

The **AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL** ★ ★ ★ ★



VOL. XII

OCTOBER, 1935

No. 10

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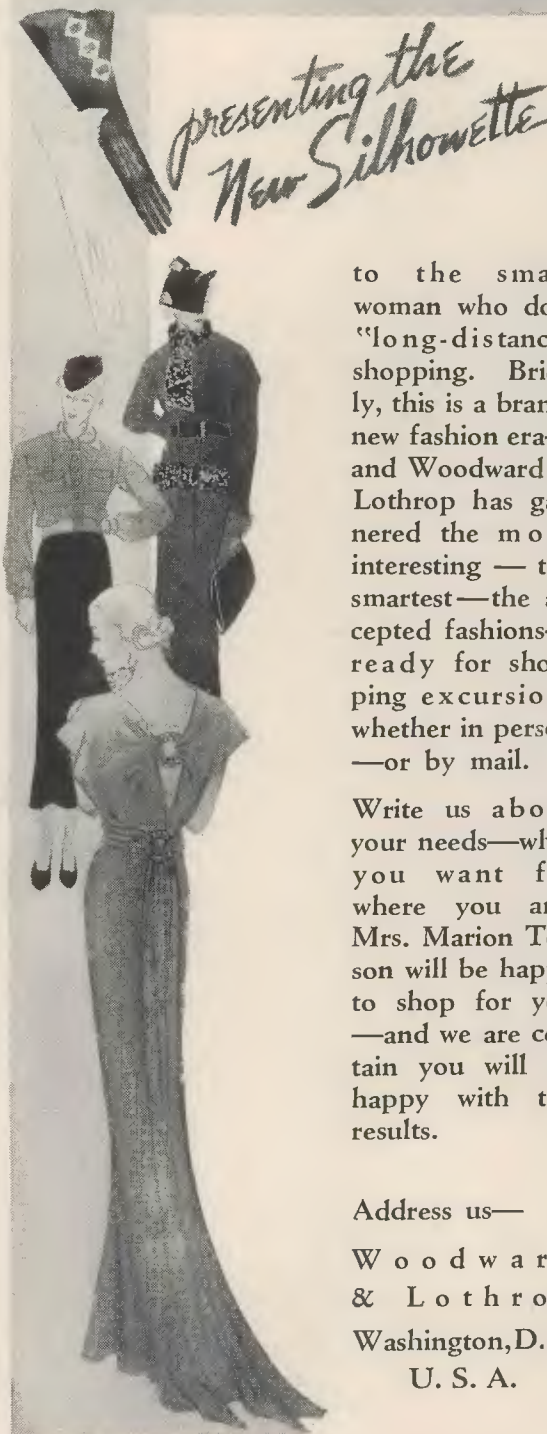
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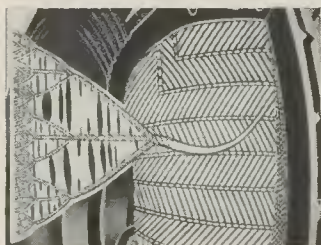
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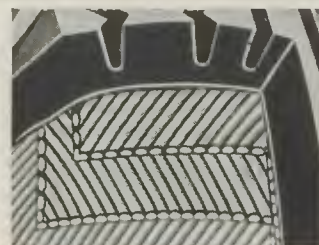
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THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

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VOL. XII, No. 10

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OCTOBER, 1935

Two Young Americans

By ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

I ALWAYS sat at the far end of the raised terrace of the Aigli Cafe in the Zappeion Gardens. Nobody came there in the afternoons, nobody except a few aristocratic, old gentlemen who drank tiny cups of Turkish coffee and many glasses of water, and smoked cigarettes incessantly. But even they came irregularly, and when they were there it was rarely that they spoke to each other, although they all seemed acquainted and coming and going, ceremoniously saluted each other. Their long silences were filled out by the ceaseless clicking of amber conversation beads, and the rhythmic and equally ceaseless chirping of the cicadas in the garden below.

I had chosen this secluded place to sit each afternoon precisely because it was so peaceful and unpeopled: also when I wearied of reading or translating, I could raise my eyes and seek whatever comfort there was in the sight of the slopes of Hymettus whose colour changed and glowed with each step of the sun's march toward the West. From where I usually sat, I could see the Acropolis; and turning in another direction, the Corinthian columns of the ruined Temple of Zeus. Beyond them, away beyond Phaleron, were the faintly blue hills of Aegina.

Each afternoon about five my friend from the American Consulate General would happen along. We would tea, and then talk of the social and political events of the day, or a Greek word or phrase that had bothered me would be simplified or cleared up by him. When it was dusk and the fashionable crowd

had already gathered to drink their *ouzos* and listen to the music, we would rise and proceeding on foot down Amalia Boulevard and University Street to Omonia Square, dine leisurely at one of our favorite restaurants there.

* * * * *

It was long past our meeting time. I was beginning to wonder if I should move on to dine alone when the old messenger from the Consulate came to my table and handed me an envelope. Thanking the man I opened it and read the handwritten note:

My dear friend:

Sorry to have kept you waiting. Something's happened and I must attend to it at once. Somebody from Police Headquarters has just come in to say that two young Americans have been discovered dead in their hotel room—one's killed, the other a suicide it seems. Since the Consul is down at Glyphada for the day I must straighten out the mess alone. Don't wait any longer for me. Go on to the Megas Alexandros and I'll try to come in there before the end of dinner.

Maybe Christo will be there and you can essay your Greek on him until I arrive!

STEPHANO.

"Two young Americans," I repeated aloud. And again: "Two young Americans," as though I could believe neither the neatly written words on the page before me nor the sound of my own voice. I felt my gaze go slowly, fearfully, over to the table by the mint and dahlia filled flower-box topping the low wall of the terrace. "It isn't possible," I said to myself. "It couldn't be they."





Only yesterday they had sat there before me. Only yesterday.

I remember, now, how I was glancing over the special edition of the "ESTIA." I had bought it to see the results of the August lottery which had been drawn that afternoon. Having satisfied myself that, as usual, none of my ten drachma tickets had had any luck, I turned idly to the latest news. But I could only catch a word here and there, and then puzzlingly guess the rest. I could see, for instance, that "GALLIA" was still talking about War Debts and Reparations and the Monetary Situation; and that Venizelos was still indulging in what I imagined was a spirited polemic with his wily opponent, the Prime Minister Tsaldaris. But beyond the winning numbers of the lottery printed clearly for any loser to see, and the bold type headlines of the latest news dispatches, I could not venture very far without consulting my pocket dictionary for the meaning of every second noun or adverb. And that day the dictionary was in the jacket of another suit.

I was engrossed, then, trying to imagine the meaning of a key-word when I heard a man's voice say: "No, he isn't. Don't be silly, dear. Can't you see he's reading a Greek newspaper?"

"That proves nothing," a woman's voice answered, "nothing."

I acted as though I had not heard, at the same time cursing them under my breath for having invaded what I had come to look upon as my own private terrace. A few minutes later I laid down my paper, ostensibly to light a cigarette. In as unconcerned a manner as possible, I took a quick glance at the intruders while I tossed away the match. Picking up the paper I heard the woman say again:

"Don't you really think he's an American? Don't you?"

Then she repeated: "No, don't be silly, dear."

She was a bright little thing wearing a gaily-colored, flowered-muslin dress, and a coquettish, small hat perched gingerly on her wind-blown, fair hair. He, in that quick glance of appraisal, seemed to be a non-descript young man, maybe twenty-eight, maybe over thirty. He had a shop-worn, frowsy, collegiate air—a few years working in an office had undoubtedly taken the athletic bloom from him. Nervous also; he jingled a bunch of small keys and counted them over like beads on a rosary, then he would pass them from one hand to the other.



"Look, honey, smell!" I heard her say. "Smell!"

"Ihmm. What is it?"

"Why, don't you know? Why, that's mint. Mother has scads of it in her garden down South, scads of it." There was a pause, then she continued brightly: "Maybe we could have mint-juleps, maybe!" An-

other pause, during which I thought: he's not very talkative the young man. "Why doesn't the waiter come," she demanded finally.

The young man tapped sharply on the table with one of his keys and soon a waiter came shuffling up to their table.

"I'm having a whiskey-soda. What are you having, dear?"

"Oh, I'd love some coffee, if only they had something besides these little cups of black mud. Let me think. . . I'll have beer, beer."

"*Ena whiskey-soda kai mia birra,*" The waiter said and started to shuffle away.

"No, wait, I'd rather have a lemonade, waiter. A lemonade for me."

I noticed that the young woman had an irritating habit of repeating certain words or ends of phrases. She's her own perpetual echo, I thought, a conversational nuisance. There was a silence for a while as they waited for their drinks and then I heard her say:

"If I live to be a hundred I don't think I could ever get to like this place. No, I don't think I could ever like it. When did you say we were. . . ."

At this moment the waiter returned with their drinks. When he was gone, she continued: "When are we moving on to all the other places—Arabia, Persia, India, and all the others. Did you make the final arrangements this afternoon when you were gone so long? When are we moving?"

There was no answer. Only the sound of keys being more nervously jingled. Then I could hear him gulp down his drink. Again she said:

"When do you think we'll move?"

"We're not moving . . . not yet," he answered finally in a low, husky voice.

"What do you mean?"

"I've decided to stay on for a while."

"Why, what do you mean, John Holken? Whatever do you mean? Only yesterday you said you were sick and tired of this place yourself. You said you just couldn't stand it one more day, what with the heat and the glare and the dust."

"Yes, yes, I know. You were so insistent yesterday. But now I've decided to stay on."



"And why, please tell? Why?"

"Don't ask me why, dear. We'll talk about it later. I don't feel like discussing it now."

"Why can't you tell me now?" I could not see her—I did not dare to move or lay down my paper—but I could sense her bristle up as she spoke; and her voice had lost any softness it had; the Southern drawl took on a cold, staccato quality. "What do you mean, John Holken, you don't feel like discussing it now? Since when have you felt you must keep secrets from me? We've been married but three weeks and you feel already you must keep secrets from me. Well. . . ."

"Please, honey, don't talk like that. Don't let's argue anymore. Let's talk about something else."

"No. I want to know right now what's on your mind. I want to know."

"Please, dear, not now. not here."

There was a silence, and I laid down my paper to light, as unconcernedly as possible, another cigarette. I could see by my quick glance that his face was flushed and that he was staring off over the garden. She was looking straight at him, hardly, coldly. And then I heard her say with a cool voice:

"Well, you can do what you want about staying on among these dusty ruins. Tomorrow I'm leaving this town."

There was no answer to this ultimatum. No answer save the quickened jingle of his keys.

"And if you don't want to speak to me I'll just go my own way. Not one more day will I stay on here. I didn't want to come here in the first place. You know I wanted to go to Paris. If only I'd listened to Frank Renton I'd be living there now. Frank Renton was. . . ."

"Enough of him," he snapped. "He's got me into enough trouble."

"Oh, so I'm trouble, am I? I'm trouble."

"Please, dear, don't. Don't let's argue."

"Well, John Holken, you just give me back my passport and I won't trouble you anymore."

There was another silence. Then I heard him say: "Listen, dear," and I could feel, almost, that he was tugging the words out of his parched throat. "listen, dear, listen. I haven't got. . . your . . . passport. They've . . . kept . . . both . . . our passports."

"Who they?"

"Who they?"

"The police," he muttered. "When I went to get the out-going visas this af-

ternoon they just held them back. A man was there from the American Consulate, and he . . . No, I can't tell you. . . . Don't ask me any more."

"Oh, John Holken! Oh, now I know. Now I see. Oh what a fool I was not to know that you could never have come by that money honestly. Now I see why you wanted to rush off and come straight here instead of going to Paris as I wanted. Now I see. Now I know. Oh, John Holken, you're a . . ."

"I'm not. I'm not. I swear to you, Betty dear, I'm not. I can prove it. The money's mine. It was my father's. Caldon, the man I worked for stole it from my father years ago. He cheated my father out of it. And when I went to work for him I made up my mind that I would get that money back again with interest, somehow, sometime. It's mine. It's mine."

She made no answer. I could feel from her tense silence that she was burning him through with hard, reproachful eyes, believing not a word.

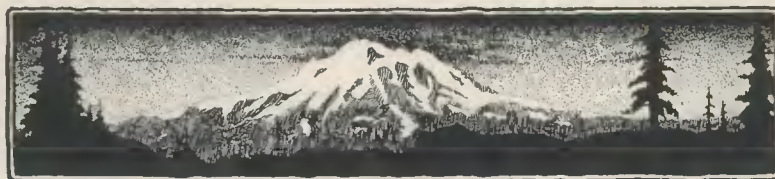
"Can't you see, darling, that anything I've done, I did all for you? I wanted you so badly. And I saw Renton hanging around you all the time. And when you told me that night that he had proposed to you and was going to carry you off to Paris, I just . . . I just burned up. All the next day at the office I thought I would go out of my senses thinking about you. I had wanted you for so long. I couldn't bear to see you slipping out of my life; I couldn't stand the thought of you turning away from me just because of money, of travel. . . . Say something, Betty. Don't look at me like that. I didn't want to snarl up things like this, dear. Honestly, I didn't. I never thought I'd get you in this jam. Don't look like that, please, honey. It will come out allright, you'll see, dear. I'll get back the passports tomorrow and we'll start right away from here. Everything will come out all right, you'll see. They can't do anything to me here. . . . We can go to Ragusa. I've heard that's a beautiful place . . . We. . . ."

Suddenly my consular friend's crisp English voice cut into the feverish monologue with a cheery: "Hello, old thing! Been waitin' long?"

I put down my paper to see the young man give my friend a horrified look of recognition, fumble

for some money which he threw on the table, rise quickly and pull the young woman away.

(Continued to page 591)



The Strange Story of the "Mary Celeste"

By AUGUSTUS E. INGRAM, Consul General, Retired

*"The sea hath many bubbles
And this is one of them."*

Shakespeare.



AMONG the many mysteries of the sea, the story of the abandonment of the American brig or brigantine "*Mary Celeste*" has for more than fifty years been an unsolved problem. Many explanations have been attempted, and the incidents as known have been used by writers, particularly Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, as the basis of fanciful and sensational tales, but no really satisfactory solution of the mystery has as yet been offered.

The archives of the American Consulate at Gibraltar contain complete details of the extraordinary story as told in the British Admiralty Court at Gibraltar when the deserted American vessel was brought into that port by the British brig "*Dei Gratia*" in the early part of December, 1873.

The "*Mary Celeste*," a two-masted brigantine of 280 tons, sailed from New York to Genoa with a cargo of 1,700 barrels of alcohol. The master of the British ship reported that on December 5, in latitude 38.20 N., longitude 17.15 W., (about 300 miles from Gibraltar), they fell in with the derelict ship. She was running under sail; her long boat was gone, and the chronometer and ship's papers were missing. It was evident she had been deserted in haste, though there was no apparent cause for her abandonment. By the log book it was judged she had been cruising without a crew for 8 or 9 days.

The vessel was searched carefully, but the mystery only deepened. There were no signs of a mutiny having taken place; indeed of the small crew of five men, Consul Sprague, of Gibraltar, reported that he had received reliable information that three of them were known to be peaceful and first class sailors. The personal effects of the Captain (Benjamin Briggs), of his wife and child, and of the seamen, were found on board in perfect order, and some among them of not inconsiderable value.

An unofficial survey of the vessel was made at Gibraltar, and the results of this, and a subsequent survey made by Commodore Shufeldt, U.S.N., who happened to be at Gibraltar, were in brief as follows:

The cargo, consisting of barrels of alcohol, was

well stowed and in good order and condition except one barrel which had been started.

The exterior of the hull below the water line did not exhibit the slightest trace of damage, nor was there any appearance that the vessel had come into collision with any other ship nor that she had struck on any ground or rock.

The interior of the ship showed most clearly that not only had the vessel not sustained any accident but that she could not have encountered any seriously heavy weather. Everything was in good condition; the seamen's chests and effects were perfectly dry; and in the Captain's quarters there lay on the table some cloth, needle, scissors and thimble—evidences of a woman's suddenly interrupted sewing. On a sewing machine a small phial of oil was found in a perpendicular position. The effects in the Captain's cabin showed that his wife and child had been with him.

What caused the sudden panic that made all on board take to the little boat, and presumably perish without leaving the slightest trace? In all the years that have passed no word has ever come to throw any light on the subject, despite persistent efforts by United States officials and the widest publicity.

Naturally various wild and weird theories were evolved, and one writer in Chamber's Journal in July, 1926, even accused the crew of the "*Dei Gratia*" of deceit or concealment of important facts. The truth, according to J. G. Lockhart, the author of "*A Great Sea Mystery*," published in London in 1927, is that the cargo of alcohol threatened to explode—one of the red oak barrels was found to have burst open—and volumes of vapor may have poured out of the hold—the fore hatch was found lying bottom side up on the deck—causing the captain to believe the ship was on fire. Accordingly he lost no time in taking to the boat, intending to lie out at a safe distance. There was no fire, but the vessel caught by the wind sprang away and left the long boat to make a tantalizing but hopeless stern chase, and finally either to sink beneath the waves or perish on the rocky shore of Santa Maria, one of the nearby islands of the Azores.

Two or three years ago a British company was working on a film of this sea mystery, and at that



time a London newspaper published a story apropos of the following entry in Lloyd's archives of their decision in this case:

Answer adjudged correct: Panic

Answer adjudged incorrect: Fairies.

(Gathereole. H. H. J.)

enlighten us further?" He arose to the occasion.

"The aged Mr. H. H. J. Gathercole at once skipped behind a screen on tiptoe and began to imitate the fairies 'mischiefing' somebody. He used two voices, one gruff and one squeaky, speaking up the chimney (gruff) for Peter Pan, and



From an old Woodcut and Model, Courtesy Heath Cranton, Ltd., London, Publishers of Laurence J. Keating's "The Great Mary Celeste Hoax."

THE MARY CELESTE

The newspaper explained the Gathercole amendment as follows:

"An aged underwriter suddenly suggested at Lloyd's board meeting over the *Mary Celeste* that the fairies has 'mischiefed' the captain and crew.

