the Chinese characters. As we passed an unimportant looking building the acolyte bowed his head and muttered a prayer. Then he explained: "One day Kobo Daishi entered that building and he never came out. Now he appears to be sleeping there."

Tradition says that rebirth in Paradise will be obtained by those buried on the same ground as this hero, and so the Adam's apple of many a dead man is sent to be cast into the Hall of Bones.

Another impressive building is the Hall of Ten Thousand Lanterns. The lanterns within are all the gifts of rich men except one presented by a poor woman who sold her hair to buy her offering of a single lamp. A legend tells of a high wind that rose one day and blew out all the lamps except that of the poor woman, which continued to burn brightly and steadily.

Hand-Weaving as a Hobby

By Robert Harnden, *Consul, Göteborg*



ONE OF MR. HARNDEN'S WALL HANGINGS

WHEN I arrived in Sweden with a bed, a chair, and a table, and found that instead of living in a boarding house as I had expected would be necessary, I would be able, through the granting of rent allowances, to take an apartment, I began looking about for cheap house furnishings.

Any mere man can, I suppose, go into a shop and order enough furniture to make bed-room, living-room and dining-room more or less comfortable. But when it comes to curtains, rugs and wall coverings he is apt to find that the things he really wants are shockingly expensive. He seems to lack, somehow, the ability most women have of making cheese-cloth look like Chinese silk, and burlap like old Spanish brocade. Rugs represent a month's salary, and walls ask constantly for something to cover their nakedness.

Such was my experience in Sweden. I could manage what one may call the "hard" furnishings, and there I halted, my floors and walls completely bare.

One day, however, I visited an exhibition of Swedish hand-weaving, most of it done by Swedish peasants. Immediately I saw my home made soft and warm with these beautiful rugs, rich colors in curtains and wall hangings. But again, the prices were prohibitive. Yet I was determined to have them. And American inventiveness came to my aid. "If," I said to myself, "peasants can make this stuff, why can't I? Lacking a head to work with, perhaps in compensation my hands may prove somewhat dexterous." So I began weaving. That was four years ago, and I'm still at it and find it the most fascinating pastime imaginable.



HOMESPUN MATERIAL

Sweden is the home of hand-weaving. For centuries beautiful rugs and textiles have been made by the country people during the long dark winters. Every farm house has its loom, and even today when machine-made textiles are cheap and readily available, much of the cloth used for clothing, household linen, curtains, rugs, blankets and house furnishings are made in the homes on hand looms. There are many types of these looms, but, in principle, they are all alike. Some Swedish loom manufacturers do an export business and their products are known in many parts of the world.

I bought first a small loom which weaves to a width of 80 centimeters (photo on p. 108). Such a loom costs in Sweden about $20.00 and, when taken apart, can be shipped easily. Its various pieces are all marked to facilitate assembling. Having secured a loom I engaged a teacher to show me how it worked. She put on the loom a few meters of warp (one can have it as long as one desires within reason, 25 meters would probably be the limit on a small loom), gave me some colored wool and showed me how to tie the knots for a rug. It has a very deep pile and over 30,000 knots. Working a couple of hours a day I finished it in a month. The materials cost about $15.00 and the rug has been valued at $75.00.

One of the great fascinations about hand-weaving is the limitless variety of designs, colors, techniques and materials at one's disposal. This will be readily seen from the photographs of some of the work I have done. The colors, naturally, can-

(*Continued to page* 108)

The Odyssey of Lily of the Valley

By Cece Goddard

Illustrations by the author

SUMMER vacation, two college girls, and an ancient "Model T" coupe, and what to do with their holidays? A pow-wow was held and a decision reached that the three should travel East in close company.

A bit of introduction to this trio seems necessary to the better understanding of this harrowing adventure. The two young ladies are room-mates, and are known as Ole and Cece. Both have big feet, straight bobbed hair, wear glasses, smoke cigarettes and are art students. Ole is of average size, blond, is the more serious of the two, and has a passion for making bad puns. Cece is a very tall brunette, is impressionable, and inclined to be giddy. The last but the most important of the trio is the Ford, which is called "Lily of the Valley" because she most decidedly does not like the hills. Lily, as as I have already said, is one of Mr. Ford's earlier efforts, but what she lacks in material things she more than makes up in personality. Lily is also collegiate, for on each of her venerable sides is painted a large red and blue Kansas Jayhawk.



"LILY OF THE VALLEY DOES NOT LIKE THE HILLS"

One lovely summer morning Ole and Cece stow themselves and their baggage aboard their trusty Lily and gently roll eastward out of Kansas City with the glamour of Washington and the bright lights of Broadway as the goal. As they roll along they sing. They find great enjoyment in this, as both are quite tone deficient and usually any attempts at harmony on their part are booed down by unsympathetic listeners. They are just finishing "Give me the road, the wide open highway" in such a way that would surely send Harry Richman into convulsions, when a big red car comes honking by. A most disagreeable person leans out and suggests that they stay on their own side of the road. Lily politely noses in and as the big car passes, Cece, wretch that she is, lifts her thumb to her nose and waggles all her fingers. Can you believe it? Yes, it is true. I know, because I am Cece. The big red car pulls up, and as we come by the driver motions us to stop. Imagine my chagrin on seeing painted on that car "Missouri State Highway Commission." We stopped, and out climbed a most disgusting and obese person. Advancing on Lily, he glowered at me and stated, in no uncertain terms, that he had a mirror in his car. Now, having gone to college, I knew all the answers, so I batted my eyes from behind my spectacles and cooed, "Yes, Sir, we have a mirror in ours, too."



"AS THEY ROLL ALONG, THEY SING"

He scowled at me harder and said, "I can see in my mirror."

I smiled meltingly and came right back with, "We can see in ours, too."

The obese gentleman now lost his temper completely, and yelled at us, "How would you like to go to jail on a bond?"

Really, you know, things began to look serious. Ole's father is a lawyer, and before we left he had told us if trouble befell us to wire him. We now saw ourselves summoning him to some local hoosegow before we were fifty miles from Kansas City. After a bad five minutes, we succeeded in convincing our enemy that I could scratch my nose when I wanted to, and he relented with a parting shot of "Remember you are in Missouri now, not Kansas, and try to act decently."

Once again Lily hit the highway and once again we lifted our untuneful voices, but this time we sang uncomplimentary things about highway commissions.

The morning passed, and lunch was had at Columbia, the home of the University of Missouri, and lair of the tiger, our Jayhawk's greatest enemy. However, we left the place unscathed and were soon bowling along toward St. Louis.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. We memorized the Burma Shave ads, and sang them. The side of every barn urged us to chew Mail Pouch, and all along the way we were invited to dine at Oak Grove, which we did.

Darkness found us gaining on St. Louis, where we had set our little hearts on spending the night at the Statler. When St. Louis was reached, we promptly got lost and only found the hotel by inquiring at every corner. Ole drew up in front with a truly impressive flourish, and a magnificent doorman stalked out and swung wide Lily's door. I alighted with all the hauteur in the world and directed him to remove the baggage. Ole was so stunned with my demeanor that she couldn't resist winking at the doorman, and she solemnly swears that he returned the wink. I then swept into the lobby in my best style, despite the fact that my dress was too short, and I had on neither hat nor stockings. Ole lazily followed me, but the darling lacks my worldly air, for when she walks she either lopes or ambles, and this time she was loping, with a bundle of road maps under one arm and a carton of "cigs" under the other. She was grinning from ear to ear at my efforts to impress the desk clerk and at the same time order the cheapest double room in the house. A very amused bell-hop led us to our room, and we settled down to removing the soil of travel and to write cards to our families to let them know we were still alive and doing nicely.

I must add before I close our first day as part of the great American transient public, that Lily was put up in the hotel garage surrounded by beautiful Lincolns and Packards.

The following morning we had asked to be called at seven, so we were rudely pulled from our beds by the phone. In short order we had breakfasted, had Lily at the door, and after hunting around a bit for the East St. Louis bridge were again on our way. All day we were kept busy explaining that our Jayhawks were not advertisements but emblems and we were getting quite bored when we drove into a filling station at Indianapolis, where a grinning attendant greeted us with, "Hello Jayhawkers." We literally fell on his neck at this unlooked for intelligence, and as he was filling the car he told us he also was a Jayhawker, and that promptly made him a hosom friend. Nightfall found us hunting a bed at Dayton, Ohio, which was found in a leading hotel, where there were colored bell-hops, and a most excellent "cheapest double room."

The third day of our trip was to bring us to Washington, according to our figuring, but it seems that we had calculated without the Alleghanies, which made our going slow, as we went up them four feet in high, two in low, and then had to stop and cool off. By this process, helped along by blowing on the windshield, and calling to Lily, we scaled the peaks. On the mountain tops we had to haul out the floor and tighten up the band. This was accomplished by driving into a hill-top garage for shelter, as it was always raining on those peaks, borrowing the mechanics' tools, and doing the work ourselves, then after sweetly thanking the garage men the descent was started. This going down business was done by using the foot-brake until it wore out, then the emergency brake, clutch, and reverse, until each in turn gave out and we were spinning dizzily around the final curves at the bottom of one of the ranges. It was then necessary to repeat the tightening process, so out would come the floor again.

When night came there was no Washington in sight, neither was there anything else, and we were still going up and down mountains. It seemed that as it got later and later there were only more and more mountains, and no place to sleep. Finally the dark, steep road began to affect our tummies in the way a roller coaster does, and at the first gap we found in a fence we turned in and made ourselves cozy in some farmer's field, Ole reclining on the seat, as she is the shorter. I started my repose on the ground, but it soon developed all kinds of knobs and protuberances, so I shifted to the floor of the car and really was quite comfortable, with my head pillowed on the clutch and my feet dangling out the door.

We waked up very hungry, and also stiff, backed Lily onto the highway, and found a marvelous breakfast at a tourist camp. Boy! that coffee was ambrosia!

About ten o'clock, somewhere in Pennsylvania, our darling Lily stopped utterly dead as she was arduously climbing. Out we piled, supposing we were out of gas, but upon investigation the tank



"ON EACH OF LILY'S SIDES IS A LARGE RED AND BLUE JAYHAWK"

(*Continued to page 98*)



Oldsmobile Eight convertible coupe, with rumble seat; a General Motors product.

Developments in the Automobile Industry for 1935

By HENRY S. VILLARD, *Department of State*

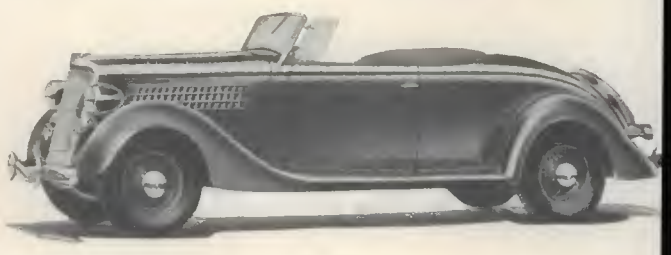
THOSE who expected that the streamlined, knee-jointed, airflowing automobiles of last year were going to develop into bullet-nosed projectiles, rockets on wheels, or else sprout wings in 1935 are going to be slightly disappointed. In fact, manufacturers who went in for such a radical jump in design as exemplified by the Chrysler "Airflow" and DeSoto have this year paused in mid-air, as it were, and sobered up their models to a considerable extent. The answer is obvious. The public has failed as yet to swallow the one-hundred per cent aerodynamic style with which it was so unexpectedly confronted a year ago. It will do so eventually, of course—but not just now.

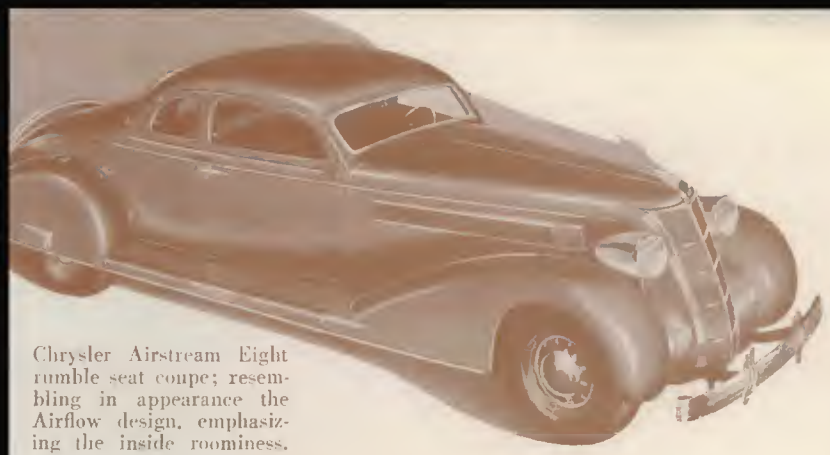
The matter of design is doubtless of primary importance to the man who wants to know what automobile to drive in 1935. It seems as if by this time the manufacturers had thought of nearly everything that could improve the reliability of the engine, the durability of the frame, or the comfort of the interior; in mechanical respects they have been reduced to lowering the road clearance by some two inches, changing the size of tires, and putting refinements on the gadgets which add to one's indolent ease. Short of reversing everything and putting the engine at the rear (where many people insist it really belongs) there is not much left to experiment on except the shape of the body. Hence the interest roused by Chrysler's decision no longer to put all its eggs in the snub-nosed "airflow" basket but to offer a companion line of toned-down, more conventional "airstream" vehicles, with DeSoto following suit; by Hupmobile, instead, moving up to the ranks of the solid-front aeroform design; and by the various approaches to "airstreaming," "air-lining," or their equivalents on the part of Ford, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard and Pontiac. Other designers have been primly conservative in touching up their new models, while Studebaker, with the exception of its Land Cruiser, has remained definitely cold to the lure of advanced streamlining. In short, the automobile of 1935, instead of a freak whose front and rear ends often confused the unwary bystander, is a sleek, smart, swanky machine with an arrow-like radiator grille, sweeping longitudinal louvers, staggered windshield and deep-skirted, torpedo-shaped fenders. You can even tell which way the latest version of the Chrysler and DeSoto "Airflows"—as distinct from their new "Airstreams"—are pointed this year, for the radiator has been pinched with a sort of face lifting result that identifies it readily from last year's model.

All in all, the impression gained from a visit to the Thirty-Fifth National Automobile Show held at the Grand Central Palace in New York from January 5 to 12, is that of an array of powerful, highly dependable, speedy and good-looking units of transportation, any one of which will take you where you want to go at more miles to the gallon, and with less strain on the nerves and the pocketbook than ever before.

In what seems like an access of modesty this year, many designers have put "pants" or "skirts" over wheels, a marked addition however to the smooth, r a c y effect. And in a goodly number of instances, if y o u l i f t u p t h e "pants" you will find

Ford de luxe roadster with rumble seat; upholstered in leather





Chrysler Airstream Eight rumble seat coupe; resembling in appearance the Airflow design, emphasizing the inside roominess.

the "knees" with which so many cars blossomed out a year ago. It appears that quite a battle has been raging since the appearance of knee action wheels, and manufacturers have since been vying with one another to see what type of springs would spare the passenger the greatest number of jolts. Some stick to knees and some cling to leaves of sundry kinds; some have a combination of both. Studebaker is introducing an "independent planar wheel suspension"; Dodge and Plymouth have discarded knees altogether in favor of good old-fashioned "super-flexible springs," while Nash and LaFayette depend on "synchronized springing." Whatever the means, designers are still grimly determined to give the motorist every possible comfort, and so ride stabilizers and sidesway eliminators—not to speak of "levelators" as sponsored by Dodge—are in practically universal use.



Chevrolet Master de luxe sport coupe.

To these devices is now added the practice of moving the power plant forward from three to eight inches, and of advancing the rear seat in front of the rear axle as pioneered by Chrysler last year, thus making possible a more equalized distribution of weight and of space, as well as noticeably altering the looks of the car. For example, Dodge, Plymouth, and Ford, to mention but a handful, today have their nose projecting prominently beyond the front wheels, which gives much more elbow and leg room to driver and passengers and avoids seating the latter directly over the rear axle as heretofore. This last used to have its anatomical disadvantages when hitting a pot-hole at sixty miles an hour, but with the new policy of "midsection seating" as Nash calls it, or "centerpoise riding" as named by Ford, one should now be able to take it without a quiver. With all these contrivances to ensure a state of perfect and vibrationless equilibrium, there no longer seems to be any need of free wheeling—which is hard on the brakes in all cases and considered potentially dangerous in some; in spite of the saving in gasoline it effects, free wheeling this year is decidedly "out."

