The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

VOL. 15 JANUARY, 1938 No. 1

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CONTENTS

(JANUARY, 1938)

Cover Picture
Tungting Lake, Honan Province, China
(See also page 68)

Page

Service Glimpses 5

Grosvenor Gardens and Cavendish Square
By the Honorable Robert P. Skinner 7

The Foreign Service
By G. Howland Shaw 10

My Impressions of Argentina
By the Honorable Alexander W. Weddell 12

Tong
By Mrs. Philip Holland 14

Phryne and the Baldpates
By Edwin A. Plitt 17

FAY 19

Message from the President and Secretary of State 22

Geographic's New Map of South America 23

Letters 24

Trade Agreement Notes
By Edward I. Mullins 25

The Editors' Column 26

News from the Department 27

Visitors 29

Contributors 29

Pages from a Diary
By Cecil B. Lyon 30

News from the Field 31

A Political Bookshelf
Cyril Wynne, Review Editor

Treaties and Other International Acts of the United States of America
Reviewed by Wallace McClure 32

Is America Afraid?
Reviewed by Francis Colt de Wolf 33

Foreign Service Changes 36

Department of Commerce Changes 36

Marriages 68

Births 68

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

American Export Lines 49
American Security and Trust Company 37
Bacardi, Santiago de Cuba 66
Boissy D'Anglas, Le—Paris 67
Brewood—Engravers 62
Calvert School 64
Cathay Hotel—Shanghai 66
Chase National Bank 57
Chrysler Corporation 2
Continental Hotel—Paris 66
Crillon, Hotel—Paris 66
Dunapalota Hotel—Budapest 67
Federal Storage Company 44
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. 4
France et Choiseul Hotel—Paris 66
General Motors Export Co. 47
George V, Hotel—Paris 66
Goff, M. Leroy—Insurance 62
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Export Co. 43
Grace, W. R., and Company 40
Grand Hotel—Paris 67
Gude Bros. Co. 62
Harris and Ewing 64
Hennessy & Co., Jas.—Cognac 66
Hungaria Hotel—Budapest 67
International Telephone & Telegraph Co. 61
Kressmann & Co., Ed.—Bordeaux 67
Le Boissy D'Anglas—Paris 67
Manhattan Storage and Warehouse Co. 38
Mayflower Hotel 3
Merchants Transfer and Storage Company 55
Metropole Hotel—Shanghai 66
Meurice Hotel—Paris 66
Montgomery Ward 54
Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. 57
Munson S.S. Lines 41
National City Bank 63
National Geographic Magazine 6
New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. 64
New York World's Fair, 1939, Inc. 35
New Yorker Hotel ..... II Cover
Pagani's Restaurant—London 66
Palace-Ambassadeurs Hotel—Rome 67
Pan-American Airways, Inc. 48
Park Hotel—Shanghai 66
Plaza Hotel 41
Prince de Galles Hotel—Paris 66
Rockefeller Center ..... III Cover
Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.
Sapp, Earle W., C.L.U. 64
Savoy-Plaza Hotel 48
Schenley Products 59
Sea Captains' Shop, The—Shanghai 66
Security Storage Company of Washington 37
Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc. 51
Southern Engraving Co. 65
Tyner, Miss E. J. 64
Underwood Elliott Fisher Company 45
United Fruit Company 38
United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company 57
United States Lines 39
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel ..... IV Cover
Woodward and Lothrop 1

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Just after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Adam (see "Marriages")

A candid shot—by James L. Park—of William Cramp at Colon, en route to Tegucigalpa.

SERVICE GLIMPSES

The Homer Bretts step ashore at Cristobal, en route to Lima.

A wedding party at Leopoldville: Mme. Moracchini, Harold C. Swan (British Consul General), Corilla Dorsz, Edmund J. Dorsz, Miss Olivia Swan, Mrs. Swan, M. Moracchini (French Consul).

Famous Zlass riders in Tunisia prepare for the grand finale to Kairouan's annual Rug Fair. Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams.

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

THE
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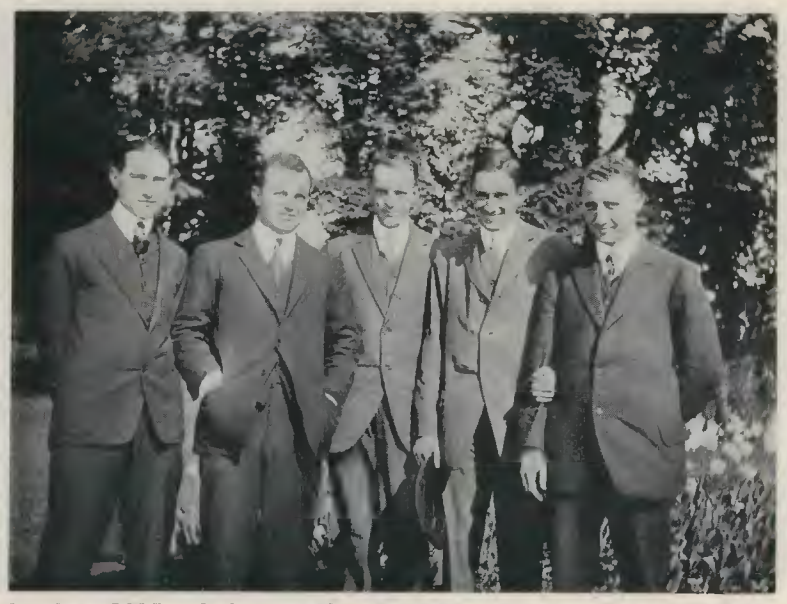
Grosvenor Gardens and Cavendish Square

By THE HONORABLE ROBERT P. SKINNER, RETIRED

THE JOURNAL invites me to write "a short article having to do with the passing of Grosvenor Gardens and Cavendish Square"—a dangerous invitation for how is it possible to write a "short article" about two addresses in London better known to the traveling American than any other two addresses in the world?

When the great war began it found the Chancery of the Embassy carrying on a sedate existence at 123 Victoria Street, next to a shirtmaker's shop. Four or five rooms sufficed for the four or five secretaries. Well bred people called occasionally to see the Ambassador, Mr. Page, and there was the usual pressure from ambitious ladies desirous of being presented at Court, and from others who sought tickets of admission to the House of Commons. The Consulate General, which I took over a week before the war began, was miles away in the City, where it occupied a cave in New Bond Street, a large eave, to be sure, where business men in tail coats and top hats came in great numbers, but where women seldom appeared. There was not a woman member upon our staff until the war descended upon us, and I doubt if there were any at the Embassy.



London, 1915. Left to right: Harrison Yetverton, Ripley Wilson, Leslie Reed, Louis Dreyfus, Hamilton Claiborne

Some eighty thousand traveling Amerieans poured into London the first days of the war, all clamoring to go home, and 150,000 Germans, Austro-Hungarians, and Turks, for whom we were temporarily responsible, came to the Embassy or the Consulate General and often to both. Long before the last

American had sailed for the United States and the "alien enemies" had been locked up in concentration camps, it was evident that both the Embassy and the Consulate General were in need of additional space. The Embassy moved first. The old Japanese Embassy at 6 Grosvenor Gardens was taken, and with Mr. Laughlin, Mr. Page's Counselor in charge of the operation, a miracle was wrought in accomplishing the removal under the trying conditions which then prevailed. The staff was now reorganized upon a large scale, and new problems could be dealt with at last under physically supportable conditions. Having my own problems to consider, I could be only dimly conscious of the Embassy's troubles at this period.

We lingered on in the old Consulate General in New Broad Street until one raw December day in 1916 when, with Harry McBride at one end of the line and Clarence Carrigan supervising at the other, we moved it into 18 Cavendish Square, which some said was a wren house, there to remain for twenty years. The skylight over the stair well was open for repairs and the rain descended; the steamfitters putting in our central heating plant selected the moment of our arrival for going out on strike; the office safe, in charge of a few decrepit men unfit for war who looked at it helplessly, threatened to block the doorway permanently, but we overcame our difficulties one by one and took up life in the new quarters in good spirits for at least we had air, light and space. Our most serious difficulties arose in connection with the archives, the accumulations of over a century, which we were bound to remove, classify and store away where I am sure they have lain undisturbed for twenty additional years. What would we not have given, in December, 1916, had we been able, like Edward Everett, our Minister in London in 1841, and Consul General Aspinwall, to list the entire Government property in their joint possession in the following terms:

One French cabinet containing office files;
One iron box containing letter books;
Two book cases and cupboards containing printed books;
One idem;
One division cupboard;
One desk.

One desk! Happy times when the United States Government could carry on its business with one desk! Rather less happy in another respect for the Consul General, in the same book of records, complained bitterly that the Rothschild banking house had refused to give him credit for £ 459: 13d: 6, drawn upon the Government of the United States, because of which he had transferred his business to Baring Brothers who "complied cheerfully" with his request.

The new offices in Cavendish Square no doubt lacked the wonderful modern conveniences of the new building in Grosvenor Square; we even outgrew them and soon sought and obtained additional quarters ourselves, but they had the atmosphere of the old London which is rapidly disappearing forever. Our visitors approached our green doors over broad stone steps that were rubbed down faithfully every morning with a Bath brick, and if they looked about they perceived that they were protected against falling into the area way by an iron guard rail which supported giant torch snuffers such as the link boys used when they escorted sedan chairs to our doors in earlier times. Some portions of the establishment were not imposing, it must be confessed, but the public saw a decent general office, various plain rooms on the several floors where our

Embassy Chancery, London

serious work was carried on, and if after vigilant scrutiny by messenger and Doorman George Washington they were admitted to the Consul General's room, they found themselves in what had been one of the finest drawing-rooms in London. It was pure Chippendale, a room of generous proportions, with three windows looking out upon the charming square where the Horseguards in their gorgeous uniforms passed twice a day. The room had massive mahogany doors and a marvelous eighteenth century ceiling which architects and artists often came to see. It was most satisfying, and I doubt whether the new building in Grosvenor Square has anything so handsome to offer.

Our neighbors, probably, were less enthusiastic over our arrival than we were. We brought into a peaceful and hitherto aristocratic region a new and unwelcome note of business. We were, in fact, the advance guard of that business movement westward which has since extended to Grosvenor Square, Berkeley Square and Park Lane, not to the advantage of those who love London as Thackeray described it. Our neighbors were distinguished. On one side there was Mr. Asquith, who had just retired from the Prime Ministership, and Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the eminent surgeon. On the other side, our next door neighbor was the unfortunate Earl of Bessborough. I say unfortunate because, during the years lying immediately before us, we had thousands of visitors, shipwrecked mariners, gunners from merchant ships, soldiers in our army or in the Canadian army, and the strange flotsam and jetsam that a war always throws up. Our visitors of these classes seemed to prefer the Earl of Bessborough's sunny steps to the duller amenities of our basement. The Earl of Bessborough vainly sought to recover possession of his steps by hanging a sign upon his door which read: "This is not the Consulate General. The Consulate General is next door." We did our best to help him, but mostly in vain.

Consulate General, 18 Cavendish Square

Somebody has said that bricks and mortar make a building but do not make an institution, and if ever that was true, it was true of Cavendish Square during the war. It was the staff that made it what it was, a staff which seemed spontaneously to rise to the great emergency through which we were passing. The roll of its members is too long to be given here but I may be allowed to mention those who have already passed on: Richard Westacott, Dominic I. Murphy, Stanley Hollis, Ripley Wilson, Clarence Carrigan, Hamilton Claiborne and Carl Loop. When I recall how Leslie A. Davis left us uncomplainingly in mid-winter with wife and baby a few weeks old to go to Archangel under orders, crossing the German mine fields and a submarine infested sea; how Harry McBride set out in the opposite direction under similar circumstances, leaving his little family in London, to spend two years managing finances in Liberia; how Leslie Reed took the confession of George Vaux Bacon in the Tower of London, went to Holland in a destroyer to find his confederates, was dogged by German agents all the while and eventually broke up an espionage ring in New York in danger of his life at every turn, I realize that gallantry and personal responsibility were not limited in those times to the men who wore uniforms.

It would be difficult to say what we did not do in Cavendish Square, and volumes could be written about what we did do. It was a stimulating period, we had few instructions and in the main went ahead according to our own ideas making precedents and sometimes war history. On certain days we could hear the boom of cannon from the Western Front.

(*Continued on page* 38)

The Foreign Service
What it is and How to Prepare for It

Extracts from an Address Delivered by Mr. G. Howland Shaw at the Forest Park High School, Baltimore, Maryland, December 3, 1937

THE Foreign Service of today is in much the same situation as Medicine during the earlier part of the last century before the discoveries in the field of bacteriology had revolutionized ideas and techniques and had made possible more certain cures, and above all, effective prevention. We are well aware of the sickness of our patient: the world in its international relations; we know that the sickness is highly contagious and that it may well be fatal, and, if we are at all thoughtful and honest, we realize that our methods of treatment are thoroughly inadequate. All you have to do to grasp that fact is to look at the front page of your morning newspaper. The profession, of which I am going to try to give you a birdseye view this morning, is not one of those comfortable professions, in which satisfactory techniques and methods have been settled for many years and new problems arise infrequently. The Foreign Service is a challenging profession, a profession in need of individuals with the ability and the courage to experiment. Now, I am, of course, aware that in the public mind the Foreign Service and diplomacy in general are shrouded in mystery and invested with all kinds of glamour. We are commonly supposed to be born intriguers and to revel in being secretive even about matters that could perfectly well be shouted from the housetops. There is some truth and a great deal of exaggeration about such views of the Foreign Service, but whether true or false, they refer to a Foreign Service that is of the past and not to the Foreign Service of the present and future—the Foreign Service in the shaping of which I hope some of you may play a part.

As you know, our foreign affairs are carried on by the Secretary of State. He is assisted by a personnel of about 900, which constitutes the Home Service. They study and discuss reports, help decide on policies and write instructions. Their instructions are given to the Foreign Service, the field service, which carries out these instructions, reports the results and often recommends changes. Before 1924 there was no Foreign Service of the United States. There were distinct and separate Diplomatic and Consular Services. Since that date we have had a Foreign Service composed of Diplomatic and Consular branches with the personnel sometimes assigned to one branch and sometimes to the other. Today every one of the 703 Foreign Service Officers who are assigned to the 54 Embassies and Legations or to the 284 consular offices throughout the world hold both diplomatic and consular commissions. These 703 Foreign Service Officers constitute what is known as the classified Foreign Service. There are besides these officers the Chiefs of Missions: the Ambassadors and Ministers. Of the 16 Ambassadors, 8 have come up through the ranks of the classified service; and of the 35 Ministers 17. There is also the clerical Service, the importance of which is far too often forgotten or underestimated, unless you have served abroad and been saved a great deal of trouble and often serious mistakes by some competent and experienced clerk. At present we have 733 American clerks and 919 foreign clerks.