"The chairman said: 'Boys, this is an amendment we must discuss very carefully. Perhaps our old friend Gathercole', added the chairman, 'will

into the chairman's hat (squeaky) for Christopher Robin.

"The board, all rather red and embarrassed, were about to adopt his amendment when somebody drawled:

"'An American ship? Surely, therefore, American fairies?'

(Continued to page 588)

The Father of The American Foreign Service of Today

ON the occasion of the extension by the President of the term of office of Assistant Secretary of State Wilbur J. Carr, it is worth while to review the contribution made by Mr. Carr to the evolution of the Foreign Service.

For many years the Presidents and other high officials of the United States have sought to bring about improvement in the Diplomatic and Consular services of their country, looking at the problem from a non-partisan national viewpoint. Limited progress was made from time to time through the enactment of measures not necessary of recounting here.

But it was not until Mr. Carr achieved influence that a thorough-going plan was worked out. He had given much thought to the needs of the country and of the Services at least as far back as 1902 when he became Chief of the Consular Bureau. His ideas and ideals on the subject gradually crystallized into a definite plan around 1920 when he began to interest members of the Congress, and others concerned, in his plan for a unified modern service. With the particularly effective help

of the late John Jacob Rogers, member of Congress from Massachusetts, and others, the finishing touches were put on his plan and it was enacted into law in 1924 as the Rogers Act, giving the

United States for the first time a flexible, well-planned Foreign Service. Over a period of years the advisability became apparent of certain further changes in the legislation governing the Foreign Service. In cooperation with members of the Congress, including notably Senator George H. Moses, of New Hampshire, and Representative John Charles Linthicum, of Maryland, Mr. Carr aided in the drafting of the Act of February 23, 1931, virtually completing a legislative program covering the predictable Foreign Service needs of the Nation and of the officers and employees of that Service.



THE HONORABLE WILBUR J. CARR

Underwood & Underwood

Secretary of State Cordell Hull, on August 23, 1935, gave to the press, with reference to Mr. Carr, the following statement:

It is an exceedingly pleasant duty for me to announce that the President has today authorized the continuance in office of the Honorable Wilbur



J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State, for a further period of not to exceed five years. Had this action not been taken, Mr. Carr would have retired from active duty on October 31, 1935, under present retirement laws and regulations.

It goes without saying that this act of the President will be welcome news to the State Department and to the Foreign Service. The deep satisfaction which those of us professionally associated with Mr. Carr feel at knowing that he will continue to be at his desk will likewise be shared, I think, by official Washington and by those American businessmen throughout the country who have interests or ties abroad and who have learned to count upon the support of the great organization which Mr. Carr has been so instrumental in creating and guiding.

On June 1, 1932, Mr. Carr completed forty consecutive years of service in the Department of State. He was at that time the recipient of high tributes from the Secretary of State and many other officials.

On August 11, 1933, he received a gift which was unique in the history of the Department. The gift in question was a beautifully bound book containing over a thousand signatures of members of the American Foreign Service in all parts of the world, subscribing to a statement which said in part:

"Those who have served under you, inspired by the example set by you in giving the whole of your thought to the building up of an adequate service, have caught a sense of what has lain behind your endeavors and have been inspired to give themselves gladly to the tasks which have fallen to their lot. At every turn they have felt that the guiding hand was strong and the leadership sure."

* * *

Immediately upon learning of Mr. Carr's continuance in office, the Executive Committee of the American Foreign Service Association, believing

that it voiced the sentiments of the Service, addressed the following letter to Mr. Carr:

"Dear Mr. Carr:

"The members of the American Foreign Service have learned with the deepest satisfaction of the President's action in extending your term of service for five years beyond the normal age of retirement.

"They see in this action recognition of your unique contribution to the upbuilding of the Foreign Service and a tribute to those gifts and qualities which have rendered you a public servant of unusual distinction.

"In extending to you their warmest congratulations, the members of The Foreign Service do so with a sense of deep inner appreciation of the fact that they shall continue to enjoy that sympathy, interest and experience which have been of such immeasurable value in the past.

"Faithfully yours,

"Executive Committee of The American Foreign Service Association.

"The Honorable Wilbur J. Carr,
Assistant Secretary of State."

Mr. Carr replied:

"My dear Mr. Wilson:

"I am deeply appreciative of the sentiments expressed in the letter which I received from you and the other members of the Executive Committee

on the twenty-fourth of August on the occasion of the extension by the President of my term of service beyond the normal age of retirement. Next to my gratitude to the President and Secretary Hull for their mark of confidence, I value the assurance you give me that my continuance in office is welcomed by the members of the Foreign Service. In fact, your message touched me very deeply. In all the years that it has been my privilege to have a part in the direction of the

A SERVICE TOAST TO MR. CARR

—

To One, whose handclasp warm, sincere,
Has welcomed us to our career;

To One, whose smile has bid "God-speed",
(A memory, in hour of need);

To One, whose faith has ere been high,
As we who know, can testify;

To One, who with unselfish zeal,
Has made our Service, vital, real;

To One, who's loved, both near and far,
The FRIEND we honor, WILBUR CARR.

J. E. H.

(Continued to
page 590)

The Celebration of Nebi Moussa

By ROBERT G. MCGREGOR, JR., *Third Secretary, Brussels*

OF ALL the ceremonies connected with Easter in the Holy Land the Moslem procession of Nebi Moussa (Prophet Moses) is the most unusual to the occidental traveler.

Moslems, up until late in the nineteenth century, feared the usual congregation of Christian pilgrims in the Holy City at Easter time; so they cast about for some reason that would bring a similar concert of Mohammedans together in order that their Holy Shrine might not be desecrated by ardent Unbelievers. For this purpose they moved the tomb of the Prophet Moses from its unknown site on the east of the Jordan to a spot south of Jericho on the road to Jerusalem. This spot is sacred to Moslems due, first, to the Prophet's legend, that Mohammed saluted Moussa on that spot on his way to Jerusalem; second, according to a legend, a certain sheikh had a dream in that place that Moussa was buried there. The Shrine itself was considerably enlarged by Salah El Din Ayoubi in the fifteenth century, it originally having been built by the Marmaluke Birbars in the latter part of the thirteenth century wild country overlooking the Dead Sea and may only be approached on foot or horseback.

The interesting part of the rite, however, is concerned with the processions in Jerusalem which generally start three days before the Greek Orthodox Palm Sunday. In a recent year the situation was considerably complicated by the fact that the Jewish Passover feast, the Greek Orthodox celebrations, together with the Christian Easter and the Moslem procession of Nebi Moussa, all occurred during the week between April 13th and April 20th.

The procession is in charge of the family Youness El Hussein who are also the custodians of the Sacred Banners. The Klebe family has the hereditary right to carry these Banners in the Nebi Moussa procession. The various tribes and communal organizations in and around the town of Nablus first start the Nebi Moussa procession to Jerusalem, picking up on their way many pilgrims from outlying districts on the Nablus road to the north of Jerusalem. Prior to the advent of the motor car these pilgrims provisioned themselves for two weeks and walked the distance to El Kuds (the Holy City); but the more sophisticated now proceed in cars to a respectful distance from Jerusalem and from thence on foot through the outskirts of the city to the Damascus Gate where they disperse quietly while the leaders, generally the venerable

sheiks, who represent the various tribes in the procession, proceed to the Deputy District Commissioner's office where their banners are blessed and formally presented to them on behalf of the Government. Returning they collect their cohorts, by this time several thousands strong, and forming en masse they slowly wend their way into the Old City through the Damascus Gate.

Seeing one of these processions for the first time is quite an experience. Let anyone see this procession which, crowded to the walls, presents one mass of excited human beings, masculine as men are made, and the memory comes back to be reformed into a vivid impression.

The crowd is preceded by several men and young boys beating on tom-toms or a various assortment of drums. The beat of the drums is unusual but its rhythm is very effective. If received in Morse Code it would resemble somewhat two dashes, two dots and a dash, given in rapid succession. As the noise of the crowd increases the drums become a scarcely distinguishable undertone but one can always trace its presence and actually feel the movement of the mass with it. These drummers halt periodically and form into a circle which is quickly surrounded by eager-looking Arabs of all descriptions. In the middle of the ring will appear about ten or twelve young men, all of them fellabeen, who immediately commence to dance. They go from left to right around the circle, bending the right knee as the left leg is thrown over the right. They gain in speed with each revolution and dance until quite exhausted. Meanwhile the crowd has caught the rhythm and is clapping to the beat of the drums. The procession then starts again, each demonstration of this nature naturally holding up those behind it until the whole mass moves more by pressure than anything else, seemingly gliding along.

After the dancers comes a pressing crowd which seems so densely packed that there is scarcely room to breathe; yet in a moment one will see a man hoisted upon the shoulders of another and the crowd will spread, forming a long line in the middle. The man thus mounted passes down the center of the aisle repeating various phrases to the rhythm of the tom-toms and the waving of the sword. The Arabs grouped on either side of him look up with eager faces and hold extended in their right arms various canes, sticks and other articles, repeating with a shout the words which the leader has given.



All the phrases are calculated to excite the crowd into a frenzy and formerly were directed against the Christians. The modern phrases, however, are directed more toward extolling the virtues of the Moslem religion and the Prophet himself than anything else. The leader, a man practiced in oratory, will dash wildly up and down the aisle, shouting at the top of his lungs and waving his sword as if he were decapitating thousands of imaginary Christians who, as I have said, are now quite real to the onlookers.

The object of the procession is to pass to the Harem Es Shariif, commonly and fallaciously known to the European as the Mosque of Omar. While the procession is supposed to arrive in time for the midday prayer on Friday, it is generally close to evening before the last echoes of it are heard. At the Harem area the tired pilgrims spend the night without shelter of any kind. In the morning they set out for Nebi Moussa, passing through the streets of Jerusalem again in procession and going out of Saint Stephen's Gate on the Eastern Wall of the city. They disband about two or three kilometers from Jerusalem and complete the journey to the shrine, as it was begun, in automobiles.

On the Friday before Palm Sunday the Hebronites and the tribes from the southern part of Palestine mixed with the Bedouin from the desert come in procession to Jerusalem. They enter by the Jaffa Gate, commonly called the Hebron Gate, and proceed down the Street of David and the Street of the Chain to the Harem area. This procession is the most exalted and colorful. The banners are gorgeously decorated and of unusual design, some dating back to the time of the Crusades and now brought out annually for this occasion. Inasmuch as the approach to the Holy City from the southwest is

very much inclined, the procession proceeds very much more slowly and the crowd, being very warm through its natural exertions, reaches the Jaffa Gate in a considerable state of excitement. Jerusalem on that day presents a most colorful sight; the ramparts and walls of the citadel, the base of which was constructed in Roman days, are covered with heavily-veiled Moslem women in black, common Arab peasants in their brilliant costumes of many colors and the ordinary Arab of today with his red fez. On the tops of buildings people will be perched in order that they may look down on this procession which normally takes about three hours to pass a given point. The writer was stationed at a corner



THE SHEIKS RECEIVE THE HOLY BANNERS IN JERUSALEM

of the citadel at the immediate entrance to the Old City through the Jaffa Gate and was fortunate to see the crowd as it converged on going through the gate at the height of its fervor. The noise of the peddlers of ices, waters and refreshments of all kinds was completely drowned by the deafening haranguing of the masses

shouting in rhythm and waving their canes about their heads. They seemed to have one motive and yet not one of the participants could tell you what it was he was shouting for. He was led and had a capable leader. He swerved against his fellowman and careened this way and that but, ever pressing forward, he passed from my view. All were similar as they progressed. I only realized after the procession had gone and I had walked away through the crowd what tremendous enthusiasm had been invoked by the simple expedient of the human voice. At the Shrine of Nebi Moussa itself the time is passed in sleeping, feasting and in listening to the speeches of practiced orators. Games are played and the time passes pleasantly. The real reason for the whole cere-

(Continued to page 591)

Milford Sound Trek

By S. M. NEAL

THE doctor snorted: "Golf! Pah! You work as hard keeping up that record as you do in business. Don't be an ass. Go somewhere and do something that will give the outdoors a chance at you."

"Go where and do what?"

"Go to New Zealand and walk."

"Walk?"

"Yes, walk. Tramp. I've been there, I know."

"Great sport," I *sarled*.

"It is, but you don't know it yet, with a sea voyage before it to get your nerves *unsarled*."

"All right, all right. I'll take your word for it. Well, where do I go from here?"

"Now you're talking. Go to San Francisco. Take ship there for Wellington and there transfer to a coast steamer for Invercargill, New Zealand. There you take the train north to Lumsden, and that short run will be the only rail travel on the trek. I could send you to Lumsden a shorter way but I prefer this route. After you reach Milford Sound if you're not satisfied I'll pay the toll on a cable bawling me out.

"Most of New Zealand

is two big islands, you know—North Island and South Island. You're going to South Island. Better buy a book or two about the Dominion of New Zealand and read up on the country during the voyage. It's no cradle for weaklings."

A few weeks later I was asking the station agent at Invercargill about a train for Lumsden.

"Making one of the treks, sir?"

"Milford Sound. Know it?"

"Rather. Got your bookings?"

"Are the accommodations crowded?"

"Sometimes."

"I'll take a chance. I can wait over, en route, if necessary. There'll be something to see along

the way, I suppose."

"You may say so, and this is the right time for it—December, January, February and March, the best months of the summer."

"Where I come from, that's the season of snow, galoshes and frozen water pipes. Who goes on these treks, anyway?"

"Everyone, sir. People of title, commoners like myself, business and professional people, nature lovers and what you might call a amateur vagabonds—gentlemen

SUTHERLAND FALLS (1,904 FEET), MILFORD TREK, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND





New Zealand Government Photo

LOOKING DOWN THE ARTHUR RIVER. MILFORD TREK

tramps, in a manner of speaking. They're very popular, the treks are."

The Invercargill-Kingston line runs through a prosperous country of fields and small towns with no hint of the grandeur of scenery ahead of us. We reached Luinsden at noon. The train from Dunedin, 36 miles to the east, on the coast, brought trekkers also, all of us destined to a hurried luncheon and then to crowd into the two buses awaiting us, one for Doubtful Sound and the other for Milford Sound trail-hitters. There was a 52-mile motor ride ahead of both parties, most of it by the same route, then a boat ride before there would be any hiking. Lake Te Anau and Lake Manipouri are but 13 miles apart and the Doubtful Sounders would switch off to Manipouri.

Before our motor-bus reached Te Anau I began to understand why there are no really poor people in New Zealand, and wonder whether all the country was as pleasant and had such a generous climate at this. But if the climate affects other appetites as it did mine, New Zealanders must be hearty eaters. I was already looking forward to the dinner that waited us at the Government Accommodation House at the foot of Lake Te Anau. This "hostel" is a modern hotel and I complimented the manager upon the comforts he provided.

"All the government hostels have a high standard," he answered. "Of course, the huts along the treks cannot provide as amply. There's where you will demonstrate your picnicking spirit."

"Meaning?" I asked.

"Lack of privacy, for one thing. And at times

you will sleep on cots or in bunks, instead of beds. But you'll sleep," he added. "After the exercise and outdoors, how you'll sleep. Have you a guide engaged or are you carrying your own rucksack?"

"Neither rucksack nor guide."

"You can hire both at Glade House, the next hostel, at the head of the lake, but it's better to send word ahead about the guide. The custom is to engage a week in advance. One guide frequently serves a group of three or four. A pound a day, but it is worth it."

The manager wired for me, and I was to share a guide with two others. Breakfast at Te Anau hostel was early, for the little steamer, *Tawera*, started at seven, making the 38-mile run north to Glade House in five hours. Those five hours kept me lively dodging from side to side of the steamer in an effort to see the panorama that she was unfolding. You may never see one just like it. At the foot of Lake Te Anau are quiet agricultural scenes on the east, untamed mountains and forests, inhabited only by birds (New Zealand has no indigenous land mammals except the bat) on the west. It did not seem possible that such a contrast could last, but it did. Along the eastern shore orchards in bloom or fruit, and sheep stations—New Zealandese for ranches—continued to face rugged snow-capped mountains on the west, with a crystal mirror of lake between, never more than six miles across at its widest scallops, unless you count its arms and bays. Half-way up the lake would be a wonderful place to stop and explore, for here in the middle of the lake is Center Island,



© P. C. Hazledine

MILFORD HOSTEL, SHEERDOWN MOUNTAIN IN BACKGROUND



with Te Anau Downs station resting in Boat Harbour, opposite it on the east, and Middle Fiord, six or eight miles long, on the west. Three large fiords or sounds and many small bays and inlets indent the west shore. The puzzle is, with that weight of mountains on the west, what keeps the whole terrain from tipping out of plumb.

Lake Te Anau is the second largest lake in New Zealand, 680 feet above sea level, 40 miles long, one to six miles wide and 900 feet deep. I was in sympathy with the Boston globe-trotter who wanted to stop here for a bit of salmon fishing and growled "Damn the schedule" when overruled because we must reach Glade House, at the head of the lake, by noon.

Glade House, half a mile from the boat landing, is a comfortable hotel with all accommodations, including mail and telegraph communication, under efficient management. The rate per day is 18/-, or around \$4.50, depending upon the exchange.

My two guide-sharers and I, with our guide, started on the first leg of our trek as soon as luncheon was over, for I was eager by now to see how I stood the walking that my furious doctor had ordered. I had rather hoped that the six or eight miles I had tramped every day round the deck of the ship from San Francisco to Wellington had done something to toughen my walking muscles and improve my wind.

The Clinton River empties into Lake Te Anau at the lake-head. Our way lay along the west bank, through Clinton Gorge, a magnificent canyon carved by centuries, first of glacier and then water action.

"The grade?" answered the guide. "Well, you see the river is a lazy little stream here, but farther on a man might think it a bit wild."

"I see. The grade gets steeper. How about an amateur like me? Shall I be up to doing this trek?"