Incidentally there may be food for thought as to just how far this attempt to pamper the rider is going to take us. Chrysler "cradles" its passengers between the wheels for a "floating ride"; Hudson gives them "cushioned riding" on seats "tailored to fit the contours of your body"; in the Oldsmobile you "relax in the drawing-room ease of the rear compartment"; while Chevrolet provides the "most luxurious riding ease known to the low-priced field." In a Pontiac sedan, with "chrome-plated fittings of speedlined design" you can have a "de-luxe efficiency type hot water heater" at your feet and a "highest quality, two unit, super-sensitive type" radio at your ear. Studebaker claims for its new "miracle-ride" President eight an interior of "lounge-like spaciousness and luxuriousness, sumptuously finished and lavishly fitted"; while with "flying power" and "tailored elegance" in the manner of the "most expensive living room furniture," Nash has "omitted nothing in the luxurious ensemble

(*Continued to page* 96)



Packard five-passenger touring sedan; the new 120 model, priced lower, but with standard Packard mechanical features.



Manuel Ferrer

NATIVE TYPES, COBRE, CUBA



Harry W. Story

PILGRIMAGES TO THE SHRINE AT COBRE HAVE ATTRACTED BEGGARS

Oriente

By EDWIN SCHOENRICH,
Consul, Ottawa



Photo, Gabriel Real

OFFICE GIRLS, SANTIAGO DE CUBA
A generation ago these girls would have had to stay at home except when chaperoned. They are glad of their "emancipation."

HAVANA is not all of Cuba. Few visitors to Havana have occasion to understand this. Some may not have had their attention called to it; others may lack opportunity or inclination to go far inland.

West of Havana is the hilly Pinar del Rio tobacco producing province. Proceeding eastward one comes first to Matanzas province, with a wedge of rich sugar land in the center, *henequen* along the coast, and truck farming here and there to serve the Havana market. Then Santa Clara, a province with a little bit of everything including 40-odd sugar mills, mountains, plains, swamps; regions devoted specially to tobacco, coffee, beans, cattle, *henequen*, or bananas. Then Camagüey, a province that can be pictured as girding the island at its narrowest part, a tight belt with a turtle-back formation covered by miles and miles of cane fields and enormous sugar mills. Finally the traveler reaches Oriente, the largest, most diversified and the most interesting, perhaps, of them all.

Santiago de Cuba*, the capital of the province, is Cuba's second largest city and the metropolis of the eastern end of the island. No visitor to this city will remember his stay here without recalling a salient impression: the noises that greeted his ears at the most unexpected hours. Sir Basil Woon mentions something of this in his "Cocktail Time in Cuba." Let us follow the visitor about after his arrival at his downtown hotel in time for the evening meal, which, by Latin-American custom, is available usually from 7 to 9 P. M.

After his meal, wherein the customary *arroz con pollo* has been the *piéce de résistance*, he strolls into the plaza to witness the evening *paseo*. The *paseo* (boys with boys and girls with girls, usually moving in opposite directions), is still popular, though, under the pressure of modern trends, it is rapidly losing its earmark of severe fashionability. Perhaps this is one of the evenings that the band is playing. If so, the concert closes sharply with the rendition of the national anthem when the cathedral clock marks ten. The promenaders, who have halted to stand at attention, now congregate at that side of the plaza along which the band will march. The band strikes up a lusty march (last year the Maine Stein Song was the favorite), circles half about the plaza, and strides off with shoulders swinging, disappearing around the corner with its inevitable tail of strutting urchins. The band proceeds along a narrow street to exactly one block from the plaza. Here the music stops suddenly, and, more often than otherwise, the bandsmen drop into the corner *bodega* (neighborhood store, always equipped with its little bar).

Our visitor may loll a while longer on a plaza bench, but the crowd has grown perceptibly thinner. Groups have taken places at tables in nearby cafés for a *cafecito*, a *refresco*, or a nip of rum. Gradually they too thin out, but are replaced from time to time by twos and threes coming from the movies. After a while the vicinity of the plaza is quite clear of human hubbub, save for a group in heated discussion around a bench under an alamo tree, one of them gesticulating fervently. A small group is lounging about a newspaper stand. Two or three forlorn-looking individuals, hands in pockets, are gazing dreamily at the blackboard which for several days has announced the winning numbers of last week's Havana lottery. A half-dozen or more dignified gentlemen are still lolling in rocking-chairs on the walk before the fashionable and exclusive San Carlos Club. The clicking of dominoes is heard from the well-lighted windows

*The preferred official name of this city is *Santiago de Cuba*. *Santiago* alone is also official, but second in preference.

of the Centro Gallego, the Spanish club opposite, and a soldier with rifle and cigarette is seen at the doorway of the *Ayuntamiento* (City Hall).

But lording it over the whole plaza, like a cock over a barnyard, is a loud-speaker radio. Sometimes there are two. The broadcasting of phonograph records, mostly the wishy-washy *danzon* strains, interspersed with local announcements and advertising material, continues blasting after all else is quite deserted. Let us hope that the visitor is successful in dropping into slumber in the warm air under the mosquito net with the radio in his ears. It is not at all unlikely that he will be jarred awake by the passing of a truck, exhaust open, in the stillness of the night. If this truck fails to awake him, the next one may—the one that blows its claxon on nearing the corner, despite the fact that no one is on the streets and the truck can be heard for blocks.



Above: Section of the tax-free market, Santiago de Cuba



Below: The "Bohio," the original dwelling of the Cuban countryman

Photos by Harry W. Story

In the tropics humanity is early astir. The visitor cannot but be aware of this in Santiago de Cuba. At four A. M. the newsboys mill about the distribution offices of the two daily papers. By 4:30 the stronger and more sagacious have managed to fill their arms with their daily supply, and away they rush to the four corners of the city, shouting their wares. Who, in this city of 100,000 souls, wants to buy a newspaper at 4:30 A. M. with urgency enough to warrant the shouts of the newsboys at that hour, is a question that automatically puts itself before every visitor.

Yet, if our visitor stays a week, he will no longer ask that question. He will find that it is superfluous. Why should anyone bring cold calculation into a thing that exists? He will no longer hear the newsboys, much. They are there, they belong. Theirs, as all the other noises, are simply a part of the scene. Like the ubiquitous and talented guitar player, like the breath-taking beauty of the creole girl, like the quaint custom of serenading, the charm of the palm-grove in the valley, the overwhelming hospitality and graciousness of the Cuban host ("This is your house, señor"), the cockfights, the red-tiled roofs in the morning sun—these things just simply belong. Who cares about the noise of an automobile, who cares whether anybody buys a morning paper or not? There are enough capital problems in life to engage one's attention.

The cries of the newsboys are followed within an hour by "pasteles!" *Pasteles* turn out to be pastries, tarts. The mission of the early-morning *pastel* is that of a munch-hit to go with the standard breakfast of *café con leche*. If our visitor is curious enough to poke his head out of his hotel-room window, he will see that the pastel-vendor is a remarkably harmless-looking individual for all the noise that he makes, and that he is quite weighed-down with show-case on his shoulder and folding stand under his arm.

Behind the *pastelero* (and now dawn is breaking) come the *florero*, the *pollero*, and divers other hucksters. The call of the *florero* is often a lament: "Hay FLOREs!" sounding like "I am SORry!" On one occasion the writer bubbled into laughing wakefulness as a *florero* proceeded down the street telling the world "I am SORry!" followed by a *pollero* (chicken-vendor) answering with a derisive "poLLEro!" or "Oh YEAH."

If our visitor has not yet been brought to the window, he will be so when the cathedral bells at 6:45 finally rouse him to full consciousness. From his window he will see red-bonneted Jamaican women returning from the market with well-filled baskets for mistresses' kitchens. There is a clatter of hoofs as from four to six burros, tied in file and laden with immense baskets or bags, make their way to or from the general direction of the market. Then there is the swish of the street cleaner. If this be lottery-drawing day, around the corner will come Mr. Para Hoy. "Para hoy! Para hoy!" ("For

today") is his announcement that he is encumbered with tickets for today's drawings which he is naturally eager to dispose of. Finally there is a faint hubbub under the alamo tree. Looking there our visitor discerns three or four people in rather worn attire, one of them fervently gesticulating. The visitor may wonder whether they are bitter-enders from last night's group. The answer is in the negative: these are the first arrivals for today's session.

After breakfast the visitor's first inclination will undoubtedly be to visit San Juan Hill, El Caney fort, and other historical points of interest. These places are well-conserved as public parks, and a good guide (there is no lack of them in Santiago) will make the morning very instructive. The museum is well-equipped with relics of Cuban colonial history, and the visitor will learn that this museum was established by the Bacardi family. If, since his arrival in Santiago, our visitor has not yet enjoyed a *copita* of Bacardi rum, which is most unlikely, he will find a number of other reminders of this name, such as the museum.



BACARDI MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Santiago de Cuba is the home of Bacardi rum. Just what is Bacardi, how is it made?

Bacardi (the accent is on the *last* syllable: Bacar Dee) is the name of an old and eminent Santiago family, who began the manufacture of rum in 1862. The firm purchases its molasses from the sugar mills in the interior, and brings the molasses to the distillery in Santiago in its own railroad cars. Here the molasses is fermented in 50,000-liter tanks, and then distilled. From the distillation, *aguardiente* ("low wine") and/or alcohol ("high wine") are obtained. Both products are then stored in 500-gallon wooden casks and aged from two to as long as ten years. After that time, as the need arises, comes the actual composition of the rum. This is preceded by a *drop-by-drop* filtration process which removes that persistent molasses taste. The details of the manner of combining fresh water with differently-aged portions of alcohol and *aguardiente,* so as to result in the product known as rum, constitute the trade secret of the company. All the Bacardi rum that is produced passes for this purpose through one special vat of 3750 gallons capacity. The product is then aged again in 500-gallon casks, for from two to eight years. Aging, time, patience, and huge storage capacity form the chief assets in rum manufacture.

Oriente province covers an area which is equivalent, approximately, to that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Roughly speaking, the province tapers off the eastern end of Cuba in the shape of a huge triangle, the Atlantic on the North and the Caribbean on the South. At the apex, protruding out into the Windward Passage, is the well-known beacon of Cape Maisi, an all-important sign-post on the lane of the New York - Panama ships.

Along the flat north coast of the province are several of Cuba's largest sugar mills; one mill alone with rolling stock and land may be worth $10,000,000 or more. There are mills with over 150 miles of standard gauge railroad lines, 10 locomotives and 400 cane cars. One such mill may be the means of livelihood of 10,000 people in the neighborhood. Two of the north coast mills alone in 1929 together produced 265,000 tons of sugar, which was close to one per cent of world production that year.

On the sides of the Sierra Maestre Mountains is grown the bulk of Cuba's production of coffee and cacao, cultivated by descendants of old Spanish and French families.

Scattered about are some twenty-odd sugar mills served by two trunk railroad lines running through the center of the province as far as Santiago, with branches extending to the different ports. Another railroad connects this system with the south-coast port of Guantanamo, near which, on the bay of the

(*Continued to page* 102)

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The American Foreign Service Association

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

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COVER PICTURE

A MOSQUE ON THE BOSPHORUS

This mosque is a landmark on the Bosphorus just above Istanbul. It is sometimes called the New Mosque and is one of the best of its type of architecture.

SCHOLARSHIP FUND CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions, to date, to the American Foreign Service Association Scholarship Fund have been:

Naples Consulate General	$ 60.00
Palermo Consulate	10.00
European Inspection District	25.00
Bordeaux Consulate	20.00
Guatemala Consulate General	10.00
Officers in British Isles	335.14
Rome Consulate General	30.00
Prague Consulate General	10.00
Legation, Vienna	75.00
Total to January 1, 1935	$575.14

Officers, desiring to contribute, may mail their checks to the Secretary-Treasurer, American Foreign Service Association, care of Department of State, Washington, D. C.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

Frederick William Wile, in a speech before the November luncheon of the Foreign Service Association, expressed his views regarding the Foreign Service and suggested close cooperation between American newspaper correspondents in foreign countries and the American Foreign Service.

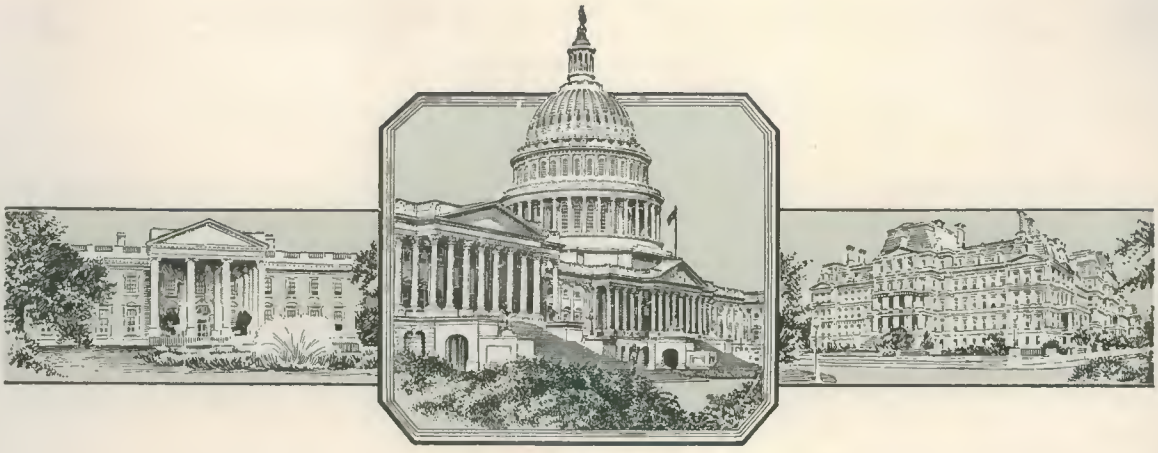
Charles D. Westcott, Paris, contributed an article on the origin of the Stars and Stripes.

The second article on "Foreign Posts at Home" covered the subject of United States Consuls in Texas (Mexico).

Thomas S. Horn, Salina Cruz, also dealt with Mexico in his article "Mexico—High Lights and Shadows," written in a staccato, impressionistic manner.

"By Automobile to Caracas" is vividly descriptive of Mrs. William P. Garrety's trip from Puerto Cabello to Caracas.

Alexander K. Sloan, Budapest, gave an account of the formation of an American club at a tropical post.



News from the Department

A large number of Foreign Service Officers and their wives were noticed among the guests at the President and Mrs. Roosevelt's reception at the White House on the evening of January 3. The occasion presented a noteworthy opportunity to officers to exchange a hand-clasp with the Chief Executive and Mrs. Roosevelt.

The President in accepting the medal of the Pan American Society, tendered by Mr. John L. Merrill, President of the Society, at the reception of the Council of the Pan American Society on December 12, said:

"It is with the greatest appreciation that I receive from your hands the medal of the Pan American Society, particularly because it comes to me from an institution which was formed over 22 years ago and which has devoted its efforts ever since to the development of mutual knowledge and understanding and true friendship among the American republics and their peoples. You have, through your hospitality to visitors from the other republics to the United States and through your constant attention to the development of closer culture and educational relations with our neighbors to the south, been one of the links in the chain of attachment to our sister republics which has fortunately helped so greatly in the promotion of good feeling between us.

"I see among you certain members who, in addition to the helpful attention they have given to the aims of your Society, are also devoting themselves now to provide practical means of insuring the continuance of amicable relations between the American republics through the means of the Inter-American Commercial Arbitration Commission. I have been very interested to learn of the substantial establishment of this Commission, and I look to it with great hope and fully confident that through its measures of friendly and reliant facilities it will afford an opportunity to harmonize the relations between the citizens of our American republics in a phase of their relations which does not lie within the sphere of activities of our several governments. The relations between nations are after all dependent upon the relations between the individuals of those various nations. In this Commission you are attacking a problem which is fundamental, and the solution of which will be most helpful, in promoting the welfare and advance of all the 21 republics of America.