For the 1936 Foreign Service examinations 914 persons were designated; 727 took the written examination and of these 105, having received a rating of 70% or better, completed both the written and the oral examination, and thirty-three were eventually placed on the eligible list.

In the clerical service salaries range from $1800 to $4,000. Initial appointments of persons sent abroad as clerks from the United States are usually made at $1800. Clerks also receive rent and cost of living allowances. Promotions are by no means as frequent as they should be, on account of inadequate appropriations, and faithful and efficient service is, I am sorry to say, not rewarded as promptly as is desirable.

Transfers from one post to another are made in the cases of both Foreign Service Officers and clerks, although generally speaking the former are moved more often than the latter. A junior Foreign Service Officer is transferred as a rule every two or three years, the idea being, of course, to give him as

broad an experience as possible in as short a time as is compatible with the efficiency of the Service and his own efficiency. Senior officers, particularly those who have made a name for themselves in some special line of work, are transferred less often.

So much for the organization of the Foreign Service. What about the work it does? I want to stress one statement on that subject. There is nothing mysterious about it. The same sort of work is being done today right here in Baltimore. It is being done all over the United States. You yourselves are familiar with some of it. You have gathered material from written sources and orally and you have worked up that material in the form of theses or reports. You have participated in discussions the object of which was to reconcile conflicting views and reach an agreement. The fact that we speak of "official reports" or "diplomatic negotiations" does not alter the fundamentally similar character of the work. But our work in the Service *is* different in one important respect — it is carried on abroad and with persons whose language, point of view and background often differ widely from our own. Our power of adjustment and our ability to put ourselves in the other fellow's shoes, our tolerance — all of these are constantly subjected to heavy and exacting demands.

We carry on the business of the United States Government abroad, and this business is of all kinds. It may be the negotiation of a treaty, and today treaties have become far more numerous, far more detailed, and cover a far wider range of subjects than formerly; it may be participation in the deliberations of some international conference with all that such participation involves in the preparation of a program and the assembling of material to reinforce the position which we intend to take or to combat the position for which it is thought other Powers may stand; it may be the working up and the supporting of a claim arising from some violation of our rights or of those of our citizens; it may be a policy such as that of the Good Neighbor in Latin America. Such a policy is set forth in official pronouncements and instructions, but its success depends upon the effectiveness with which it is carried out and that in turn depends in large measure upon the understanding and the initiative of our Chiefs of Mission and our Foreign Service Officers in the field.

We must afford proper protection to our citizens and to their legitimate activities abroad and at times we must do this in the face of disturbances of all degrees of seriousness. Here is an example: In September, 1922, we had at our Consulate General at Izmir, Turkey, a Consul General and a junior Vice Consul. The senior Vice Consul was at home on vacation. The junior Vice Consul was 25 years old and had been in the Service less than two years. War was going on between Turks and Greeks and late in August the Turkish Army began a victorious advance towards the coast. Izmir was soon filled with refugees of all sorts. Military forces followed. A fire broke out and rapidly destroyed an important section of the city. You can picture to yourselves the confusion, the suffering, the endless problems calling for instantaneous decision. It had been found necessary to send the Consul General away in charge of several thousand refugees and to leave the junior Vice Consul in charge during the most critical phase of the emergency. He did a magnificent piece of work and earned a double promotion. Similar and worse conditions have recently confronted Foreign Service Officers in Ethiopia, Spain and China. In Spain, a junior Secretary of the Embassy played a leading part in handling a situation which would have taxed the judgment and resourcefulness of officers many years his senior.

In a much more prosaic field I had an interesting problem of protection in Turkey several years ago. The Turkish Government had contracted with a group of Americans to come to Turkey to act as advisors in a number of different fields. Some had had experience abroad, but others had not. It was my task to interpret the Americans to the Turks and vice versa, and I learned thoroughly just how and why perfectly honest and high-minded people can misunderstand each other completely because they do not speak the same language and because their backgrounds are quite different.

In the Foreign Service we gather material on every conceivable subject, analyze and interpret this material to the best of our ability and incorporate it in telegrams, reports and letters. There are in the first place reports on the significant political, social and economic events and trends in the country in which we are stationed. These are for the information and guidance of our Government and are for the most part confidential, although in one connection or another, much of the information reaches the public. Then there are economic and commercial reports, reports of opportunities for trade, reports concerning the standing of agents — a whole series of reports and letters designed to assist the American business man in selling his products abroad. Good reporting is not easy. Your sources of information must be sound, and that usually means that you must know the people who can give you accurate information and you must know them well enough so that they will talk with you frankly. And when, as often happens, you are dealing with

(*Continued on page 39*)

Skyline of Buenos Aires

My Impressions of Argentina

By The Honorable Alexander W. Weddell, *Ambassador, Buenos Aires*

First Impressions

MY first impressions of Argentina, or at least of Buenos Aires, are today fresh and vivid; the awakening on the steamer on a spring morning to find our craft drawing nearer to the desired haven; the tawny waters of La Plata rippling about us; the first tall buildings raising their heads from the barranca; the puffing tugs bringing us to our landing place; the sense of order that marked the process of debarking; the warm welcome by federal and municipal authorities; the ride through well-paved streets to the wonderful building in which my Embassy is housed and whose construction was due to the vision and taste of an outstanding Argentine citizen whom I am honored to call friend.

At first hand Buenos Aires appeared to me to have much of the architectural beauty of Paris allied to something of the bustle and activity which I had thought would be left behind me in New York. And both these elements combined with a Latin suavity which gave grace to the outward manifestations of civic life. Almost my first little walk around the city was to the famous Florida, that busy avenue from which wheeled traffic at the moment was excluded, filled with a throng of well-dressed folk, men and women,—many, obviously, out to see and be seen; the rapid gait of others indicating a distinct purpose. In my later frequent walks in Florida I seemed to discern in the pace of the promenaders the tension of the capital, political or otherwise. This tempo would be accelerated by exciting news from abroad, while a heated debate in the Chamber of Deputies seemed equally to find its repercussion in this active throng. A dull day, devoid of news, would be marked by a sluggish pace. Other features of the street life of the capital pleased or interested me,—for example, the white blouses of the school children, which I find admirable as tending to eradicate certain material distinctions; and the highly novel uniforms of the chimney-sweepers, which seemed to suggest that they might be clothing some diplomatic representative of an African country.

Family Life and Love of Country

Side by side these outward manifestations of something a little different from what I had pre-

An address given before the "Ateneo" of the University Club, Buenos Aires, August 23, 1937. The "Ateneo," an organization of high intellectual standing, recently invited the Ambassadors of Germany, France, the United States, Great Britain and Italy to address the members of the club and their friends, giving impressions of Argentina.

viously known were others equally striking.

One of these is the moderation of Argentines in the use of alcohol. Coming, as I do, from a country where, in pursuit of a high ideal, we made the ghastly mistake of prohibition, this moderation impressed and impresses me as something very, very fine.

And in the things of the spirit, in seeking to weigh more truly the Argentine psychology, I found borne in on me as a conspicuous Argentine trait, the strength of the family tie. The Argentine social fabric, it seems to me, is both patriarchal and matriarchal, and the filial devotion which I have remarked in my brief life here is, I think, as powerful as any to be found in the world. In saying this I recall the pessimistic remark of an Argentine friend that this family tie is being weakened. I did not, I do not, agree. It is true that its outward manifestations are changing. With the demolition or abandonment to other uses of lovely old residences families are being physically divided; many young folk are beginning married life in huge apartment houses. But the devotion uniting parent and child, a vivifying stream which flows in both directions, remains unaltered. And so, and to repeat, I would place this tie of family as the most outstanding trait in Argentine psychology and as constituting one of the greatest elements of strength of the Argentine Nation.

Next to be remarked in the soul of the people is a deep love of country, allied to a national pride which thus far has avoided the extravagances of Chauvinism, and I hope may continue to do so.

Again I remark in Argentina a love of liberty, which, if it ofttimes skirts the precipice of a fierce impatience of restraint, is a quality but too rare in many countries today.

Learning Spanish

It was natural that in my efforts to sound the depths of the national character I should take up the study of Spanish. One of the two methods I followed in this attempt was to listen to discs on the gramophone and to repeat in a parrot-like manner some of the phrases. It was a knowledge of this that induced your Ambassador in Washington, Espil, following my frantic struggle with the subjunctive in conversation with him, to remark: "Weddell, tiene Vd. un acento gramófono!"

My other Spanish teacher was the radio; but after a reasonable course in this,—one not yet altogether abandoned,—I found that while I was acquiring an almost encyclopedic knowledge of various patent medicines and was qualified to advise concerning trips to Iguazú, the Sierras of Córdoba or to the Lakes, my vocabulary and grammar were not markedly strengthened. And quite a while passed before I was aware that much of the news I was attempting—and with what effort—to extract from the radio after seven o'clock in the evening had already appeared in the afternoon papers, where it could have been acquired with far less exertion; these items, I now realize, were intended for the camp. In my further pursuit of culture I also read the various luminous and other signs. A pious and sheltered childhood had taught me that a mystic significance attached to the numbers three and seven. My sign-reading widened my knowledge to a realization that in Argentina 43 and 111 had also unusual and nicotic if not mystic implications!

City and Countryside

It is only natural that a traveller to a new country should seek to find in what measure his own land and institutions and heroes are known therein; it was therefore with no little national pride that I learned that Lincoln was the name of a flourishing town in Argentina; with a somewhat modified pride I learned that Chicago, a Nueva Chicago, is recalled by a suburb of this city. Henry Clay, a great name in the United States, I am told has become known to a large element of the local population through the immortality conferred by a well-known brand of cigars! And Virginia, the venerable Commonwealth from which I come, perhaps owes its real fame in Argentina to its association with the fragrant weed we smoke!

Mr. Rudyard Kipling once remarked in an oft quoted line: "How little they know England who only England know." I think this may be said of the stranger who sees Argentina only through the eyes of a *porteño;* the observation applies equally to the visitor to New York who fails to visit the rest of the United States. And so, during my stay here, I have tried to visit all sections of the country, and it has been interesting to notice, especially in the north, in Córdoba, Salta and Tucumán and Santiago del Estero, a flavour of tradition and conservatism which is, I think, more typical of the Republic than is Buenos Aires which is, after all, the least Argentine of Argentine cities, when one takes into consideration the many alien elements making up its population. This conservatism, this flavour of tradition, is esecially noticeable in Córdoba, and in remarking this I could not but smile and think of the attitude of the average Virginian toward New York. The New Yorker doubtless regards us as a little backward, a little slow, with a bewraying accent, and lacking

(*Continued on page* 42)

The ancient church of St. Bartholomew at Tong, built about 1410

By Mrs. Philip Holland

TONG:

An Ancient Lordship of Shropshire

The Stanley Monument in the old Church of St. Bartholomew, Tong

Shropshire is a charming place for ramblings. It is, to a great extent, off the beaten track of the average traveller from outside the British Isles, and, perhaps for this very reason, it is singularly untouched and unspoiled.

One can travel all day, even in a motor car, with the feeling that he is away from the noise and confusion of modern traffic and that the landscape has remained, for the most part, the same; the little villages and tiny hamlets having been forgotten in the rush and excitement of a speed-mad world. And, meanwhile, these forgotten backgrounds of a quieter day and more leisurely generations (though forsook, they were fighters when needs must) pass down the years, to-be-sure, the worse for time and the elements though on the whole as their founders left them.

Here, too, one finds old customs and ceremonies still kept alive by people to whose forbears they had been as sacred as the laws of the land or the rules of the church.

Old castles in ruins, or sometimes partly restored; old churches in out-of-the-way places filled with beautiful wood carvings, rare treasures given by princes and noblemen, and ancient tombs dot the landscape as one turns away from the high road and follows the by-paths, or wanders through the sunny lanes on a summer afternoon.

The grey stone of a Norman church may be the center of a quiet village whose few houses were all

built in the softer black-and-white pattern of the Tudor period. Walls of crenelated castles and the newer, partly timbered, smaller, and less forbidding castles of a later day, are scattered here and there as proof that Shropshire was border territory which, for generations, was bitterly contested, and where the Norman lords found it necessary to build strongholds upon their dearly-won lands in order to keep them and to secure even a few years' respite of peace and domestic enjoyment within their well-guarded castles.

Of all the charming little Shropshire towns which sound like a tinkle of tiny bells — Wem, Clee, Clun, Tong,—none has a more romantic history than the last named. It lies off the main road today though even in the days of Dickens its old "Bell Inn" was a hostel where coach horses were regularly changed between London and Chester.

This spot has been historic ground since it was held by Earl Morcar in the reign of Edward the Confessor, in 1042. After the conquest Tong, called in the Domesday Book Thange, was conferred by the Conqueror upon the great Earl Roger de Montgomery who founded Shrewsbury Abbey and Tong Church. There is mention of the church in Domesday Book under the date 1086.

Earl Roger, who must have been a busy man in an age of constant warfare, made a present of Tong to his second son, Hugh, in 1100, but soon afterwards it was lost by forfeiture to King Henry.

Tong passed through several holders — bishops and noblemen — until the year 1270, when King John gave it to one Alan la Zouche, distinguished for his loyalty to the crown. Alan la Zouche left a daughter, Alice la Zouche, who married William de Harcourt. She died in 1272, leaving two daughters, Margery and Orabel; the latter married Sir Henry de Pembrugge. About this time a three days' weekly market was granted by King Henry III on St. Bartholomew's Day for Tong.

Sir Fulco de Pembrugge II, Knight of Tong, was born in 1292. He came forward with the claim to fix the weight and price of bread and beer, and to hold a market and fair at Tong in the year 1312. Through him, Tong passed to Sir Fulco dc Pembrugge III and IV.