"Oh, I fancy so. A man hardens to it quickly if he starts right. You gentlemen just agree on a gait that suits you and take all the time you need. Of course, it's usually better to reach one of the shelters for the night, but sleeping out is perfectly safe. It is ten miles to Pompolona Huts, where the first night is usually spent, but the grade is easy, and the rest of the way the huts are nearer together." I thought it tactless for him to add, "You'll make it all right. When there are women in the party, they do."

We stopped at times to smoke, chat and get acquainted. I was glad I had laid in a good supply of chocolate and cigarettes. Our group included a minister from South Africa, a druggist from Auckland, New Zealand, the guide and me. The parson had an unspellable Dutch name, an excel-

lent English vocabulary and a slow flat Boer accent that took all the life out of words. We were such an international trio, however, that from our introduction we became South Africa, New Zealand and Yank to one another. The guide was nameless. As "Legs" he came to us and as "Legs" he departed. At every stop the parson jammed about industriously taking pictures. I had a camera, but after seeing the excellent photographs on sale I decided to go easy on the snapping.

The minister was kept busy, what with taking pictures and making notes. He was in the way of being a botany fan and plied the guide with questions about the profusion of wild flowers. There were bush clematis, mountain daisy, white lacebark, scarlet rata and many more. Ferns were everywhere, large and small. To me the tree-fern was amazing. It impressed even the amateur botanist. Often we walked on a matting of ferns. It made the going easy and I remembered that the station agent at Invercargill had spoken well of the plant life along the trail.

"How about speeding up a bit now and get a mile more done?" the guide said to me. "That will bring us to Pompolona Huts and the day's work will be over."

All miles were beginning to look alike to me, and we were off. "Just ahead—there's the smoke from the huts!" he sang out fifteen minutes later. I could have hugged that smoke. Ten miles was farther than I had walked in a day for years. However, it was South Africa who was doing the puffing, but then he carried more weight than New Zealand or I. I had plenty of energy left to get to the table. I remember canned soup, baked potatoes, baked fish, bread and butter, rice pudding and coffee—da capo.

"Legs" began, apparently as part of his job, to volunteer information about Pompolona. "The first hut here was built by one of the pioneer prospectors—"

"How early do we start tomorrow?" broke in the minister.

"Any time that suits you three," the guide answered soberly. "We can make a short day and stop at the Pass Hut, or go on to Quinton Huts. That's nine miles and some stiff walking."

The Aucklander was grinning knowingly.

"You mean climbing, don't you?" I asked, and the guide grinned too. "If we make the Pass Hut you can sleep later tomorrow and still have time for sightseeing," he remarked. "Either way suits me." New Zealand

BUSH
SCENE.
MILFORD
TREK

New Zealand Govern-
ment Photo





LAKE ADA, MILFORD TREK

was agreeable and South Africa and I agreed that we preferred our scenery in short takes.

"Anyone in a hurry can make the return trip faster, once we're over McKinnon Pass and let the scenery-hounds loiter," New Zealand suggested, slyly.

Leaving Pampolona Huts we found Clinton Gorge narrowing sharply. Instead of its half-mile at the beginning it was now not more than a quarter of a mile wide. The sheer sides of the canyon were much higher, too. They vary from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. On both sides is a dense growth, shrubs, tree-growing plants, immense trees, tangled vines, flowering plants, mosses, ferns. We could realize how impassable the route must have been for the early adventurers, and later, before the government began to keep the trek trail open, as it now does during the summer, that is, from November 15 to April 15. Beyond the forested mountains are still higher ridges, snow-capped, in bold contrast with the sub-tropical vegetation surrounding us. Most of the trees are always green

in New Zealand because of the moist, mild climate. Pastures are grazed the year round and flocks and herds require no built shelter.

"I thought I heard birds singing before dawn," said South Africa. "But maybe I dreamed it. It was still quite dark."

"Oh no," New Zealand answered. "I heard that pre-dawn concert myself. Those were bell birds. They don't sing in daytime." The guide confirmed this. "The bell bird comes out to feed at night just as most of our birds do. New Zealand birds are non-fliers as well as nocturnal," he added. "What the scientists call terrestrial."

Four miles of sauntering brought us opposite Lake Mintaro, on the other side of the river, and that passed, the grade increased. As we neared McKinnon Pass we knew we were working. I liked it too. The Pass is 1,800 feet higher than Clinton Gorge, which we had left behind. It is a crescent saddle or watershed separating the head of Clinton River, which flows southerly into Lake Te Anau, from the head of Arthur River,



flowing northerly to Milford Sound. Balloon Peak stands at the east end of the Pass and Mt. Hart at the western. At the summit of the Pass is a rough stone cairn with a granite slab, erected by the Gaelic Society of Dunedin, commemorating Quinton McKinnon, who discovered the route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound. The guide may have been treating us to some professional sugaring when he told us later that he had feared the Pass would be too strenuous for us, and that some trekkers had to make it on horseback. But if it were "sweetening" I swallowed the sugar and even entertained some hazy thoughts of Mt. Everest.

At the Pass I discovered Phillips to be a cribbage player and as I had brought along my board we spent some of our resting time at the game. This was his third Milford Sound trek. His interest was in the greenstone found there. This stone is celebrated, takes carving excellently, and is in great demand for jewelry and fancy trifles. The Maoris, the aboriginal natives, prize it above all other treasures. Phillips told me much about the country, especially North Island, where he lives, and I determined to see both the large islands thoroughly before leaving the Dominion. I hadn't really meant to send any cable message to the enthusiastic doctor, anyway.

The next day, our third on the trail, we took our time about leaving the Pass. Quinton Huts were only a short march away. For the first time we needed the blue veils the guide had insisted we should provide against the sun's glare. I had been draped in mosquito netting many times but this was my first appearance in a blue veil. Speaking of mosquitoes, there are none, and no snakes.

"There's a treat for you, too, if you'll walk a mile and a quarter," said the guide after we reached Quinton Huts. "Mr. Phillips won't care to see it again."

"Won't I? I can stand that sight as often as I have a chance."

The Parson seized his camera and we started. The treat was Sutherland Falls, the world's highest, a glistening, unbroken ribbon of water falling 1,900 feet. Donald Sutherland, "the grand old man" of Milford Sound, discovered the Falls in 1880. He had come to New Zealand from Scotland and had made his home in this remote glacier-sound region since 1876, when it was virtually unknown even to New Zealanders. A sailor and a veteran bush-fighter, he had spent his later years hereabout, hunting seal and prospecting for gold, with only a dog for companion, and here he is buried. His first home was a tent. Later he built a hut, which ultimately the

government bought and enlarged into the commodious accommodation house of today at Milford Sound.

Next day we began our descent of Arthur River Valley, with 13 miles to go to reach the Sound. The sheer granite walls seemed higher than ever and the trees taller, but plant life is far less. Things are grander and sterner. Five of the 13 miles can be made at Lake Ada in the launch kept there. Instead of walking along the shore, and when after walking six miles we reached the lake, we were so keen to reach the Sound that we yielded to the temptation. "Legs" told us this was the usual procedure. There are numerous coves and bays along the shore, and at least four boat landings indicate that the launch is in demand. We were 2,800 feet lower at Lake Ada than at the Pass. That gives you an idea of what the early part of the return trek involves. This is a country of magnificent distances, up and down.

South Africa wanted to stop and poke about under exposed roots of giant trees, and push into fern-filled gullies and moss-lined caves, in hope of routing out some of the birds from their daytime retreat. His wife, he said,

(Continued to
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By Special Permission of the Rangoon Gazette

HIS BODY PIERCED BY POINTED SILVER SKEWERS, THIS DEVOTEE PULLS A CART WITH OFFERINGS TO THE HINDU DEITY

"Fire-Walking" in Burma

By WINFIELD H. SCOTT, *Consul, Burma*

VERY few tourists or consular officers passing through or stationed in India are afforded the unusual opportunity of witnessing the astonishing ceremony of fire-walking, as now practiced by both Hindu and Mohammedan religious devotees in Burma. No doubt this may be attributed to the fact that these annual spectacles are never given publicity, and even when the date and place of the ceremony are ascertained by patient and exhaustive inquiry among Indian friends, the curious, non-indigenous outsider is confronted with many discouraging and vexing obstacles before the center of this unforgettable ceremony, requiring of each "bakta," or religious devotee, such remarkable and unbelievable mental and physical sacrifices, is finally reached.

Although no passage of the Vedas of the Hindu faith is said to demand of its followers such ex-

treme sacrifices, nevertheless a representative number of Hindu devotees always participate in the fire-walking ceremony, since to do so is supposed to gratify and please the Lord Siva, the Hindu god of destruction. Participation, therefore, appears to be purely voluntary, unrestricted as to class, and is untainted by professionalism.

Various reasons justifying the continued existence of the rite are advanced by well informed members of the Hindu community, namely, necessary compliance with vows, taken by perpetrators of unpardonable crimes, to walk on fire as a confession of guilt, by sufferers of incurable diseases as an invocation of release therefrom, and as a preventative measure against diseases which take a high toll among the indigenous community, such as small-pox, cholera and plague. During periods of illness, vows are also made by the



afflicted, as well as by mothers of sick children, to walk on fire at a forthcoming festival if spared. Once taken, these vows must be fulfilled regardless of the nature of the sacrifice, and in this sense fire-walking may be regarded as a religious dogma.

Prior to the date of the festival or for a period of some 10 days, all "baktas" who have undertaken vows must maintain themselves pure in thought and deed and spend the greater part of their time in religious devotion. In doing so, some partake daily of only one light meal, others restrict themselves to a vegetarian diet, while some devotees appear to be content with only a diet of water or milk. On the day of the ceremony, the fire-walkers, irrespective of age or sex, bathe themselves in the Temple well or nearby tank and religiously reclothe themselves in the same discarded attire. These ceremonies invariably attract a large representation of the Hindu community, nearby and remote, who assemble for the joint purpose of paying homage to their Lord Siva and to witness the fire-walking ordeal.

The stage is now set but how difficult is the method of approach, as in order to reach the fenced enclosure where the fire-walking is to be performed, one must literally, and oftentimes actually, force his way through the milling mass of humanity and all varieties of traffic during a hot, humid and enervating late afternoon of a day in April, the hottest month of the entire year in this tropical climate!

Several hours before the fire-walking ceremony commences, all the "baktas" are assembled in groups near the scene of festivities and patiently resign themselves to the most unbelievable forms of voluntary torture, which take the form of running silver skewers through both cheeks, through the nostrils, tongues and lips. In some cases these

skewers are not only run through the cheeks but also through the protruded tongue, while burnt cowdung is applied to the wounds to arrest bleeding. As if this were not sufficient, many devotees permit their bodies to be embellished with innumerable silver pins fastened into the flesh, while others support various kinds of offerings to the God Siva, carried in baskets or other receptacles held in position over their heads by means of innumerable long silver skewers inserted into the

body. Under such treatment the hardest of these devotees weaken through sheer physical exhaustion and loss of blood, and must be physically supported by friends, wives or other members of the family. Cases of complete exhaustion and fainting are treated by drenching the devotee with buckets of water, generally sufficing sufficiently to revive him until the time for the approaching ordeal by fire.

But these manifestations of stoicism and self-sacrifice pale into utter insignificance when compared with the actions of a selected few who clamor for the opportunity of drawing a heavily laden cart, bearing an image of the God Siva, by means of chains to the ends of which are fastened hooks inserted into the muscles of the back.

The fire-walking enclosure is generally a small affair and permits the admission of only a limited and select few, but countless numbers view the spectacle from all manner of advantageous nearby points, some perched on trees, some on carts, and many balancing themselves on the palings of the encircling bamboo fencing. In the center of the enclosure, a large oblong pit, about 20 feet in length, 6 feet in width, and several feet deep, has been constructed, filled with grass and wood and kept fiercely burning for several hours.

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PATIENTLY AWAITING THE FIRE ORDEAL



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PUBLIC SERVICE

In an article appearing elsewhere in this issue, the career of Assistant Secretary Carr is reviewed in connection with the action of the President extending his period of service.

It goes without saying that the American Foreign Service will derive personal gratification and benefit through having Mr. Carr continue in his present duties. However, there are broader aspects to this fortunate development worthy of emphasis.

Mr. Carr's career is an example to all government employees of the possibilities of advancement open to those willing to give unstintingly of their time, intelligence, patience, and sympathy to the public service.

No less significant is his advancement as proof that ability in a government official is recognized by all political parties and factions. In his forty-three years of duty in the Department, Mr. Carr has served twelve Presidents loyally and well. It will be recalled that one of the first official acts of the present administration was the reappointment of Mr. Carr as Assistant Secretary of State.

One of Mr. Carr's outstanding policies has been to deal honestly and frankly with the Congress and the Bureau of the Budget. He has submitted no inflated estimates of appropriation needs, anticipating reductions which would still leave all or more than was needed. There is no need to blink at the facts—at times this policy has been criticized by those not in a position to know all the circumstances. Possibly there have been rare occasions when this policy has not had the desired results. In the long run, however, it has inspired confidence with the result that the Department and the Foreign Service have on the whole had substantially what was asked, without, it is true, a lot of luxuries, but always with the essential requisites under a democratic form of Government. Thus a budgetary request endorsed by Mr. Carr is a model of sincere governmental planning and practically an assured appropriation.

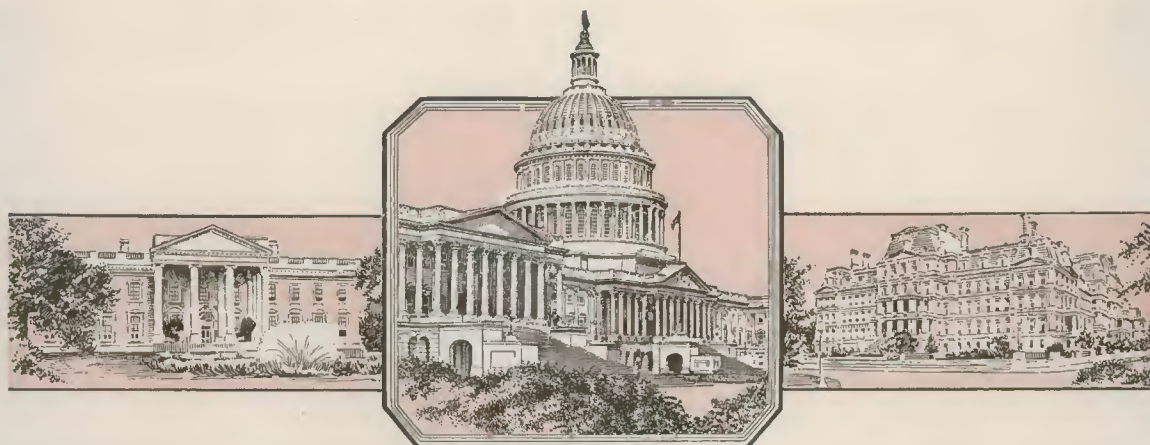
COVER PICTURE

Photograph Submitted by John L. Calnan

The Monastery of St. Naum at the southernmost end of Lake Ohrid, second largest lake in the Balkans. The late King Alexander of Yugoslavia had private rooms and a chapel in the Monastery.

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF LA

Mr. Laurence Duggan has been appointed an Assistant Chief of the Division of Latin American Affairs, effective September 1, 1935.



News from the Department

On September 10 the Secretary received a visit from twenty European college students who are visiting the United States under the auspices of the National Student Federation. These students came mostly from Great Britain, France and Belgium. Upon receiving the group, the Secretary spoke informally, in part as follows: "This is a very pleasant surprise. I am happy to have this opportunity of meeting and becoming better acquainted with you. I am glad also to join my American associates here in welcoming each of you to our country and to express the hope that your visit will be thoroughly enjoyable and profitable and in every other way entirely satisfactory to you. * * I think we must agree that statesmanship in many important parts of the world broke down in 1914. Whenever a condition of general war afflicts the world, it is irrefutable evidence that statesmanship is broken down. Even during the post-war period there is still a failure to analyze carefully and appraise accurately all of the underlying conditions and problems which political, economic, moral and social affairs present. I think that international relationships in many respects have never been at so low an ebb as at present; yet relationships between people in a community for the purpose of promoting their individual welfare and the community interests and of making themselves an effective unit of civilization are in many respects no more necessary and no more important than proper international relationships. * * * Most people, I think, fail to ascertain what really are the fundamentals of either conditions or remedies of this post-war period. If we could avoid extremes—ultra-conservatism or ultra-radicalism—be a conservative whenever that is advisable and be a radical whenever that is necessary but not being chronically extreme in either, we could then avoid extreme nationalism and extreme

internationalism also, and practice nationalism and internationalism to the extent necessary to promote both the domestic and the mutual welfare of peoples of all the nations. * * * I have absolute faith that the youth of this time, both boys and girls, will be equal to their responsibility, and that you will proceed to attack and successfully solve all important problems with the same resolution and determination that inspired preceding generations in our respective countries when great difficulties have challenged."

An announcement of unusual interest to members of the Foreign Service is that of the marriage of Mr. Hugh S. Cumming, Executive Assistant to the Secretary of State, to Mrs. Winifred West of Washington. The wedding took place on September 21 at the home of the bride's parents at 3406 R Street in Georgetown. The family and close friends of the couple, including the Secretary and Mrs. Hull, attended. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Cumming left for New York. They sailed from Baltimore on the *City of Hamburg* on September 25. They will visit London, Paris, and Geneva, and plan to return to Washington in about a month, where they will be at home at the Anchorage.

Charles E. Bohlen, who has been recently ordered to the Department, married Miss Avis Howard on August 29 at Villanova, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Bohlen are honeymooning in Bermuda.

Assistant Secretary and Mrs. Carr left the Department on September 14 to spend a few weeks at the seashore. They expect later to go to the mountains for a few weeks before returning to the Department.



Miss Bassel has returned to the Department after spending her vacation traveling in Eastern and Northern Europe. She visited Russia and the Baltic States and took a motor trip through Poland, crossed the Carpathian Mountains to Budapest and returned by way of Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin and Danzig. After a short stay at Tallinn she went to the North of Finland, around the North Cape to Bergen, Oslo and Stockholm.