"Permit me to thank you, and through you the members of the Pan American Society, for this expression of support in a policy which has long been close to my heart and the fulfillment of which I have considered one of the greatest privileges of this office."

The Secretary and Mrs. Cordell Hull were hosts at a reception to the members of the Department and their families on Friday, January 11, from 5 to 7 o'clock, at the Hotel Carlton. Undersecretary and Mrs. William Phillips received with them and the introductions were made by Mr. Charles Lee Cooke.

Presiding in turn at the tea table were Mrs. Wilbur J. Carr, Miss Jennie Moore, Mrs. Sumner Welles, Mrs. Keith Merrill, Mrs. J. Pierrepont Moffat, Mrs. Harry A. McBride, Mrs. James Clement Dunn, Miss Margaret M. Hanna and Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley. Music for dancing in the patio was provided by a scarlet-coated orchestra from the Marine Band.

Among those present in addition to the many members of the Department, were Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, Ambassador and Mrs. William E. Dodd, Ambassador and Mrs. Alexander Weddell,

former Undersecretary and Mrs. William R. Castle, and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

The Secretary issued a New Year's statement of interest to the Service which is quoted below:

We are entering the New Year with increased determination and renewed energy to conclude successfully the unfinished problems and begin with a clean slate new undertakings.

On trade treaties we have made considerable progress. The policy of negotiating reciprocal trade treaties was undertaken immediately after Congress passed the legislation last June. Since then we have begun negotiations on thirteen treaties, some of which will be signed early in the New Year. The year has been well spent in doing the necessary spade work to promote our own trade recovery as a component part of the restoration of world trade. The battle has been difficult, but there are indications that other countries now see eye to eye with us on broad principles and we expect to achieve real accomplishment in the year 1935.

Our relations with South America have been greatly improved and the good-neighbor policy is one in which our sister nations gladly cooperate.

Mr. Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State, made an important speech on December 10, 1934, before the George Washington University. His subject was "Relationship of the United States with the Countries of This Hemisphere."

The Japanese Ambassador called at the Department on December 29 to deliver Japan's notification of her denunciation of the Washington Naval Treaty. On this occasion the Secretary issued the following statement:

"The recent conversations at London which have been carried on in a spirit of friendship and good will have revolved around the question whether a movement of international cooperation and disarmament can rest on the principle of equality of armament rather than on the principle of equality of security. Each nation naturally desires,—and we stand unalterably for that view,—to be on a basis of absolute equality with other nations in the matter of national security. Experience teaches that conditions of peace or measures of disarmament cannot be promoted by the doctrine that all nations, regardless of their varying and different defensive needs, shall have equality of armaments. What has been achieved up to the present time toward insuring conditions of peace has been based on a community of objective, a community of conception of the general interest, and a community of effort. The treaties thus far concluded have involved no invasion of the sovereign rights of the participating governments and they have provided, with all proper respect for such sovereign rights, that the armaments of the participating nations be established by voluntary undertaking on a proportionate basis.

"Notice of intention to terminate the Washington Naval Treaty does not mean that that Treaty ceases to be in effect as of the date of notification: the provisions of that Treaty remain in force until the end of 1936. There consequently remains a period of two years within which the interested nations may consider the situation that would be created by the abandonment of the naval treaties; and the American Government is ready to enter upon negotiations whenever it appears that there is prospect of arrival at a mutually satisfactory conclusion which would give further effect to the desire of the American Government and the American people—and, it is believed, that of the other Governments and peoples concerned—that the nations of the world shall not be burdened by avoidable or extravagant expenditures on armament.

"The question presented, when the Washington Treaties were negotiated and which prompted each delegation to the signing and each country to the ratifying of those treaties, was that of promoting peace through disarmament and cooperative effort along certain defined lines. The objectives then and there envisaged are still fundamental among the objectives of the foreign policy of the United States. To this high purpose the people of this country, in a spirit of sincere friendship toward all other peoples, will continue unswervingly to devote their own efforts, and earnestly invoke like efforts on the part of others."

Among the prominent visitors recently in the Department were the American Ambassadors to Rome, Moscow, Habana, Berlin, Buenos Aires, and the American Ministers to Geneva and Helsingfors. While Ambassador Dodd was in Washington he presided as president at the Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association.

Members of the American Delegation to the preliminary Naval conversations have returned to the Department from London looking very fit and none the worse for their very busy session.

Mr. Wallace McClure delivered an address before the Rotary Club of Orange, Virginia, on December 11. His subject was "The People of Orange Are Citizens of the World."

Consul Julius D. Dreher, Retired, was the guest of honor at a dinner party at his home in Clearwater, Florida, on October 28, 1934, the occasion of his eighty-eighth birthday anniversary. The guests included a group of other octogenarians whose custom it is to meet annually at the Dreher home.

Dr. Dreher, who was born in Lexington County, South Carolina, served in the Confederate Army as private and lieutenant, following which he was a member of the faculty of Roanoke College. He was appointed Consul at Tahiti August 2, 1906, from where he went to Port Antonio June 24, 1910. In November, 1913, he was transferred to Toronto and went from there to Colon September 17, 1915. He retired from active service as Consul at Colon July 1, 1924, under the provisions of the Act of May 24, 1924.

THIS AND THAT

Jack Hickerson was lecturing at the Army War College on "The British Commonwealth of Nations." During the course of his address, he mentioned the Irish Free State. One member of the audience, an elderly Colonel, who had been listening with apparent deep concentration with his hand over his face, was seen to start and nudge his neighbor and heard to ask "What's that he said about the Irish Sweep Stakes?"

The curious fact that both the Chief and one of the Assistant Chiefs of the Far Eastern Division recently bore scars on their foreheads, has been noted with interest. In spite of explanations that one wound resulted from running into a door and the other from a fall on ship-board, speculations persist as to whether a clash of intellects has occurred in the Division. Whatever the cause, it is interesting to note that the scar on the head of the Assistant Chief is the larger and more prominent.

Pierrepont Moffat in the heat of the Naval conversations was seen to emerge from his office and stroll silently down the corridor with his open umbrella over his head.

Mrs. Shipley is complaining that the revenues of her division have been seriously decreased at a time when increased passport applications are usually received.

It appears that a number of wealthy and beautiful widows who usually cruise to the Mediterranean at this time of the year, have canceled all plans to go abroad and are staying in Washington on account of certain attractive and eligible bachelors in the Department.

The only criticism that one hears of John Lord in the Protocol Division is that he is just "too susceptible." Anyway, that's a good failing, for anyone in protocol—if on sober thought you can call it a failing. Some people would describe it as a mark of genius.

At the naval conversations in London a few days before Christmas, Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald turned to the delegates, smiling, and expressed the fear that those persons who had left their families at home might have some explaining to do when Christmas arrived and they were absent. He continued, saying, in effect:

"I feel that the British Government and myself are responsibile for this state of affairs and if I can do anything to help, let me know."

One of the delegates replied that a few lines from the Prime Minister would ease the situation.

The next day Eugene H. Dooman, and several of the naval officers of the American group, received letters from 10 Downing Street. Mr. Dooman's communication read as follows:

"This is to certify that responsibility for the absence from his hearth and native land on Christmas Day of Mr. Eugene H. Dooman lies solely upon His Britannic Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland, and that all explanations within the compass of this admission may safely be accepted.

(Signed) J. RAMSAY MACDONALD."

20th Dec., 1934.

AUTHOR-DIPLOMAT

RALPH J. TOTTEN

American Minister to the Union of South Africa. His article, "Voices and Eyes of the Night," in this issue of the JOURNAL is based on chapters in a book he has written for publication in the near future.



Harris & Ewing



News from the Field

MONTREAL

Before Consul and Mrs. George Dunlap Hopper left for their new post at Casablanca, Morocco, they were guests at a number of social functions arranged in their honor by their many friends here. The staff of the Consulate General presented them with a beautiful pastel by the well-known Canadian artist Robert Pilot entitled "A Winter Scene—St. Hubert." Consul General Frost made the presentation at a reception to the staff in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hopper at the home of Consul and Mrs. James Hugh Keeley. Mr. Hopper in accepting the painting expressed his regret at leaving Canada but said that he found some compensation in the thought that the beautiful snow scene would tend to equalize the torrid temperature of the Moroccan desert.

More recently the staff had the pleasure of presenting Consul General and Mrs. Frost with a pair of suitably engraved candle sticks in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. The occasion was the more notable in that 1934 also marks Mr. Frost's twenty-fifth year in government service. Another remarkable coincidence was the fact that December 21, 1934, was also the wedding anniversaries of two other members of the Consulate General's staff, the twenty-third of Dr. and Mrs. Dana E. Robinson, and the twelfth of Consul and Mrs. James Hugh Keeley.

Consul General and Mrs. Frost were hosts at a delightful tea on Christmas day to the staff of the Consulate General and to other American officials in Montreal. The guests were privileged to be served from the beautiful tea service which was the Consul General's gift to Mrs. Frost on the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary.

Consul General Joseph E. Jacobs recently completed his inspection of this office and left for Ottawa. His departure was genuinely regretted. We wish for him a tour of inspection as agreeable as we know it will prove pleasant and profitable to the posts he inspects.

Consul and Mrs. James Hugh Keeley returned to Montreal in time for Christmas after an enforced absence in the United States during which Mrs. Keeley spent five weeks in Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., with a fractured ankle and Mr. Keeley spent a month also in the hospital in the same city on account of an appendectomy. They maintain, with true Near Eastern fortitude or fatalism, that their fortune was undoubtedly the will of Allah, and they are consoling themselves by conjecturing how very much worse their luck might have been.

TORONTO

On December 26, 1934, Consul General Emil Sauer, Toronto, received a formal invitation from the Mayor of that city to be present in the Council Chamber of the City Hall on the last day of the year to receive from his hands a framed, illuminated scroll, as a souvenir of Toronto's Centennial Anniversary, recently terminated. The invitation included a reference to Mr. Sauer's "valued contribution to the city's celebrations." A photostatic copy of the scroll is attached, and it is of interest to note from the wording that the celebrations held during the year are referred to as not only having strengthened the ties of country and Empire but as having "promoted that good will and understanding with the people of the neighboring Republic, upon which the peace and security of the world so largely depend." H. M.

WINDSOR

Vice Consul H. Armistead Smith and family arrived in Windsor on November 30, 1934. En route from his previous post at Palermo, Mr. Smith and family spent approximately ten days in England and several days in Washington.

Vice Consul E. N. Gunsaulus, Jr., relinquished

duties at Windsor on December 24, 1934. He proceeded to the newly opened Vice Consulate at St. Pierre-Miquelon via Washington where he conferred with officials of the Department and of the Treasury Department.

A reception was held at the home of Consul Marshall M. Vance the evening of December 8, 1934. The entire staff attended. The reception was in honor of Vice Consul and Mrs. H. Armistead Smith, Dr. and Mrs. C. J. VanSlyke and American Clerk Jack G. Dwyre, who are recent additions to the Consulate staff, and Vice Consul E. N. Gunsaulus, Jr., who has since been transferred from Windsor.

MEXICO CITY

The Christmas season was celebrated in Mexico City with frosty weather and a round of social festivities. Fir trees shimmered in the house windows and the city markets blazed with poinsettias, handmade toys, and characteristic handicrafts of nearby villages.

Second Secretary and Mrs. Stanley Hawks gave a farewell buffet supper to the staffs of the Embassy, Consulate General, and District Accounting and Disbursing Office on December 20.

Consul General Thomas D. Bowman spent from December 1 to 19 on an inspection trip of eleven consulates in Central and Western Mexico and along the United States border.

Vice Consul Andrew E. Donovan left Mexico City by airplane December 2 for a temporary assignment to Merida, Yucatan.

Culver E. Gidden, American Vice Consul at Belize, British Honduras, in transit to and returning from New Orleans and Jacksonville where he attended special conferences under orders of the Secretary of State, spent two days in Merida during the latter part of November. Vice Consul Edmund J. Dorsz, on leave from Kobe, who relieved Vice Consul Gidden, and Second Secretary William J. McCafferty of San Salvador arrived there via airplane November 25 and departed the next day by air for Washington via Habana and Miami.

J. S. L.



I. Gaitan F., Bogota

THE STAFF AT BOGOTA BIDS FAREWELL TO THE MINISTER AND MRS. SHELDON WHITEHOUSE

Left to right: front row—Secretary S. Walter Washington; Mrs. Whitehouse; Honorable Sheldon Whitehouse, Retiring Minister to Colombia; Mrs. Washington; Commercial Attaché Clarence C. Brooks; second row—Jack B. Neathery, clerk to Commercial Attaché; Secretary and Consul Winthrop S. Greene; Clerk Harry S. Pierson; Secretary and Vice Consul Reginald S. Kazanjian; Vice Consul Stephen C. Worster.

BOGOTA

The end of November and the first part of December in Bogotá were marked by a series of farewell parties for the Minister and Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse. When it was announced that upon their return from home leave in November they would pack up their belongings and retire not only from Bogotá but also from the Diplomatic Service, there were expressions of deep regret from all sides. The Colombians, both in and outside Government circles, have shown their admiration and friendship in many toasts wishing them "bon voyage." Incidentally, Mrs. Whitehouse is the only wife of an American Minister that Bogotá society has known for more than twenty years, other Ministers during that period having been unmarried, and her charm and tact have set a high standard for future occupants of the post. Americans in Bogotá, especially those in the legation, feel that in the resignation of Mr. Whitehouse their Government has lost two valuable representatives. The staff said good-bye at the Thanksgiving Dinner given by Diplomatic Secretary and Mrs. S. Walter Washington. A photograph taken on Thanksgiving morning, in front

(*Continued to page* 117)

A Political Bookshelf

CYRIL WYNNE, *Review Editor*

FRIENDLY RELATIONS, by Beckles Willson (Boston; Little, Brown and Company, 1934. Pp. VIII, 350. $4.00).

The subtitle of this interesting volume is "A Narrative of the British Ministers and Ambassadors to America, 1791-1930." It is a companion volume to Colonel Willson's "America's Ambassadors to Great Britain," which was written several years ago.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS is definitely a pleasant book. It records the endeavors, achievements and failures of Great Britain's twenty-seven Chiefs of Mission in the United States from George Hammond (1791-95) down to and including the present distinguished incumbent, Sir Ronald Lindsay, who contributes an interesting preface to the volume. The task of the British representative in the United States has never been an easy one. Colonel Willson's book stresses the unusual difficulties of the early incumbents.

Three British representatives, Jackson, Crampton and Sackville-West, were dismissed by the American Government; of the first named Colonel Willson comments that Mr. Jackson may be said "to have broken all records for the speed and completeness with which he became *persona non grata*." The author makes it clear that he regards the dismissal of Crampton and Sackville-West as necessitated by domestic political considerations in the United States but not justified on any other score. The Sackville-West incident is so well known that the present volume contributes little to it that is new, but this reviewer found much amusement in the details of a vaudeville offer of $2,000 a week, which was made to Lord Sackville a few days after his dismissal.

Three British representatives died in the United States, Sir Frederick Bruce, Lord Pauncefote, the first Ambassador, and Ambassador Herbert. It was on the occasion of Lord Pauncefote's death in 1902 that the American Government inaugurated the practice of sending home on a naval vessel the remains of foreign ambassadors.

The British Government was not always satisfied with the work of its representatives in the United States and on several occasions recalled the Chief of Mission without warning. Mr. Merry, whose curious relations with Aaron Burr have never been fully explained and whose difficulties with the White House over matters of protocol are notorious, was suddenly recalled because of a "long continued ill state of health," of which, Mr. Merry, it seems, was not aware.

The book abounds in diverting Washington gossip. The chapter entitled "The British Minister Builds a House," detailing the Herculean efforts of Sir Edward Thornton to persuade his Government to construct the landmark on Connecticut Avenue, is especially amusing. In his preface Sir Ronald Lindsay refers to this building, which his Government was so reluctantly persuaded to erect in the early Seventies, as "a bad example of a bad architectural period." When the supervising architect of the British Government, in commenting on the proposed plans of the Connecticut Avenue building, complained "The hall is unnecessarily large, and it is not apparent why a grand staircase is proposed to lead only to bedrooms," a sympathetically indignant French colleague of Sir Edward Thornton exclaimed: "*Only* to bedrooms! To what more perfect paradise could *any* grand staircase aspire to lead?"