The widow of the last named, Elizabeth de Pembrugge, built the present church in memory of her husband in 1410, and except for the golden chapel added more than one hundred years later by Sir Henry Vernon, the old church remains, for the most part, as it was, with such minor changes only as the re-arrangement of pews.

The fine old carved roof has withstood the strain of centuries and represents today an excellent example of the art at that period. The screens consist of beautiful wood carving and there are sixteen carved stalls in the chancel. So often these small carved bits in choir stalls or chancels represent the devoted life work of some humble artist who goes to his grave "unhonored and unsung," but who leaves behind him a lasting record of work faithfully done.

The old Bell Inn at Tong

From the center of the church rises the octagonal tower containing eight bells, one of exceptional size weighing 52 cwts., given by Sir Henry Vernon as a thank offering in 1518.

At the death of Lady Elizabeth de Pembrugge about the year 1427, the church and property of Tong passed to her nephew, Sir Richard Vernon, thus bringing Tong within the charmed circle of romance in which so many of the ancient manors have left their imprint upon song and

story. Sir Richard married the Lady Benedicta, daughter of Sir Ludlow of Stokesay Castle in Shropshire. He died in 1462 and his tomb with effigies of himself and his wife is a notable one. The knight is in plate armour; his head rests upon his helmet with a boar's head and his feet upon a crouching lion, a symbol of bravery. He wears belt and sword and the decoration collar of S.S.

This collar is said to have been introduced by King Henry IV, as a mark of distinction for deeds of bravery on the field of battle.

Little Nell's Cottage, Tong

The Lady Benedicta was considered one of the handsomest women of her time. The face of the effigy is beautifully chiseled with fair, smooth forehead, arched eyebrows, a Stuart nose and lovely mouth and chin. She wears a high headdress, a long robe, with quantities of rings on her fingers, and she too wears the collar of S.S. She must have died while still young, as the date of her death is given as 1427, the year in which her husband inherited the lordship of Tong.

Sir Richard was succeeded by his son and heir, Sir William Vernon, whose wife was Margaret, daughter to Sir Robert Pype. They were the parents of twelve children, and their tomb is remarkable for the brass inlays representing the knight, his wife, and the children in groups of two. There were, originally, two sets of twins, one brass representing two small boys in long frocks and pointed shoes, and the second, two little girls with fret headdresses and long gowns. Unfortunately, the brass inlay of the twin girls has long ago disappeared, leaving in the stone slab the outline of its former position.

Sir Henry Vernon followed his father, Sir William, and for many reasons his was a picturesque and spectacular career. He was Lord of Haddon as well as of Tong and became the treasurer to Arthur, Prince of Wales. He witnessed the marriage contract of Prince Arthur and the Spanish Princess. He is known to have been in residence at Ludlow Castle with Prince Arthur and his young wife, Katherine of Aragon, and it is claimed that his Royal Patron honored him by visits to Tong Castle. Sir Henry married Lady Anne Talbot, the daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury. It was this Sir Henry who gave the great bell which still dominates the tower of Tong Church.

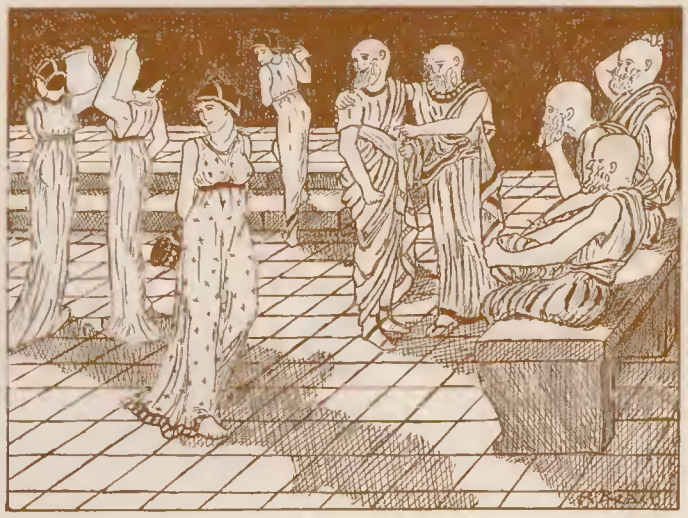
The story goes that the knight, having been hunting in the forests, suddenly found himself and his followers closed in by the quick fall of a dark and foggy night. Despairing of finding his way through the fog, Sir Henry was overjoyed when he heard, in the stillness, the church clock striking the hour. Carefully following the sound, he came to his castle in safety. In gratitude for this, he gave the great bell to the church, saying that he would give to Tong a tongue that could always speak and be heard.

For many years now, the old bell, which was cracked and remoulded, has not been rung except upon special occasions.

Sir Henry built the lovely little golden chapel under the arch of which he and his wife, the Lady Anne, lie buried. The chapel contains some very lovely fan vaultings in the low roof, similar on a small scale to that of Henry Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

Sir Henry built in 1500 Tong Castle, a very beautiful example of the embattled manor house,

(*Continued on page* 48)



The elders of the town were in the habit of foregathering - -

Phryne and the Baldpates

By Edwin A. Plitt, *American Consul, Paris*

Illustrations by Roderick Beach

THAT Saturday afternoon I found him sprawled over a drawing board in a little one-room shack from whose rickety balcony could be seen the silent records of Corinth's history lying scattered over the heat-baked Greek countryside. It was still warm from the August sun which had been drenching the broken marble fragments all day. But already its livid disk was beginning to hide behind the lofty pile of rusty masonry which was all that remained of the crusaders' castle on Acro Corinth, before making up its mind to plunge into the inviting coolness of the Corinthian Gulf just beyond.

Vale was not one of the regular "archies," as we had nicknamed our friends from the American School of Archaeology at Athens, whose sole object in life seemed to be the digging up of the woes of the past. He was a free lance of that profession, spending most of his days among the ruins of the city which had inspired Paul's epistles; collecting nondescript shards and other artifacts, and his evenings in fitting these jig-saw elements into statuary shapes and occasional pottery urns, which may possibly have contained some rare essential oils used by the stars who played the leads on the marble sets of that age.

As soon as he had given me a refreshing drink to wash down the dust of the afternoon's drive from Athens, he showed me some of his latest finds. Vale had not only rolled up an international reputation, but was such an ace in his profession that he never lacked for funds from private sources to carry on his diggings, and although I had only a bowing acquaintance with his science I never lost an opportunity to spend a day or two with him and listen to his interesting theories concerning his prolific discoveries. He was a Greek scholar as well, and resorted freely for inspiration to the classics in their euphonious original to aid him in his research. What I admired mostly in him, however, was his way of reconstructing a temple or other structure from a fractured column drum and a few vestiges of a platform, as well as his knack of peopling it with the glowing life of the times when it still stood four-square to the sun and winds.

His telegram to me the day before to spend the week-end with him suggested the promise of something new, and I could tell from the manner with which he had greeted my arrival that he must have found something worth while. So I lost no time urging him to take me over his latest dig.

"Well, this time I really have something to show you," he began, as we had finished our drink.

"If you wish, we can go to the site right away. The sun will take another hour to set, and it will be cooler out there than under this tin roof. We might have supper there, too, if you like."

I followed him only too readily, and some minutes later we had reached the spot where his foreman was just paying out the week's wages to his men. But all I saw was a fairly large rectangular platform of worn stone, whose longer sides had raised treads on which some vestiges of marble benches could still be seen.

"Let's go to the lower end," he invited. "When we raised these slabs yesterday," he indicated an already darkening aperture, "I was sure of my find. Can you guess what it is?"

I looked down and was about to enter to examine it more closely when he suddenly caught my arm and held me back. "Better accustom your eyes to the dark first. There is water, and one part is rather deep."

But all I could see after a while was a pile of greenish stone, some of it covered with lichen, and sufficiently slippery in appearance for me to heed my friend. But after I had examined it with some interest I could make nothing of it other than the remains of an ancient spring or well.

The day Praxiteles saw Phryne for the first time--

A rendezvous of baldpates--

"You are improving," he smiled. "It is the fountain of Pyrene, and none other than the principal one of Corinth where the greater part of the city obtained its daily supply of water, and which incidentally leads to my find."

"Not very convenient for those at a distance," I observed. "Or have you found some subterranean system of distribution as well?"

"No, but I have discovered how the priests changed the water you see there into wine during the religious festivities," he explained with considerable self-satisfaction. "Follow me and I will show you."

With these words he led the way through a partly hidden opening, into which we had to stoop. Some fifty feet farther on I found myself groping along in complete darkness which was suddenly piereed by Vale's flash lamp, as he led the way into a smaller chamber where we were once more able to stand erect.

"Here we are. This is where they hid their casks, and just above us is the funnel into which water from the fountain was poured. You see, it flowed down here and through this by-pass, back along the passage through which we have just come. And here, on the other side, they poured in the wine. Rather clever, don't you think? And from what I have been able to gather, the priests succeeded in fooling the people for centuries." And after I had followed Vale's light as it described the principal features of the marble lined cubicle, he again took the lead. "Now come along, but keep close, for the opening is rather narrow."

I crept along guided by his torch. We followed a tiny gutter cut out of the wall down which the wine presumably ran until about a hundred feet

(*Continued on page* 52)

American Consul Delivers German "Spy" To U. S. Navy

DETAILS OF WARTIME ADVENTURE NOW REVEALED

Noted Escaped "Spy" Surrendered In Malaga To American Consul

When Lieutenant Robert Fay was returned to the United States in September, 1918, a prisoner on an American cruiser, there were almost as many versions of his recapture as newspapers publishing accounts of it. One paper reported that "it was only after a world-wide search on the part of American secret service agents that he was finally caught in Spain." The facts, omitting certain details which may not be disclosed, even after the lapse of eighteen years, now appear for the first time.

Despatches, notes and memoranda and books in which Fay is mentioned,[1] have been drawn upon for information. Several members of the staff of the JOURNAL *collaborated on the story.*— THE EDITORS.

EARLY ACCOUNT REPRODUCED

ROBERT FAY, WHO FLED PRISON, IS CAUGHT IN SPAIN

New York Herald Aug 16 1918

Convicted Von Bernstorff Plotter Will Return Without Extradition.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Thursday.—Robert Fay, convicted of placing bombs on ships carrying supplies and troops to Europe, who escaped after his sentence to the penitentiary, has been apprehended in Spain. Secretary Lansing announced to-day that he is being brought back to the United States without extradition.

Fay was arrested with several other German agents indicted, tried and convicted in New York on charges of conspiring to destroy ships which were conveying food and munitions to Europe by placing infernal machines in their cargoes and attaching time bombs to their rudders. He was also connected with plots to destroy railroad bridges in Canada and generally committing sabotage with the purpose of interfering with the movement

He entered the office during the luncheon period and requested permission to await the return of the vice consul.

"No . . . thanks. A purely personal matter, otherwise I should be glad of your offer of assistance."

The easy manner of the caller, his mention by name of the officer he wished to see, checked further questions by the clerk. Declining the chair placed near a window the tall, slender man clad in a well-cut suit of dark grey, moved restlessly about the office. From time to time he fanned himself with his straw hat. The heat that afternoon was oppressive, even for Malaga.

"I didn't exactly know," explained the clerk an hour later when the vice consul returned, "what to do with him. I've never seen him before. He would not talk—even about the weather. And he asked for you . . . by name."

"Very well. Show him in."

The visitor approached the vice consul's desk with a quick, light step. "Have you not another room? My business with you is urgent . . . confidential. And this" . . . indicating the open double doors leading to the general office, "affords no privacy."

Consul Louis G. Dreyfus, now Counselor of Embassy at Lima, Peru, on leave of absence in the United States, had left his honorary vice consul, Mr. Edward J. Norton, in charge; and the residence portion of the apartment being unoccupied the vice consul preceded his visitor into Mr. Dreyfus' living room. There the tall man turned, closed the door. . . .

"Mr. Norton . . . I am Lieutenant Fay of the German Army. Your government . . . and the Allies, would be delighted to have me behind bars in Atlanta. American newspapers have described me as 'one of the most desperate agents of the German military system.' Rather exaggerated — that statement! You, probably, know a good deal about me. I have called to discuss surrender . . . on terms."

There were cards in the office safe indexed "Robert Fay, escaped convict"; a file of reports from the intelligence services; photographs of the fugitive . . . the vice consul remembered them all. The caller, nevertheless, was required to produce proof of his identity. The documents offered were examined, returned.

"You are wasting time in proposing to surrender . . . on terms."

Lieutenant Fay, however, pleaded for a hearing. The afternoon passed into early evening. Yielding to Fay's request for still more time, Mr. Norton telephoned his wife that he would be detained for another hour or so; the conversation was resumed with Lieutenant Fay, emotional, insistent, pressing for a consideration of his "terms" and the advantage thereof to the United States, then at war with Germany.

ROBERT FAY, FAMOUS "SPY"

[1] *The German Secret Service in America*, 1914-1918. Small, Maynard and Company, Boston. *The Dark Invader*. By Captain Franz von Rintelen. Lovat Dickson, Limited, London.

About nine o'clock when Mrs. Norton arrived with a maid and a dinner basket, Fay decided to leave, was escorted to the door. He returned a few minutes later, much agitated, saying that before going into the street he had peered about in the dusk . . . saw spies . . . recognized them. Might he remain for a time in the Consulate? Please . . . it was important!

Again he entered Mr. Dreyfus' living room, bowed his acknowledgment of Mrs. Norton's invitation to dinner. He had missed his luncheon, he said, was very hungry but . . . he could not allow her to entertain him under false pretenses . . . he was a German officer. If Mrs. Norton would accept him as her guest . . . regard him as a prisoner of war, he would, for the time being, surrender to her . . . unconditionally. . . .

During the meal the conversation ran to music, dogs, books, wood carving, gardening . . . and the prisoner of war talked entertainingly. He possessed an excellent command of English; had lived, prior to the outbreak of the war, in Canada and the United States, knew both countries well.

After dinner, from time to time, Lieutenant Fay, wrapped in curtains, peered out of the windows, and about midnight, decided he could safely leave the Consulate. After his departure, Mr. and Mrs. Norton read a file of clippings relating to their guest. One opened with these paragraphs:

"Robert Fay landed in New York on April 25, 1915. He landed in jail just six months and one day later—on October 24th. In those six months he slowly perfected one of the most infernal devices that ever emerged from the mind of man. He painfully had it manufactured piece by piece. With true German thoroughness he covered his trail at every point—excepting one. And five days after he had aroused suspicion at that point, he and his entire gang of fellow conspirators were in jail. The agents of American justice who put him there had unravelled his whole ingenious scheme and had enough evidence to have sent him to the penitentiary for life if laws since passed had then been in effect.