The funeral of Mr. George C. Hanson was held at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the afternoon of September 12 at the First Presbyterian Church. On behalf of the Department and the Service, Mr. Julius C. Holmes met the body at New York and accompanied by Mr. Michael McDermott and Mr. C. J. Spiker attended the funeral at Bridgeport.

The following changes have occurred in Foreign Service personnel assigned to the Department: Theodore C. Achilles in WE has been assigned temporarily to Geneva and his place is being taken by James W. Riddleberger for the time being. Winfield H. Scott has been assigned to CI for a period of ten days. George R. Merrell, LA, has left the Department for his post at Peiping, China. Samuel Reber, WE, has returned to his post at Bern. Leo D. Sturgeon, who has been assigned in Mr. Sayre's office, has left the Department on leave of absence prior to proceeding to his new post at Manchester, England. Clarence J. Spiker has been temporarily assigned to FE.

The Honorable Hampson Gary has been made general counsel of the Federal Communications Commission. He had served temporarily as chairman of the Broadcasting Division of the Commission for the first six months after its organization in July of last year.

Recalled now to the Commission as its General Counsel, he will deal with the regulation of interstate and foreign communication by wire and radio. The Commission exercises control of the radio broadcasting industry throughout the United States, as well as of the telephone, telegraph and cable business of the nation.

Mr. Gary was American Minister to Egypt during the World War, and was at the front beyond Jerusalem for a while with the British General, Lord Allenby. Upon the conclusion of the Armistice, he was one of the technical delegates on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at Paris in 1919, and later President Woodrow Wilson named him Minister to Switzerland, where he served two years. Since 1921, Mr. Gary has practiced law in Washington and New York, having law offices in both cities.

Jack Simmons, Chief of the Visa Division, has taken an apartment in Stoneleigh Court and his mother, Mrs. Edwin S. Simmons, has come from New York to Washington to make her home with him.

Mrs. James R. Wilkinson visited friends in Washington in September while en route to rejoin Consul Wilkinson at his post at Leghorn after a summer in the United States.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CHANGES

Mr. Don C. Bliss, for the past year Acting Commercial Attaché at The Hague, has been temporarily transferred to Athens to take charge of that office during the absence of Commercial Attaché Karl Rankin, who is returning to the United States for leave.

Mr. Frederic D. Grab, formerly Assistant Commercial Attaché at London, sailed on September 5 for Caracas, Venezuela, to which post he has been designated as Commercial Attaché. The Department of Commerce is reopening its Caracas office which was closed in July, 1933.

Commercial Attaché Ralph H. Ackerman, who has spent several months in the States, has returned to his post at Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. Sam E. Woods, Commercial Attaché at Prague, has returned to his post after a temporary assignment to duty in Washington.

Assistant Trade Commissioner Jack B. Neathery has returned to his post at Bogota, Colombia, after spending his leave at his home in Texas.

Mr. George R. Canty, formerly Trade Commissioner at Berlin, has been transferred to Brussels.
W. P. W.

UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

Surgeon W. G. Nelson, relieved from duty at Dublin, Irish Free State, and assigned to duty at Naples, Italy, for the examination of aliens under the Immigration Laws of February 5, 1917, and the enforcement of Quarantine procedures under the Act of February 15, 1935. August 27, 1935.

Surgeon Paul D. Mossman, relieved from duty at Naples, Italy, and assigned to duty at Dublin, Irish Free State, for the examination of aliens under the Immigration Laws of February 5, 1917, and the enforcement of Quarantine procedures under the Act of February 15, 1935. August 27, 1935.



MISS LOUISE GOFORTH

ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP

The scholarship of the American Foreign Service Association for the scholastic year 1935-1936 has been awarded to Miss Louise Goforth.

Miss Goforth held the scholarship for the previous year, attending the University of Texas, where she completed her "Junior" year with high marks. She is the daughter of Consul and Mrs. Herndon W. Goforth, Matamoros.

SALARIES OF OFFICERS ON LEAVE

Under the President's order for concentration of Disbursing Offices of the Government in Washington, the Disbursing Office of the Department of State has been transferred to the Treasury Department and salary and other payments to Foreign Service officers and employees on leave are now made by that Department. Accordingly, since it necessarily requires several days to obtain payment on vouchers, the Bureau of Accounts of the Department of State should be advised at least ten days before the date to or on which payment will be desired, in order that the necessary vouchers may be prepared in time to permit payment when required.

DIVERSIFICATION OF SERVICE

Recent transfers in the Foreign Service of the United States have shown the purpose of the administration to give the members of that service as wide training and experience as possible. In order to attain this desired result there is a constant shift from consular posts to positions as secretaries of embassies and legations, and vice versa. In this way, officials here believe, they will obtain a steady improvement of personnel and fit the members of the Foreign Service better for whatever future duties may devolve on them.—*Washington Observations in the Washington Evening Star.*

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

- An exciting account of The Mutiny on the Frank N. Thayer, being a verbatim quotation of a despatch dated January 18, 1886, from James A. MacKnight, American Consul at St. Helena, was the lead story.
- J. Klahr Huddle contributed a second instalment of "The First Half-Century of the Consulate at Hamburg" Accompanying the article was a reproduction of an old engraving "The Great Hamburg Fire in 1842."
- A review of Foreign Service reports on "Discrimination Against American Shipping," by Harry C. Hawkins, then a Vice Consul and now an officer of the Department, stated that generally speaking American shipping in 1925 was free from unfair discriminatory treatment. The article outlined some of the forms discrimination might take.
- A brief illustrated article reported the purchase of the American Embassy building at Mexico City and reviewed certain legislation since 1851 and the history since 1785 of the acquisition in foreign countries of buildings for the use of American missions.
- Mrs. A. M. Warren was the writer of "Nairobi Celebrities" in the October, 1925, issue.
- The first graduation exercises of the Foreign Service School were described in an article which included the following statement by the then Undersecretary of State Joseph C. Grew:
"In regard to . . . assignments (of these first graduates) . . . I am very glad to find that in almost every case they are to portions of the world and posts in which each individual has expressed particular interest . . ."
- Augustin W. Ferrin's "The King's Saint's Day"; "Woppovitchoffski," verse, by Sergeant R. S. Clark; and an article on James Otis, "our first great champion of the individual rights of man," under the title "A Neglected Patriot"; completed a particularly good issue of the magazine, then under the Editorship of Felix Cole.



News from the Field

CIUDAD JUAREZ

Consul William P. Blocker, who has left for his new post at Santiago de Cuba, has been the most feted public official on this southwestern border for many years. During the last week prior to the departure of the Blocker family for their new home, there has been a luncheon and dinner given in honor of Consul Blocker each day.

The Consular Staff and friends of the Blocker family in the United States Immigration Service at El Paso, Texas, presented Consul and Mrs. Blocker with a very beautiful sterling silver salad bowl with silver-handled accessories, as a remembrance of their deep affection and high esteem for them. The presentation took place at the Consulate at Ciudad Juarez with the staff present, as well as members of the United States Immigration Service who motored up from the International Bridge.

Consul Blocker has been commissioned a Lieutenant Colonel on the staff of the Governor of Texas.

TORONTO

The Mail and Empire of Toronto, referring to the transfer of Consul General Emil Sauer, recently published an editorial to the following effect:

On the eve of his departure for Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Emil Sauer, for ten years past the Consul General of the United States in Toronto, is receiving numerous tokens of the high esteem in which he is held in this community.

The dinner given to him by the Consular Corps of the city at the National Club reflected the respect entertained for him by the representatives of other nations in Toronto. The pleasant function was arranged by Brigadier-General John A. Gunn. The chair was taken by Mr. F. B. Fetherstonhaugh, Consul General for Argentina, and B. K. Sandwell, editor of *Saturday Night*, in one of his characteristically happy addresses proposed a toast to the guest of the evening, after which Colonel J. B.

McLean presented Mr. Sauer with a handsome silver humidor, bearing the facsimile signatures of all the members of the Consular Corps. Representatives of the four daily newspapers contributed their individual tributes to the departing Consul General.

The Toronto Board of Trade tendered Mr. Sauer a farewell luncheon. These and other social affairs in his honor constitute a striking proof of the place which the American Consul has made for himself in this community. He brought to his work here a high sense of service and international responsibility. According to his own confession his constant aim has been to represent in his own conduct the best qualities of the great republic which he serves. Possessed of an attractive personality, which has been developed by the work which he has done for his own country abroad, his life here has made for goodwill between two peoples. His innumerable friends in Toronto and other parts of Canada feel a sincere regret at his departure and their best wishes will follow him in the promotion which he has now received at the hands of President Roosevelt.

BUDAPEST

The last two members of the Garret Ackerson household recently arrived in Budapest. Mr. Ackerson came direct four or five months ago from his former post, Copenhagen. Mrs. Ackerson, fully recovered from a siege of illness, arrived from Johns Hopkins a couple of months later and now Garret, five, and Edmund, aged two, have reached the banks of the Danube from the United States chapcroned by their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Garret G. Ackerson, Sr. Mr. Ackerson has already made many friends in Washington and in the field and not only subscribes to the *JOURNAL* but also receives the Foreign Service List so that he can keep up with the Joneses—or rather with the Johnsons! That is a formidable clan! There are ten of them in the Service and they even outnumber the Wilsons!



Mrs. Ellis, mother of Vice Consul Overton G. Ellis, was a recent visitor to Budapest. Before returning to her home, Tacoma, Washington, Mrs. Ellis expects to spend some time in Geneva.

LONDON

Congratulations to Orlando J. Worth, of the Office of the Agricultural Attaché at the American Embassy in London, who recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the service of the United States. He was first, from 1910 to 1916, at the Consulate General in London, leaving to join the Honorable Artillery Company in which he saw service in France and Belgium. After the War he was again with the Consulate General, for a brief period, followed by fifteen years' service in his present position.

Most of the JOURNAL's correspondents have apparently been vacationing. The foregoing are the only notes received.

"SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

A prominent official of the Department was awakened recently at 1 a. m. and received a telegram from one of his assistants to the effect that under such and such an Act the President had approved his "resignation." Not at all happy about this unexpected development, the official requested the telegraph company to check back. Towards dawn the operator telephoned him that the word was "designation." While waiting for the correction all the consolation he had was the cheerful comment of the telegrapher, "Well, you shouldn't worry about that. Only a really big shot is fired by the President."

NOSEGAY FOR VD

An Officer writes:

"This new quota report form is certainly THE answer to Visa officers' prayer. Where it used to take the better part of two or three days to prepare the old report with all its various schedules, an hour at the most is all that is required to turn out the new one."



MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE GENEVA CONSULATE ENGAGED IN STUDY OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS ACTIVITIES



Book Review

PRINCIPLES OF FOREIGN TRADE, by C. E. Griffin, Ph.D. (Revised Edition, MacMillan Co., New York, 1934, Pp. VII, 476. \$3.00.)

This is a welcome revision of the original 1924 edition by the Dean of the School of Business Administration of the University of Michigan. It is one of the most readable and best arranged of those few books on international trade which have appeared since the great changes of recent years.

Professor Griffin suggests that the appearance of a volume on this subject may appear incongruous at this time, when vanishing world trade is being treated with cold indifference by some governments, but he feels sure that the world cannot enjoy prosperity until a way is found to restore in the international field the principles of specialization, increased productivity, and lowered costs.

The special value of this book is in its combination of the theory and the technique of foreign trade. The author believes governmental and business policies will be most successful if they are consistent with a rational theory of trade. He starts with the elementary principles of all trade. We produce, not for the joy of working, but in order that we may consume. The often forgotten object of foreign trade is to obtain imports: the means to that end are exports. Certain leaders may admit that within the country we work grudgingly to obtain food and goods, but when trade crosses our borders they assume that we consume (or import) reluctantly in order to have the pleasure of working. The book then gives the general principles of international trade in a very concise and clear form. The arguments are not reiterated and driven home as is done by Taussig, for example, but an open-minded reader with no more than an elementary knowledge of economics can gain from these two chapters all the meat in many a heavy volume. A knowledge of the theory of money would help, or at times the reader will have to accept some statements without question. In these chapters the author points out that the value of trade cannot be measured in money or the balance between exports and imports, because there is no balance in the long run, but only in the use of the goods thereby acquired. Trade takes place whenever one coun-

try has an absolute or comparative advantage in the production of some commodity. The operation of the principle of comparative costs is clearly explained and the division of the gain between the trading countries. He makes it clear that high wages are of no benefit within a country but are of decided benefit when that country imports from a lower wage country. Those who would raise tariffs to protect "standard of living" are actually working to lower that standard. High wages only result in high standards of living if they are spent for foreign goods, which are the only goods which remain relatively cheap. Our extreme nationalists who urge us to forget foreign trade and become self-sufficient would move us backward towards the dark ages before commerce formed a basis for each successive civilization.

It is often forgotten that no country, unless it be a hermit nation, can maintain all prices higher or lower than the rest of the world. Fluctuations in exchange automatically correct this. Hence all countries at all times have certain goods they can sell comparatively cheap, and which merchants in other countries want to buy. This desire to buy is important and will interest officers whose duty it is to stimulate trade. "The importance of selling efforts has possibly been exaggerated by business men, but it is equally possible that it has been underrated by economic theorists." Consuls who handle many instructions relating to trade promotion should be cheered to read of the importance of this work to the economic well being of their country.

In applying the theory of international trade, the writer gives credit to American business leaders as well as to natural resources for this country's comparative advantage in manufactured goods. In his comments on money wages, he states that our efforts to stimulate sugar production have been of no avail. This statement might be questioned by thousands of beet sugar growers. He points out that foreign trade is generally of greatest importance to new and old countries, and that the per capita foreign trade of the United States is comparatively small because economically this country is neither new nor old. In the discussion of the factors which determine the volume of a



country's foreign trade, he stresses the large and inelastic demand for our cotton and foodstuffs. Had his revision been delayed a few months he would have had to modify this statement. He points out that foreign trade may be fostered by a lack of certain resources as well as by the abundance of others, and suggests that if some disaster should wipe out the effectiveness of our agricultural industry, labor would turn to producing products which would be exported to pay for our food imports, and this would increase foreign trade, although our national production and consumption would have to be reduced. There is the same, but no more, justification for strenuous efforts to develop foreign trade as there is for encouragement to domestic trade.

He gives the following factors as those which influence the volume of trade: (1) Competitive costs of commodities (here he underestimates the rapid increase in our exports of manufactures); (2) High productivity; (3) Diversified demands within a country; (4) Intensity of demand from abroad; (5) Cheapness and ease of transportation; and (6) Customs duties.

In a chapter on the advantages of international trade, he states that the advantages are specialization, increased volume, broader markets with more stabilized demands against seasonal and periodic fluctuations, the acquisition of outside capital and the closer relationship which results. As opposed to these he mentions as disadvantages the ill-will which frequently follows competition, the danger of becoming dependent on foreign sources in case of war, the social advantages of a diversified economy, and the risk of losing trade by tariffs.

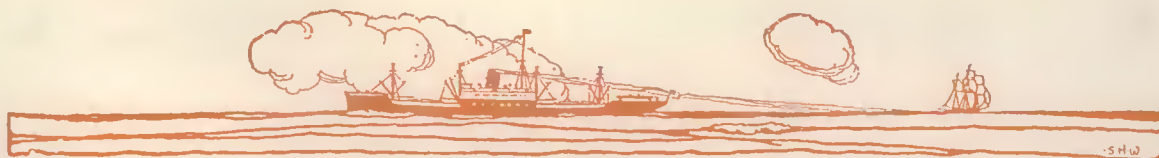
The chapter on "Foreign Exchange" is brief but contains ample discussion of exchange rates under paper money and the purchasing power parity theory, which is made clear by recent examples. In the chapter on "The Balance of Payments" he gives particular attention to the balance of the United States. In a few paragraphs he shows how we paid for the imports we needed in the early years by ship earnings, borrowing, and then by the export of gold. It was not until 1874 that we were forced to sell an exportable surplus of goods at low enough prices to pay for our imports and the interest on our past borrowings. The tables in this chapter are clear and interesting.

The author then devotes a chapter to tendencies in the foreign trade of the United States, where he assigns to this trade its due importance but is careful to point out how necessary it is to certain industries. We might adopt an extremely nationalistic policy if we were prepared to pay the cost of transferring farmers and factory workers to

new occupations, dismantle existing factories and purchase from their owners homes which would be no longer usefully located. Not only would tremendous expense be involved, but the majority of the people concerned must be willing to abandon their present occupations and modes of living. Professor Griffin carefully refrains from forecasting the trend of our commerce. This would have been interesting but lies outside the scope of the present volume.

The chapters describing the export and import business, channels of trade and transportation, would add little to the present knowledge of a foreign service officer. New ideas, however, may be obtained by a perusal of these theoretical discussions. He clearly differentiates, in his discussion of ocean steamship lines, between the advisability of ship and railway subsidies. The chapters on the business relations of shippers and carriers contain several points of interest, and the two chapters on the financing of foreign trade contain detailed discussions of the advantages of various methods of financing and the necessity for longer credits in foreign trade than in domestic. In describing the relation of foreign investments to trade, he points out the advantage of being able to lend capital to one country and to obtain an increased trade with another. It is important in the shaping of governmental policies that we realize the disadvantage of requiring that money borrowed in this country be spent here. He points out the fallacy in much current reasoning on the effects in this country of receiving interest payments on European debts. The foreign country, in making such a payment, sends not only goods but the purchasing power with which to buy those goods. Therefore, interest payments would result in the purchase by Americans of goods in excess of their normal purchases. It is true that certain domestic producers may be injured but other home industries would become more profitable. The goods which will accompany interest payments are not those of the foreigner's choice but those desired by our own people. Even though imports increase it does not mean that exports will decrease. He also points out that investing abroad, particularly in manufacturing plants, is too often criticized as enabling a foreign country to produce for itself the goods it had previously purchased in this country. The foreign country is a customer as well as a competitor. Everything which develops the producing power of the foreign country makes it more prosperous, and therefore a better market for our goods. Professor Griffin gives as illustration the British investments in this country which enabled us to become an exporter of manu-

(Continued to page 598)



Foreign Service Changes

The nominations of the following officers as Secretaries in the Diplomatic Service were confirmed by the Senate on August 19, 1935:

James B. Stewart of Santa Fe, New Mexico, American Consul General at Budapest, Hungary.