It is but natural that in a volume of this sort most of the space is necessarily devoted to the distant past. The final chapter, "Post War Ambassadors," contains but six and a quarter pages out of a total of three hundred thirty-five. This is, of course, unavoidable since so little of the correspondence covering this period has as yet been made available to the public. We must, therefore, be reconciled to a long wait before we can have such a pleasant and entertaining account of the work of those ambassadors with whom most of us are best acquainted.

J. D. H.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO NATIONAL POLICY IN INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC RELATIONS (Minneapolis, Minnesota: The University of Minnesota Press, 1934. Pp. 397. $3.00).

Non partisan in personnel and purpose and responsible to neither the Government, nor to the Social Science Research Council, which appointed it, nor to the Rockefeller Foundation, which financed its work, the Commission of Inquiry into National Policy in International Economic Relations has presented directly to the American people an analysis of the problems involved in our economic relations with the rest of the world and

recommendations with respect to a national policy to be followed in the handling of them. The general objective of a national policy should be, according to the report, the reversal of the trend toward economic isolation in the interests of which the American Government must seek to promote the interchange of goods and services among nations and labor to maintain peace.

An interesting feature of this report is not only that the general policy recommended therein is in accordance with the aims of the Government, but also that a number of the measures suggested for the attainment of the ends in view have either been anticipated by the Government or are consonant in principle with those that have been adopted.

It is also interesting to note that Doctor Alvin H. Hansen and his assistant, Mr. Arthur R. Upgren, who were responsible for a large part of the work on which the recommendations of the Commission are based, are now, as officers of the Department of State, promoting the cause of economic internationalism by participation in the Department's trade agreements program.

The fact that the objectives of a national policy set forth by the Commission are in harmony with those now being pursued is of significance, for the economic reasoning underlying the Commission's recommendations has explicitly in view the welfare of the body-politic as a whole. "In times of crisis," states the report, "almost all branches of the national economy are sick. . . . Inevitably the interests of those who have succeeded in securing an especially favored economic position are jeopardized, and they must recognize, and indeed sooner or later do, that some surrender of their favored position is unavoidable if there is to be recovery. The need, then, in times of stress or emergency like the present, is a unified national policy."

The political measures recommended by the Commission may be briefly indicated as follows: (1) Continued cooperation in international efforts to maintain peace; (2) continuance of present policy in South America and the Caribbean; (3) immediate withdrawal of the Philippines with proper consideration for their economic protection; (4) placing of oriental immigration on a non-discriminatory basis; (5) repeal of the Johnson Act forbidding loans to countries in default; (6) immediate settlement of the war debts; (7) removal of any doubt that future investments are at the investor's risk.

With reference to the economic measures recommended, the Commission is in favor of a reduction of the tariff, continuation of the policies pertaining to agricultural adjustment, now being applied by the Department of Agriculture, for a period long enough to determine their practical value, encouragement of the exportation of gold, and the maintenance for a time of a federal deficit for expanding purchasing power; it is opposed to a governmental restriction on private long-term investments abroad and to restrictions on the operation or establishment of American branch factories abroad.

With respect to administrative measures, it recommends the ultimate centralization in the Tariff Commission of the power to fix tariff rates in accordance with principles laid down by Congress and subject to congressional veto, and the creation of facilities for clearance through the Department of State of all information and action of the several governmental departments pertaining to foreign trade.

This report is highly recommended to persons seeking an unbiased analysis of the problems involved in our international economic relations and suggestions, based upon sound economic reasoning, of a way out.

ROBERT M. CARR.

SEA POWER IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K. C. B. (London, C. Bell and Sons, 1934. Pp. 266).

As the author is not only a distinguished naval officer but a Professor of Naval History at Cambridge University, this book is written in the best Mahan tradition. But it is interesting to note that Admiral Richmond is of the opinion that "however right Mahan may have been in attributing to sea power in the past such a profound influence upon all the wars in which it played a part, it cannot exercise that influence today" (page 101). The reasons for this opinion are expressed objectively in chapters dealing with the causes, elements and limitations of sea power and a chapter on sea power and air power. The modern instruments of naval warfare are discussed. Needless to say, the submarine receives special attention. The author is "inclined to ask" whether the objections to the abolition of the submarine are as valid as they appear. His chapter entitled "Collective and Individual Security" is of particular interest.

The book is recommended to Foreign Service officers who are following recent developments pertaining to naval armaments.

C. W.

(*Continued to page* 116)



Foreign Service Changes

Chiefs of Missions

Meredith Nicholson, Minister to Paraguay, has been appointed Minister to Venezuela.

Post Wheeler, Minister to Albania, retired effective October 31, 1934.

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since December 15, 1934 and up to January 15, 1935:

Charles A. Bay of St. Paul, Minn., formerly Second Secretary of Embassy at Rome and now in the Department of State, assigned American Consul at Seville, Spain.

Frank Bohr of Edna, Kansas, American Consul at Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, will retire from the Service on June 30, 1935.

Reginald S. Carey of Baltimore, Md., American Vice Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, assigned Vice Consul at Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Richard Ford of Oklahoma City, Okla., American Consul at Seville, Spain, assigned Consul at Canton, China.

George Gregg Fuller of Pebble Beach, Calif., now American Consul at Kingston, Ontario, assigned to the Department for duty.

Frank Anderson Henry of Wilmington, Del., American Consul at Valparaiso, Chile, assigned Consul at Nassau, Bahamas.

Theodore J. Hohenthal of Berkeley, Calif., American Vice Consul at Zagreb, Yugoslavia, assigned Vice Consul at Bombay, India.

Williamson S. Howell, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas, First Secretary of Embassy at Paris, France, assigned to the Consulate General, Calcutta, India.

John Hubner, 2nd, of Baltimore, Md., American Vice Consul assigned to Tientsin, China, and now in the United States, designated Third Secretary of Legation and American Vice Consul at Kaunas, Lithuania.

John P. Hurley of Brooklyn, N. Y., American Consul at Nassau, assigned Consul at Marseille, France.

Jesse B. Jackson of Paulding, Ohio, American Consul at Fort William and Port Arthur, Canada, will retire from the Service on June 30, 1935.

Leo J. Keena of Detroit, Mich., American Consul General at Paris, France, appointed a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service of the United States and designated as Counselor of Embassy at Paris.

C. Porter Kuykendall of Towanda, Pa., American Consul at Cherbourg, France, assigned Consul and First Secretary of Legation at Kaunas, Lithuania.

George D. LaMont of Albion, N. Y., Third Secretary of Legation and American Vice Consul at Kaunas, Lithuania, and now in the United States, assigned Vice Consul at Harbin, China.

Odin G. Loren of Seattle, Wash., American Vice Consul at Buenos Aires, Argentina, assigned Vice Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Robert Mills McClintock of Altadena, Calif., American Vice Consul at Kobe, Japan, designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Santiago, Chile.

Bolard More of Delaware, Ohio, American Vice Consul at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, appointed Vice Consul at Madrid, Spain.

Carmel Offie of Portage, Pa., now in the American Embassy at Moscow, U.S.S.R., appointed Vice Consul at Moscow.

Julian L. Pinkerton of Versailles, Ky., American Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, assigned Consul at Hamburg, Germany.

James C. Powell, Jr., of Texas, American Vice Consul at Agua Prieta, Mexico, appointed Vice Consul at Chihuahua.

Raymond O. Richards of Rockland, Me., American Vice Consul at Madrid, Spain, appointed Vice Consul at Foochow, China.

Edward J. Sparks of New York City, Third Secretary of Embassy at Santiago, Chile, designated Third Secretary of Legation at Quito, Ecuador.

Maurice L. Stafford of Coronado, Calif., First Secretary of Legation and American Consul at Kaunas, Lithuania, assigned Consul at Cherbourg, France.

(*Continued to page* 92)

Banking Service For Foreign Service Officers

To members of the Foreign Service stationed at their various posts of duty a banking connection in Washington, D. C., ofttimes proves invaluable.

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(*Continued from page* 90)

Alan N. Steyne of New York City, American Vice Consul at Hamburg, Germany, assigned Vice Consul at Rio de Janeiro.

Walter C. Thurston of Phoenix, Ariz., a Foreign Service Officer assigned to the Department of State, designated Counselor of Legation at Asuncion, Paraguay.

VISITING OFFICERS

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

	Date of Registration
	December
C. Offie, Moscow, on leave in Washington	15
Parker W. Buhrman, Cologne, sailing January 9	20
Dorsey Gassaway Fisher, Matanzas, on leave in Washington	20
George E. Chamberlain, Halifax, on leave	26
Wesley Frost, Montreal, on leave	26
Malcolm C. Burke, Hamburg, on leave in Washington	27
W. McG. Harlow, Ottawa, on leave in Washington	27
James C. H. Bonbright, Ottawa, on leave in Strawberry, S. C.	27
Ralph J. Totten, Pretoria, sailing January 3	27
George Platt Waller, Brussels, sailing January 3	28
E. N. Gunsaulus, Windsor, en route to St. Pierre	28
Walter S. Reineck, Santo Domingo, sailing January 5	29
	January
John Hubner, 2d, Kaunas, sailing January 16	2
Homer M. Byington, Jr., Naples, on leave	2
Stuart Allen, Tientsin, on leave	3
C. Hanson, Moscow, on leave in Washington	3
Alexander Weddell, Buenos Aires, on leave in Washington	3
Addo E. Bailey, Merida, on leave in Washington	4
Charles H. Taliaferro, Merida, on leave in Harrisonburg, Virginia	4
George Gregg Fuller, assigned to Department	4
Marco E. Moessner, Trinidad, sailing January 11	8
Charles A. Lazarescu, Rio de Janeiro, on leave	8
William Ware Adams, Berlin, sailing January 25	8
John McArdle, Sofia, on leave in Washington	9
S. Chase, Mukden, on leave in Waterbury, Conn.	10
Gerard More, Madrid, sailing January 22	10
Frederick Mallon, Leipzig, on leave in Cincinatti	12
Henry Norweb, Mexico City, en route to post	14
MacVeagh, Mexico City, en route to post	14

INDEX OF JOURNAL

The index to the JOURNAL for the calendar year will soon be available for distribution. A will be sent gratis to any JOURNAL subscriber request therefor is received not later than April 15, 1935. Requests should be addressed:

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL,
Care of the Department of State,
(INDEX) Washington, D. C.

DIPLOMACY AND SERMONS

(President) Jackson, though a hard case in early life and to his death fond of cock fighting and horse racing, took the religion of his wife after she died, becoming a Presbyterian. He read a chapter in the Bible every night before he went to bed, while he was in the White House, and had family worship in his bed room with his adopted daughter at 10 o'clock each evening. He was strict as to church matters and would let no one speak slightingly of his pastor here. One night he noticed a nobby looking young man sitting in a pew near him, apparently paying close attention to the sermon. "Old Hickory" liked his attitude. On going out he asked the young man what he thought of the discourse. "It was the worst lot of stuff ever uttered in a pulpit," replied the young dude, who, by the way, was a clerk in the State Department.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," returned Jackson with an angry flush. A few days after this, this same young man wanted to go abroad as secretary of legation in one of the chief European courts. The Minister—it was Van Buren, who had been appointed to England—wanted him to go with him. "Old Hickory," however, would not consent. "The fellow," he said, "is a fool. He cannot appreciate a good sermon, and I will not appoint him." The result was that the young man stayed at home.—*Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star, December* 30, 1934.

Even that long ago, anyone connected with the Department or diplomacy was automatically styled a "dude" (today it is "white spatter") however little he may have deserved the appellation as an individual or a member of a group.—ED.



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Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship

THE Advisory Committee of the Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship invites children of present or former Foreign Service Officers interested in applying for the scholarship to submit their applications in such time as to be in the hands of the Committee not later than June 1, 1935. Applications should be in duplicate and addressed to the Honorable William Phillips, Chairman, Advisory Committee, Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

Each application must include information covering the following particulars:

Age and sex of applicant; a full statement concerning the education and courses of study pursued by the applicant up to the present time, including scholastic ratings; the courses of study and profession which the applicant desires to follow; whether or not the applicant contemplates the Foreign Service as a career; the need of the applicant for financial assistance (this should include a statement whether the applicant will be able or not to complete or continue his education without the aid of this scholarship); the institution at which the applicant proposes to make use of the scholarship if granted; and evidence that the school experience of the applicant covers the work required for admission to the institution selected. A small photograph of the applicant must also be included. The application may include any further information which the applicant deems pertinent and which, in his or her opinion, should be taken into consideration by the Committee.

The application should be accompanied by a letter, likewise in duplicate, from the parent or guardian of the applicant.

The Committee calls attention to the following conditions, which should be borne in mind by applicants: The amount available for scholarships in any year will presumably be little in excess of $1,200 and may, in the discretion of the committee, be divided among two or more recipients. Funds awarded under the scholarship may be used only in defraying expenses at an American university, college, seminary, conservatory, professional, scientific or other school. This school may be selected by the recipient. No payments may be made until the recipient has been finally admitted to the particular educational institution selected.

It may be recalled that the deed of trust instituting the scholarship provides that in the selection of recipients the Advisory Committee shall be governed by the following rules and regulations:

"(a) The recipients shall be selected from among the children of persons who are then or shall theretofore have been Foreign Service Officers of the United States; and the moneys paid to a recipient from the income of the trust fund shall be used by the recipient in paying his or her expense at such American university, college, seminary, conservatory, professional, scientific or other school as may be selected by the recipient.

"(b) The scholarship may be awarded to a single recipient or may be divided among two or more recipients in such proportions as the Advisory Committee shall determine.

"(c) The candidates for the award of the scholarship shall apply therefor in writing to the Advisory Committee at such times and at such place as may be designated by it on or before May 1 in each year. Such applications shall be accompanied by letters from the parent or guardian of the candidate and by such other data or information as from time to time may be required by the Advisory Committee. Each application shall be made in duplicate.

"(d) Each candidate shall submit evidence that his or her school experience covers the work required for admission to the American educational institution selected by him or her.

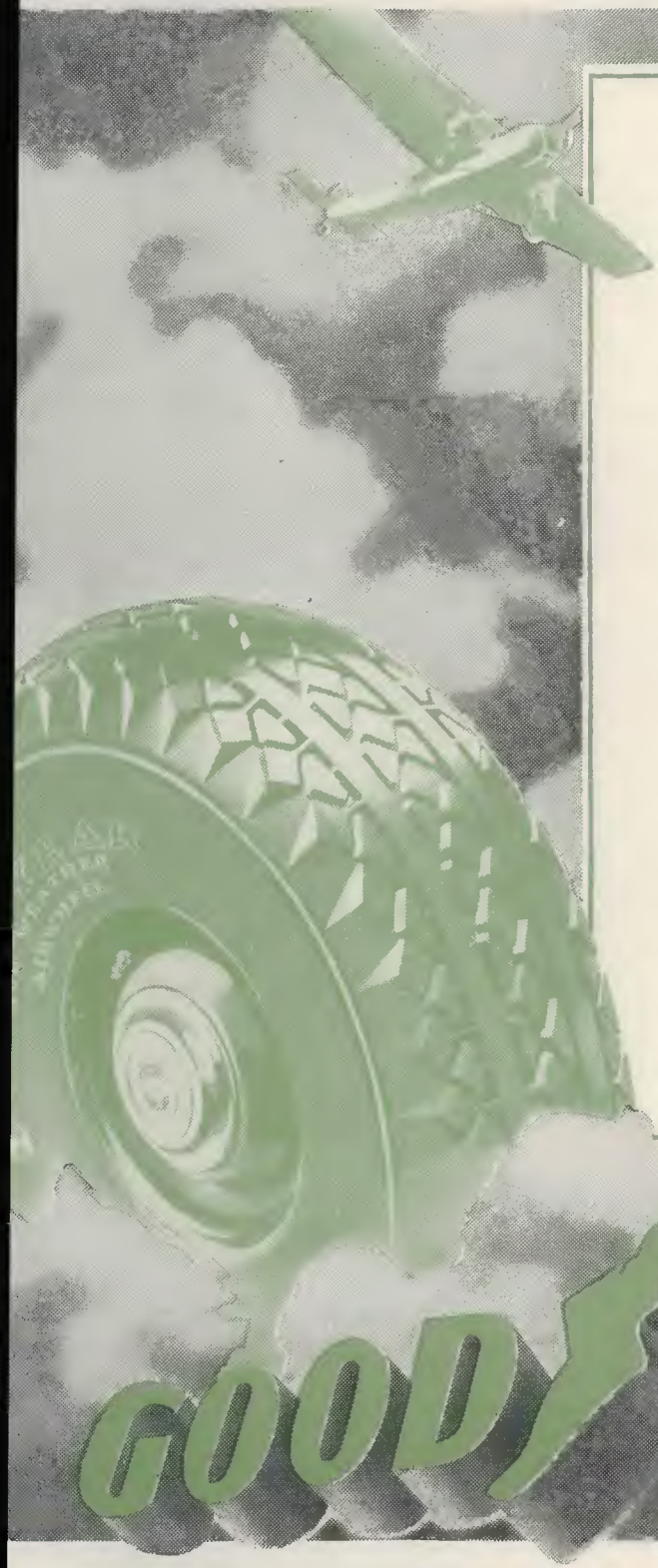
"(e) No payment from the income of the trust fund shall be made to a recipient until the recipient shall have been finally admitted to the university or other institution which he or she may desire to enter and payments of such income to any recipient shall continue only so long as the Advisory Committee shall direct."