". . . . The devilish device which Robert Fay invented and had ready for use when he was arrested . . . was a box containing forty pounds of trinitrotutuoil, to he fastened to the rudder post of a vessel, and so geared to the rudder itself that its oscillations would slowly release the catch of a spring, which would then drive home the firing pin and cause an explosion that would instantly tear off the whole stern of the ship, sinking it in midocean in a few minutes.

"Experts in mechanics and experts in explosives and experts in shipbuilding all tested the machine and all agreed that it was perfect for the work which Fay had planned that it should do."[2]

The word "spy" as defined by the Hague Convention, did not apply to Lieutenant Fay or to his activities. As never before in history, the extraordinary circumstances attending the World War disclosed the need of armies for men of special qualifications to work behind the lines, to help the fighting forces. On both sides the majority of these non-combatants labored heroically to protect and save the men in the trenches; the men at sea. On one side only was there an organization which intensified the great conflict; its purpose . . . destruction: To wreck the neutral industries which

[2]Robert Fay and the Ship Bombs." *The World's Work*, April, 1918.

THE U. S. GUNBOAT "MACHIAS" ON WHICH FAY WAS TAKEN TO THE U. S.

U. S. Navy Photo

HOW FAY LEFT THE U. S. A.

Lieutenant Fay, German War Spy, Deported

Leader of Plot to Bomb Munition Ships Brought From Prison in Atlanta and Sent to Hamburg

Another Teuton With Him

Escape From Confinement and Recapture in Spain Gave Deportee Notoriety

Robert Fay, a former lieutenant in the German army, and believed to have been one of the leaders of the imperial German spy system in this country before the war, was deported under secret orders from Washington yesterday on board the Bayern of the Hamburg-American Line, bound for Hamburg. Accompanying him was a man known as Carl Koenig, concerning whom the immigration officials could or would not give any information, and it was not until after the departure of the Bayern that the identity of Fay could be confirmed.

supplied the Allies with war material; to impede commerce with the Allies. And Lieutenant Fay, a destroying agent, was one of a group of technical experts fighting the enemy from neutral territory. In 1915, the chief field for Germany's destroying agents lay in the United States.

What Lieutenant Fay accomplished in New York before his arrest . . . brilliant work by the New York Police and the United States Secret Service ran him down . . . is not exactly known. However, in that time, two ships laden with munitions steamed through the Narrows and, out at sea, had their rudders torn away. Abandoned by her crew, one vessel drifted for a time, a wreck in the Atlantic; the other, picked up helpless, was towed to the nearest port. Other ships were not so fortunate; they disappeared at sea; and their cargoes of American munitions failed to reach the Allied guns on the Western and Eastern fronts.

On May 9, 1916, Lieutenant Fay was sentenced to serve eight years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. the maximum penalty prescribed for his offense. Fay then wrote Judge John C. Knox, the Assistant United States Attorney who conducted the prosecution, that he would not serve the sentence the Court had passed upon him. "There are but three ways in which I can avoid serving a term in prison: The United States can release me and permit me to return to Germany; if the United States refuses to do so I shall escape from prison and, if necessary, kill as many persons as try to prevent my escape or, failing in that also, I shall kill myself."[3]

Judge Knox at the time expressed the opinion that Lieutenant Fay was serious in his assertions, and advised that word be sent to the prison officials to keep a close watch on him.

Despite the "close watch" enjoined by the Judge, Lieutenant Fay accomplished what few prisoners have succeeded in doing . . . escape from the Atlanta penitentiary. From behind its great stone walls he walked one sweltering day in August, 1916, having served less than three months of his sentence. His movements were traced and lost and found again. Then he appeared in Mexico. Once more he disappeared. Months later he was discovered in Spain where he travelled widely until he came to Malaga about the middle of July, 1918.

Mr. Norton informed the Department of Fay's arrival, his offer of surrender . . . was instructed to keep in touch with him. Fay was soon located; he frequented a small café where he spent most of his time writing letters; he was kept under observation, but the Consulate did not communicate with him.

One morning, however, when the Consulate was opened a letter, pushed under the door during the night, lay on the floor. Fay proposed another appointment; he would telephone during the day about it.

The same evening, about nine o'clock, Fay appeared. This time, instead of urging the acceptance of his terms he proceeded to justify, as a German officer, his activities in the United States:

The Allied fleets dominated the seas. Military supplies could not pass the blockade and reach any port within the territory of the Central Powers, but American munitions in enormous quantities were going to and strengthening the Allies whose guns, in the early port of 1915, were sorely in need of American shells.

Germany, facing half a world in arms, failing by diplomatic protests to prevent or limit the export of munitions to her foes, determined to attack by every means within her power a new, unexpected and formidable enemy—the production and transport of American munitions.

In January, 1915, Lieutenant Fay was serving (and with conspicuous gallantry, although he spoke lightly of his service in the trenches), on the Western Front, wearing the Iron Cross. When the trench systems on his sector were demolished by the Allied batteries, and German attacks were smothered by a flaring storm of shattering high explosives, patrols were ordered to pick up and bring in for identification the shell fragments. Only too often were these recognized: They were of steel, far superior in their destructive power to those of cast-iron theretofore used by the Allied guns . . . American shells.

In his dug-out, during periods of relief, Fay (in civil life a mechanical genius), worked on his plan for crippling shipments of munitions from the United States. His device—a new type of bomb for the destruction of ships—was submitted to the Supreme Army Command, tested and approved. Ordered to appear before a Special Board, Lieutenant Fay elaborated his plan. His resourcefulness, iron nerve and evident aptitude to undertake successfully a dangerous mission so impressed his superiors that he was detached from his regiment, directed to proceed to New York . . . and act.

Provided with funds, false passports, aided by luck and his own self-confidence (Fay chuckled as he told how he had eluded the vigilance of the Allied boarding officers who examined passengers on his ship, searching for Germans and German suspects), he travelled in safety to the United States. Although, he assured the vice consul, his operations in New York were linked with those of Von Bern-

(*Continued on page* 54)

[3] *The New York Herald*, August 16, 1918.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

WASHINGTON

To All Chiefs of Mission and Members of the American Foreign Service.

Sirs:

The President has requested me to transmit the following message to the Chiefs of Mission and to all members of the Foreign Service:

"The White House
Washington

"At this season of the year I take pleasure in sending to you my greetings and best wishes for Christmas and for the New Year. Your loyal and intelligent cooperation with us in Washington has made the past year a source of satisfaction and encouragement to me in this important period of our country's development.

"I look forward in confident anticipation to continuing mutual cooperation during 1938.

"(Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt"

I am happy to associate myself with the President in his greetings of the Christmas Season and best wishes for the New Year.

Very truly yours,

Cordell Hull

Geographic's New Map of South America

By Lonnelle Davison

WHAT about South America?

As an anxious world cocks an eye southward in taking stock of its troubled political, economic and cultural relationships, a new map of this continent, issued by the National Geographic Society as a special supplement to its Magazine for December, 1937, comes with conspicuous timeliness.

"The continent of South America is less well known, geographically, than any other large inhabited region of the earth," explains Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, President of The Society, in his description of this map. "Only about a quarter of its total area has been surveyed, and there are vast expanses which are practically unexplored."

Yet, undeveloped as it still is, its natural resources in land and products—graphically pictured on one of the insets of The Society's map—have already proven of incalculable weight in its own and the world's destiny.

A glance at this map shows what a variety of wealth is South America's. There are mineral stores of gold and silver and platinum; coal, copper, lead, and tin. From its pampas to international markets, for example, pours a never-ending stream of wheat, corn and cattle. Brazil, you see, is rich in rubber, coffee and cotton; Patagonia in sheep; Colombia in emeralds; Venezuela in oil. On the inset, indicated by different colors, is also a survey of land utilization by areas—the continent's boundless grazing lands, virgin forests, country intensively cultivated, and that still agriculturally unproductive.

Included on the map supplement is a second inset, broadly summarizing rainfall and temperatures throughout South America. Still another, showing relief features of mountains and plains, and depth contours that indicate sharp contrast between Pacific and Atlantic coasts, presents the continent's latest commercial airlines. So fast have these lines grown in recent years that it is hard to keep up with them. Marked here, for instance, are new ones like that from Valparaiso to Magallanes, or from Rio de Janeiro to Asunción and Buenos Aires. Already other routes are being studied.

The importance of air transport to a continent like South America becomes immediately apparent as you look at the supplement's main map. Here are magnificent distances between its big cities. Giant mountain barriers rise up to discourage overland traffic and choking whirlpools and cascading waterfalls obstruct river routes. Between tropical jungle in the north and icy wastes in the south, stretch almost untouched interior regions. There are deserts and glaciers and swamps.

Yet this map also records valiant efforts of man to conquer distance and difficulties. It shows railways, for example, that wind through high, crooked passes over the Andes; canals, and river lanes marked with limits of navigation. Steamship routes linking South American ports with the rest of the world are also indicated; on one of these, ocean-going liners penetrate inland Brazil to a point nearly 1,000 miles from the coast.

Measuring 26¾ inches by 37½, the map supplement is printed in 10 colors. Its chief map is drawn to a scale of 1:8,500,000, or one inch to 134.2

(*Continued on page* 58)

LETTERS

The Editors,
The Foreign Service Journal.

GENTLEMEN:

One of the many constructive ideas in Mr. Chapin's exceedingly interesting article on the Service, his suggestion that retirement be made automatic for failure to secure promotion after a specified period of time, seems particularly worthy of further specific consideration.

Retirement for failure to secure promotion would supplement the policy which the Department has followed in recent years of encouraging retirement after thirty years of service. It has been the practice for many years in the Navy and has come to be accepted as a perfectly natural procedure involving no stigma upon those so retired. That it would raise the caliber of the higher classes of the Service and accelerate promotions throughout the Service goes without saying. It is not my intention to argue the pros or cons of the principle involved but rather to outline a possible system.

It is suggested, in principle, that retirement be made automatic for officers who have failed to reach Class I after 30 years of service, Class II after 27 years, Class III after 24 years, Class IV after 21 years, Class V after 18 years, or Class VI after 15 years.

It is immediately apparent that certain important qualifications would have to be made in so simple a scale to prevent obvious injustices and the loss to the Service of many good men. Were the system immediately put into effect as outlined above, 104 officers would be automatically retired. Many of these are unquestionably good men whose advancement has been held up for one reason or another, who have been recently promoted and who will be further promoted in due course.

A large part of this group consists of men who have performed part of their service as non-career officers and who were obviously not eligible for promotion while serving in that capacity. While it may be held that the best men in the non-career service pass into the career service comparatively quickly and that previous experience in a non-career capacity should put an officer in a more advantageous position with respect to promotion than one entering directly from the outside, it is doubtful whether these considerations would justify counting an officer's period of service relative to compulsory retirement from a date earlier than his entry into the career service. Counting career service only, the number of officers who would at present be affected by the suggested scale would be reduced to 40.

The Service has in the past gone through periods when lack of funds has prevented any promotions at all during certain periods and it will presumably again go through such periods. It would not appear just to count such periods toward compulsory retirement. I have made no attempt to ascertain whether or not promotions have been made in specific classes in each of the last thirty years, but, as we all well know, no ordinary promotions were made from Classes II, III and IV during 1932, 1933 and 1934 or any ordinary promotions at all during 1932 and 1933. Excepting these years would reduce the number of officers affected to 65 if non-career service were counted or to 27 if career service only were counted.

Some of the officers in this minimum group of 27 are undoubtedly good men. They could very simply be retained under the suggested system by use of the President's existing power to retain in the Service, in the public interest, any officer under 70 years of age. From further considerations of fairness it would probably be preferable not to put such a system into effect immediately but rather to have it take effect approximately two years after its enactment as law. This would allow time for the Personnel Board to exempt, by promotion, a number of worthwhile officers.

It is realized that the Service needs not only exceptional men but a large body of capable, hard-working officers willing to perform essentially routine tasks indefinitely. These officers inevitably fail to advance as rapidly as those made conspicuous by outstanding ability and would of course be most affected by the proposed system. The work which it is the real function of these officers to perform, however, can in many cases be performed substantially as well by junior officers of equal competence. It is hardly efficient for the Government to pay seven or eight thousand dollars a year for services which could be obtained for three or four thousand.

The system suggested may appear to many officers to be too drastic; to others it will probably appear not drastic enough. It is put forward simply as a basis for discussion.

While Mr. Chapin's suggestion for reorganization of the Service into a smaller number of classes appears sound, it is not believed that adoption of an automatic retirement system need await such a reorganization. It could be made effective very simply through insertion of a new proviso between the existing provisos of Section 26(d) of the Act of February 23, 1931, (Moses-Linthicum Act). An amended Section 26(d) might read somewhat as follows:

> When any Foreign Service officer has reached the age of sixty-five years and rendered at least fifteen years of service he shall be retired: Provided, That if any officer shall have served thirty years he may be retired at his own request before reaching the age of sixty-five years: Provided further: That after July 1, 1940, any officer shall be retired if he has not reached Class I after 30 years, Class II after 27 years, Class III after 24 years, Class IV after 21 years, Class V after 18 years, or Class VI after 15 years of career service during each of which promotions have been made from the Class in which the officer was then serving: and Provided further, that the President may in his discretion retain any such officer on active duty for such period prior to his reaching seventy years of age, as he may deem for the interests of the United States."

Frequent expressions by members of the House Appropriations Committee of approval for the "weeding out" process undertaken by the Department in recent years indicate that presentation of such an amendment

would meet a very favorable reception in Congress.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE C. ACHILLES.

Department of State
December 6, 1937.

Letter from L. S. Armstrong, Consul, Tampico

With reference to the article based upon the first fifty replies to the questionnaire, I, personally, am always interested in the goings and comings and doings, so to speak, of my former chiefs, my consular classmates and the officers I have served with and those I have met in the Department or at their posts or on shipboard, and I should like to see much more personal news in the JOURNAL. Suggested items would include where officers spent their leaves, officers calling at posts, farewell parties given when officers are transferred, Fourth of July and other official receptions, Memorial Day services, etc., etc. In regard to goings and comings, if offices in the more frequently visited posts and in ports through which officers are constantly passing were to send in brief notes in regard to visitors, much copy would be available.