J. Klahr Huddle of Fort Recovery, Ohio, American Consul General at Warsaw, Poland.

Avra M. Warren of Ellicott City, Maryland, American Consul General at Buenos Aires, Argentina.

The following changes occurred in the Foreign Service between August 15, 1935, and September 15, 1935:

Theodore C. Achilles of Washington, D. C., Foreign Service Officer now assigned to the Department, detailed for duty in connection with the General Disarmament Conference at Geneva, Switzerland.

Robert A. Acly of Stockbridge, Mass., Third Secretary of Legation and American Vice Consul at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, assigned Vice Consul at Strasbourg, France.

Knox Alexander of Independence, Mo., American Consul at Edmonton, Canada, will retire from the Foreign Service on December 31, 1935, on account of physical disability.

John M. Allison of Lincoln, Nebr., American Vice Consul at Tokyo, Japan, assigned Vice Consul at Dairen, Manchuria.

William H. Beck of New Jersey, American Consul General at Ottawa, Canada, assigned American Consul General at Oslo, Norway.

Thomas H. Bevan of Arlington, Maryland, American Consul General at Oslo, Norway, assigned Consul General at Warsaw, Poland.

Wade Blackard of Jackson, Tenn., American Vice Consul at Alexandria, Egypt, appointed Vice Consul at Southampton, England.

William P. Blocker of Hondo, Tex., American Consul at Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, assigned Consul at Santiago, Cuba.

Pierre de L. Boal of Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, First Secretary of Legation at Ottawa, Canada, assigned American Consul General at Toronto, Canada, his nomination as Consul General having

been confirmed by the Senate on August 19, 1935.

Charles E. Bohlen of Ipswich, Massachusetts, Third Secretary of Embassy at Moscow, U. S. S. R., assigned to the Department of State.

James E. Brown of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, Third Secretary of Legation at Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, designated Third Secretary of Legation at Stockholm, Sweden.

W. Winthrop Burr of Brooklyn, N. Y., American Vice Consul at Paris, France, resigned from the Service on August 5, 1935.

Homer M. Byington of Norwalk, Conn., American Consul General at Antwerp, Belgium, assigned Consul General at Montreal, Canada.

John Willard Carrigan of San Francisco, Calif., American Vice Consul at Vigo, Spain, assigned Third Secretary of Legation and Vice Consul at Managua, Nicaragua.

Augustus S. Chase of Waterbury, Conn., American Consul at Mukden, Manchuria, assigned Consul at Canton, China.

J. Rives Childs of Lynchburg, Virginia, Second Secretary of Legation at Teheran, Iran, designated Second Secretary of Legation at Cairo, Egypt.

Harold D. Clum of Saugerties, N. Y., American Consul General at Bucharest, Rumania, assigned Consul General at Callao-Lima, Peru.

Hedley V. Cooke, Jr., of Orange, N. J., American Vice Consul at Shanghai, China, now in the United States, assigned Vice Consul at Moncton, Canada.

Charles A. Cooper of Humboldt, Nebr., Language Officer at the American Embassy, Tokyo, assigned Vice Consul at Tokyo.

Robert C. Coudray of Rhode Island, American Vice Consul at Canton, China, now in the United States, appointed Vice Consul at Hong Kong.

Sheldon L. Crosby of New York City, Counselor of Embassy at Warsaw, Poland, will retire from the Foreign Service on September 30, 1935.

John Davies, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio, Language Officer at the American Legation, Peiping, China, assigned Vice Consul at Mukden.

Augustin W. Ferrin of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., American Consul at Malaga, Spain, assigned Consul at Montevideo, Uruguay.

Wesley Frost of Berea, Ky., American Consul





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General at Montreal, Canada, assigned to American Embassy at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where he will serve as Counselor of Embassy.

Daniel Gaudin, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa., American Vice Consul at Beirut, Syria, assigned Vice Consul at Alexandria, Egypt.

Elbridge Gerry Greene of Boston, Mass., First Secretary of Legation at Ottawa, Canada, has resigned from the Foreign Service, effective December 9, 1935.

Arminius T. Haeberle of St. Louis, Mo., American Consul General at Dresden, Germany, will retire from the Foreign Service on April 30, 1936.

George C. Hanson of Bridgeport, Connecticut, American Consul General at Salonika, Greece, died on board the steamer *President Polk* on September 2, 1935, while en route to the United States.

Richard S. Heustis of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Third Secretary of Embassy at Warsaw, Poland, assigned American Vice Consul at Rotterdam, Netherlands.

Douglas Jenkins, Jr., of Charleston, South Carolina, American Vice Consul at Nanking, has been designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Nanking.

James H. Keeley, Jr., of Washington, D. C., American Consul at Montreal, Canada, assigned Consul at Salonika, Greece.

Robert D. Longyear of Cambridge, Mass., American Consul at Edinburgh, Scotland, assigned American Consul at Marseille, France.

Alexander R. Magruder of Maryland, Foreign Service Officer assigned to the Department of State, will retire from the Foreign Service October 31, 1935, because of physical disability.

The Consular Agency at Port de Paix, Haiti, has been ordered closed effective as soon as practicable, when the services of M. Florentin Maurrasse, American Consular Agent, will terminate.

Andrew J. McConnico of Vaiden, Miss., American Consul at Hull, England, will retire from the Foreign Service on August 31, 1936.

Edmund B. Montgomery of Quincy, Ill., American Consul at Habana, Cuba, assigned Consul at San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

Charles R. Nasmith of Merion, New York, American Consul at Marseille, France, assigned Consul at Edinburgh, Scotland.

Ely E. Palmer of Providence, Rhode Island, American Consul General at Jerusalem, Palestine, assigned to Ottawa, Canada, in the capacity of American Consul General and Counselor of Legation, his nomination as a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service of the United States having been confirmed on August 19, 1935.

Jefferson Patterson of Dayton, Ohio, American



Consul at Breslau, Germany, designated Second Secretary of Legation at Oslo, Norway.

Walter S. Price of Hayden, Colo., American Vice Consul at Tientsin, China, has resigned from the Service effective December 27, 1935.

Leslie E. Reed of St. Paul, Minn., American Consul General at Montevideo, Uruguay, designated First Secretary of Legation at that post in addition to his consular duties.

Halleck L. Rose of Omaha, Nebr., American Vice Consul at Rotterdam, designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Warsaw.

George P. Shaw of San Diego, Calif., American Consul at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, assigned Consul at Ciudad Juarez.

Horace H. Smith of Xenia, Ohio, American Consul at Canton, China, assigned Consul at Tsinan, China.

Harry E. Stevens of Alameda, Calif., American Consul at Tsinan, China, assigned Consul at Hankow, China.

Leo D. Sturgeon of Chicago, Illinois, Foreign Service Officer now assigned to the Department of State, assigned American Consul at Manchester, England.

Merritt Swift of Washington, D. C., First Secretary of Legation at Stockholm, Sweden, will retire from the Foreign Service on September 30, 1935.

Sheridan Talbott of Bardstown, Ky., American Consul at Santiago, Cuba, assigned Consul at Habana.

Benjamin Thaw of Pittsburgh, Pa., Counselor of Legation at Oslo, Norway, will retire from the Foreign Service on September 30, 1935.

Alfred R. Thomson of Silver Spring, Maryland, American Consul at Manchester, England, assigned American Consul General at Dresden, Germany, his nomination as Consul General having been confirmed by the Senate on August 19, 1935.

Leo Toch of Far Rockaway, N. Y., American Vice Consul at Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, assigned Vice Consul at Montreal, Canada.

Joseph I. Touchette of New Bedford, Mass., American Consul at Algiers, Algeria, assigned Consul at Montreal, Canada.

John Carter Vincent of Macon, Ga., Second Secretary of Legation at Peiping, China, assigned to the Department of State.

The nomination of George Wadsworth of Buffalo, New York, First Secretary of Legation at Bucharest, Rumania, as American Consul General was confirmed by the Senate on August 19, 1935.

Kenneth J. Yearns of Washington, D. C., American Vice Consul at Nanking, China, has been designated Third Secretary of Embassy at Nanking.

(Continued to page 577)



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OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK

Promotions

The President has approved a number of promotions in the Foreign Service effective October 1, 1935.

In announcing these promotions the Secretary of State said:

"The announcement today of renewed promotions in the Foreign Service, of the entry into the Service of persons successful in the Foreign Service examinations and so upon the eligible list for appointment, and of the resumption of examinations for entry into the Service next May, is a source of warm personal satisfaction to me.

"This marks the return of the Foreign Service to normal conditions after a long and trying period during which officers have cheerfully faced reduced salaries and increasingly heavy responsibilities.

"To those who have received well-deserved promotions I extend my hearty congratulations and to the entire Service I express my confidence that a renewed and strengthened Service will even more efficiently than before carry out the increasingly important duties which may be assigned to them."

There follows a list of those promoted:

From Class II to Class I.

Thomas D. Bowman	Jay Pierrepont Moffat
Coert du Bois	R. Henry Norweb
Arthur C. Frost	Robert M. Scotten
J. Klahr Huddle	James B. Stewart
Frank P. Lockhart	Edwin C. Wilson

From Class III to Class II.

Walter A. Adams	Herschel V. Johnson
Joseph W. Ballantine	Paul Knabenshue
Pierre de L. Boal	Frank C. Lee
Charles R. Cameron	Leland B. Morris
H. Merle Cochran	Lowell C. Pinkerton
Monnett B. Davis	Edward L. Reed
Erle R. Dickover	John Farr Simmons
Eugene H. Dooman	S. Pinkney Tuck
Prentiss Gilbert	George Wadsworth
Joseph E. Jacobs	

From Class IV to Class III.

Maynard B. Barnes	Joseph F. McGurk
William C. Burdett	Robert D. Murphy
Raymond E. Cox	Myrl S. Myers
Nathaniel P. Davis	H. Earle Russell
John G. Erhardt	Clarence J. Spiker
Carol H. Foster	Harold H. Tittmann, Jr.
Charles B. Hosmer	Avra M. Warren
Paul R. Josselyn	Orme Wilson

From Class V to Class IV.

Willard L. Beaulac	Karl deG. MacVitty
J. Webb Benton	H. Freeman Matthews
William P. Blocker	George R. Merrell, Jr.
Richard F. Boyce	Hugh Millard
Howard Bucknell, Jr.	Orsen N. Nielsen
Richard P. Butrick	Walter H. Schoellkopf
Cecil M. P. Cross	Rudolf E. Schoenfeld
Hugh S. Fullerton	Harold Shantz
Edward M. Groth	George P. Shaw
Robert W. Heingartner	Samuel Sokobin
George D. Hopper	Francis R. Stewart
James Hugh Keeley, Jr.	Harold S. Tewell
Robert B. Macatee	Howard K. Travers

From Class VI to Class V.

Hiram A. Boucher	Loy W. Henderson
Herbert S. Bursley	C. Porter Kuykendall
J. Rives Childs	James E. McKenna
Edward S. Crocker, 2d	Alfred T. Nester
Curtis T. Everett	Sydney B. Redecker
Harold D. Finley	Laurence E. Salisbury
Samuel J. Fletcher	Lester L. Schnare
Walter A. Foote	Edwin F. Stanton
Waldemar J. Gallman	Leo D. Sturgeon
Raymond H. Geist	Fletcher Warren
Stuart E. Grummon	Samuel H. Wiley
Stanley Hawks	Rollin R. Winslow

From Class VII to Class VI.

Clayson W. Aldridge	Marcel E. Malige
George Atcheson, Jr.	Austin R. Preston
Russell M. Brooks	Edwin Schoenrich
John H. Bruins	William A. Smale
Joseph F. Burt	Sheridan Talbott
C. Paul Fletcher	Frederik van den Arend
Herndon W. Goforth	John Carter Vincent
Eugene M. Hinkle	David Williamson
David McK. Key	

From Class VIII to Class VII.

Franklin B. Atwood	Frederick W. Hinke
Roy W. Baker	Julius C. Holmes
William A. Bickers	Carlton Hurst
Ellis A. Bonnett	John B. Ketcham
Robert L. Buell	Rufus H. Lane, Jr.
John M. Cabot	John H. Lord
J. Holbrook Chapman	John McArdle
Augustus S. Chasc	John H. Morgan
Cabot Coville	James E. Parks
Alexander P. Cruger	William L. Peck
Walton C. Ferris	Joseph P. Ragland
Fayette J. Flexer	William T. Turner
Knowlton V. Hicks	

(Continued to page 576)

NOT CLAIMS... But FACTS Are Making

"G-3" A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS!



BEFORE announcing this new "G-3" All-Weather, Goodyear test fleet drivers put it through the most terrific punishment ever given a tyre. They'd speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—they kept it up night and day.

And that's why it quickly scored such a sensational success. People knew it had what was claimed—more GRIP in the center of the tread where you need it for safety—and 43% longer NON-SKID mileage!

Here's why this amazing tyre keeps its grip TWICE as long as other tyres: It has a wider, thicker, tougher, flatter, safer tread—more non-skid blocks in the center—and a body of Goodyear's exclusive Supertwist Cord that's just as long-wearing as the tread.

Don't facts like these make you want this tyre? Especially when you get its extra value, extra safety, extra mileage—at no extra cost!

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PROMOTIONS

(Continued from page 574)

From Unclassified (A) to Class VIII.

Garret G. Ackerson, Jr.	Thomas A. Hickok
Stuart Allen	Charles A. Hutchinson
John M. Allison	Robert Janz
Burton Y. Berry	Robert P. Joyce
Charles E. Bohlen	Stephen E. C. Kendrick
James C. H. Bonbright	Herve J. L'Heureux
David H. Buffum	John H. Madonne
Gordon L. Burke	Thomas J. Maleady
Edmund J. Dorsz	Ralph Miller
Andrew W. Edson	Sheldon T. Mills
Dorsey G. Fisher	Harold B. Minor
Frederic C. Fornes, Jr.	Gerald A. Mokma
Willard Galbraith	James B. Pilcher
James W. Gantenbein	James W. Riddleberger
George M. Graves	Alan N. Styne
Archibald E. Gray	Edward G. Trueblood
Bernard Gufler	Edward T. Wailes
Claude H. Hall, Jr.	Walter N. Walmsley, Jr.
Monroe B. Hall	

From Unclassified (B) to Unclassified (A).

George V. Allen	Cecil B. Lyon
J. Kenly Bacon	Walter P. McConaughy
Homer M. Byington, Jr.	John J. MacDonald
Albert H. Cousins, Jr.	Leslie Gordon Mayer
Henry B. Day	Wm. D. Moreland, Jr.
Sherburne Dillingham	Robert Newbegin, 2d
Everett F. Drumright	Joseph E. Newton
Elbridge Durbrow	Calvin H. Oakes
Donald D. Edgar	John B. Ocheltree
C. Burke Elbrick	Maurice Pasquet
F. Russell Engdahl	James K. Penfield
Wm. E. Flournoy, Jr.	Charles B. Perkins
Hugh C. Fox	Arthur L. Richards
Hayward G. Hill	Frank A. Schuler, Jr.
Paul C. Hutton, Jr.	Allan C. Taylor
J. Wesley Jones	Laurence W. Taylor
Reginald S. Kazanjian	Clare H. Timberlake
Nathaniel Lancaster, Jr.	Gerald Warner
Harrison A. Lewis	Lee Worley
F. Ridgway Lineaweaver	Kenneth J. Yearns

From Unclassified (C) to Unclassified (B).

Theodore C. Achilles	E. Allan Lightner, Jr.
William C. Affeld, Jr.	Walter J. Linthicum
Daniel V. Anderson	Aubrey E. Lippincott
Walworth Barbour	Raymond P. Ludden
Jacob D. Beam	Robert M. McClintock
Reginald Bragonier, Jr.	Robert C. McCloud
Carl Breuer	Patrick Mallon
John W. Carrigan	Ernest de W. Mayer
Mulford A. Colebrook	Gregor C. Merrill
Bernard C. Connelly	Reginald P. Mitchell



Unclassified (C) to Unclassified (B)—Concluded

Charles A. Cooper	Harold E. Montamat
Merritt N. Coates	Walter W. Orebaugh
Earl T. Crain	John P. Palmer
William M. Cramp	W. Leonard Parker
John Davies, Jr.	Troy L. Perkins
Andrew E. Donovan, 2d	Norris Rediker
Walter C. Dowling	George W. Renchard
Donald C. Dunham	Paul J. Reveley
Overton G. Ellis, Jr.	Halleck L. Rose
Howard Elting, Jr.	Livingston Satterthwaite
Frederick E. Farnsworth	Wales W. Signor
Douglas Flood	Francis L. Spalding
T. Muldrup Forsyth	Francis B. Stevens
R. Allen Haden	John F. Stone
James E. Henderson	Orray Taft, Jr.
L. Randolph Higgs	Robert M. Taylor
Walter W. Hoffman	Tyler Thompson
Theodore J. Hohenthal	William du B. Thorne
Fred W. Jandrey	William C. Trimble
Douglas Jenkins, Jr.	H. Bartlett Wells
Foy D. Kohler	Milton K. Wells
Kent Leavitt	Eric C. Wendelin
Henry P. Leverich	Robert F. Woodward

FOREIGN SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

A written examination for entry into the Foreign Service will be held commencing May 4, 1936, at the following points: Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle and Washington.

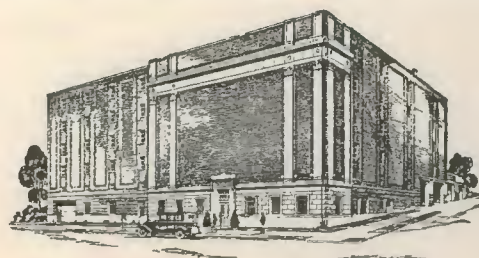
Applicants desiring to qualify for the Foreign Service must be specially designated for examination. Applications for designation are to be addressed to the Secretary of State and must be filed not later than forty days before the date set for the written examinations. No designations for the examination to be held on May 4, 5, and 6, 1936, will be made after March 24, 1936.