The Advisory Committee is at present constituted as follows:

The Honorable William Phillips, Chairman; Mr. Elliott Debevoise, Manufacturers Trust Company; Mr. Charles W. Weston, Manufacturers Trust Company, and the Honorable Wilbur J. Carr.

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GOODYEAR

THE WORLD OVER MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TYRES THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

AUTOMOBILES

(*Continued from page 77*)

to make the passenger's ride a pleasant one." One designer has in fact gone further and seriously raised the question as to whether seats should not be as movable as the chairs in the family parlor, so that a table could be placed between them the length of the car. Perhaps the day is not far off when a cosy game of bridge will be played during a cross-country jaunt, with the dummy to do the driving.

In many respects, however, the interior of the modern automobile already has all the comforts of home and then some. Its upholstery is just as soothing, it is lighted and heated just as well, the ventilation is better, and the radio is fully as good as the one in the house. All we need is a two-way telephone, a collapsible shower-bath and a frigidaire to make it possible for us to live permanently in our cars on the order of snails—though the tempo of our existence would scarcely be called geared to a snail's pace.

One innovation seems to have swept the field almost unanimously this year—the all-steel, reinforced top. No longer is the roof of your sedan going to disintegrate into a tangled mass of chicken wire, cardboard and varnished fabric when you turn turtle; but, as in the case of Oldsmobile's "turret top" for example, its seamless steel roof built integral with the body is going to make it technically possible to roll down mountain sides or topple over cliffs and like it. Judging from the photographic data offered on all sides, manufacturers have been taking special delight the last twelve months in pushing their stock models over precipices to see what would happen and then triumphantly driving off the remains under its own power. It must be said, however, that this new strength of construction, together with additional bracing for the frame and with non-shatterable glass all round (the latter now practically standard equipment and compulsory in many States), makes for a welcome measure of safety in the automobile of today. Not that anyone is deliberately going to try a power dive over an embankment to see if he can't land on all four wheels at the bottom, but with greater speed, heavier traffic, and more likely collisions it is reassuring to know that you are protected by something more substantial than nicely-colored composition walls and roof.

If there is an absence of further startling developments in such matters as "tear drop" or "fish nose" design, there are plenty of minor improvements gratifying to those whose car is their castle. In the up-to-date automobile hereafter it will not be necessary profanely to jerk out the front or rear seats searching for tools in case of tire trouble; wrenches, jacks, and other such paraphernalia, sometimes including the spare tire itself, are now carried in easily accessible back compartments—which accounts in part for that bulbous look to the rear of many cars which have not yet surrendered to the more extreme form of streamlining. Dashboards are amazingly handsome and replete with plainly visible airplane-type instruments, cigar lighters, radio dials, and switches for heating, lighting, special horns and the like; handy shelves and compartments for road maps, small packages and the morning groceries are ingeniously and conveniently located. Radiator caps have in most cases disappeared under the hood, leaving nothing but a fancy streamlined emblem outside; this not only saves the Duco finish when you pour in the water, but keeps the cap from being stolen by pranksters and small urchins.

In the matter of automatic gearshifts, Reo has been joined by Hudson and Terraplane, these two converts having gone in for a much publicized "Electric Hand." This sounds like some sort of machine age spook, but appears rational enough on demonstration. It takes the outward form of an arm extending from the steering post with numbered slots on the order of a normal H shift. To shift gears you slide a little lever into the proper slot, disengage the clutch, and lo! you have changed speeds as quietly and efficiently as any robot pilot could have done. For those who prefer to take their electric shifting or leave it alone, there is supplied on all Hudsons and Terraplanes a regular gearshift lever that can be fastened to the transmission at a moment's notice.

The fleet, greyhound appearance which most cars are assuming is enough to give the impression of all the speed the average driver will ever want, but Auburn has come right out in the open with a rakish super-charged speedster at $2,470 which carries with it a factory certificate of 100 miles an hour or better. This pace may seem a trifle excessive for a Sunday afternoon drive on our congested highways, but the company hastens to explain that an engine built to do 100 is only "loafing" at 60 and is therefore always more than equal to all demands. In spite of the fact that anything over 70 is seldom of use to the ordinary driver, except on some of our Western stretches, it has been calculated that the average road speed of the automobile of today is from 15 to 20 miles an hour more than the cars of 1929; and if broad, through "speedways"

are constructed in strategic sections of the United States as they must be some day, Auburn may not be so visionary after all.

As to the important factor of price—foremost of these is the 110 h.p. Packard "One Twenty," a small edition of the original article, which sells for as little as $980 F.O.B. Detroit. Some people have claimed that a Packard for less than a thousand dollars would be a Packard in name only, but the company's engineers have gotten out a booklet asking, and answering, 99 questions on this point. The current issue of Fords, which bear no more resemblance to the almost legendary Model T than a modernistic aluminum chair does to the horse-hair sofa, carries prices $10 less on some models and $10 more on others. Willys captures the low-price palm with an F.O.B. quotation of $415 on its four-cylinder coupe, but there is plenty of competition in this class with the Chevrolet six at $465 and the Ford V-Eight at $495. When you get such other factory quotations as $565 for Plymouth, $615 for Pontiac, $645 for Dodge, $675 for Oldsmobile, and $695 for Hudson, Auburn and Studebaker, you begin to wonder where the low-priced field leaves off and the medium-priced field begins. Certainly there is a wide range of selection under the thousand dollar mark with a correspondingly greater return for a few hundred dollars more; and while the more expensive cars such as Lincoln and Cadillac preserve their prices along with their dignity in design, probably at no time in automotive history has so much been available for so few dollars as at this very moment.

However, costs are rising—arguments to the contrary notwithstanding—and those who take a long view of things predict that it will soon be impossible to put the quality into cars that there is today and still dazzle the "prospect" with such tempting figures. Already economies have been effected, such as giving up the expensive knee-action in certain models, while the materials used in some cases are alleged to be a far cry from the sturdy, long-lasting construction of pre-depression days. The reason, perhaps, is found in that philosophy which recommends the turning in of a car after only a year or two of use, and getting the benefit of the latest wrinkle on which the manufacturers work 52 weeks in the year to supply. With a turnover of shorter cycles—which of course does no harm from a business viewpoint—there is hardly any occasion for making a lifetime job of the modern car; and judging by the optimism which glows on the face of most every dealer right now, that line of thought is going to be justified in the next few months.

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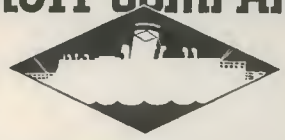
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THE ODYSSEY OF LILY OF THE VALLEY

(*Continued from page* 75)

was found to be full. Up went Lily's hood, and in we dived to investigate. We juggled wires and cleaned spark plugs, but still she refused to budge. Finally, a passing motorist stopped, and he juggled for a while, and still Lily wouldn't go. The motorist then said he would go on and send a man to us from the first town, so we climbed back into Lily to wait. Pretty soon along came our aid in a big green touring car, and pushed Lily back to Flintstone, which seemed to be mostly this man's garage and a general store. Lily was given a final shove and rolled sedately into the garage. Out we piled and walked sadly around her. Russ, the mechanic, shook his head and said, "Well, girls, it looks like the driving shaft is broken, and if it is you'll have to stay here for a couple of days while I send away for a new one." We looked at him thunder-struck, and shifted our gaze to Flintstone. Stay there two days? Impossible!



IN NEW YORK, "PEOPLE BEGAN TO YELL AND CHEER"

Russ then started to take Lily apart and found that the driving shaft was intact, but all the teeth on our fibre timing gear were worn off, and it would only be a matter of three or four hours while he put in a new one. Even to amuse ourselves in Flintstone for a few hours was a bit of a problem. We went next door to the general store and became very well acquainted with the store man over a barrel of soda crackers and his near beer, and soon we were hearing all about his domestic difficulties. Shortly the rest of the village started dropping in to see these strange young ladies and their funny Ford, and it wasn't long till we knew the whole town.

Finally the car was done and the populace turned out to bid us God-speed.

At last our gallant Lily got us out of the mountains, and the first thing we knew we were in Frederick, Maryland, where we just had to stop and see Barbara Fritchie's darling little house.

Now my family had moved out to Georgetown, and as I have no idea how to get around Washington, and a less notion of Georgetown, our plan of campaign was to stop at a drug store after we were well into the city, phone the family and tell them where we were, and ask them how to get home. Darkness came and soon we could see the lights of Washington. Then we entered the city. Ole looked out the window and said, "Why, this must be Georgetown," as she had just seen a sign proclaiming the Georgetown Garage. A street car stopped next to us, and we asked the conductor where Dumbarton Avenue was, and he said, "Just three streets back," so back we went and cruised along reading the house numbers, and in short order I had been restored to the bosom of my family.

For a few days all of us adjourned to the seaside at Virginia, and then Ole and I prepared for the second leg of our trip to New York, where we were going to visit Ole's aunt.

At this point our chief aim in life was to drive Lily right up Broadway, and as my uncle was sure we would be thrown off the street before we had gone a block, we were all the more determined to do it. Setting sail on the ferry at Norfolk we crossed the Chesapeake Bay and landed at Cape Charles. As Lily had been taken from us on the ferry, we had to wait at the mouth of this covered building for her to be restored. Lily's horn was worthy of a Packard at least, so whenever a mighty honk would sound, we would rush to the door all excited, saying, "Oh, here she comes, here she comes." This procedure went on for some time and the crowd around had centered its attention on us. Finally a tremendous toot resounded; again we rushed forward, and out rolled Lily, at the sight of which everybody just roared. In we climbed, waved good-by to everybody, and started.

Along the roadside were watermelon patches, and we were sincerely meditating stealing one when a motorcycle cop drew up beside us and said, "Aren't you girls lost?" We said, "No, isn't this the way to New York?" He said, "Yes, but aren't you awfully far from home?" After chatting a minute he went on, but he had given us an awful turn. We thought Virginia had mind-readers for traffic cops, and he had found out about the watermelons. We got lost in Wilmington, and I have disliked anything Du Pont since then. Philadelphia was where we put in for the night. I have never seen such a place as Philadelphia. There we were more completely lost than we ever had been before. In time

the highway was reached, and the three of us headed toward New York.

From Staten Island we ferried to the foot of Broadway. We landed at noon, and everybody was on the street. Lily was gallantly headed uptown, and we were going along very nicely, when a sudden hush fell over the street. People began to yell and cheer and crowd to the curb. Imagine our surprise when it dawned on us that we were the center of the excitement, but being able to meet any emergency we started bowing right and left in the approved news-reel fashion, and continued our triumphant parade to Fifty-third Street, where we turned off to reach the apartment of Ole's Aunt T.

When we arrived T— wasn't in, but the doorman showed us her apartment, and we made ourselves thoroughly at home.

We naturally stayed in New York much longer than we expected, so when departure was imminent, careful stock had been taken of our finances. We found that only thirty-six dollars remained. No hotel for us this time, only the cheapest of tourist camps, and a diet of hot dogs, would get us back to Kansas City on that amount.

New York is such an expensive place to get in and out of that our cheapest exit seemed to be the Holland Tunnel, but we used up all we saved by it on gas trying to find the mouth of the tunnel. At the gate the ticket man looked hard at the car and at Ole, who was driving, and asked us if they let babies drive in Kansas. This set Ole down quite a bit, as she takes her years very seriously. We started Lily down the passenger side of the tunnel, but it seems that you must go thirty miles an hour. Now Lily only goes thirty down hill, so soon a whole line of outraged motorists were honking at us, but we couldn't go any faster. The only thing left to do was to hop across the white line, absolutely against the rule, and get behind a big truck, which we did.

That afternoon saw us careening through Gettysburg, each of us hanging out a window trying to read the inscriptions on the monuments and drive at the same time. By night we had pulled up to one of those tricky tourist camps with a big cage of monkeys out in front. Here we startled the campers by parading to the shows clad in very short coolie coats.

After a delicious breakfast of a cup of coffee each, we started off again and had soon hit the mountains, which, taken on an empty stomach, seemed worse than ever. Soon we got back into Flintstone. The population greeted us with open arms, and Russ tightened Lily all up for us so we wouldn't have to stop on the tops of the mountains and do it ourselves.



Scrubbing Work Elephants, Ceylon

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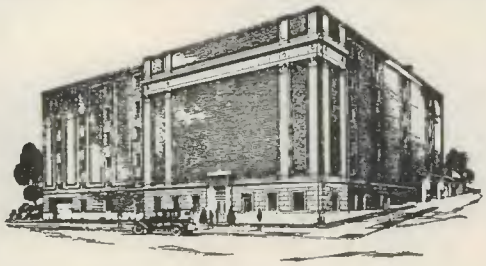
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The National Geographic Magazine

GILBERT GROSVENOR, LITT.D., LL.D., *Editor*

Washington, D. C.



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Wichmannstrasse 7-8

That night we intended to drive right on, and had just stopped for gas at another Pennsylvania town, when the filling station man came out exclaiming, "Well, well, girls from Lawrence, Kansas," and in the next breath, "What are you girls doing out so late in these mountains?" We told him that we were trying to get back to Lawrence as fast as possible, so were driving all night. Then he said, "Now, I can't allow that. I used to live in Lawrence, and I know college girls, and I don't think you should go over these mountains after dark. Next door lives a Methodist minister, and he and his wife take in tourists." With no more ado we were marched over and introduced to the minister, and were established in the front bedroom, for which we were only charged seventy-five cents because the bathroom was out of order. In our room was a chiropractor's table on which some member of the flock gave treatments once a week. Of course, nothing would do but to experiment, but by the time I finished with Ole she couldn't retaliate. The next morning we were given a huge breakfast, and then we left.

This third day of our return trip happened to be Labor Day, and what a day! We had two flat tires within twenty minutes. The first one was by the side of the road, where an inquisitive calf tried to eat our tools. We would turn around just in time to haul jacks and things from going down his gullet. After a hot, nasty time, as Labor Day was running true to form and was a scorcher, we had things under control and had just gotten under way when "puff" went another tire. This time we were right in front of a road-side garage. Out came the man, all ready for business, and he seemed quite hurt when we said we would change it. The rim on our spare had become warped, and after tugging and pounding we could only get on three of the lugs. I went over to the garage man and asked him if we could run on three lugs. I carefully told him we were broke, but he was feeling philanthropic and fixed it for us. By this time I was so grateful and so hungry that I burst into tears. This was too much for Ole and she started to weep too. The man said, "My goodness, what's the matter?" I wailed out that we hadn't had anything to eat since early morning, and that we didn't have any money to get anything with. He said, "Oh, is that all? How would you girls like a hamburger and some coffee?" We almost mobbed him in our delight. He took us over to a stand next to the garage and conferred with the boy who ran it. I went inside to wash my hands, and while I was bending over the wash basin the boy swatted me one. I straightened up and tried to tell him that wasn't nice, but I didn't want to offend him, as I was

going to get something to eat. Finally Ole joined me, and we fell to. All the time we were eating, this punk kept making meaning remarks of the lowest order, but the garage man was very nice. This was the only unpleasantness that we encountered on the whole trip.