In my opinion, mail bag discussions would be difficult owing to the fact that some posts receive the JOURNAL in a few days while others do not get it for weeks. A discussion could be begun say in the January issue and letters on the subject might be received from posts in Canada and Mexico in time to be printed in the February issue, but by the time the JOURNAL got to Australia or New Zealand and an officer there got his letter back to Washington, those in Mexico and Canada would have had time to forget what it was all about. Also, if but one officer in twenty wrote at any length on the subject discussed, the JOURNAL could not begin to print all the letters.

One feature which might be welcome to many readers could be a page of suggestions or short cuts or systems devised by officers to assist them in certain routine work. This would cover anything and everything. As an example I have a system to help me in checking the inventory—others may do the same or may have a better one. Mine is to make a list of all the rooms in the Consulate and to assign a number to each and then to note in pencil on each inventory card the number of the room in which the item should be. Another thing I have found to be very useful is a sort of informal Miscellaneous Record Book in which entries are made in chronological order of the dates of purely local events, arrivals and departures of officers and clerks on leave, and other dates to which an easy and ready reference is convenient. This is especially helpful in making up the annual reports of leave or in ascertaining the dates of local happenings without having to go to the files. This is kept in one of the five by eight blank note books supplied by the Department and it enables one to find in a minute the date of anything of importance, whether it occurred a month or a year or two ago. Doubtless some officers have worked out systems of keeping

(*Continued on page* 58)

Trade-Agreement Notes

By EDWARD I. MULLINS

ON November 17, with the announcement that a trade agreement was contemplated with the United Kingdom, the long period of "exploratory conversations" was brought to a close. The possibility of an agreement moved one step forward. Those interested in obtaining concessions from the United Kingdom, and those opposed to granting concessions on our side, have been given a preliminary opportunity to make positive suggestions. By the time this goes to press, the formal public notice of intention to negotiate with the United Kingdom may have been made; and with it a list of the products under consideration for concessions to the United Kingdom. After the public hearing comes the actual and last stage of an agreement, the definite negotiations.

Expanded Agreement with Canada

The day following the contemplation notice with the United Kingdom, there was an announcement that we contemplated a new agreement with Canada.

American Economic Association Meeting

Lynn Edminster, Chief Economic Analyst of the Division, is scheduled to read a paper on the trade-agreements program at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association which meets at Atlantic City, December 27-30. A number of other members of the Division also plan to attend this annual conclave.

An Agreement with Teeth In It

The Associated Press carried a news item, following the contemplation announcement with the United Kingdom, to the effect that "there will be teeth in this agreement." Among other things, the item stated:

> "A Department of Commerce specialist said today American manufacturers are putting out a line of teeth that have eaten their way into the hearts of the British dentists and have filled scores of millions of cavities in John Bull's jaw."

It is estimated that some four million Britishers "wear" American teeth. American exports of teeth to the United Kingdom in 1936 numbered more than 40 millions. These teeth permit greater enjoyment in eating American foodstuffs; but, according to a number of agricultural sections of the country, they have not "enjoyed" enough of this in recent years.

Chicago and Foreign Trade

A sprightly bulletin by the League of Nations Association, entitled "Chicago: World Trader," has just come to our attention. This study shows the dependence of the industries of Chicago and its environs on foreign trade.

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The American Foreign Service Association

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

THE EDITORS' COLUMN

"Behind the dirty façade of the State, War and Navy Building lies a story, as well as a great deal of horrible architecture. In fact, the horrible architecture is the story. It is a contributory cause for the building getting dirty in the first place, and the main reason that no efforts are made to clean it. ——— many —— are of the opinion that a cleaned-up State, War and Navy Building would be an even ghastlier sight than the present monstrosity, whose architectural features are so bad that even dirt makes it less ugly."

The foregoing is an extract from a recent article in *The Washington Daily News*. Harsh words—almost fighting words. There are many, however, who hold that the ancient pile has its charms as well as its horrors; who would not trade its high-ceilinged, spacious rooms for the box-like offices of some of the modern buildings; who enjoy the sizzling of the steam in the radiators during the winter and the whirr of the electric fans in summer; who speculate, perhaps, upon just what might happen were one to succumb to the almost irrisistible impulse to try roller skating around its four blocks of smooth, inviting corridors.

Circular recently sent to consular officers in Mexico

The Editors of the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, in connection with their program (already beginning to show results) of making the JOURNAL more interesting and useful, have addressed the following letter to Herbert Bursley at the Embassy:

"The editorial board of the JOURNAL would like very much to work out a plan whereby news from the field can be made of greater interest and value to the Service. We have decided that the most promising course is to ask eight or ten officers in widely separated areas to undertake to send in material regularly, not only from their own posts but from their part of the world in general. That would mean that they would have to request friends in other posts to forward news to be included in a consolidated report.

"It is suggested that the emphasis be placed upon activities of officers and offices other than social. With transfers as frequent as they are, it should be of general interest to have news of what problems and what type of work are of most importance at various posts. Short reports of conferences, changes in living conditions, new or modified facilities for recreation and exercise, opportunities for hobbies and other similar subjects should present a field for interesting comment.

"Social events, in most cases, might best be reported photographically, with a descriptive caption for the pictures.

"The board, however, does not wish to limit the initiative or ideas of those who will volunteer to help fur-

(*Continued on page* 60)

News from the Department

The Under Secretary delivered an address in Washington on December 6 before the Inter-American Center of George Washington University. The full text of Mr. Welles' address, entitled "On the Need for a Spirit of Tolerance in Inter-American Relations," is contained in the Department's Radio Bulletin No. 284 of December 6. Following are typically significant parts of the address, which is well worth careful reading and study in its entirety:

"During the now many years in which I have been privileged to be an observer of the development of closer relations between the United States and its sister republics of the new world, I have more than once been struck with an apparent impatience — I might almost say intolerance — on the part of certain sections of our public here in the United States with regard to the way in which our American neighbors solve their purely domestic and internal problems. One of the greatest advances that has been made in inter-American relations was the agreement on the part of each American republic to refrain from any form of interference in the internal affairs of the other American Republics. If that solemn obligation on the part of the twenty-one American governments is to be maintained at its full value, I venture to express the opinion that the people in all of the republics as well should likewise observe the spirit thereof."

* * *

"I have cited this instance (note: recent political events in Brazil) at some length because it is so recent in the minds of all of us. It would be difficult for me to emphasize too strongly my belief that one of the most salient principles of the 'good neighbor' policy which we have been carrying out here in Washington during these past five years is to refrain from minding your neighbor's business for him."

* * *

"Now, there are, of course, no two principles in international law more salutary in themselves and more generally recognized than the principle that an alien residing in a foreign country is subject to the laws of the country where he lives to the same extent as are the nationals of that country and, second, that should the legitimately acquired properties of aliens residing in a foreign country be expropriated, for the purpose of advancing the public welfare of that country, such aliens are entitled to equitable compensation therefor. I am glad to say that these principles are generally recognized and carried out throughout the Americas, and the faithful observance of them should be a matter of pride to every nation on this hemisphere. The day has passed when a citizen of the United States, acquiring property in another American republic, can undertake to maintain that, because of his citizenship, his person and his property are free from the jurisdiction of the laws and of the courts of the other American republic where he lives, and that he is supported in such contention by his own Government. On the other hand, should his property be subject to condemnation by due process of law, he is, of course, entitled to demand fair compensation therefor, and in that contention he will be supported by this Government just as this Government would recognize such right on the part of the citizens of the other American republics residing within the United States. As I have said on other occasions, the 'good neighbor' policy is essentially a reciprocal policy. I believe that the recognition of the inherently reciprocal nature of its principles is widespread throughout the continent."

The Senate, on November 16, confirmed the appointment of William Dawson, former American Minister to Colombia, to be Minister to Uruguay, where he will succeed Julius G. Lay, retired.

The Senate, also on November 16, confirmed numerous appointments of Foreign Service Officers as consuls and as diplomatic secretaries. All Foreign Service Officers now hold dual commissions.

Woodbury Willoughby was appointed Senior Economic Analyst in the Division of Trade Agreements, on August 26, 1937. Mr. Willoughby, Ph.D., Princeton, 1925, also studied at Johns Hopkins University. He acted as assistant to the Financial Adviser of the Polish Government, 1928-1930; and has had many years' experience as an economist in the Department of Agriculture and with the Tariff Commission.

Honoré Marcel Catudal, Economic Analyst, Division of Trade Agreements, resigned on September 13, 1937.

Paul Mayo, A.B., A.M., Associate Professor of History at the University of Denver from 1929 to November, 1937, was appointed Senior Divisional Assistant in the Division of International Conferences, on November 1.

Following are the names of the new officers of the American Foreign Service Protective Association:

Charles Hosmer, President; Joseph Ballantine, Vice President; Ellis Briggs, Secretary-Treasurer.

George Brandt and Donald Heath resigned their offices as President and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively, during November, because of the termination of their Department assignments and their return to field service.

Results of Written Examinations Announced

Ratings received on the written part of the last Foreign Service examinations held in September were made public on December 9. Of the 442 persons who took the examinations, only 62 (or 14 per cent) attained a mark of 70 or better, thus becoming eligible for the oral examinations which are scheduled to start on January 10, 1938. The number of individuals qualifying for the orals is unusually small; in 1936, 117 received over 70, which was slightly over 16 per cent of the total number taking the examination (727).

Foreign Service Social Activities in Washington

Social activities of the Foreign Service—both of officers and wives—have been inaugurated for the current season. The ladies have held two luncheons, at the second of which on December 1 Miss Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, made an interesting talk on the activities of the Bureau. She was questioned after concluding her remarks by many members of the audience who had found the Bureau's publications of great help in bringing up children while at foreign posts. Mrs. Cordell Hull was a guest of honor at this luncheon, as was Mrs. George Messersmith, who made a brief address of greeting.

The Committee in charge of activities of the ladies of the Foreign Service is headed by Mrs. John Carter Vincent. She is assisted by Mrs. Selden Chapin, Mrs. Lewis Clark and Mrs. Edward Trueblood. The members of the committee make every effort to have newcomers to the luncheons meet as many of the ladies present as possible.

The talk by Miss Lenroot was the first of a series of informal addresses which the Committee hopes to be able to arrange. At the next luncheon, to be held after the holidays, Miss Caroline O'Day, Congresswoman from New York, is to be the guest of honor. The Committee believes that the presence at these luncheons of distinguished women in government will make these gatherings more worthwhile to the ladies who attend.

The present Entertainment Committee of the Foreign Service Association under the chairmanship of Raleigh Gibson, with Selden Chapin and Lewis Clark as committee members, has also endeavored to work out a more enjoyable type of entertainment than has been provided in the past by the luncheons. Their first "experiment" was an informal gathering held at the Hay-Adams on November 23 at 5:30 in the afternoon. Attendance broke all previous records, with 120 persons present. The crowd started to thin out at 7 but some stayed on until 7:30. Assistant Secretaries Messersmith and Wilson were the guests of honor, and the nature of the gathering made it possible for practically everyone to meet and converse at least briefly with them. This has not been possible in the past at the luncheons, since they have invariably been hurried, with "visiting" practically limited to conversing with one's table companions.

The entertainment committee plans to concentrate on social activities of this type and extends a genuine welcome to all visiting Foreign Service Officers to be present. If they will notify the chairman of the Committee of their presence in Washington, (Raleigh Gibson, Division of American Republics) he will be glad to keep them informed about such activities.

The annual golf match between the Department and the British Embassy took place at the Burning Tree Club on Sunday afternoon, November 21st. The Managers, Richard Southgate, Chief of the Division of International Conferences, and Victor Mallett, Counselor of the British Embassy,

chose the coldest day so far this winter to stage the annual exhibition, and the players used a considerable amount of ingenuity in garbing themselves with sweaters, windbreakers and various types of flannels in an unsuccessful effort to keep out the bitter wind.

After proper preliminaries in the way of luncheon, the matches started and as dark was coming on the congealed players began trooping into the club house. The first match to report was that in which the British Ambassador and Victor Mallet played against Lewis Clark and Earl Dickover. The score was all square. As additional matches began to be reported it became apparent that there had been a second Yorktown.

The matches were four ball foursomes, high ball, low ball, and the final score was three American victories and two "all squares." Players on both sides were ready to admit that their scores were not up to their usual standard. Joe Flack, with 89, was the lowest that we heard of, but there may have been some unusually modest player who neglected to report a lower score. For the sake of international comity we refrain from diselosing other scores which come to light. All present agreed that the best scores of the day were made at the nineteenth hole.

The matches ended as follows:

British Embassy		*Department*	
Sir Ronald Lindsay		Clark	
Mallett	vs.	Dickover	All square
Sims		Simmons	3 points up
Bradley	vs.	Culbertson	4 to go
Pirie		Southgate	3 points up
Chawkley	vs.	Achilles	6 to go
Sterling		Chapin	
Thomson	vs.	Alling	3 points up
Heywood		Flack	
Coleby	vs.	Ballantine	All-square

VISITORS

The following visitors called at the Department during the past month:

	November
Charles A. Converse, London	17
Odin G. Loren, Nuevo Laredo	18
Maurice P. Dunlap, Bergen	19
Ely E. Palmer, Ottawa	19
Edward J. Sparks, Quito	20
Hector C. Adam, Jr., Montevideo	22
Marshall M. Vance, Windsor	22
Leo J. Callanan, Malaga	23
Bertel E. Kuniholm, Riga	23
Harold Shantz, Athens	26
Cecil M. P. Cross, Paris	26
Hugh S. Fullerton, Paris	26
T. A. Hickok, Tokyo	26
C. E. MacEachran, Halifax	27
Charles A. Derry, Perth	27
Windfield H. Scott, Tenerife	29
H. Gordon Minnigerode, Bangkok	29
George Alexander Armstrong, Dublin	29
Easton T. Kelsey, Beirut	30
Francis R. Stewart, Venice	29
Carlos J. Warner, Berlin	30
Doreen Granger Bodfish, Paris	29
	December
George Platt Waller, Brussels	2
R. L. Smyth, Peiping	2
Otho T. Colclough, Ottawa	3
William Dawson, Bogotá	4
Harry L. Trautman, Department	6
Walter T. Prendergast, La Paz	7
Percy G. Kemp, St. Michaels	8
Milton K. Wells, Valencia	8
Antonio C. Gonzalez, Quito	8
J. V. A. MacMurray, Istanbul	8
William W. Heard, Halifax	9
Oscar C. Harper, Nuevo Laredo	11
Donn P. Medalie, Montreal	13
Robert T. Cowan, Port Said	13
Arthur Garrels, Tokyo	13
Jack D. Neal, Tampico	13
William H. Christensen, Winnipeg	13
William C. Affeld, Jr., Kobe	14
Douglas Jenkins, London	14
Fay Allen Des Portes, Guatemala	15
Taylor W. Gannett, Paris	15
William W. Walker, Surabaya	15
Julius G. Lay, Retired	15

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Contributors to this issue require so much space that the editors have been forced to curtail acknowledgments:

Ambassadors SKINNER and WEDDELL, and G. HOWLAND SHAW, all of whom contribute articles of direct Service interest, need no introduction. It is hoped that more of this first rate material of professional and career interest will become available.