TRANSFERS

(Continued from page 573)

James B. Young of Philadelphia, Pa., American Consul General at Callao-Lima, Peru, assigned Consul General at Bucharest, Rumania.

The assignment of James B. Young of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, as American Consul General at Bucharest, Rumania, has been canceled. He has been assigned to Vienna, Austria, in the capacity of American Consul General and First Secretary of Legation, his nomination as a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service of the United States having been confirmed by the Senate on August 19, 1935.



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THE SEVENTH AMERICAN (FOURTH PAN AMERICAN) SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS

The Government of the United States has accepted the invitation recently extended to it by the Mexican Government to be officially represented at the Seventh American Scientific Congress which is to be held in Mexico City from September 8 to September 17, 1935.

The delegation officially appointed to represent this Government at the Congress is as follows:

Delegates:

- Cloyd Heck Marvin, Ph.D., LL. D., President, The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. (Chairman of the Delegation);
- Wallace Walter Atwood, Ph.D., President, Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts;
- J. McKeen Cattell, Ph.D., Sc.D., LL. D., Editor, *Science*, New York, New York;
- Franklin Stewart Harris, Ph.D., President, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah;
- Edward V. Huntington, Ph.D., Professor of Mechanics, Department of Mathematics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts;
- Neil M. Judd, A.B., A.M., Curator of Archeology, United States National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.;
- France V. Scholes, A.B., A.M., Division of Historical Research, The Carnegie Institution of Washington, Washington, D. C.

Secretary of the American Delegation:

William W. Schott, Second Secretary, American Embassy, Mexico City.

Information concerning the Congress was widely disseminated in scientific circles in the United States, with the result that quite a number of persons have indicated an intention of attending the sessions of the Congress either in their individual capacities or as the representatives of the universities, learned societies or scientific organizations with which they may be associated.—*Press Release of the Department*, August 26, 1935.

NEW APPOINTMENTS TO THE SERVICE

The President has approved, effective October 1, 1935, the appointment as Foreign Service Officers, Unclassified, Vice Consuls of Career, and Secretaries in the Diplomatic Service, those who, having passed the prescribed examinations for the Foreign Service, are now on the list of eligibles. Following is the list of eligibles:

- Hector C. Adam, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. Tomlin Bailey, of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.
Russell W. Benton, of Buffalo, N. Y.
R. C. Beverstock, of Stanford University, Calif.
M. Williams Blake, of Columbus, Ohio.
William F. Busser, of Philadelphia, Pa.
Richard W. Byrd, of Norfolk, Va.
David K. Caldwell, of Washington, D. C.
Glion Curtis, Jr., of Webster Groves, Mo.
Harry M. Donaldson, of West Newton, Pa.
Perry Ellis, of Riverside, Calif.
John K. Emmerson, of Canon City, Colo.
James Espy, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Andrew B. Foster, of Haverford, Pa.
Owen W. Gaines, of Atlanta, Ga.
Richard D. Gatewood, of New York City.
Albert R. Goodman, of Peekskill, N. Y.
Norris S. Haselton, of West Orange, N. J.
Beppo R. Johansen, of Clearwater, Fla.
U. Alexis Johnson, of Glendale, Calif.
Charles Todd Lee, of West Rutland, Vt.
Douglas MacArthur, 2d, of Washington, D. C.
Elbert G. Mathews, of Oakland, Calif.
Robert B. Memminger, of Charleston, S. C.
Charles S. Millet, of Richmond, N. H.
Bolard More, of Delaware, Ohio.
John Ordway, of Washington, D. C.
Marselis C. Parsons, Jr., of Rye, N. Y.
Edward E. Rice, of Milwaukee, Wis.
W. Garland Richardson, of Richmond, Va.
R. C. Robbins, Jr., of Northeast Harbor, Me.
George F. Scherer, of New York City.
Max W. Schmidt, of Bettendorf, Iowa.
John S. Service, of Berkeley, Calif.
William P. Snow, of Bangor, Me.
Carl W. Strom, of Decorah, Iowa.
E. Paul Tenney, of Seattle, Wash.
S. Roger Tyler, Jr., of Huntington, W. Va.
Louis Woodruff Wallner, Jr., of New York City.
T. Eliot Weil, of Salem, Ore.
Duncan M. White, of Augusta, Ga.
Ivan B. White, of Salem, Ore.
William E. Yuni, of Hoquiam, Wash.

These appointments are the first since March 28, 1932. The new officers will be given probationary assignments to nearby consular posts, following which they will be detailed to the Foreign Service Officers' Training School.



MARRIAGES

Perts-Perts. Married on August 22, 1935, at Riga, John Perts and Mrs. Marie Mebes Perts.

Jackson-Hinton. Consul Jesse B. Jackson, retired, was married on September 7, 1935, at the Rectory of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Fort William, Canada, by the Reverend Dr. Hugh R. Grant ("The Sky Pilot"), to Mrs. Mary Ann Hinton, former society editor of the *Daily Times Journal*, Fort William.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Jackson left for their home at 1030 Parkway Drive, Grandview, Columbus, Ohio.

Mitchell-Elder. Vice Consul Reginald P. Mitchell and Miss Jean Elder were married at Hankow, August 3, 1935.

Page-Dalley. Edward Page, Jr., and Miss Teresa Bartol Dalley were married in Riga on August 3, 1935.

Buhrman-Ranta. Consul Parker W. Buhrman and Miss Helma Ranta were married in Helsingfors, August 30, 1935.

Bohlen-Howard. Charles E. Bohlen and Miss Avis Howard were married August 29, 1935, at Villanova, Pennsylvania.

BIRTHS

A daughter, Mary Catherine, was born to Consul and Mrs. Richard Ford, Montreal, on July 2, 1935.

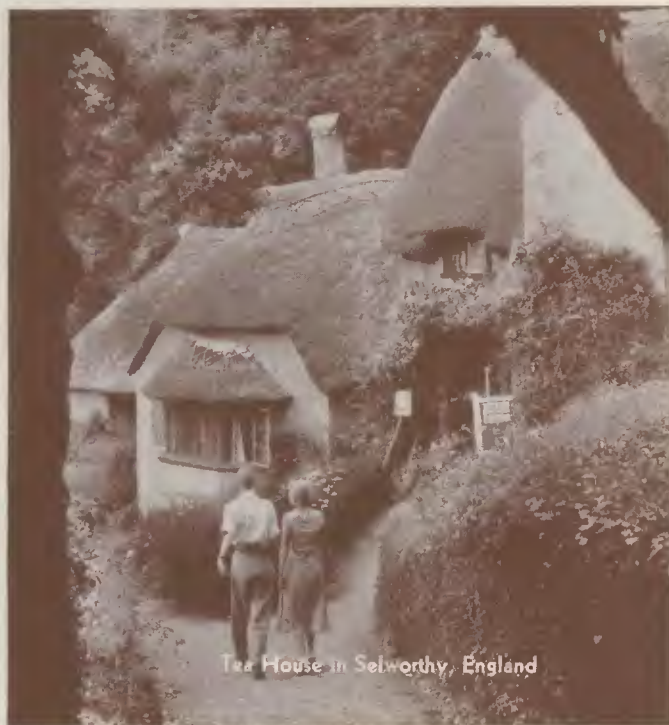
Born, a daughter, Suzanna, to Consul and Mrs. C. Warwick Perkins, Jr., at Warsaw, August 16, 1935.

Born to Consul and Mrs. Clifton Reginald Wharton, a son, Richard Gilbert, on June 16, 1935, at Boston, Massachusetts.

A daughter, Barbara, was born September 2, 1935, to Consul and Mrs. Robert Austin Acly.

COOPERATIVE HOUSING

The Chairman of the Community Planning Committee of the Department of Agriculture, an unofficial body organized to assist employees in buying homes in a planned community, has invited the employees of the Department of State to consider participating in its program. The Committee has already under way a project for the construction at Jefferson Heights, Alexandria, Virginia, of substantially built, individual homes for Federal employees, at prices from \$4,760.00 up.



The House in Selworthy, England

An Invitation to FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICERS

The Editor invites you to submit to The National Geographic Magazine articles and photographs that deal with your travels and adventures in lands overseas. Millions of readers all over the world watch the mails each month for their copy of The Magazine, so your experience as a Foreign Service officer may be an important contribution to their geographic knowledge.

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LETTERS

To the Editors:

Knowing of your interest in sailing ships I thought you would like to have the enclosed photo of the little brig *Isobel*, which we are sailing in the Eastern Bay off the shore of Johnson Island. (Eastern Shore of Maryland.)

We converted a fourteen-foot row boat into a square-rigged ship. She has lower courses, top-sails, top-gallant-sails, royals and skysails, besides the jibs, fore and main-topmast stay-sails, spanker and gaff-top-sail. The brig has complete standing and running gear and carries the Blackball on the fore-top-sail, the sign of the celebrated Blackball clippers.



Although she has seventeen sails she is being handled by three hands, since one halliard serves all yards on each mast and the braces are spliced in groups for easy trimming.

She outsails our regular sail boats with fair wind, although, like all clippers, will hold about six points to the wind. She was dismasted on her maiden trip across Cox Creek as in a heavy squall her main mast went over the side. However, she was re-rigged the same afternoon and has been sailing every Saturday and Sunday since.

Teddy, our youngest son, six years old, handles the jib sheets and the fore-sail tack, while his brother, Buddy, attends to the fore-sheet main tack and the main braces. I am usually at the helm handling the main sheets, spanker, and fore-braces.

Going about in such a small vessel is quite an interesting manoeuvre as the crew has to be on the alert to pull the right rope at the right time.

CARL M. J. VON ZIELINSKI.



MILFORD TREK

(Continued from page 559)

was a great student of bird life and had commissioned him to give New Zealand avian peculiarities the once over. My hope was to see a kiwi. From his pictures the kiwi has the build of a ham on edge, his legs under the bulge, no tail, no wings, and a rapier-like bill with the nostrils near its tip. He stands 24 to 28 inches high. His feathers are long hairs, and you will be told that he finds bugs and worms by listening for them.

Two miles beyond Lake Ada, 33 miles from Glade House, was Milford Sound. Try to imagine water so blue that it is black, ringed round by massive, lofty, smooth granite walls that give no feeling of oppression, but only of stupendousness, with the sound of waterfalls seeping through the silence. Even with the help of pictures it is impossible. We looked and listened and forgot time—until someone mentioned eating. Grandeur cannot contend with a hiking appetite, and we followed "Legs" to the government house. The hostel stands where Sutherland pitched his tent in 1876, and it provides for the wants and needs of its guests most satisfactorily. I struck up quite a friendship with the manager, later on.

The next day came the first of several launch trips down the Sound, a distance of ten miles. Bowen Falls are the first of a number of extremely high waterfalls along the shore. Fed by a glacier, Bowen Falls leap in a silver streak to a ledge 70 feet below the top, and from the ledge the water bounds in a mad curve of 470 feet to plunge roaring into the Sound. Farther along on the same side, the east, is Stirling Falls, not so spectacular, dropping 500 feet straight to the Sound below. There are numerous other falls and many streams emptying into the Sound.

Right at the entrance of the Sound, where Tasman Sea washes the western shore of South Island, stands Mitre Peak, 5,560 feet high.

Once a student who sprained his ankle was obliged to stay at Milford Sound government house for some weeks before he was able to make the return climb over McKinnon Pass. After seeing the Sound, I wondered if the chap didn't think his accident a lucky one, and when Phillips and the Parson announced themselves ready for the return trip, I stayed behind, awaiting the guide's next trip. Phillips carried a message for me to be cabled to my doctor from Glade House, at my expense. Just two words: "You win."



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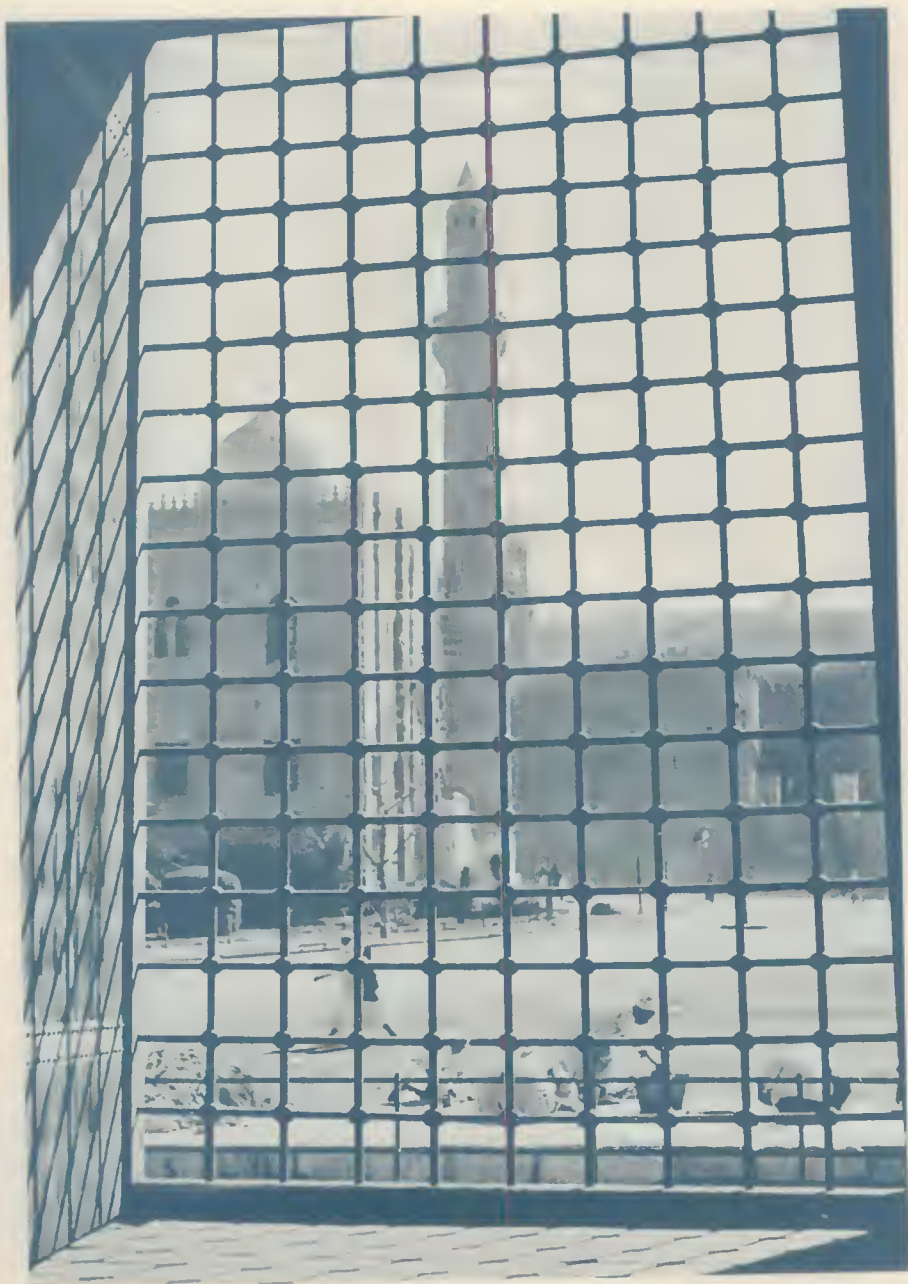


THE AVIATION FIELD, MANAGUA, THE LEGATION PROPERTY AT THE LEFT. United States Army Air Corps photo.

THE LAGOON OF TISCAPA, MANAGUA.

United States Army Air Corps photo.





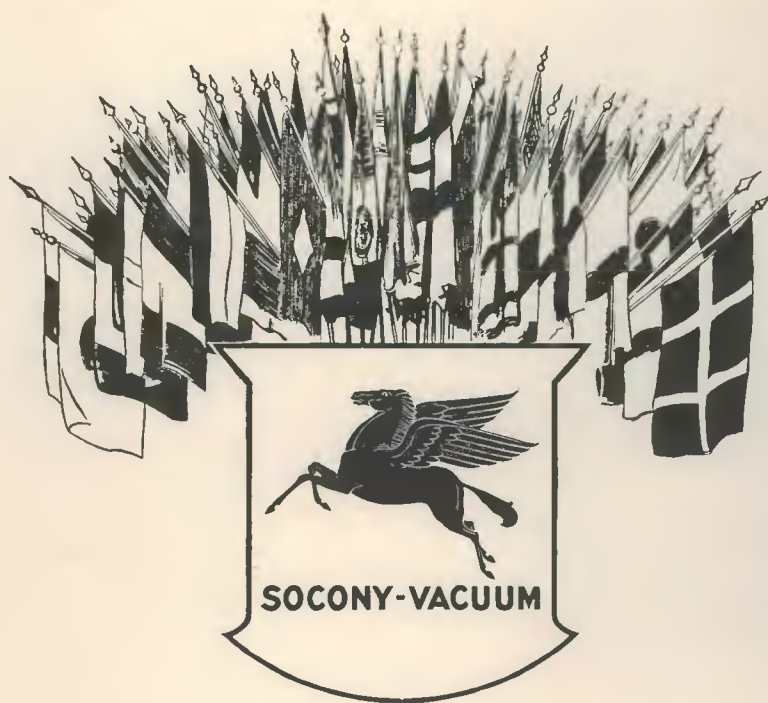
MAHMUD PASHA MOSQUE,
SALADIN SQUARE AND THE
TOWERS FLANKING THE
BAB-EL-AZAB, THE FORMER
ENTRANCE TO THE CITA-
DEL, CAIRO. PHOTO TAKEN
THROUGH A WINDOW OF
THE SULTAN HASAN
MOSQUE.

Submitted by Gordon P. Merriam.