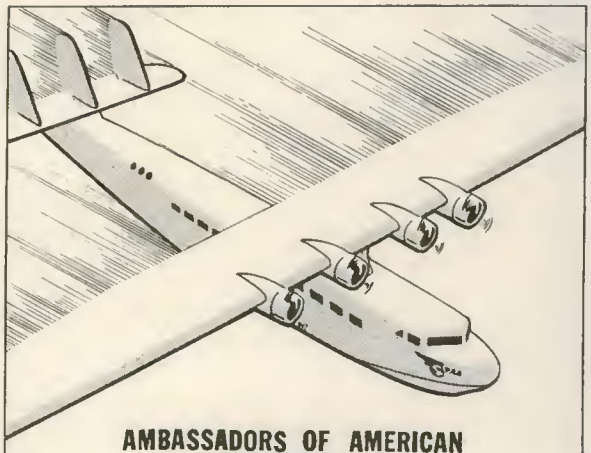
That night I was driving from Indianapolis to Terre Haute. As it got later and the traffic became less and less, I noticed that the headlights didn't seem as bright as they should be—in fact, they were getting dimmer every minute. Upon looking into the matter I discovered that the battery was merrily discharging for all it was worth. I awakened Ole and she said to turn the headlights off and see if we could get to Terre Haute. The moon was shining, so driving without lights wasn't so difficult. Just as we reached the city limits, Lily gave a hiccough and stopped. However, salvation came along in the form of a colored taxi driver, who pushed us to a garage. The night man in the garage propped up the hood, started the engine, and raced the motor. While he was peering into Lily's internals the vibration of the car shook down the hood, which caught in the fan and bent a blade, which in turn cut an arc in the radiator. I was inside the car, holding the brake, and heard Ole yell, "Jump for your life, the dam's bust," and water was all over the place. Well, we were two of the sickest young women you ever saw. We hung around watching the repairs on our generator for a while, and it seemed we were going to have to hang around quite a while longer, so I picked out a nice big car, Ole picked out another one, and we curled up on the back seats and went to sleep. In an hour or so the mechanic woke me up and handed me his overcoat to put over me, and said that he had to go out and get some parts for the car but would lock up the garage and we would be perfectly safe.

Next morning when we woke up the day mechanic was there, and greeted us with the news that the night man had put the generator together backwards, but that he could fix it. We were rather depressed over this, for it meant loss of time, and that meant food, which was what we didn't have.

The mechanic showed us the wash room and gave us nice clean towels. We took in our little suitcases and made a most expansive toilet, and emerged much cleaner but hungrier girls. After debating about breakfast we decided in favor of it, and repaired to a neighboring lunch counter and split a hamburger between us and had a cup of coffee each.

The car was finished about eleven, and we left Terre Haute, and also about nine dollars, behind.

(*Continued to page* 107)



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ORIENTE

(*Continued from page* 81)

same name, is the United States Naval Station. The station is held under a 99-year lease with the Cuban Government.

In the western part of the province is a large cattle section, at the center of which, Bayamo, are several important creameries. The cattle and the dairy products of this region have an island-wide market. Nearer to the north coast, centering about Holguin, is a recently-developed truck farming section which, with the curtailment in sugar production, is showing signs of healthy expansion.

At different points are deposits of minerals, but of these only manganese, iron ore, and sea salt are being worked today. The history of one copper mine, now dormant, offers a theme for a saga. The Siboney Indians, who were first found working the deposits, were exterminated by forced labor on what had been their property. Then the mines were worked by the African slaves, and later, for a time, by coolie labor. The place, in its heyday, became the fashionable municipality of Cobre, with an imposing cathedral and a shrine that attracted island-wide pilgrimages. The mine changed hands a number of times; for a while in the past century it was owned by a British firm, and now it is American-owned. It experienced its last boom during the World War. Is there any sadder spectacle than a busted mine? Yet the shrine has survived all—to the deserted and dusty village of Cobre the pious still make pilgrimages to this day.

Baracoa, the easternmost city, can be reached commercially only by sea and by air. This Baracoa district is the locale of Cuba's largest banana industry. Due to its isolation, however, the district is quite detached from the everyday life of the island, and the industry is conducted by fruit companies which transport the crop direct to the American market in their own vessels.

Spread over the entire province are stands of hardwoods, of which the most important are mahogany, cedar, and lignum vitae. The last-named is an interesting wood. It is remarkable for its hardness, toughness, heaviness, and high rosin content. It is always greasy and is heavier than water. Because of its interwoven fibre it cannot be split; it will take a bite out of the blade of an axe. Bowling balls were made of this wood exclusively until a rubber composition was invented which replaced it. Its principal use now is for under-water bearings because of its high grease content and its resistance to corrosion. In Oriente is to be found what is said to be the highest quality of the world's small and rapidly diminishing supply.

Columbus explored the north coast of Oriente on his first voyage and the south coast on his second. Diego de Velázquez founded Baracoa in 1511, and three years later moved his headquarters to Santiago de Cuba. This city's first mayor was Hernán Cortés, who here fitted out his expedition which led to the conquest of Mexico. Early in the seventeenth century the Bishop of Santiago sent emissaries to establish missions in Florida and Guale (Georgia), which were within his diocese. A glance through



Photo, Manuel Ferrer

BARACOA, THE EASTERNMOST TOWN IN CUBA, NOW A CENTER OF THE BANANA INDUSTRY. COLUMBUS ENTERED THE BAY IN 1492. HERE DIEGO DE VELAZQUEZ FOUNDED THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN CUBA, 1511

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Domingo Sanchez

THE "CUNYAYA" OF NATIVE HARDWOOD IS STILL USED IN THE REMOTE SECTIONS OF ORIENTE TO EXTRACT JUICE FROM THE CANE



Photo, Manuel Ferrer

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the telescope of history would reveal a cinematographic procession of events having to do with pirates and privateers. The existence of many French names in Oriente can be traced to migrations of French families from near-by Haiti in the days of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Today a statue stands on Santiago's waterfront avenue to Admiral Lorraine, of H. B. M. *Niobe*, who is credited with having halted the executions of the crew of the *Virginius* in 1873.

The western section of the province, more particularly the cattle district centering around Bayamo, was the starting-point of the revolts against the Spanish crown. The "ten years' war" started in 1868 at Yara and the rebellion of 1895, which culminated in the Spanish-American War, had its inception at Baire, and today the anniversaries of the "grito de Yara" and the "grito de Baire" are national holidays. Finally, the name of Santiago de Cuba alone brings forth the more recent associations of Theodore Roosevelt, San Juan Hill, Rough Riders, Lieutenant Hobson, and General Wood.

Add to all this that Oriente offers tropical scenery which is nothing short of marvelous. It impressed Columbus profoundly. Human eyes, he wrote, could never tire of seeing such beauty nor human ears of hearing the music of the wild birds in the woods. In this respect Oriente has remained, to this day, untouched by the hand of time.

BIRTHS

Born to Consul and Mrs. Mason Turner, a daughter, Anne Mason, October 29, 1934.

Born, a son, Jack, to Vice Consul and Mrs. George Roosevelt Phelan, on November 19, 1934, at Maracaibo.

A son, Ian Lachlan, was born January 6, 1935, to Vice Consul and Mrs. Donald D. Edgar, at Habana, Cuba.

MARRIAGES

Hoffman-Pilgrim. Married in Wellington, New Zealand, Vice Consul Walter W. Hoffman and Miss Pauline Roles Pilgrim, on October 31, 1934.

Cope-Holmgren. Albert J. Cope was married at Stuttgart on December 6, 1934, to Miss Echo Holmgren. Mr. Cope is an American clerk in the Consulate at Stuttgart.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Jane A. von Tresckow, mother of Consul Egmont C. von Tresckow, Zagreb, died at that place on December 14, 1934.

The JOURNAL extends deep sympathy to Mrs. von Tresckow's family and friends.

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The Consular Flag of the United States

By Carlton Savage, *Department of State*



Charles E. Allen

A BLUE FLAG WITH A WHITE LETTER "C" INCLOSED IN A CIRCLE OF THIRTEEN WHITE STARS WAS ADOPTED IN 1903 BY THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, AS A "CONSULAR-BOAT FLAG."

ACCORDING to an instruction of April 27, 1903, the flag was for the use of consular officers who had occasion to employ small boats for official purposes in the harbors at which they were located, and was for the purpose of indicating to vessels of war and port officials that a consular officer of the United States was on the boat.

During that year consular flags were sent to officers at many seaports, including Canton, Constantinople, Naples, Nice, Rio de Janeiro, Tampico, and Yokohama. Some consular officers at seaports reported no need for the flag. Consul General Robert P. Skinner at Marseille stated that merchant ships which he visited at that port almost invariably came alongside the wharves, thus obviating the use of small boats for official purposes.

One consul, who apparently displayed the consular flag at the stern of his boat, complained to the Department early in 1904 that the officers of vessels he visited had been somewhat "in the dark" as to the nationality of his boat because the flag did not seem to indicate the country. To remedy the situation he suggested a design which was a combination of the American flag and the consular flag. The Department rejected the suggestion and explained that the consular flag was intended to be displayed at the bow and the American flag at the stern of the boat.

Consular flags were sent to the field upon order until about 1913, when the original supply of one hundred was exhausted. Since then the Department has not stocked the flag and it is now used only by consular officers who have available one from the original supply. Those officers who do not have a consular flag to carry on a staff at the bow of a boat, display an American flag at the stern but carry no flag at the bow.

The consular flag is also used by the United States Navy, which began to use it about 1909. The current edition of the United States Navy Regulations provides that "When a consular representative of the United States pays an official visit afloat in a boat of the Navy, the consular flag shall be displayed on a staff in the bow." The flag is supplied for this purpose to the large ships of the Navy, such as battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, and transports. Occasions for its use by the Navy are rare except in the Asiatic Fleet and the Special Service Squadron, the only United States Naval Forces which frequently visit foreign ports.

Although a statement appears in a recent issue of a well-known magazine to the effect that the consular flag is "carried" on a ship when a consul is aboard, this does not accord with existing practice. The consular flag of the United States is never displayed except on a small boat.

Among other nations which provide consular flags are Great Britain, Latvia, Mexico, and Paraguay. Great Britain has a flag for "consular officers afloat" and also a flag for "consular officers on shore," the latter to distinguish their residences.

THE ODYSSEY OF LILY OF THE VALLEY

(*Continued from page* 101)

Towards the middle of the afternoon we reached St. Louis, where, joy of joys, they were having a gas war. We tanked up on nine-cent gas and again the three of us held council. It seems that we had two dollars and fifty cents left, and Lily said, "I am sorry, girls, but I can't go all the way to Kansas City on that." Then Ole had one of her marvelous ideas. We would go to Union, Missouri, about forty miles away, to her Aunt Bertha. Ole's Aunt Bertha and her husband are Germans, and on the way Ole kept telling me what a marvelous cook she was. We drove up to their house, rushed up to the front door, knocked, and found they had moved. Oh woe, woe. I was getting ready to cry again, but the lady of the house directed us and in a few minutes we were knocking on the right front door, and Aunt Bertha opened it. She stared at Ole and said, "Why, Valerice," and in the next breath, "Oh, you poor, dirty little things, come right in." Ole chimed in with a "Yes, and we are hungry, too." They had already had dinner, but Aunt Bertha fell to in the kitchen while we were taking two baths apiece. Then we dined, and how! I know heaven will be just like that dinner of Aunt Bertha's.

At Union Ole wired for ten dollars. Lily's generator needed more attention, however, so a couple of days later when we left we weren't much better off, except we were well fed and Kansas City was only a day away. On the road we developed a radiator leak, and had to stop at every filling station for water. Then it began to rain, and filling stations became fewer, so water had to be obtained at farm houses. By the time we reached Centralia the leak was terrible. We went to a garage and told the man that we had a terrible leak in the radiator, and a dollar and forty cents. He looked at it and said it was a bad leak but he would fix it for a dollar. We passed the time looking at Montgomery Ward's catalogs and talking to a man with a cleft palate. Finally the leak was fixed and on we went.

That evening we reached Kansas City and rolled up to Ole's house with eleven cents left.

Miss Goddard, contributor of "The Odyssey of Lily of the Valley" and the illustrations accompanying this lively account of her automobile wanderings is known to many members of the Service.

The JOURNAL *hopes to publish in the not distant future, accounts of Miss Goddard's foreign travels.*

—EDITOR.

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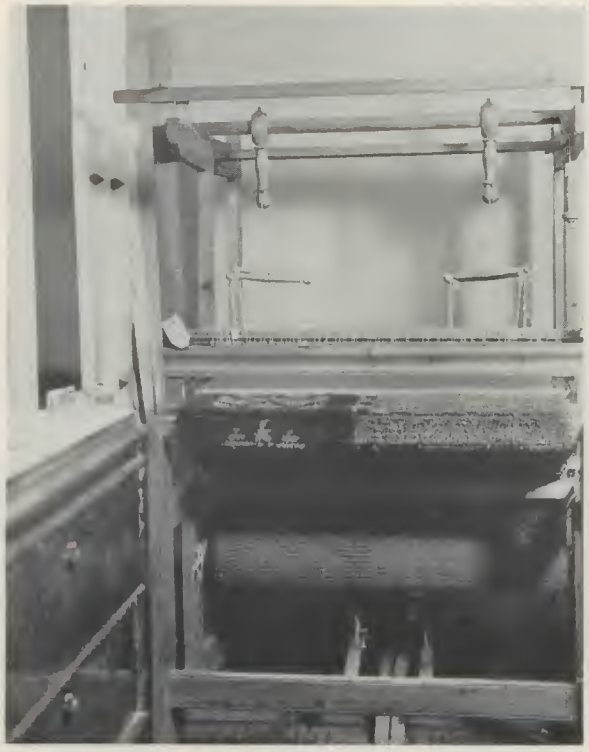
HOBBY

(*Continued from page 73*)

not be shown, nor can the texture of rugs, curtainings and draperies.

Having, for four years, spent my leisure time in furnishing my home with hand-made rugs, curtains and wall hangings, I decided that my wardrobe needed replenishing. By this time I had become more or less expert and fancied I might accomplish a bit of homespun. By experimenting I discovered that one can make half a meter of cloth easily in an hour. As one needs only 6½ meters of cloth 80 centimeters wide for a suit, the time spent is insignificant. A week, and one has enough homespun, or tweed as it is usually known, for a suit that will last a lifetime. The only trouble is that one's friends are so insistent on having some like it one has no time to satisfy them all! In making homespun, as in other kinds of weaving, there is no limit to the patterns, materials and colors one can use, and, if not obtainable locally, wool spinners in Scotland are always willing to export their products at exceedingly reasonable prices.

To those interested in the art of hand-weaving it might be added that there are text-books pub-



HARNDEN'S HOBBY HORSE

lished in English which give technical instructions as to the setting up of a loom, its warping, the principles of weaving and the simpler kinds of work one can do. Colors, designs and materials are left to the weaver's taste which, as in all arts, develops with practice and experience. Hand-weaving, as mentioned above, is not only a fascinating pastime, but also a practical and remunerative way of spending one's leisure hours.

LETTERS

The Editor,
DEAR SIR:

I don't know whether others have noticed it or not, but to me it seemed that the January edition of the JOURNAL was the best ever from a general view point. Truly, I was delighted to see a large part of the former reserve and cautious handling of human every-day topics replaced by a certain freedom of movement and "unafraid" thought that is welcome to men in the field. Moreover there were evidences of *real* humor and the reprint of the essay on the possibilities of a translator is one of the finest things of its kind I ever read. The choice of material was well balanced and one felt in reading it that it was printed to be read with pleasure and anticipation, and not with misgivings, as the *early* issues were. Remember how some officers tried to out-do each other writing go-getting articles?