Foreign Service Officers have assisted greatly in this issue—THEODORE C. ACHILLES, with his interesting letter on Mr. Chapin's article; LAWRENCE S. ARMSTRONG, with comment upon the JOURNAL; EDWIN A. PLITT, with his entertaining speculations about the "baldpates;" CECIL B. LYON and the many others who have sent in news from the field.

EDWARD J. NORTON, Consul General, retired, and MRS. PHILIP HOLLAND, wife of the Consul General at Liverpool, are former contributors and well known to the Service. MISS KATHLEEN TODD, of the Embassy staff at Peiping, adds materially to the photographic interest of the issue.

WALLACE McCLURE, Assistant Chief of the Treaty Division, and FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF, also of the Treaty Division, have done the usual

(*Continued on page 60*)

Pages from a Diary

By Cecil B. Lyon, *Third Secretary, Peiping*

Woke about 5:15 this morning (July 28) to the sound of aeroplanes, bombing, and artillery firing. Got up immediately and went straight to the Chancery. Mr. Lockhart, Salisbury, and Colonel Marston arrived shortly thereafter. As we had decided last night to bring our nationals into the Legation Quarter, the Marines started work and soon a village of tents sprang up all over the lawn. Colonel Marston, as a result of the Embassy's decision of the night before, sent out mounted Marines to deliver warning to American citizens, directing them to come to the Quarter, and Marine Corps trucks were sent to the various centers throughout the city which had been designated as rallying points.

American citizens billeted in Embassy grounds.

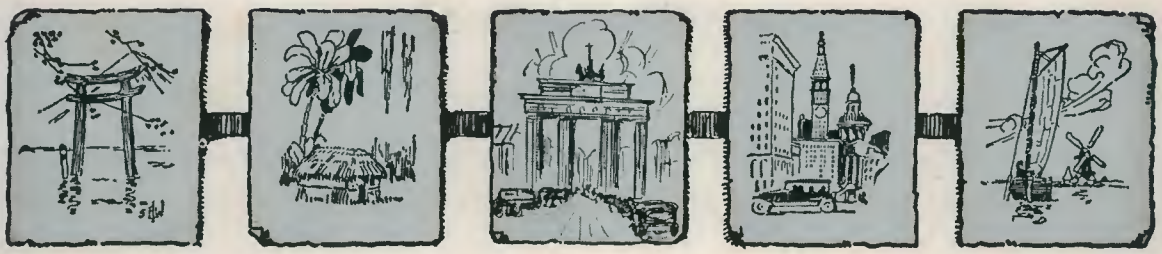
Mrs. Johnson, her children, and Mrs. Archbold of Washington, on the Embassy steps, July 28.

Balthasar B.—and his goat arriving. Mrs. Simpson of the Embassy staff at left.

It soon developed that the most serious problem which confronted us was that the Chinese, during the night, had dug deep ditches across many of the hutungs and on the main thoroughfares had built barricades through which the Marine trucks could not pass. After much telephoning from the Embassy to Chinese officials, the barricades were finally opened from 9:30 a. m. to 10:30 to let foreigners through.

About 7:30 there was a sound of machine gun firing which seemed to come from the Japanese Embassy compound. Several people rushed into the Chancery and stated that this was the case. Then Colonel Marston came in and said that the Chinese soldiers had fired on a squad of Marines and one had been wounded. Fortunately Clubb, whom Mr. Lockhart had sent out to try and get the barricades open at Morrison Street, had been a witness to the whole affair. He said that a group of about ten mounted Marines rode toward

(*Continued on page* 60)



News from the Field

STRASBOURG

Walter T. Prendergast, Consul at this post, left Strasbourg on November 19 for his new post in La Paz. He travels by way of New York and the Panama Canal and should arrive at La Paz just after the New Year. His successor, Consul Hasell H. Dick, arrived at Strasbourg November 13 from Amoy after home leave in the United States.

Vice Consul R. Austin Acly left Strasbourg September 27 for Johannesburg direct. His problems concerned with moving his family and furniture were incidental to those concerned with transporting the family dog. Sheaves of correspondence, diplomatic intervention and a period of quarantine finally evolved into a satisfactory conclusion. Vice Consul Laurence W. Taylor took over his desk, house and garden tools.

GIBRALTAR

The two accompanying photographs illustrate the dedication of the American War Memorial in Gibraltar on October 6, 1937. The first picture was taken as Herbert O. Williams, Consul, Gibraltar, was delivering the introductory address. The second photograph is one of Memorial Arch after it was unveiled.

Mr. Williams, who was asked to arrange for the dedication, since it was impracticable for the American Battle Monuments Commission to be represented directly in Gibraltar, writes that he believes the dedication at Gibraltar is the only similar ceremony managed by a Foreign Service Officer. Rear Admiral A. P. Fairfield, who happened to be in Gibraltar, was asked by General Pershing to represent him and to deliver the dedicatory address.

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Williams' address reads as follows:

"This memorial is one of several erected in Europe by the United States. Most of these memorials are in honor of those men who lost their lives in the Great War. This memorial is different in that it commemorates the companionship of two nations as well as their achievements. This companionship is based in part upon identity of race and language; in part

(*Continued on page 63*)

A Political Bookshelf

CYRIL WYNNE, *Review Editor*

TREATIES AND OTHER INTERNATIONAL ACTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Edited by Hunter Miller. Volume 5, 1937 (Washington, Government Printing Office, pages xxxii, 1103, $5.00).*

It is an event in the world of international scholarship when one of the multiplying volumes of Miller's *Treaties* appears. Following the preliminary publication in 1931 of an elaborate descriptive introduction to this truly immense work, which when made definitive is to be volume one, the series began to appear, slowly, as was necessary in so difficult an undertaking, but steadily enough to give assurance that there was to be no halting or slackening of pace. The fifth volume carries forward to May, 1852, the publication of the texts of the treaties and other agreements which entered into force as international acts of the United States.

These volumes reflect the expansion of American international relations. It is not without significance, even if expressed through merely quantitative computation, that the first volume to set forth treaty texts, Volume 2 (662 pages) covering the years 1776-1818, should contain forty instruments, about one per year; that Volume 3 (833 pages), covering the years 1819-1835, should contain thirty-nine instruments, more than two per year; that Volume 4 (855 pages) including the period 1836-1846, should contain forty-two instruments, not quite four per year; and that Volume 5 (1103 pages), now under review, including the period 1846-1852, should contain, for that period, twenty-nine instruments, more than four per year.

Like its predecessors, the fifth volume makes available a number of international acts not heretofore officially published by the American Government. Notable among these are executive agreements for the settlement of claims growing out of the loss of ships belonging to citizens of the United States. The heyday of the great American fleet of fast sailing vessels had not passed and their occasional wrongful injury in ways coming within the responsibility of other countries gave occasion for many instances of the peaceful settlement of international disputes. The earliest such agreement, and one of the most noteworthy, was that of the *Wilmington Packet*, 1799, the documents relating to which had eluded earlier research, but were availed of in time to be placed in this latest volume. Ample, even lengthy, notes set forth the interesting circumstances of the case:

The treaty of 1782, between The Netherlands and the United States contained the stipulation, in effect, that free ships make free goods. Each country was, however, to furnish appropriate documents for the identification of national vessels. War having broken out between The Netherlands and France, President Washington, in April, 1793, issued a proclamation of neutrality. On May 1, before news of this action had reached Charleston, the schooner *Wilmington Packet*, without having obtained the special documents, cleared for Bordeaux. Thence, on July 24, it sailed with a cargo for the Danish West Indian island, St. Thomas, near which it was seized by a Netherland privateer and taken to St. Martin, where proceedings were instituted before a prize tribunal. Though the cargo, considered by the court to be French-owned, was found to be in no part contraband of war, it was adjudged forfeited because of the lack of the needed documents. Losses to the owners of the schooner included freight charges and other damages. On the basis of these facts, the Government of the United States, on behalf of the shipowners, American citizens, took up the case diplomatically with the Napoleonic Government of the Batavian Republic, which had been set up at The Hague. The decision of the prize tribunal had apparently involved a too literal and legalistic interpretation of the treaty. A settlement was at length reached and is set forth in the international act now made public.

Volume 5 contains a number of treaties and executive agreements which are of historic eminence. The first in order is the Oregon treaty of June 15, 1846, with Great Britain, establishing the northwest boundary along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and bringing to an end the cry of "fifty-four forty or fight." Another is the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (February 2, 1848), concluding the war with Mexico.

The postal treaty with Great Britain (December 15, 1848) is of interest as one of the three international acts relating to the international mail service which have ever been approved by the Senate and put in force as treaties. Only those thus handled as treaties are included in Mr. Miller's com-

*For reviewers of previous volumes, see this JOURNAL, Vol. XI, No. 3, March, 1934, p. 116; Vol. XII, No. 7, July, 1935, p. 395.

pilation, postal agreements made effective by executive action under authorization of Acts of Congress being so numerous—several hundred have been entered into—in proportion to their importance as to preclude their republication. The texts of a number of the earlier ones, moreover, appear to have disappeared from official archives. The postal agreements are the only international agreements intentionally omitted. It must be confessed, however, that occasionally the question whether a particular instrument constitutes an agreement or is merely an exchange of ideas is not altogether easy of assured answer.

The treaty of commerce of November 25, 1850, with Switzerland, is worthy of note because it contains, contrary to the policy of the United States at that time, an *unconditional* most-favored-nation clause. Nearly three-quarters of a century later, after the close of the World War, this type of clause was adopted as the stated policy of the American Government. Finally, mention should be made of the acquisition of territory not by treaty, but by executive agreement (December 9, 1850), when Great Britain ceded to the United States Horseshoe Reef, a strip of land in Lake Erie at Buffalo, for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a lighthouse.

The history of American cooperation with other countries thus continues to unfold itself through Mr. Miller's volumes. The same high scholarship, evidenced by exact texts in the original languages and, where appropriate, in translation, and by exhaustive notes, setting forth all points of any importance alike for the technician and the historian, which characterized and distinguished the earlier volumes, appears undiminished throughout the thousand and more pages of Volume 5. Its successors are eagerly awaited. Their completion may be confidently expected to furnish for all time to come a definitive exposition of the treaty and executive agreement systems of the United States during its first century and a half of American membership in the society of nations.

WALLACE MCCLURE.

IS AMERICA AFRAID? By Livingston Hartley. (New York, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1937, pp. xi, 462. $2.50.)

I don't like the title of this second book of Livingston Hartley. I can say so fearlessly as the author assures me it is the only part of the book for which he is not responsible. Some wicked isolationist might possibly suggest that America is rightly afraid of pulling somebody else's chestnuts out of the fire. Hartley's contention, however, is that it is our very own chestnut, and that we shouldn't be afraid to plunge into the inferno to save our skins as well as our souls. "It would be the path of wisdom and common sense . . . to intervene in a general war in Europe or the Far East rather than to allow international autocracy to attain unchallenged supremacy on the opposite side of either of our two oceans.

"Such intervention would mean a 'safe' war, fought to preserve us from a 'dangerous' war in the future." (p. 258.)

Mr. Hartley envisages an ultimate conflict between international democracy, i. e., Great Britain, France and, for the purpose of his argument, Soviet Russia, on the one side and on the other international autocracy, i. e., Italy, Germany, and Japan. He defines his terms as follows:

"International autocracy would be the projection of the autocratic system of domination by force into the relationship between nations. . . . .

"International democracy would be the maintenance of the supremacy of law in the relationships between nations, allowing every country, whether strong or weak, political control over its own affairs." (p. 23.)

Mr. Hartley can see only two methods of stopping international autocracy in Europe or Eastern Asia: by war or through a firmer stand by the more important supporters of international democracy (p. 278). Mr. Hartley feels that if international autocracy can only be blocked during the next few critical years, international democracy may win out without a war. To achieve this end, however, the cooperation of the United States is essential.

The most effective means for the United States to support international democracy would be membership in the League of Nations. However, the author concludes that such a solution is out of the question at the present time, "blocked by internal political opposition and our present unwillingness to accept far-reaching treaty commitments to undertake any future course of drastic action abroad." (p. 412.) He therefore suggests three steps of less extensive scope but of undoubted value, in his estimation, as safeguards of American interests. The first is the formal adoption as a principle of American foreign policy of the declaration made on May 24, 1933, by Mr. Norman H. Davis before the General Commission of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. In this declaration under certain conditions specified therein, the United States undertook "to refrain from any action and to withhold protection from its citizens if engaged in activities which would tend to defeat the collective effort which the States in consultation might have decided upon against the aggressor." (p. 413.)

The second suggestion is an enlargement of the

(*Continued on page 67*)

FIFTEEN months remain before the New York World's Fair, 1939, will complete its building schedule, yet that schedule is already several weeks in advance, leaving little if any doubt that a full month will intervene before the opening date, April, 1939, as ample time for finishing touches to exhibits, for employe drills and the thorough testing of every installation.

But it is not only the building program that is keeping ahead of the calendar. In every other phase of this gigantic undertaking can be found striking evidence of the forethought and broad vision of those men who have pledged themselves to offer to the world the most remarkable international exposition in history, worthy of its theme—"Building the World of Tomorrow."