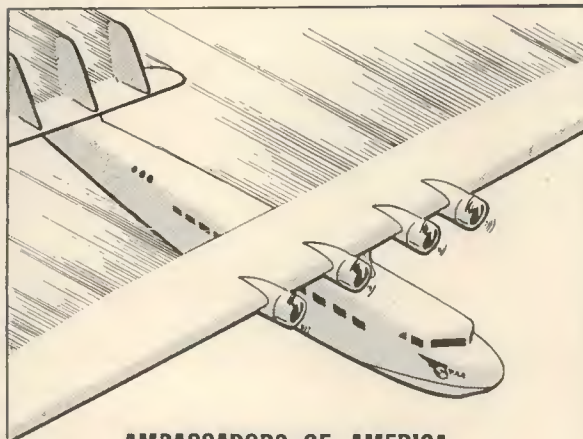


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SERVICE VISITORS

The following visitors called at the Department during the past month, their names having been taken from the Register in Room 115:

DATE OF REGISTRATION
August

John J. McGuiness, Port Limon, on leave in Brooklyn	15
Herdon W. Goforth, Matamoros, en route to post	15
Walter T. Costello, Moscow, on leave	16
Hedley V. Cooke, Jr., Moncton, en route to post	17
Charles C. Gidney, Jr., Guadalajara, on leave in Texas	20
Edgar L. McGinnis, Jr., La Ceiba, on leave in Washington	20
Findley B. Howard, Asuncion, on leave in Washington	21
Clarence J. Spiker, Canton, temporarily assigned to Department	21
Charles A. Converse, London, on leave	21
Samuel Reber, Geneva, sailing August 31	21
Ray Fox, Retired, Germantown, Maryland	21
James W. Riddleberger, Geneva, temporarily assigned to Department	23
Winfield H. Scott, Rangoon, temporarily assigned to Department	24
Mary C. Boudinot, Riga, sailing August 28	26
Ilo C. Funk, Hull, sailing September 3	26
Jack D. Neal, Mexico, en route to post	27
Clarence E. Macy, Tampico, en route to post	29
Albert W. Scott, Belfast, on leave	30
J. Forrest Ingle, Prague, on leave in Indiana	31

September

Helen K. Lawton, Lima, on leave	3
John B. Faust, Santiago, sailing September 6	3
Nathalie Boyd, Mexico, returning to post	4
Harry H. Pierson, Bogota, on leave	4
W. H. Beach, Antwerp, on leave in Pocomoke, Md.	4
L. J. Daymont, Paris, on leave	5
Cyril W. Thiel, Helsingfors, on leave in Chicago	5
Robert Harnden, Barranquilla, on leave in Washington	6
Walter Sholes, Brussels	6
William N. Carroll, Birmingham, sailing September 13	9
Charles J. Wilson, Lyon, on leave in Madison, Wisconsin	9
Andrew E. Donovan II, Mexico, on leave in Cambridge, Mass.	9
W. P. Blocker, Santiago de Cuba, en route to post	10
Aagit B. Samuelson, Oslo, on leave in Brooklyn	10
Pierre de L. Boal, Ottawa, on leave	10
Wesley Frost, Rio de Janeiro, sailing September 14	12
James S. Moose, Jr., Baghdad, sailing September 20	12
William B. Murray, Matanzas, returning to post	13
H. L. Milbourne, Quebec, en route to post	13

OLIVER BISHOP HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP

The Advisory Committee of the Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship announces that the scholarship for the scholastic year 1935-36 has been awarded to Messrs. John S. Calvert, Jr., and Robert Gordon Donald.



IN MEMORIAM

JOHN N. WILLYS

The JOURNAL regrets to report that John N. Willys, Ambassador to Poland from 1930 to 1932, died in New York City, August 26, 1935.

GEORGE C. HANSON

The JOURNAL regrets to announce the receipt of a report of the death at sea on September 2 of Mr. George C. Hanson, assigned as Consul General at Salonika, where he had arrived July 22.

Shortly after his arrival at Salonika, Mr. Hanson suffered a nervous collapse. His condition was such that he was returning to the United States for treatment not available to him at Salonika.

CHARLES J. VOPICKA

The JOURNAL regrets to report the death at Chicago on August 4 of Charles J. Vopicka, American Minister stationed in the Balkans during the World War years.

HERMAN BERNSTEIN

Sincere sympathy is extended to the family of Herman Bernstein, who died at Sheffield, Massachusetts, on August 31. Mr. Bernstein was American Minister to Albania from 1930 to 1933 and was also well known as a journalist, author, poet, and champion of the Jewish faith and race.

JAMES D. CHILD

With deep regret the JOURNAL reports the death of Vice Consul James D. Child at Strasbourg on September 16, 1935.

JAMES L. MACEachRAN

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. C. E. MacEachran, whose father, James L. MacEachran, died August 26, 1935, at the age of seventy-five, in Winchester, Massachusetts.

RALPH F. CHESBROUGH

The JOURNAL regrets to learn of the death at Cairo, Egypt, on August 12, 1935, of Ralph F. Chesbrough, formerly of the Student Interpreter Corps in Turkey. He retired from the Service in 1921, while serving as Consul at Istanbul, having subsequently been active, in association at different times with the Department of Commerce and with American manufacturers, in promoting the sale of American automobiles in the Near East.

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GETTING UP

"I forget who it was," writes Somerset Maugham, "that recommended men for their souls' good to do each day two things they disliked: it was a wise man, and it is a precept that I have followed scrupulously; for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed." Although going to bed requires decision and is therefore unnatural, it is not a heroic act like getting up. The day includes twenty-four hours with noon tossed in as a half-way mark between mere sloth and absolute abandon, but none of the hours is late enough to make getting up easy. Although thousands—perhaps millions—of people get up promptly every morning without complaint, they are simply creatures of habit or necessity. "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning," the old army ballad says. "It's nice to get up in the morning," Harry Lauder used to sing, "but it's nicer to lie in bed." It certainly is. Getting up cannot compare with lying in bed.

It is observable that small children, who have had very little experience with life, can get up early, yawn once or twice and then plunge cheerfully into the before-breakfast room. Long before their parents have made the immortal decision of the day the children are screaming around the house. Dogs, also, get up quickly, appear to be fully awake and have no regrets, possibly because they know very well that they will nap on the porch or under the currant bush frequently all day. But grown folk with mature minds who know that getting up is only a prelude to going to work are frequently attacked by dizzy spells when they first open their eyes. The day looks positively dangerous. "I eat well and I sleep well," the old salt told his captain, "but when I come to a spot of work I come all over a-shiver."

There is one illogical aspect about this morbid subject. After a man is up, washed, dressed and breakfasted the morning looks glorious, for morning is by all odds the best part of the day, excepting the afternoon and evening. In the morning the world looks refreshed; it has not been soiled by careless handling. To be up and about before sunrise is to be exhilarated by the chief event in the grand pageant of the day, for the sun comes up, blazing and brisk, as though it meant business; and to see the sunrise is to have complete confidence in the day. The day always starts right. If men could only let it alone it

would march straight down the hours without making a single false step, for the sun is incapable of error.

What keeps thousands of people from realizing it is the daily crisis of getting up. It shatters a man at the time of day when he is least able to summon his strongest resistance. Of course, the degree of pain varies with the individual. With some people it is only an unhappy little squirming and stretching before they spring out of bed. With others the torment is so excessive that they wear themselves out trying to overcome it. After a man has, over a period of two hours, made several sincere and courageous attempts to get up and failed, the better part of prudence would be to remain in bed. He is in no fit condition to meet the rigors of the day. If that sort of thing happens for several days in succession, getting up is suicidal. By the time he is 80 or 90 years old a man in that critical condition is played out.—*New York Times Editorial.*

MARY CELESTE

(Continued from page 549)

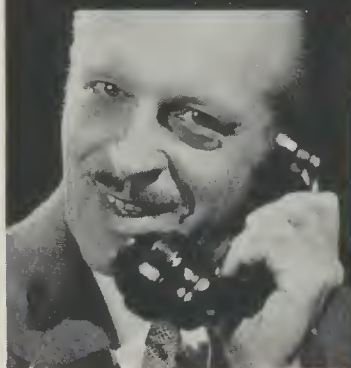
"Amid a deadly hush the original motion was then put and carried unanimously."

The *Mary Celeste* was always considered an unlucky ship. She was launched in 1869. Bad fortune attended her very start in the world, for being built of green timber she stuck on the ways and was floated only at great expense. Her voyages were unprofitable, and after a few years her captain, discouraged by continual loss, took his life. The ill-fated Captain Benjamin Briggs, of Marion, Mass., who was well known and respected in the United States and at Gibraltar, later became part owner of the vessel. The final adventure of the *Mary Celeste* was quite in keeping with her ill-starred early promise. In 1884 she left Boston for Port au Prince, Haiti, with a general cargo insured for \$30,000; she ran on the rocks near Miragoane, Haiti, and was a total loss. Her officers were arrested for intentional destruction. A charge of barratry was dropped, but the suspicion still lingers that the owners and captain had an understanding that the vessel should never reach port. One account of this affair charged the American Consul (Consular Agent) at Miragoane with complicity and said that he fled to avoid prosecution, but a careful search of the records fails to show the slightest ground for such a charge—indeed that Consular Agent continued to hold office at that post until his death many years later.



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FATHER OF FOREIGN SERVICE

(Continued from page 551)

organization to which you belong, it has been my aim to keep before me at all times a vision of a Foreign Service organization entirely worthy of the growing importance and influence of this country. Progress toward that ideal has frequently made it necessary to take steps that may have appeared at the time harsh and unfair. No one was more clearly aware of that fact than I and no one could have regretted the necessity for those occasions more than I. But in endeavoring to keep the Foreign Service somewhere nearly abreast of the steadily growing international responsibilities of our country drastic readjustments are from time to time necessary if progress shall be made. If, through all these trying experiences, I have been able to retain your confidence, as I know I have retained your loyalty, my cup is indeed full.

"As I look forward there seems to me clearly a need on the part of the members of the Foreign Service of firmer and more comprehensive grasp of the problems which affect the United States, a better appreciation of the interests and points of view of the people of other countries and better coordinated efforts on the part of the entire representation of this Government abroad in order that its agents in all parts of the world may attain an adequate degree of teamwork and a maximum of usefulness. If the additional time allotted me should enable me to make some contribution to the attainment of these ends, I shall feel that I have enjoyed a privilege for which I shall always be grateful.

"Finally, I desire to express to you and through you to the members of the Foreign Service my sincere thanks for the support which you have all given me so unstintingly and for your friendship which I greatly cherish.

"Faithfully yours,

WILBUR J. CARR.

"Thomas M. Wilson, Esquire,

Chairman, Executive Committee of the
American Foreign Service Association."

PHOTOGRAPHS REQUESTED

The JOURNAL is endeavoring to acquire an extensive file of photographs. It has been suggested that if officers in the field will have printed an extra copy of each of their best photographs for the JOURNAL its file will soon be comprehensive. Some of the photographs received can be used immediately; others will be reproduced as the need arises.



TWO YOUNG AMERICANS

(Continued from page 547)

As they rushed off I heard him say in a hoarse whisper: "Oh, God, he's understood everything we've said!"

My friend, however, was apparently too absorbed in his greeting to have overheard the remark or to have noticed anything but their backs as they fled.

"What are these two idiots rushing off for, a train?" he asked airily.

"No, I think you've frightened them away," I said with a wry smile. "When you shouted your greeting to me in English—which language you insist on using—they imagined, I suppose, that I, too, must be English. And the young man must have been horror struck to think that I had surely heard everything they had talked about all afternoon."

"Was it really as important as all that?" he asked with consular nonchalance.

"A misunderstanding between young lovers, if you think that's important."

"Pooh! Let's order tea. Life is too, too complicated as 'tis to get warmed up over other people's misunderstandings *Garçon, ena tchy may gala, poli dhinato, s'parakalo.*"

* * * * *

Only yesterday they had sat there vibrantly arguing before rushing off. I glanced down at the neatly written note before me and read it again. "Two young Americans," I repeated aloud. "Two young Americans." And as I looked up and towards Mount Hymettus, as though seeking some confirmation of my fears, the setting sun was bathing it in its nightly effulgent garment. The poet was wrong, I thought, it is not "violet-crowned." It is purple, purple as blood.

NEBI MOUSSA

(Continued from page 553)

mony is, as I have said, to counterbalance the great congregation of Christians that used to assemble in the early years for the Easter festival; but with the gradual education of the Arab the significance of the occasion is lost and it will probably be not many years to come before it will pass as a significant historical incident. For this reason the procession through Jerusalem early acquired historical significance and today forms the only colorful part of the ceremony.

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A Consular Wife--Old Regime

BY MRS. MARTHA L. BRITAIN

IT is more years than I like to think of, since at the call of President McKinley, we went to the ancient city of Nantes in France, where my husband had been appointed Consul. It was in the old days of political appointments and we did not expect to stay, at most, more than eight years. We had been married three years, and my husband's position came because he was a personal friend of the President, had been the youngest member of the Ohio legislature for two years, had edited a newspaper in his home town which had had a widespread influence in surrounding districts, and himself had always represented the better class of his constituents.

Because we expected an office of some sort, if the Republican party came in, we furnished our home very simply, and when the call came sold nearly everything we possessed, and fared forth into a strange land, hands empty, hearts whole and fancy free. In my husband's mind was the feeling that he had been greatly honored by being given an opportunity to serve his country abroad. Being of Covenanter descent, and thoroughly grounded in the Westminster Catechism, his only thought was of his work, and the methods by which he might best perform it. In my mind were visions of dream cities, of old castles, of Paris and its beauty, of the romance of Nantes where Henry the Fourth signed the Edict, of seeing for myself the places where history had left her wondrous footprints. To be sure I meant to do my share of the duties which fall to the lot of a Consul and his wife, but I knew very little of domestic conditions abroad, or of the difficulties I would have to confront.

It had seemed to me in reading French literature, in which France expresses her own opinion of herself, that everything there must be better than at home, expenses less and life altogether more comfortable. France had always been to me one of the great lighthouses on the road to civilization, and I idealized her. Later when I found that each nation has given its share to the sum total of advancement, I learned to love them all.

After a rolling voyage across the Atlantic, we landed in Southampton, and took a small channel boat for St. Malo, landing there on a bright sunny morning in December. A group of small excited Frenchmen surrounded us immediately,

accompanied by a pile of our boxes, and carrying innumerable papers, which they waved at us perseveringly until we finally understood that they were to be signed by my husband, after which we might leave our belongings in the hands of a Providence represented by the French Railways, and peacefully pursue our way. The puzzle of how we reached Nantes neither of us were able to solve. No one along the way could speak a word of English, and when we finally reached our destination we felt that we had arrived at the end of all things. In the city which was to be our home for the next five years the ultimate knowledge of the English language was constituted of three phrases, "Yes, I spik inglis," "Goooooood morning," and "Goooooood night."

The Hotel Bretagne had been recommended to us, and thither we went after—by dint of repeating the name over and over—a delighted smile of understanding dawned upon the countenance of our cabman. At the hotel we were deposited in a room eighteen feet high, correspondingly large, and warmed by a tiny grate in which reposed a lonely nugget of coal the size of a child's ball. As the result of temperature, goose pimples and chilblains shortly appeared, and stayed faithfully by us for five years.

The following day we visited the Consulate. The Consul had had no notice of his displacement, and to my husband fell the disagreeable duty of telling him about it. The retiring officer and his beautiful wife took the news calmly and later we bought all their household furniture. The Vice Consul, who was an intimate friend of theirs, told us after we came to know him well, that owing to the small salary they were receiving, they would have been unable to pay for their journey home without the money we paid them for their things. They invited us to spend Christmas Day with them, and ten days later sailed for the United States.

We were left the tenants of a twelve-room house in a suburban part of the city. Only two of the rooms were more than very barely furnished, and our insufficient salary did not permit of our buying any pieces of the better class of French furniture. We were the rather rueful recipients of a sum of one thousand dollars a year, a few notarial fees, and permission to go into business; all this in a country where at that time all



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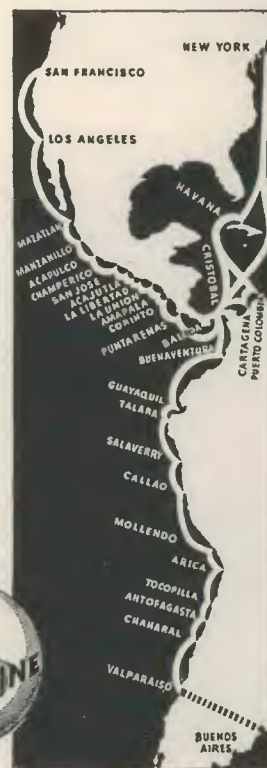
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the necessities of life cost more than in our own land. The permission to go into business was then not practical for us for we had no knowledge of the requirements of the community in which we lived, and before we gained that knowledge the Department raised our salary to fifteen hundred and removed the permission.