Well, times have changed and with the change has come improvement. Hope you don't mind my freedom in handing out convictions. Keep the good work up!

H. T. MOOERS.

The Editors are always appreciative of comment, whether favorable or otherwise, since it is only by learning the feelings of the men in the field respecting various types of material that they can plan an acceptable JOURNAL.

Moncton.

TO THE EDITOR:

The recipe for Paprica Schnitzel in the January JOURNAL moves me to suggest the collection of more recipes from the "cher collègues." For instance, it would be much appreciated if Consul General Stewart would furnish the recipe for "Transylvanian Gulash," a hot and satisfying work of art in paprika and sauerkraut quite different from the usual gulash.

Hopefully yours,

EDWIN C. KEMP.

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT

(*Continued from page* 67)

At last I thought that the show was probably over for the moment and decided to have a little sleep, so I crawled into my sleeping bag, leaving the native to keep a lookout. But this night was not for slumber as I had hardly made myself comfortable when the boy whispered that some animal, which might be a lion, or hyaena, was approaching the bait, and in a moment we heard the rending and tearing of flesh to prove that some powerful animal was at work. I was tremendously excited, feeling sure that it was a lion, as I couldn't conceive of any other animal having the power in its jaws and neck to rip flesh as this one was doing. But as I got my rifle ready and signalled to Dave to turn on the light, there was a tremendous let down in my nervous tension when, instead of the desired lion, a huge hyaena went leaping away from his midnight supper. He did not go far, however, but soon came creeping back, and when we again threw the light on him he only ran a few yards, then slowly returned. We threw sticks at him and finally made the boy climb down and chase him well away, but each time our persistent guest, having had a taste of a free meal, would come back to his feast, so we decided that if we didn't want our bait torn to bits there was nothing to do but shoot him. Again Dave put the light on the great beast, and taking as careful aim as was possible at the center of its chest I eased off the shot.

The hyaena wheeled around and went dashing off as if unhurt, but I followed his flight with the glasses, and saw him stop about fifty yards away, stand still for a moment, then lie down. Dave insisted that I had missed him and that he would be back again later, but the next morning we found him at the spot I had last seen him, stone dead, shot through the heart. He was a huge, spotted hyaena, with splendid teeth and magnificent muscular development of jaws, neck and chest.

Another night that I shall never forget was when I was in the Sebungwe with Harry Walker. We had seen the spoor of an unusually large lion at the water hole near our second camp, and we built a machan in a great tree nearby in the hope of getting a shot. Harry, Japie and I, took our places in our lofty perch just after sundown, and we were soon visited by several small, shy bucks, and got glimpses of cats and other African fauna slipping along on their lawful—or unlawful—occasions. A herd of impalla came in to drink, and then a couple of splendid koodoo bulls, while the hyaenas and lions serenaded us at intervals during the night.

About 10 o'clock I was getting very sleepy when Japie touched my arm and pointed to the right, where about forty yards away in the shade of a bush stood a pair of rhinos, quite still, studying the ground between them and the water, and evidently suspicious. In that mysterious half light they seemed like something out of a fairy tale, or a bad dream, as they worked a bit further around, got our scent and dashed madly away with the whistling snort they give when alarmed. We had hardly settled down again when once more Japie pointed, and there were two more rhinos, a mother with a half grown calf, creeping up to the pool from the other side. These didn't get our scent, and after a slow and cautious approach, they drank their fill at the pool, less than twenty yards from where we watched almost over their heads. During that never-to-be-forgotten night a total of six rhinos visited us, three drinking at the water, and none over forty yards away. It was a wonderful experience and I felt well repaid for the discomfort and loss of sleep.

The only lion that I ever actually shot at night was in a way an accident. On a wonderful trip that I made to the Sebungwe District of Southern Rhodesia, I had the splendid luck of shooting a very fine rhinoceros. We skinned the great brute, as the skin is valuable for making walking sticks, riding crops, and even table tops. A few days later, one of our native boys reported that a pair of lions had been eating the rhino carcass, and late in the afternoon we constructed a small, very flimsy, thornbush boma on the side most favorable when taking the prevailing wind into consideration. That aenemic little enclosure certainly gave one little sense of security, as an angry lion could have charged straight through it, or easily have jumped inside, as it was so low that I was able to stand up and shoot over it, but as Harry Walker, my guide, said:

"At least it will keep the lions and hyaenas from walking in our faces, and it will hide us a little from any lions that may come and feed on the rhino."

We settled ourselves in the boma, before it was completely dark, with our sleeping bags, rifles (I had the Remington, with the 'scope sight), torches, thermos flask and food for a midnight luncheon. After a last cigarette, I made myself comfortable, ready for what the night might offer, but tonight the bush was unusually quiet as I sat concentrating all the powers of my body in the two senses, sight and hearing.

This time, however, there was not long to wait for action, as it was only about half-past eight when I came out of my dreams with a jerk at the sound of ripping, tearing flesh at the kill in front of us. I got to my feet so slowly and silently that I am

sure no ears, no matter how keen, could have heard me thirty yards away, and covered the rhino's body with my rifle, while Harry did the same, but with torch instead of rifle. At my whispered, "Ready!" he turned on the light, and my heart gave a leap as the powerful beam disclosed a lioness as she jumped up and started toward the thick bush which was only some ten yards away.

Harry was an expert at this sort of thing, and kept the light partly on, but mostly ahead of the animal, so that it got the impression that it was running into a stronger glare, and causing it to stop for a moment to decide what was best to do—and in that moment I got the picket of the 'scope on its body and fired. At the shot it was down, but rolled over instantly and was on its feet again, roaring terribly, and went crashing into the thick saka bush where we had found the sleeping rhino. Soon the roaring and crashing ceased, and Harry said quietly:

"Well, you've got your lion. She's dead as a gutted herring."

Trembling with excitement, I asked him how he knew she was dead.

"Because the roaring stopped too suddenly. And besides, a lion, unless wounded unto death, would never crash through the bush as she did—it would slide through without a sound. Oh, she's dead all right, and we might just as well get a night's sleep."

Which is just what we did, and I didn't waken until daylight came and Japie started a fire to get us a cup of tea.

Once awake, however, I remembered the pleasant fact that I had a dead lioness somewhere about, and I asked Harry:

"How far do you think the lioness went into the bush before she fell?"

"Well, if she's dead, she won't be so very far."

At that my heart sank like lead, as, since the incident I had in Ethiopia, I have had a horror of having a lion on my hands, wounded and capable of making one of their sudden, deadly charges. I don't fear so much for myself, as I have confidence in my ability to squirm out of dangerous situations, but I do fear most damnably for the poor devils of gun-bearers and trackers, who follow up wounded game with their masters more or less because they have to.

However, I said nothing, and after we had our cup of tea, I took off my heavy coat and sweater—stripping for action, as it were—picked up the heavy rifle, and, although I didn't feel at all happy, suggested to Harry that we have a look to see what had become of the lioness. We picked up the spoor at the point where she had been when I fired, and at once found plenty of blood, which made me feel a bit better, but nevertheless the next few minutes, during which we moved only about fifty feet through the thick bush, were more than a little nerve racking. Going forward a step, crouching to peer under the branches, studying every shadow—always with rifles ready for instant use—we made our slow way into the saka; then Harry stopped—hand raised to stop Japie and me—and stared intently at a spot some ten feet ahead and to the left. My eyes, following the direction of his, picked up a blur of tan in the deep shadow, and I tensed for quick action.

Harry was dead still for a long moment, then straightened up with a long breath, and said:

"Well, there's your lion, and she's dead as a mackerel."

And sure enough there she was in a pool of blood, quite dead, and surrounded by torn and bitten bushes that she had smashed, or crushed with her teeth in her death agony. The bullet had hit her back of the ribs, ranged forward, and riddled her heart and lungs. It was not the big, black-maned male that I had wanted, but lion or lioness it was my own, and I had killed it with one shot under the most difficult shooting conditions, so I was quite content.

Whenever I think of lions, I remember the story of the traveler who came to a river with no bridge and no way to get across except by boat. He saw a skiff tied to the bank and nearby was an old negro sitting in the sun.

"Uncle," said the traveler, "Can you row?"

"Naw suh. Not me, I caint."

"Well, I wonder if I could borrow that boat to cross."

"Yes suh, you kin use de boat."

"If I can get it across will you come along and see if you can bring it back to this side?"

"Yes suh. I'll go wid you and bring de boat back."

So they got in and started across the river, but the traveler, unaccustomed to boats, was making rather heavy weather of it, and finally the old negro said:

"Look heah, boss, better lemme take dem paddles an' put you across de river."

So the change was made and the negro, plainly a skilled oarsman, was soon making excellent progress.

"Look here, Uncle, I thought you said you couldn't row."

"Lawdy, goodness, Boss," came the answer with a chuckle, "I didn't know you meant paddle a boat. I thought you meant ro' like a lion."

INTER AMERICAN HIGHWAY

(*Continued from page 70*)

Mentioning the fact that Salvador is only semi-mountainous, though some magnificent peaks are in view, Mr. D. Tucker Brown also states:

"The general elevation of El Salvador is much lower than that of Guatemala, and therefore it does not enjoy the delectable climate nor the magnificent mountain scenery of its neighbor republic. Nevertheless, it is a perfect garden spot, intensively cultivated, and for its area has a greater mileage of highly improved highways than any of the other Central American republics."

The Government of Salvador has, it has been authoritatively stated, "always contemplated, with the greatest enthusiasm, the conclusion of its part of the proposed Inter American Highway, which work it is diligently continuing within the limits of its ability."

In Honduras the through line of the highway is shorter than in any of the other six countries. Leaving the Salvadoran border, it trends eastward for a time and then turns nearly southward as it approaches, by the shortest practicable route, the northwestern corner of Nicaragua. Its total length is a little under ninety miles. It skirts the foothills and mountain spurs around the northern and eastern sides of the Gulf of Fonseca, which lies only a few miles away, passing through Nacaome, San Lorenzo and Choluteca. Its elevation varies from less than one hundred to about three hundred feet only. North and east of it are low mountains; but south and west the terrain flattens out into the coastal plain bordered by mangrove swamps along the coast and low rather sparse vegetation inland.

Most of the distance through Honduras will require new construction, there being at present in places no road at all. For a few miles, however, possibly twenty, a new road is being constructed by the Honduran authorities along the projected route; and from near Nacaome to San Lorenzo, about eight miles, it follows the finished highway, completed nearly thirty years ago, which runs from the latter (the Pacific terminal connected by boat with the one large Pacific port, Amapala on Tiger Island in the Gulf) northward to the capital, Tegucigalpa, about eighty-one miles away by the road but only fifty-six in a straight line.

Although this stretch is a spur from the through line, it is considered an integral part of the Honduran section of the Inter American Highway and is to be further improved by widening, draining and elimination of the steep grades and short curves in connection with the prospective construction of the through line. Known as the Highway of the South, it winds from the capital, some 3,500 feet high with a perpetual springtime climate, over higher ridges and around much higher mountains, with long vistas and magnificent scenery, down to only a few feet above sea level on the coast.

Through Nicaragua the located line of the highway, about 214 miles long, keeps near the Pacific coast, though nearly all of it is in the Atlantic drainage basin, since the two large lakes, Managua and Nicaragua, near the southwestern shores of which it follows most of the way, drain into the Caribbean Sea, through the San Juan River, the route of the projected Nicaraguan Canal.

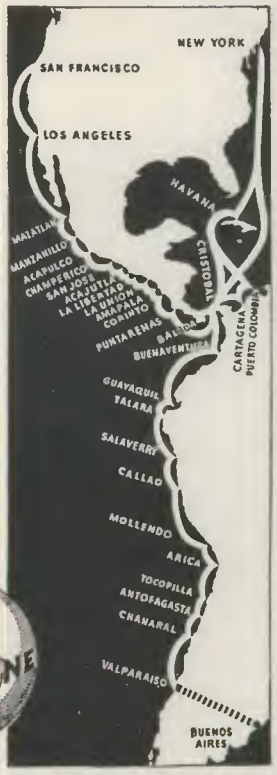
The elevation of the Nicaraguan section is from two hundred to four hundred feet through most of its length, reaching at the highest for a short distance nearly a thousand feet. It passes the cities of Chinandega, Leon, Managua (the capital), Granada, Nandaime and Rivas. The continental divide, which through most of this country is between the highway and the Pacific, in places hardly ten miles from the latter, contains many picturesque volcanic peaks; and the much higher mountains east and north of the two beautiful lakes, Managua nearly 40 miles long and Nicaragua a little more than a hundred, are visible across them.

This narrow strip between the lakes and the Pacific is the most thickly settled and highly cultivated portion of Nicaragua. Through most of the distance there are slightly improved existing dry season roads, while through at least portions there is only a horseback trail; part of the way there is no road at all; and good existing automobile roads reach only a short distance, chiefly in and near the capital. For a few miles it is intended that the highway shall use an abandoned railway grade. In 1930 an ambitious highway building program was adopted and work was begun; but when a severe earthquake in 1931 destroyed large portions of the capital, funds intended for road building were diverted to relief.

Through parts of Costa Rica the construction of the projected highway will encounter more difficult problems than anywhere else in Central America; but, once finished, it will be the most picturesque. Considerable portions, especially through the Meseta Central which varies from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, are to follow existing roads, some well improved, along the continental divide, which approaches more nearly the center of this than other countries, although it is here much farther from the Atlantic than the Pacific.

There will be a few places in central or southeastern Costa Rica where, by leaving automobiles and going a few miles by horseback or on foot up somewhat difficult inclines, peaks can be reached (some, more than 10,000 feet high and a few, active volcanoes) from which, when the atmosphere is clearest, both oceans can be seen. The highest ele-

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vation reached by the highway in Costa Rica is 7,300 feet, and the lowest, 140.

A large percentage of the population of Costa Rica is Caucasian and the standard of living is relatively high. The Costa Rican section of the highway, about 360 miles long, is to pass through Liberia, Esparta, San Ramón, Naranjo, Alajuela, Heredia, San José (the capital), Cartago and San Marcos and many smaller towns. From the last to the Panama border, about a third of the whole distance, much of the region to be crossed is almost uninhabited and at best is traversed only by horse trails.

Mr. E. W. James, the official of the Bureau of Public Roads who supervised the reconnaissance survey, mentioning the fact that through 65 miles of this stretch the projected highway descends the Rio General valley from nearly 4,000 feet to about 400 feet, said (in *Civil Engineering*, September, 1934):

"One of the notable regions that would be made accessible by the proposed highway is the valley of the Rio General. Engineers working on the survey came into the valley from the north and rode for hours through untouched hardwood forests. The river bottoms appeared to offer excellent possibilities for tobacco culture, especially of Sumatra grades, and to be capable of supporting a large population on the arable lands along the banks. But at present the valley is isolated and almost uninhabited."

The engineers report, however, that there are no insuperable obstacles to the construction throughout the country of a comfortable, easy modern highway.

In western Panama the surveyed highway, although still unconstructed as in the nearby part of the neighboring country, descends from an elevation of about 3,600 feet at the Costa Rican border to some 2,700 feet at the Rio Chiriqui, then rises rather rapidly to 4,400 feet as it approaches in an easterly direction El Hato, where it crosses the mountain barrier near the base of the magnificent volcanic mountain, known locally merely as El Volcán, which rises to more than 11,000 feet, between two and three times as high as the surrounding plateau.

From here the line descends rapidly in a southerly direction by a partially improved road for about twenty miles toward the Pacific coastal plain to the village of Concepción, whence a good modern highway, though still not having the most improved surface, leads, in about another twenty miles, to the city of Davíd, the metropolis of western Panama.

From Davíd a similar good highway, practically complete, continues eastward or slightly northeastward along the Pacific coastal plain (on which most of the people of the country live), keeping near the ocean, often visible, to the Panama Canal,

a little more than 320 miles from its beginning at Concepción.

Panama has, in this, a longer stretch of improved road on the line of the Inter American Highway than any other Central American country, standing in this respect next to Mexico and, in proportion to the size and wealth of the country, having even outdone that country. The elevation varies from less than a hundred to about five hundred feet, excepting two short stretches, one of which rises to six hundred and the other eight hundred feet. From the western side of the Canal the ferryboat, *President Roosevelt*, conveys automobiles, with their passengers and freight, to the eastern side near the city of Panama.