Sixty foreign countries now compose the roster of overseas participants, with scores of foreign industrial concerns already preparing to cooperate in the governmental exhibits. American business will be represented by 148 corporations which have signed, with others certain to be added. Thirty-two states and two territories have accepted invitations, and eleven other state legislatures are meeting this winter, when Fair Bills are expected to be introduced. These state exhibits will be concentrated in the Government Zone of the Fair, some in the great Hall of Nations, others nearby in their own buildings.

With detailed plans for the mile-long Central Mall now complete, and the cost of the Mall and its 25 buildings placed at $60,000,000, the original estimated cost of $125,000,000 for the Fair has been found inadequate and the total figure now has been placed at $150,000,000. But when the Fair gates close late in 1939, New York City will be the envied possessor of a vast public park, fully planted to trees, flowers and grass, with lagoons, an outdoor amphitheatre with stage surrounded by water, a boat anchorage in Flushing Bay and, at North Beach, the largest and best equipped airport in the United States. Work on this elaborate project is under way, with a half-mile steel trestle linking North Beach to Rikers Island, whence 9,000,000 cubic yards of earth fill will be brought to the new airport. The total cost is placed at $15,000,000. Thus will the Fair adhere to its theme, building both tangibly and intangibly the World of Tomorrow.

While details of such undertakings as the vast Amusement Center, the Academy of Sports and a world-girdling radio hook-up are being elaborated, several buildings, including the huge Communications Building and the Hall of Shelter, have been roofed. Others well along in the structural stage are the Medicine and Health Building, the Business Administration Building, the Hall of Mines and Metallurgy and the Consumer Interests Building. Foundations for the New York City "Glass House" have been laid. In the Theme Center, 20 miles of piles have been driven, each penetrating 95 feet, and thousands of tons of concrete have been poured for foundations to sustain the enormous weight of the 18-story Perisphere and the 60-story Trylon.

Here is a wealth of material to hold the attention but of paramount interest at the moment is the plan for the Central Mall, an imposing esplanade which in artistic grandeur will surpass all previous exposition projects. Massive sculptures such as the 65-foot-

ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF M
YORK

This drawing gives an artist's co
Mall of the New York World's Fa
lined with approximately 250 tree
five lagoons which will contain f
lagoons will form setting for a g
basic factors in American liberty
sembly (shown in foreground) a
statue of modern times, portrayi
group of four sculptures represen
the world, and, at top, the Perisp
and the Trylon, 60-story triangu
buildings will fa

NEW YO

tall plaster figure of George Washi
ion, Press and Assembly, and the 1
to a 50-foot sundial, the largest in
way of history from the day of pri
nation dedicated to freedom to the

Stress will be laid on the vitalit
countless foreign nations and which

SECTOR OF CENTRAL MALL, NEW
'S FAIR, 1939

n of the middle sector of the Central
, showing a 2,000-foot esplanade to be
undreds of benches arranged alongside
erfalls and hundreds of fountains. The
four sculptured figures symbolizing the
om of Press, Religion, Speech and As-
wn in that order) the largest portrait
rge Washington at his inauguration, a
e moods of time, the largest sundial in
rgest ball ever constructed by mankind,
ft. About 25 of the largest exhibit
n the tree-lined area.

A score of buildings housing the exhibits of foreign countries will be grouped around a huge parade ground at one end of the beautiful avenue. The ideals of these peoples who came to these shores in quest of liberty will be portrayed. And the artistic realization of these beliefs and aims will be conceived and wrought by Americans whose talents and ability have been shaped to some degree by study in the art centers of Europe.

Bordered by imposing buildings, the Mall will embrace five lagoons, enlivened by as many waterfalls and hundreds of fountains. The mile-long sweep will be broken three times, first by the already famous Trylon and Perisphere, again by an oval lagoon 700 feet long and 400 feet wide, and near its northern limit, by a parade ground for 50,000 marchers. Double rows of full-grown trees will frame the lagoons and mirror pools, hedge plants and flower beds will assure an endless variety of color and form. Tulips alone will number 300,000.

Jewel-like in its many-hued pattern, inspiring because of its sculptures and mural, the 2,000-foot rectangular middle sector of the Mall nevertheless will be a haven of quiet broken only by the splash of waterfalls and fountains. The area will be particularly inviting at night. Not a light bulb will be visible for its two-fifths of a mile length. Mercury vapor lights sunk in the ground will diffuse a soft glow into the trees above. Hedges and flower beds will be illuminated in the same unusual manner, the result being a fluorescence hitherto unknown in lighting.

Movement will be provided by beams of many colors playing on the Perisphere, on groups of statues in the water, some of which will appear to float on clouds, and by fountains and waterfalls. All light emanating from buildings will be an indirect flood forming a border pattern for the inner setting of trees. Thousands of benches will be placed along this section, shady during the day and in semi-dusk at night.

Widespread enthusiasm has greeted the announcement of the sculptured group of the four "Freedoms," representative of the foundation strength of the American government. They will be the work of Leo Friedlander. The Moods of Time and the sundial will be executed by Paul Manship and James Earle Fraser will carve the towering George Washington, wearing civilian clothes as he did at his inauguration as first president of the United States on April 30, 1789.

"The Central Mall," said Grover A. Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation, "will typify the theme and spirit of the Fair. Here, on a broad and luxurious avenue crowded with works of art designed to tell the story of America in patriotic terms, will be grouped representatives of American and foreign governments. They will meet to further a common cause, to help build the World of Tomorrow better than the world of today, and I do not see how the contact can fail to result in more amicable feeling all around.

"In fact, it is our hope that the New York World's Fair will prove an inspiration to peace in the world and better understanding among peoples. I vision the Fair as a gigantic peace table around which the people of the world will gather; I see it possible that the effect of the Fair will endure for a hundred years to come."

RK FAIR

he 30-foot "Freedoms," of Speech, Relig-
statues of the Moods of Time, adjacent
rld, will be focal points along this high-
man to the present, from the birth of a
and on into a partly visible future.
h the United States has absorbed from
has been fused into the American spirit.

Foreign Service Changes

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since November 6, 1937:

Ernest L. Ives of Norfolk, Va., American Consul General at Stockholm, Sweden, assigned to Belfast, Irish Free State, as American Consul General.

Julius C. Holmes of Lawrence, Kansas, who has been serving in the Department of State, has resigned from the Foreign Service, effective at the close of business on November 30, 1937.

Robert L. Buell of Rochester, New York, American Consul at Colombo, Ceylon, assigned to the Department of State.

The following changes in the non-career service have occurred since November 6:

Winfield H. Minor of Kentucky, American Vice Consul at Cartagena, Colombia, has resigned from the Foreign Service, effective at the close of business on November 27, 1937.

Charles M. Gerrity of Scranton, Pa., American Vice Consul at Bombay, India, assigned to Danzig, Free City of Danzig, as American Vice Consul.

Ralph Cory of Tacoma, Washington, who has been serving as a clerk in the American Embassy at Tokyo, Japan, appointed as American Vice Consul at Tokyo.

Charles O'Day of Rye, N. Y., American Vice Consul at Caracas, Venezuela, has resigned from the Foreign Service, effective at the close of business on September 5, 1937.

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since November 20, 1937:

Maynard B. Barnes of Vinton, Iowa, who has been serving in the Department, assigned to Paris, France, as First Secretary of Embassy.

Samuel S. Dickson of Gallup, N. M., American Consul at Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, has resigned from the Foreign Service, effective at the close of business on March 1, 1938.

Duncan M. White of Augusta, Ga., American Vice Consul and Third Secretary of Legation at Vienna, Austria, has resigned from the Foreign Service, effective at the expiration of home leave which has been granted to him.

Milton K. Wells of Bristow, Okla., American Vice Consul at Valencia, Spain, assigned to Callao-Lima, Peru, as American Vice Consul.

John B. Ocheltree of Reno, Nevada, American Consul at San Jose, Costa Rica, designated also as Third Secretary of Legation at that post. He will serve in a dual capacity.

Andrew W. Edson of Meriden, Conn., American Consul at Oslo, Norway, assigned to the Department of State.

The following changes in Foreign Service officers on duty in the Department have occurred since November 1:

Arrivals

Henry S. Villard, formerly in the Legation at Caracas, has been assigned to duty in the Division of Near Eastern Affairs.

Departures

Donald R. Heath, formerly an Assistant Chief of the Division of the American Republics, has been assigned to the Embassy in Berlin.

Bertel E. Kuniholm, formerly in the Division of European Affairs, has been assigned to the Legation in Riga and is now en route to his post.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CHANGES

Trade Commissioner Charles E. Brookhart, who was temporarily Acting Commercial Attaché at Warsaw, has returned to his station at London.

Assistant Commercial Attaché John A. Embry, who has been in the United States on leave, has sailed to return to his station at Istanbul.

Mr. R. Horton Henry has been transferred from Caracas to Buenos Aires and promoted to the position of Trade Commissioner.

Commercial Attaché Gardner Richardson, Vienna, is en route to the United States for triennial leave.

Commercial Attache Osborn S. Watson has arrived at his new post at Caracas.

Trade Commissioner George C. Howard, from Calcutta, has completed an itinerary across the United States and will sail for Sydney where he has been transferred.

Commercial Attache Walter J. Donnelly has

(*Continued on page 67*)

GROSVENOR GARDENS

(*Continued from page 9*)

On air raid nights we got little sleep. There were few people available for work that had to be done, the numerically imposing staffs that are to be found nowadays in the most modest consulates were unknown. Somehow, the tasks were performed. It must be remembered that at that period young men wanted to go into the Army and the civilian services, therefore, did not attract them. Nevertheless, it was a fact that nearly all that we did was a war time activity. Ordinary business dropped off very substantially. We carried on a considerable intelligence service, mostly about shipping; our relations with Prize Courts were extremely important and entailed endless interviews and voluminous correspondence; we were in constant touch with the War Office and Admiralty about soldiers and sailors of American birth, of whom probably over 20,000 had joined the British forces before we came into the war and subsequently wished to be transferred. It is not commonly known that over a million and a quarter American soldiers were quartered in England before going to the front, hundreds of thousands of whom came to London and many of whom sought us out. Equally, it is not often known that twenty-one American ships were sunk by submarine fire, eight others attacked, and sixty-five lives lost in this way, with the details of which we had much to do. Scores of British ships were sunk, frequently with American passengers or seamen on board, whose affidavits it was our business to take. American vessels crossing the Atlantic came in convoys and on each ship was a gun crew whose members were under our special care. Incidentally, we purchased all the nitrates used for the manufacture of explosives by our Army and Navy.

After the war, our veteran staff members one by one disappeared to take up appointments elsewhere. Other fine young men came to fill their places and both during and after the war we were a united and harmonious official family. The war being over, ordinary tasks assumed their proper proportions in the daily routine at Cavendish Square. Trade and commerce revived, voluminous reports had to be prepared. Tourists, to some extent, took the place of soldiers. It was interesting and important work, but to those of us who had shared the responsibilities and excitements of the war, the official life which came after, by comparison, seemed commonplace. Number 18 Cavendish Square had long since become too cramped for the expanding work of the Consulate General. The pressing need for a permanent and carefully planned establishment was apparent, the desirability of bringing the Embassy and the Consulate General into closer relationship

also forced consideration from the powers that be, and the result is that the long overdue office building in Grosvenor Square has brought to an end the identification of Grosvenor Gardens and Cavendish Square with American official life in Great Britain.

THE FOREIGN SERVICE

(*Continued from page* 11)

a controversial subject you must cover all sides of the subject and be extremely careful to see that you are not being used by one group to advance its special interests or point of view.

Finally, a number of duties are imposed by law upon the Foreign Service and particularly upon the consular branch. The carrying out of our immigration laws is a case in point, and the duties of our consular officers in examining persons desiring to come to the United States as immigrants or as visitors are particularly onerous and call for a thorough knowledge of the pertinent law and regulations and a nice combination of judgment and tact. Notarials, passports, the invoicing of merchandise destined for the United States and a variety of duties in connection with shipping likewise take up much of the Foreign Service Officer's time in the office.

There has been a great deal of discussion concerning specialization in the Foreign Service, and, as in other fields, we have suffered from the view that anybody can do anything as well as anybody else. For some years it has been recognized that because of language difficulties and widely differing customs, there was sound reason for setting up within the Service a small group of officers for specialization in the languages, history and law of the Far and Near East and of Slavic Europe. This group still exists and contributes outstanding officers to the Service. Today, however, the East is in process of being so rapidly and so thoroughly Westernized that the day may soon come, if it is not already here, when it can no longer be said that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." The question therefore is being asked whether our specialization in the Service should not be by subjects rather than by countries or geographical regions. At any rate, we have secretaries at our embassies in Paris and London who are devoting their time to problems of international finance and other Foreign Service officers who are just as much identified with conference work, disarmament, tariffs and other matters that play an important part in international relations at the present time.

Now if you will think over the sketch of the work of the Foreign Service which I have given you, you will doubtless decide that all of it is not equally

interesting. Helping to negotiate a treaty is one thing, you will say, but signing invoices or handling notarials is something different and sounds decidedly dull. You are quite right. We have our dull, routine work and as those of you who come into the Service are more likely at first to be more concerned with notarials and invoices than with the negotiation of treaties, a few words concerning the problem of routine are in order. There are those who speak of routine as though it represented the beginning and the end of the work of the Service. In talking with junior officers they take an almost savage delight in emphasizing, out of all proportion, the importance of routine. They seem to find in it a source of all the virtues. That is a caricature of the opportunities offered by the Service and is not calculated to get the junior officer to do his routine work well. I have found a distinction useful in meeting this problem. It is a distinction that is not at all novel and it applies to many, if not most, lines of work, but it applies particularly to the Foreign Service. It is the distinction between the irreducible minimum of what must be done and the unpredictable maximum of what can be done. I once knew a Foreign Service Officer who had been assigned as Vice Consul in a large seaport in Europe. His work at the Consulate was in connection with shipping. That was the irreducible minimum and he did it well and carefully. But in his spare time he carried on an elaborate investigation of the labor situation in the city in which he was stationed, with profit and intellectual satisfaction to himself and eventual gain to the Service. Nobody had told him to make this investigation. It was his own idea. This officer is blessed with what is known as the inquiring mind and can always be relied on to find something of interest and value to investigate. He has a clear comprehension of the great opportunities afforded by the Service, of the significance of the unpredictable maximum.