In spite of a respectable outward appearance, the Consulate with its twelve rooms did not possess a single closet, cupboard or shelf of any sort. Our cellar had an earthen floor which, in summer was a pile of dust and during the rainy winters a mud hole. We had no bathroom and only one water faucet, that in the kitchen. We could use the city water for cooking, and toilet purposes but only after boiling. The Loire, from which it came, was then a typhoid laden stream, and looked as clear and transparent as though it had been distilled. The Government recognizing that it would not be well to kill its emissaries supplied us with an American distilling machine, which we used constantly for drinking purposes. For our bathroom we installed a small tin tub in one of our empty rooms which the maid had to fill with large pitchers of hot and cold water carried up from the kitchen. Our kitchen stove was a decrepit soldier which had to be seated on a brick shelf and supported in front by two disabled legs. There was only one fire bowl resting without any protection against its red hot surface in the midst of a sheet iron box dignified by the name of oven. In it nothing could be baked as I discovered to my sorrow, when once after a period of homesick longing I tried to bake a pumpkin pie. It emerged from our so-called oven burnt to a crisp around its edges and entirely uncooked below. Yet with such an instrument alone our maid managed to serve us every evening a four-course dinner, and a delicious one at that. We had no gas, no electricity, and worst of all no sewers. For a time we were obliged to use candles, but one day we acquired a Rochester lamp and felt thereafter as if we had met Aladdin and he had bestowed upon us a hit of Heaven. We took two rooms of our twelve—one for each of us—fastened racks to the walls, cross pieces in the corners, hung up dark curtains, and used them for our clothes and trunks. Another room we furnished in a style compatible with our means, and dedicated it to our guests of whom there were more than one might suppose. The rest of our upstairs we locked up. Some of our furniture was of fearful and wonderful construction. Our bed was a brass monster, a quarter again as long as an American bed and two-thirds its width. To say the least it was not comfortable. We could not afford to buy the wardrobes, toilet

tables, and chests of drawers, necessary to furnishing a bedroom, and with an eye to a poverty stricken old age we had no intention of spending for the Government the little we had saved. It seemed only fair to us, that we should be given enough of a salary to enable us to pay for the necessities of our position. So we put up as respectable a front as we could with our few pieces of good furniture in the salon, an excellent and very inexpensive maid reigning in our kitchen, and a smile for every one, which last we found very much appreciated by Frenchmen. To help out we began to make toilet tables from boxes and crotomies,—lamp stands—and stools. In a moment of joyous optimism I essayed a couch, and constructed it with such a lump in the middle, that in spite of its good looking surface, I spent a large part of my time thereafter at my receptions in steering guests away from its uncomfortable top. We had two wonderfully carved and upholstered chairs, large enough for giants, and in them I always seated guests who arrived at inconvenient hours, and proceeded to wait politely until after as much twisting and turning as they could endure, they bade me a courteous farewell.

Behind the Consulate was its one redeeming feature, a delightful garden. Fruit trees were trained along its walls. Pinks ran around all its paths and flower beds. Less attractive were colonies of snails which scalloped the edges of my roses, ate up my pansies and crawled all over the garden seeking what they might devour. They were the large edible snails, so at last I began to gather them, giving them to the market people who came to us. One day I had the shock of my life when a man began to pull them out of their shells and eat them alive. There were laurel leaves in our garden which gave a delightfully mysterious flavor to all our soups, and most glorious of all a nightingale sang to us every evening.

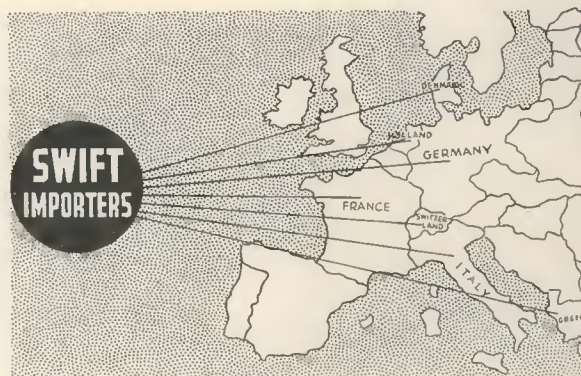
At the end of a year, when our lease for the Consulate expired, my husband decided that a more central position for the office would be desirable. From the time of our arrival when for six weeks the Consul had done nothing but catalogue and arrange the records of the office for a century back, public interest in the Consulate had been steadily growing, so we decided to take an apartment in the business center of the city. The place we finally chose was considered a very fine one, in a city where apartments were scarce. We had nine rooms, all of them large and the walls, we discovered, were dripping with moisture. When I asked my maid if the other apartments in the building were in the same condition



she replied, "But of course, Madame, Those who live in them shut the windows, and Madame always leaves hers open, which is a very dangerous thing and gives everybody colds." Through building as large fires as we could in our miniature grates, and buying a small anthracite stove which we could roll all over the place and attach to all the chimneys in our fireplaces, we finally dried out our walls and brought the temperature up to sixty degrees. Our bedroom was in front of the house and at five every morning iron wheeled carts, old women driving market wagons, small boys, and men wearing heavy sabots, pounded along over the huge cobblestones which had paved the narrow street for hundreds of years. It was a long time before we became used to our five o'clock orchestra. We had gas in our new home and when I first saw the fixtures I could not take my eyes from them. But still there was no bath and our tin tub had to serve as of old. The kitchen sported a dull brick floor hut was as destitute of every convenience as was that in our first home. Owing to our limited bank account we suffered from many privations.

When we were sent to a new post, we were obliged to pay all the expenses of transportation except my husband's rail and steamship fare. Later on we were stationed in countries to which all of our great industrial organizations sent representatives. Some of them were paid ten thousand a year, some made twenty-five thousand on commission. Many of them were given a vacation every two years, during which time the companies paid their expenses, allowing them to travel in all the luxury furnished on steamships and trains. Their salaries allowed them to live at their posts in a style impossible for any Consul dependent on his salary. Money is not always a recommendation for other than business ability, and no foreign representative of our Government should be obliged to depend upon his private fortune for means with which to represent his country properly. With our fifteen hundred a year in Nantes we had to contrive, and go without any number of things we needed for ourselves in order to keep up appearances.

Afterwards, when we were sent to New Zealand we paid fifteen hundred dollars of our own money in addition to my husband's fare, for my transportation and that of our possessions, which after seventeen years in Europe had increased greatly. In the meantime, at our various posts, we did a good deal of entertaining of people we did not know, who came to us with letters of introduction from many sources. We were always glad to meet them, and some of them are still personal friends. After a certain amount of at-



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tention was demanded for officials traveling abroad on some mission for the Government. Nevertheless, although we found a great deal of pleasure in meeting our compatriots, when our budget was balanced up at the end of the year, there was always a goodly sum under the head of official entertaining. The social obligations in some of the cities in which we lived were also very strenuous and in Europe if a Consul expects to attain a position which will enable him really to help his Government, he is obliged to recognize these social mandates. If he does not he is not considered a gentleman, and loses the friendship which might be of great benefit to him in his work. During the first sixteen years of my husband's service it was extremely difficult to make ends meet. At the end of that period my husband was made a Consul General, and we rejoiced greatly in the slight increase in his salary. Nevertheless we still had all the old expenses of house rent, entertaining, and transportation to pay out of our own pocket. With one exception during our entire term in Europe of seventeen years this policy resulted in our living in large insufficiently furnished ancient buildings, where rents were cheaper than appearances. If there were any conveniences to be had anywhere our salary did not permit us to avail ourselves of them. Always we had a vision of a pensionless old age.

We knew that the State Department was doing all in its power to remedy this state of affairs, but we had very little hope that it would be able to convince a Congress taken up with an infinite number of affairs in this country, of the importance of any change in its foreign service. Other countries were giving their consuls many things which we did not consider it necessary to give ours. Japan, for example, in one country where my husband served, paid its Consul a very generous salary in addition to rent for a handsome office and a beautiful private home, and a large sum for official entertaining. When the Japanese fleet visited the city the Consul gave a magnificent ball to the officers of the fleet inviting to meet them all the principal people of the town. At almost the same time we were hoping that the American fleet would not appear while we were at the port, because we would not be able to entertain in suitable fashion.

When Theodore Roosevelt put the consuls under civil service, by Executive Order, our representatives began to be respected all over the world. You of the present generation are infinitely better off than we of the old regime ever were. As I think of the hardworking men of years ago, many times without even clerks to help them, dependent upon honorary vice consuls who were never in the office except when the chief officer was away and

yet, in spite of so many handicaps, built up offices which won the respect and admiration of all who visited them, I am very proud that our country has possessed such servants. The widows today of many of these men are thrown upon the scrap heap, some of them obliged to rely upon relatives for support, many of them in very straitened circumstances, and all of this after long lives of service as important in their way as that of their husbands.

You of today's service, with the expenses of family and belongings paid whenever you are moved, usually with sufficient help in your offices, house rents and retirement salaries to look forward to, are in a bed of roses, compared to the one we lay in.

Yet my husband and I both loved the work. Always back of us was the thought that we were working for our country, and we must honor our work. When the time came for us to retire we were glad that it had been given us. It had broadened our outlook, taught us that men of all nations are brothers, and given us a thousand new interests in life.

In spite of our economic difficulties we made many dear friends in France some of whom still write to me. We spent delightful week-ends at their country homes and seaside cottages, in the warm lazy summertime, and learned to know a lovely side of French life, of which the average traveller knows nothing. There are many beautiful memories in my long gallery of recollections of Nantes. We knew both Monarchists and Republicans, and because introductions are not given upon a day at home in France except for some special reason, they both came to my receptions, chatted, evidently enjoyed it, and never recognized each other afterwards. One dear old Marquise with royal blood in her veins, who was a constant visitor of mine would never have spoken to me again had I presented a French Republican to her. She rejoiced greatly when, upon the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States, American courtesy to him convinced her that one day we would be a monarchy.

France is a dream to me now—a pleasant dream—and some day I hope to go back. I know that it will not be changed. There may be a few more bathrooms in the good hotels. Perhaps Nantes is better lighted than it used to be, but I wonder if the only sewer it possessed when we were there, which began no one knew where, ended as mysteriously, and into which nothing emptied, has become a sane and sensible sewer resigned to doing its duty. If I ever do go back, I know the same picturesque peasants will walk the streets, the same old churches will point us to God. There will be



the same old markets, the same old fish wives knitting beside their Angora cats, the same old houses born in the twilight of the dark ages, the same old eastle with its memories of Anne of Brittany, the same lovely river views, and I am glad because it is France, and France is romance and always will be so long as Frenchmen are Frenchmen.

Mrs. Brittain is the widow of Consul General Joseph I. Brittain, who retired, for age, July 1, 1924, after 26 years' service, and died October 22, 1930.

TRADE LEADER'S VIEW ON PUBLIC SERVICE

"I suspect that the greatest weakness in the public service is the absence of facilities to develop people who are in the service, to provide wider outlets for their talents, and to promote a sense of opportunity for real accomplishment."

Such was the testimony of Delos Walker, general manager of R. H. Macy & Company, New York, N. Y., before the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel.

Mr. Walker was but one of many business men, government officials, educators and others interviewed by the commission, who emphasized this need for increased opportunity for advancement to positions of genuine responsibility and honor, if government service is to attract the best type of young people to its administrative field, and increase its efficiency.

Regarding the same problem of opportunity for advancement, Mr. Walker outlined some of the methods used by large business houses to give opportunity for advancement to its employees, which in his opinion could be adapted to the government service as well. Among these he noted particularly: (1) training programs; (2) regular, periodic personnel audits where the staff is thoroughly and completely reviewed, not only by the immediate supervisor or manager, but by all of the collateral staff officers who have been in a position to measure the accomplishments of these people; (3) the establishment of a central personnel department; (4) oral examinations as a part of the qualifying entrance examinations; (5) inducements for college-trained people to enter the service.

The Minutes of Evidence taken by the Commission during its hearings throughout the country in the interests of bettering public personnel in non-elective offices has just been published by the commission. It presents a representative cross section of public opinion on the various steps that should be taken to increase the efficiency of public service, not only national, but State and local as well.



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BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 569)

factured goods competing with British goods. In spite of this development, the United States thus achieved a prosperity which enabled it to become one of England's best markets. The prosperity of this nation as an exporting nation depends fundamentally upon the prosperity of other countries.

The probable near future position of the United States as regards foreign investments, and whether it will soon return to debtor status with an excess of exports, is clearly but very briefly described in the chapter on "Creditor and Debtor Positions." It would have been interesting if this discussion had been more extensive and had dealt more specifically with other invisible items. The footnote reference refers to a more extended discussion in 1923 but subsequent events provide a much better guide.

In discussing the risks of foreign trade and the possibility of minimizing these risks, the author again points out one of the functions of a consul, which is to furnish information regarding credit standing and foreign business laws, and to encourage arbitration.

His discussion of protection vs. free trade contains much common sense. He points out that the universal condemnation of a tariff generally arises only when the benefits of the protection accrue solely to monopolistic industries. An interesting table in this chapter gives in a form easily memorized the effects of tariffs on prices, domestic industries, and revenues. In answer to the common argument that the foreign producer pays the import tax, the writer quotes Mr. Dooley's reply, that "The foreigner paid the tax—if he succeeded in getting past Ellis Island."

If a country decides it is necessary to control its entire domestic economy by economic planning, it may find it advisable to protect itself by high tariffs. The United States, with its varied resources, might do this with less suffering than any other industrial country, but the writer doubts whether our people, who traditionally adhere to the principles of individual enterprise, private property, and freedom of contract would be willing to sacrifice these for the dubious advantages of regimentation.

In his able discussion of protectionism in leading countries, he points out that the efforts to sell goods and to obtain a favorable balance in the 15th and 16th centuries were due to a real shortage in Europe of monetary metals. The question arises as to whether similar conditions do not now exist, and whether present attempts to achieve favorable balances will continue until sufficient

metals become available in the leading countries, or whether we will learn to do without metallic currencies. He points out that England abandoned protection when its industry and labor felt world markets were necessary for manufactured products and recognized the corresponding necessity for tariff-free raw materials and foodstuffs. There are some indications that this country is headed in the same direction, and that our agricultural interests may favor protection while our manufacturing interests and industrial workers may demand lower tariffs.

His discussion of United States tariff history stops just short of the Trade Agreements Act of 1934. The nature of that act and the policies subsequently followed show there was no foundation for the statement that the proposals of the Secretary of State suggest that this country might return to the conditional form of most-favored-nation treaties. His final chapter on putting protection into effect is stimulating. The writer hopes that the policy of extreme nationalism will bring its own reaction, perhaps through international conferences.

GEORGE GRECC FULLER.

TUNIS

My Arab host served me with tea flavored with the rose.

He pressed me to eat of the sweet cakes of almond meal.

He gave me a cigarette scented with amber.

Then he took an ancient lute and played for me the Song of the Swallow.

The repeated, tinkling phrase ran in and out of the unheeded hours.

The laughing chatter of the women floated to us from their apartments.

A silvery splashing of water came from the little fountain in the courtyard.

The slender fingers of my dark eyed host wandered over the strings of his lute.

The tinkling phrase of the Song of the Swallow bound all of these into a single pattern of harmony.

We sat upon the wide diwan and talked together of Spain.

My Arab host answered me always wistfully.

Rich shades of color caught in the silken hangings from stray sunbeams.

The grey curl from my cigarette lost itself among the deeper shadows.

The repeated tinkling phrase of the Song of the Swallow ran in and out among the unheeded hours.

E. C. K.



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FIREWALKING IN BURMA

(Continued from page 561)

The ceremony commences, when the surface is raked over, leaving a glowing red hot mass of ashes of about one foot in depth, and through which the now exhausted "baktas" must either run, skip or tread their weary way. At the farther end of the pit, fortunately and most accommodatingly, has been dug another oblong pit several yards wide, which has been filled with water for the purpose of relieving and soothing the feet of the fire-walkers. Just beyond this pit of water, there has been led into the other end of the enclosure a cart containing a large image of the God Siva guarded on each side by a High Priest. No doubt, this god is supposed to act as an inspiration as well as an incentive for the mute and long suffering host of "baktas" standing at the other end, but by the time the larger number of them have finished their quest and struggled out of the pit of water (with the assistance of two very helpful guardians), all enthusiasm for the observance of further religious acts seems to have vanished.

Women, apparently, are not permitted to participate in the actual fire-walking, but run around the burning pit, which seems to answer all necessary purposes. Children of very tender years also share the spirit of the occasion with their elders by being carried safely through the pit in the arms of their fathers.

All of the "baktas" have by now assembled at one end of the enclosure facing the now insufferably hot pit of ashes and the God Siva, and wait in stoical silence and unquestionable physical suffering, the arrival of a priest of the temple, who, bearing in both hands a religious symbol, first enters the fire with unhurried strides, mumbling a prayer to the god toward which he advances. The field is now free for the other devotees to emulate the actions of the priest. Some do, by walking in a stately and dignified manner along this hot path and through almost suffocating heat, but such actions are usually characteristic of the older generation, most of whom, no doubt, have taken part in many like ceremonies. But the younger generation of participating devotees, particularly those who have been so attractively ornamented with skewers and pins, seem to be desirous of bringing the ceremony to a definite and final termination, as evidenced by their hurried transit of the fiery field, climaxed by wild leaps into the cooling depths of the welcoming pool and a last hurried glance at the God Siva.

FIREWALKING IN ENGLAND

LONDON, Sept. 17. — A demonstration of fire-walking as practiced by natives at religious ceremonies in India and elsewhere was given privately before a party of scientists and doctors at Carshalton, Kent, today without anyone's being able to offer any explanation of how the feat was performed.

Kuda Bux, a young Indian weighing about 120 pounds, asserted his ability to perform the fire-walking ceremony on the strength of his faith that the fire would not harm him. Without suffering any injury that could be detected by the doctors and scientists present, he walked barefooted twice over a fire in two trenches twelve feet long and six feet wide, the surface heat of which was found to be 800 degrees Fahrenheit.

Two medical students who attempted to emulate Bux's feat were severely burned after a couple of steps and had to jump to safety.

The materials used in preparing the fire included seven tons of oak logs, one ton of firewood, one load of forest burnt oak and charcoal and ten gallons of kerosene. When the demonstration was given the fire had been burning for eight hours and the charcoal, which had been put on top, had been fanned by a high wind to intense heat.

Bux's feet made contact with the burning embers for five seconds on each step. Before and after each walk his feet were examined by Professor C. A. Pannet, director of the surgical unit at St. Mary's Hospital, London, who found no scorching or other trace of injury.

Under the arch of Bux's right foot Professor Pannet had placed a piece of courtplaster, but even that was not scorched, while the recorded temperature of the feet was the same as before the experiment.

Bux declared that he was not conscious of the heat as he walked over the fire, although he appeared to be as susceptible to heat as others when standing near it. Professor Pannet said that there was no unusual toughness or thickening of the soles of Bux's feet.

Among the investigators were Sir Cecil and Lady Levita, Harry Price, secretary of the London Council for Psychical Investigation, and Professor J. C. Flugel.—*New York Times*.

HARD TO FOLLOW

"Ow's yer Missis. George?"

"Oh, she be a-jawin' an' a-jawin', an' a-jawin'."

"Wot's she jawin' about?"

"Well, she don't say."—*Punch*.



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