The extensive use of this Panaman section of the highway by passenger cars, autobusses and trucks has demonstrated the economic and cultural value of such a road. It will, when constructed through the other countries, likewise improve their economic welfare and by raising their standard of living make them more profitable customers not only for local merchants but also for producers and exporters in foreign countries.

By an Act of Congress, approved by the President on June 19, 1934, an additional appropriation of a million dollars was made to enable this Government to cooperate further with the other interested Governments (generally understood to mean those through which the reconnaissance survey has been effected) in the necessary additional location surveys and in the construction of the Inter American Highway. Consideration is being given to the places where and the ways in which this fund shall be expended; but definite decisions have not yet been reached.

This is the second of a series of three related articles by Dr. Manning, of which the first appeared in the January issue of the JOURNAL, *and the third on the projected highway through South America will appear in an early issue.*



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CONSULAR ANIMALS

"From the Gambia River homewards the voyage was made exceedingly interesting by the presence on board of the first Chimpanzee named 'Consul.' He was the property of an amusing and interesting Administrator of the Gambia who had acquired him a year previously, possibly from the verge of Portuguese Guinea. Apparently he re-named the animal 'Consul' in reference to myself; for a close friendship sprang up between me and this very intelligent ape. In the course of a few days Consul and I became almost inseparable. He slept in the next cabin to mine and came to me every morning when I was shaving, watching the process but never interfering with razor or brush. He was generally allowed—being very cleanly—to sit at my table during meals. All went increasingly well till after we had left Madeira. At Funchal there had come on board a lady with a baby. The baby's cradle in the daytime was placed on the upper deck in the fine June weather. The chimpanzee had become exceedingly jealous of this baby, who had aroused both interest and attention among the passengers as it was pretty, good-tempered and quiet.

"One day I noticed that at luncheon Consul failed to present himself. I went to the upper deck to see if he were there and arrived just in time to intercept his attempt to throw the pretty baby overboard! He had taken it out of its cradle and was making for a side of the ship to hurl it over—I should think—when I arrived on the scene and took it from him. The child smiled at me most good-humoredly, but Consul's face expression as he turned away was tragic. He had afterwards to be put into an iron cage and remain imprisoned till we reached Plymouth. At Plymouth railway station he sobbed and screamed when I failed to accompany him. But one way and another he had cost his owner some hundred and fifty pounds and was not purchasable for any sum I could afford."

H. B. M. Consul Sir Harry H. Johnston, in telling of a trip home from Africa in 1888, in "The Story of My Life," gives the foregoing account of the first animal known by the JOURNAL to have been named for a Consul.

We do not know whether General Garrido Canabal, until recently Governor of the State of Tabasco, Mexico, and now Mexican Minister of Agriculture, ever read Sir Harry's autobiography. In any event, according to *El Nacional*, Mexico City, the General named one of his prize Cebu bulls "El Consul."

Since Jimmy Flexer was the last American Consul to be stationed in the Governor's State, we may assume that the animal is a namesake of Jimmy in his official capacity.



El Nacional, Mexico City

"EL CONSUL"

A POLITICAL BOOKSHELF

(*Continued from page* 89)

FOREIGN RELATIONS IN BRITISH LABOR POLITICS. By William P. Maddox (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1934. Pp. XVI, 253).

A discussion of how the British labor party developed its foreign policies and how the British Government adopted these policies. The author believes that the idealism of certain political leaders was a controlling factor in the development and the adoption of the policies in question. The realist may not agree with some of Mr. Maddox's conclusions, but he presents his views in a convincing manner. Heavy reading—but worth while. C. W.

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC, 1933, PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIFTH CONFERENCE OF THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS, BANFF, CANADA, August 14-26, 1933. Edited by Bruno Lasker and W. L. Holland (Chicago, University of Chicago Press; 1934, Pp. XVI, 490. $5.00).

Recommended to foreign service officers who are interested in problems of the Pacific and questions concerning the Far East. Such topics as shipping in the Pacific, Japanese expansion, the control of industry in Japan, China's agrarian problem, Philippine population and recent events in Manchuria, are considered in detail. The editors are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have compiled and arranged for publication the extensive data and material contained in the publication. The report of the fifth conference is a marked improvement over some of the earlier reports of the conferences of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It is but fair to add that these earlier reports were not prepared by the present editors. C. W.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

(*Continued from page* 87)

of "El Chicó," the beautiful house in which the Minister lived during his residence here, accompanies this note.

BATAVIA

During the last week of November and the first three days of December, 1934, Batavia was the scene of considerable naval activity. It began with the arrival on November 23 of H. M. S. "Eagle," a large British aircraft carrier, accompanied by two British destroyers, H. M. S. "Veteran" and H. M. S. "Witch." At the same time two Netherland destroyers, H. M. "van Galen" and H. M. "Witte de With," arrived from Surabaya to be present during the visits.

The culmination was reached on November 25 with the arrival of Admiral F. B. Upham, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Asiatic Fleet, in his flagship the U. S. S. "Augusta." Guns boomed in salute as the usual visits of ceremony were exchanged. Entertainments ashore, both official and unofficial, were numerous. Among them should be mentioned the dinner party given for Admiral Upham and his staff by His Excellency the Governor General of Netherland India at the Palace in Buitenzorg, which was also attended by Consul and Mrs. Sidney H. Browne.

On the morning of November 29 H. M. S. "Eagle," with the two British destroyers, sailed for Singapore and home. Among those regretting her departure were the officers of the "Augusta," who had been in frequent contact with the "Eagle" and her officers for many months in various ports of the Orient. In memory of this pleasant association the "Eagle" presented Admiral Upham and the officers of the "Augusta," upon their arrival in Batavia, with a large loving cup, and the latter reciprocated with a handsome silver cigar and cigarette box, suitably engraved.

On the morning of November 30 H. M. S. "Folkestone," a British naval sloop, arrived at Batavia for the purpose of taking the British Consul General on a six weeks' voyage through the islands of the archipelago.

The exodus came on the morning of December 3. The U. S. S. "Augusta" sailed for Bali and Makassar en route to Manila, the two Netherland destroyers for Surabaya, and H. M. S. "Folkestone" for undetermined ports in the Outer Islands.

H. B. M. Consul General was not the only consu-

(*Continued to page* 119)

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(*Continued from page* 117)

lar officer, however, to get a ride on a warship. Consul Joel C. Hudson, from Surabaya, was in Batavia during the entire visit of the U. S. S. "Augusta" and sailed with it from Batavia to Bali and Makassar. Likewise Vice Consul Macdonald of the Batavia Consulate General, who had been planning to avail himself of some local leave, gratefully accepted the kind offer of Admiral Upham to take him to Bali as a passenger on the warship.

S. H. B.

SHANGHAI

On November 8, 1934, the Chefoo Foreign Chamber of Commerce tendered Consul Leroy Webber a farewell dinner which was attended by High Commissioner, Colonel Chang Kuei-wen, and other ranking Chinese and foreign officials. Mr. G. Campbell, Chairman of the Chefoo Foreign Chamber of Commerce and a prominent British business man of Chefoo, in proposing a toast to Mr. Webber, stated:

"Mr. Webber, as you know, has been transferred to Madras in Southern India, after some eight years of service in Chefoo, as American Consul and more recently with the additional duties of Senior Consul. In his latter capacity we have all come into close contact with Mr. Webber and must have been struck by his eagerness to be of service, whether the matter be a civic problem, a commercial one or something more comprehensive affecting the welfare of the community as a whole. One might say that Mr. Webber has skillfully combined the onerous duties of Senior Consul and City Elder for we all know, full well, how he has worked in the general interests and improvements of this city."

Mr. Webber replied, recalling his eight years of happy associations in Chefoo. The *Chefoo Daily News*, in its issue of November 10, 1934, devoted considerable space to an account of the occasion.

Mount Vernon will live in Shanghai as the result of plans made by the Shanghai American School to reproduce a portion of the Mount Vernon garden on the campus of the school. The garden, featuring boxwood hedges, is to be laid out around two walnut trees which were formally planted on November 27 and dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Edwin S. Cunningham and Mrs. Wilton D. Purdy. The trees were grown from seeds of trees from the original Mount Vernon homestead. In presenting the trees to the American School of Shanghai on behalf of the Government of the United States, the Honorable Milton J. Helmick, Judge of the United States Court for China, made the following dedication:

"It is a happy circumstance that these living things of beauty from the most hallowed soil in all our homeland should be both a gift of our nation and a memorial to two women beloved by this community. Each aspect enhances the other, and in this place patriotism and sentiment and beauty will be merged in a simple but inspiring unity."

YUNNANFU

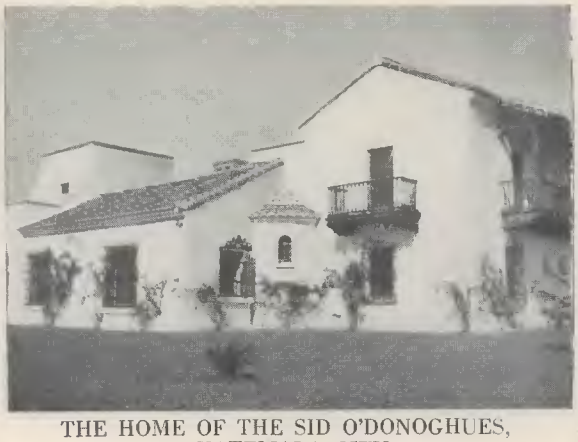
On October 8th, the Canton consular expedition, Vice Consul and Mrs. Horace H. Smith and Mrs. Reginald Bragonier, Jr., arrived at Yunnanfu, after a long overland jaunt through Kwangsi, Kweichow and Yunnan. To judge by their smiling faces the trip had not been too hard but, judging from their actions, they were glad to have baths in real tubs. Yunnanfu had the pleasure of their company for a few days and said good-bye with sincere regret. Now that the trail is broken, other consular expeditions should plan on visiting the province "south of the clouds." Baths and welcome are always on tap. C. S. R. H.

BUDAPEST

Having been on home leave, Secretary of Legation and Mrs. Robert English returned to Budapest on December 5, 1934.

American students studying medicine in Budapest arranged a Thanksgiving banquet at the Hotel Hungaria, which was attended by the American Minister, Honorable John F. Montgomery, who was the guest of honor, and a large number of Americans and Hungarians.

From our magazine of true stories. John, upon learning that his father had been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to a small, new country, rushed to his uncle, an elderly gentleman, and enthusiastically told him that he was going to—shall we say—"Aivtal"! His uncle slapped the boy on the back and said "Good! Good! I am very glad! I have always regarded 'Aivtal' as one of our better smaller colleges!"



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GLASGOW

Miss Margaret Thomlinson, having completed twenty years of service in the Glasgow Consulate, was obliged to resign because of ill health, effective September 15.

The staff of the Consulate gave a party in her honor on October 1 and presented her with a beautiful sapphire ring as a farewell gift. A bounteous tea was served in the Commercial office, which was bedecked with flowers for the occasion, and later the entire staff attended a performance of "On Approval" at the Royal Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Pasquet spent their month's leave in France, and Mr. and Mrs. Morton on a motor trip through England.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Gregg, of the United States Public Health Service, assigned to Dublin, Belfast and Glasgow, has been transferred to Ellis Island and sailed for New York late in November. During his three years' term of duty he has seen service in Warsaw, Prague, Naples, Genoa, Copenhagen, Antwerp and the British Isles. He reached New York on Thanksgiving Day, which he considered most appropriate. Dr. Walter G. Nelson is relieving Dr. Gregg.

Mr. Chester G. MacKinnon, Technical Immigration Advisor, and Mrs. MacKinnon, of Dublin, Belfast and Glasgow, sailed for the United States on leave, November 17. H. F. H.

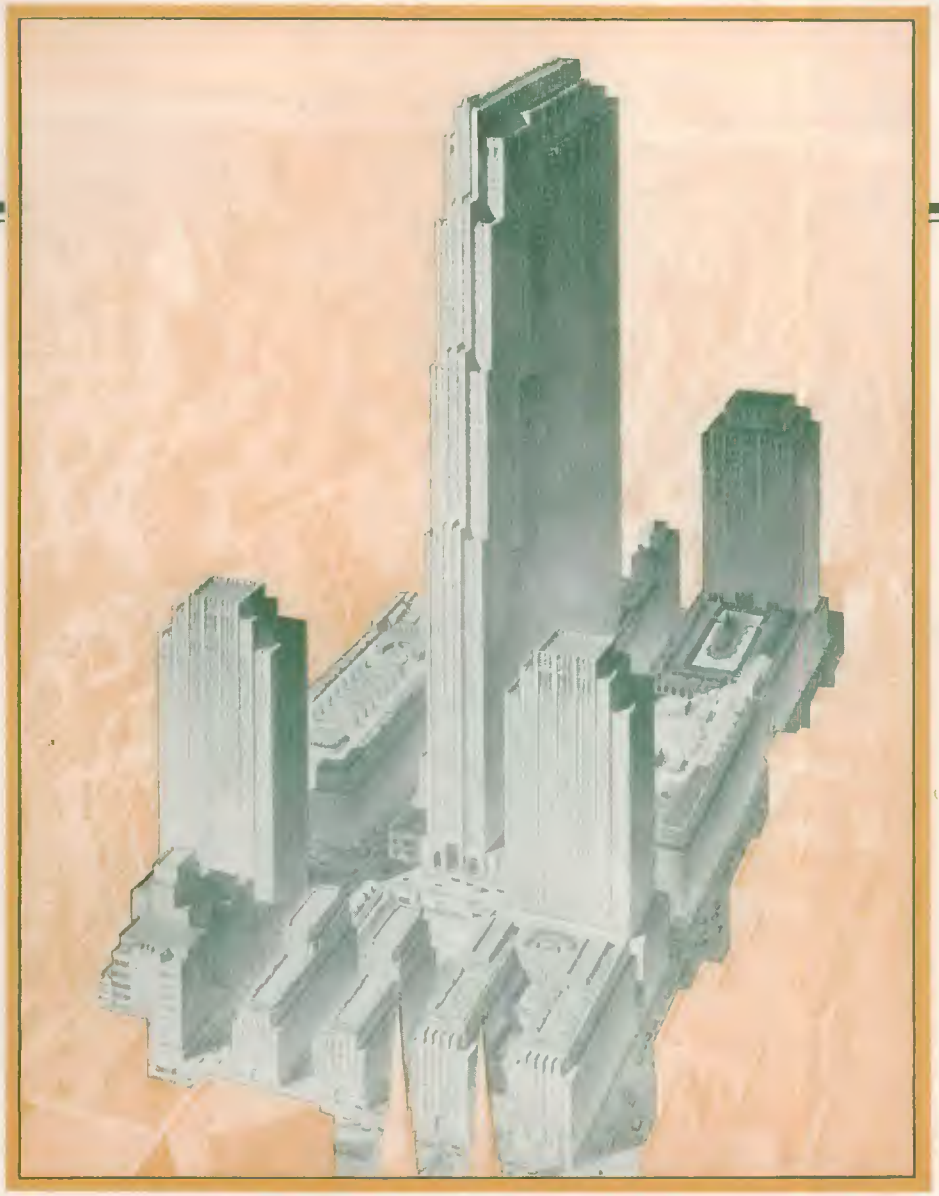
CAIRO

Judge Fish, the American Minister to Egypt, has the distinction of being the first American official to be present at the impressive Saint Catherine Day services at Saint Catherine's Monastery in the highlands of the Sinai Peninsula. These services are generally attended by few others than those residing in the Monastery owing to the remote location of the shrine and the great difficulty involved in reaching it. Access is by camel from Tor, a hard two days' journey, or from Suez by automobile over the desert, also a difficult and tiring ride.

While at the Monastery the Minister had the opportunity to inspect, under the guidance of the Archbishop, the famous library which contains many ancient manuscripts of inestimable value including a firman from Mohammed and one from Napoleon.

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF C I

David McK. Key, Foreign Service Officer assigned to the Department, has recently been appointed Assistant Chief of the Division of Current Information.



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