Some of you are doubtless thinking of entering the Foreign Service and you are wondering what sort of qualities the Foreign Service Officer ought to have as the necessary preliminary to trying to decide whether you yourselves have them. I have just named one of them — an inquiring mind, an insatiable intellectual curiosity, a desire to learn. There is no place in the Foreign Service today for the person of arrested mental development and it does not matter whether the arresting process takes place at eighteen or at forty-eight. We want people who are receptive to new ideas and new experiences and who can use these ideas and experiences for their own steady intellectual development. It is no recluse, however, no mere student that we are looking for. On the contrary, personality plays a

large part in our work and we must have the well-balanced individual who can get along with people of all sorts and conditions, win their confidence and understand their point of view. Most of us in all walks of life will do more for a person we like than for one we dislike. The Foreign Service must give full recognition to that fact. And in our Foreign Service Officers we look for the kind of Americanism that is so sure of itself, so deeply rooted that it does not need to be stated in terms of a percentage. We do not want the Americanism which is so uncertain, so vacillating that it must constantly demonstrate its existence by aggressive acts or words, nor do we want the equally weak Americanism which takes on the first foreign mannerism it encounters.

I shall disappoint you by what I am about to say concerning preparation for the Foreign Service. You will, I fear, expect me to describe a special course of study which opens the door to the Service and what I want to say to you with all possible emphasis is that the best preparation for the Foreign Service is general education, more general education and again more general edueation. And it is general education in the school, rather than in the college, that I have in mind. As I recall the Foreign Service Officers I have known who have failed or who are not being promoted with the rapidity they desire, I think of many of them in terms of their inability to write clear and simple English, of their helplessness when it comes to using books, of their confusion when confronted by the necessity of thinking through even a relatively easy problem, and above all, of their sluggish, indolent mental processes, their fear and dislike of ideas. So to those of you who are thinking of entering the Foreign Service, I would say: get everything you can out of your general edueation. If you are writing bad English compositions at 16 or 18, the chances are rather against your writing good trade letters or political reports at 28; if your school library is a place where you are simply bored or do a certain amount of required reading while thinking of something else, you will probably fall down badly when the Secretary of State calls upon you for a memorandum setting forth succinctly just what the United States Government has done in the past with respect to some particular question; and if you have never broken down into premises and conclusions a problem in history or civics or in any other subject you are studying, if you have no knowledge of the anatomy of thought, then you will presumably not give a very good account of yourself when an irritated Ambassador or Minister or Consul General throws a long and involved telegram at you and says: "What do you think we ought to do about that?"

After you have acquired a solid general education, if you are preparing for the Foreign Service, your studies will naturally tend in the direction of the Social Sciences, and you will choose courses in such subjects as Government, Economics, International Law and History. For this part of your preparation I want to make a suggestion which at the present time is a radical one. It is that without neglecting the subjects I have mentioned you add to them Social Psychology and Sociology. And I make the suggestion because I am more and more convinced that the most important factors in international affairs today, the factors that are giving us the most trouble are ideas and the ways by which ideas are spread. You have doubtless heard of the conflict between the democratic and anti-democratic ideologies. It is unquestionably the most important issue of our day and many other issues are but parts and far less important parts of that major conflict. As citizens of one of the leading democracies and as possible members of its Foreign Service you must understand that conflict and you must be prepared to take an effective part in it. In this essential and momentous task, economics will not help you; nor will international law or a political science predicated upon the past. A science is needed which studies man and his relationships in terms broader and more fundamental than those of classical economics and Political Science and which takes fully into account the emotional side. The social psychologist and the sociologist have made a beginning of this science. I urge you, therefore, to get hold of such a book as that of Professor Doob of Yale on Propaganda and familiarize yourself with the work of Cantril at Princeton and Lasswell at Chicago. Then if you get into the Foreign Service you will have some understanding of the forces which are basically shaping international affairs today and you will be prepared to play a part in the search for the new point of view and the new methods that we must have if we are ever to solve the appalling problems that now confront us.

Editor's Note: Mr. Shaw has furnished the following list of books for the convenience of those who may be interested in acquiring them:

1. Propaganda. Leonard W. Doob. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 2. Propaganda Analysis. A monthly letter published by the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, Inc. Hadley Cantril, President. 3. The Psychology of Social Norms. Muzafer Sherif. New York: Harper and Brothers. 4. World Politics and Personal Insecurity. Harold D. Laswell. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 5. Psychopathology and World Politics. Harold D. Laswell. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

IMPRESSIONS OF ARGENTINA

(*Continued from page* 13)

that up-to-dateness and drive which characterizes the metropolis. Is there a slight, a vague analogy to the respective attitudes of Athens and Boeotia, that I have in mind? You will know best.

To the foreigner who has never visited the country, the *pampa* and the *gaucho* are imagined to be peculiar manifestations of Argentine life and setting. Certainly the "pampa grandiosa" will remain as a rich source of national health and wealth to "Buenos Aires, patria hermosa" but the *gaucho* has almost disappeared from the landscape, (as has our equally picturesque cowboy), yet lives today in the great epic of *Martín Fierro* and in the magnificent historic canvases of your great painter Quirós, which won such enthusiastic admiration in my own country. As for the negro, whom, with a lively recollection of my own country, I had thought to find in large numbers here, it was a full month before I saw even one, and he was in a museum—the door-keeper!

PERSONAL LIBERTY AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Any serious attempt to assay the forces and influences at work in Argentina must logically take into account the existence of a Constitution setting forth and upholding the great fundamental principles of personal liberty and representative government, and in this connection I consider it an especial honour to recall to you the words of the distinguished committee of the Convention which drafted amendments to the Argentine Magna Carta; they said: "La base del criterio de la Comisión al formular sus reformas ha sido la creencia y la experiencia de la Constitución análoga y semejante—la de los Estados Unidos—por ser más aplicable" y porque la Constitución de los Estados Unidos "es la única que ha sido hecha por el pueblo y para el pueblo."

Common to both Constitutions are clauses insuring the freedom of the press. Under this aegis in both countries great newspapers have been founded and survive. And it can be asserted that in naming the five or six great newspapers of the world today, at least two Argentine newspapers must be included in the group. These two newspapers which I have in mind are outstanding in their independence of thought as manifested in their editorial and news columns and in their jealous care that the freedom of the press guaranteed under the Argentine Constitution shall not be diminished.

And just here, when I consider the value of a free press in a country, I would like to quote words concerning it written in the eighteenth cen-

Something any father can be proud of—

DOUBLE EAGLE TYRE

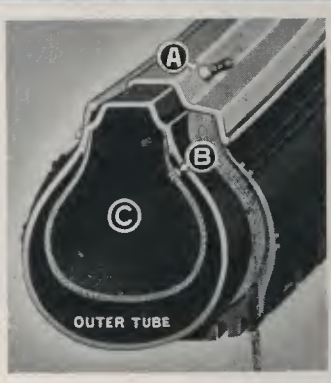
WELL may you pride yourself if your precious ones are *doubly* protected against the perils of tyre burst by Double Eagle Tyres and LifeGuard Tubes. Yours then is the satisfaction, yours the peace of mind of knowing that they are armored against danger by the finest tyre safety equipment now purchasable in the world! As you would expect, these definitely super-standard products cost a little more; in fact, their appeal is the direct opposite of cheapness — being built not to save money but to save life.

LIFE GUARD TUBE

A Look for the yellow valve stem and blue cap.

B LifeGuard tubes take a little longer to inflate because air passes gradually from "inner tyre" to outer tube through this VENT HOLE.

C On this two-ply "INNER TYRE" you ride to a stop with car under control, even though casing ond outer tube blow wide open.



GOODYEAR

tury by a man who knew what constituted true liberty; I refer to that dynamic, vitriolic writer who wrote under the pseudonym of "Junius" and whose identity is not yet fully established,—"Grabad en vuestra mente," el dice, "inculcad en vuestros hijos, que la libertad de prensa es el paladión de todos los derechos civiles, políticos y religiosos."

But a greater than Junius had earlier spoken on this fundamental subject: John Milton, in 1644, in his *Areopagitica*, wherein, in addressing the English Parliament, he pleads to be given "above all liberties. . . . the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely." This great declaration is echoed more than a century later by Thomas Jefferson: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." The evil features of an unbridled press are self-evident; but the excesses of such a press will be corrected, with the passage of time, through the operation of a healthy public opinion which itself is best nurtured by an unshackled press.

It is not too much to say that the measure of freedom of the press in a country is at the same time the measure of the liberties of its citizens. Having this is mind, I congratulate you, Argentinians!

The "Amiable Malice" of the Vaudeville

To a foreigner an amusing and pungent illustration of the independence of spirit and mocking wit prevalent in this country, to which I have endeavoured in these pages to bear testimony, is to be found in the performance of some of the smaller and popular playhouses. The dialogue in its swiftness is too much like a machine gun for me to grasp; and some of the language is too much the argot of the moment for me to understand even if I caught the words. But what is inescapable is the amiable malice and biting satire which the actors display in treating of political matters. Here the analogy between things seen and heard in Argentina and in my own country becomes striking. "Mr. Dooley" whose pitiless comments on men and events in the United States some thirty years ago made him famous, and Will Rogers, equally remembered for his wise and humorous observations, find their counterpart in types like the monologist of the Maipó. Very daring, very penetrating, generally irreverent, the Argentine artists are not a whit behind their brothers in the United States and are treated with the same wise tolerance by municipal, state and federal authorities as in my own country.

National Consciousness

The opening phrases of the Argentine Constitution indicate that its framers foresaw the immigration movement soon to set in. And a major task before Argentina is the absorption of these new and sometimes almost unassimilable elements, something that has taxed the very best energies of my own country. In this task I cannot but feel that the national schools of Argentina have played and are playing their conspicuous part, and in the schools which I have visited here, it has been interesting to learn that the types before me, upstanding, Spanish-speaking, ardent in their youthful patriotism, have often sprung from parents born in foreign lands. It is the national school that is your true alembic out of which will be distilled from unrelated elements the pure spirit of patriotism which is to make a greater Argentina. And in their success in this task I have no doubt. Already there are, as in my own land, the beginnings of a national consciousness, preeursor of the civilization yet to be.

A Mild Criticism

But I have certain reproaches to address to my Argentine friends. I do so, however, with a dampened enthusiasm, recalling that I might in almost equal measure address them to my own countrymen. In this *j'accuse* I would refer first of all to the fact that with medicinal springs of the first quality in his own land, the Argentine too often prefers the waters gushing from some European hill or plain. I reproach the Argentine that with the beginnings of one of the two greatest river trips of the world at his very door, he yet prefers those to be found in other lands. This reference to the Paraná and to Iguazú naturally brings to memory Niagara. But there industrialism has done its worst, while at Iguazú, out of the virgin forest, out of the jungle depths, the great volume of water leaps at the observer as if to prove to him his littleness and then goes down to augment the mighty flood whose volume, miles below Rosario, provoked the admiration of the great Darwin, as he tells us in his *Voyage of the Beagle.* Some of you will recall here the observation which the widow of Theodore Roosevelt wrote in the visitor's book as she was leaving Iguazú—"Mi pobre Niágara!" Again, in the far south I have travelled over lakes and seen snow-capped mountains which are second in sublimity and beauty to none in Europe, yet it is to a foreign land that the Argentine most generally will go for his winter sports.

Reverence for Tradition

I have not dared to speak to you of your great

traditions, because they are better known to you than they can ever be to me; it is a knowledge and appreciation which entered into you with your first sustenance. But I cannot refrain from praising your reverence for tradition, something surprising and admirable in a country which is, as my own, relatively young.

It is this reverence for tradition that gives prestige among you today to families bearing names honored in the beginnings of your history. As for myself, I cannot visit the Recoleta without being moved by the names graven over the tombs. It is the Argentina of the past which speaks to me in this national pantheon.

Clubs

A word about Argentine clubs: There can be no doubt that the average Argentine is correctly described in the famous phrase of the Great Dr. Johnson, "a clubbable man." Certainly the number and variety of clubs to be encountered here must be taken into account in any summing up of the life of the nation. I have been a happy guest in many of these institutions; in a certain fortress of conservatism to be found in the Calle Corrientes the atmosphere of cordiality and warm friendliness is not exceeded anywhere in the world; and an outstanding organization in Florida, where rare books and pictures, rare wines worthy of mention with these fruits of the mind, added to a rich cuisine, is a mecca for the stranger within the gates. No less agreeable are the many golf courses over which I have wielded a powerful if inefficient club!

Organized Benevolence

It has been remarked somewhere that a measure of a country's civilization is in the character and extent of its charities; judged by this rule the Argentine must rank high. And in beneficent works it is the Argentine woman who stands out. In considering the various organizations at work, the great Beneficencia with its century and more of history, its unique position which secures to its officers a recognized place of honor on all solemn celebrations in the Cathedral, is striking. Charity, which in many countries is almost a Cinderella, in Argentina is a queen, possessing social and temporal power!

The great Rivadavia, speaking in 1825, when La Beneficencia was founded, told the noble band of women then composing it:

> "El país espera mucho de vosotras, tened esto presente, y que éstas mis últimas palabras, sean tan eternas en vuestra consideración, como la prosperidad de la patria a quien vais a servir."

How splendidly the organization has lived up to his words is something to which even a stranger can testify. The great institution to which I have referred is like a golden thread in the beauteous fabric of faith which is the bright garment its members wear. And apropos of this faith, I am here tempted to quote words uttered by President Roosevelt when he visited Buenos Aires, that "La fé de las Américas está, pués, en el espíritu. . . . Con esa fé y en ese espíritu tendremos paz. . . ."

Cultural Contacts with the U.S.A.

I cannot end these informal observations without making reference to the happy impressions made on me in noting the attempt being made to promote among Argentinians a spiritual *rapprochment* with men of like mind in my own country. This gratifying effort, which I beg you to believe finds its echo among many of my own people, is something which could be made to mean much to both countries. Argentina, with its aspirations, its culture, its intellectual and artistic life, could give greatly to my country and people, and in return Argentina could learn that the manifestations of our material progress, with which you are all familar, tend to obscure spiritual forces whose values when properly revealed, you, with your gifts, should be the first to recognize.

A lofty exponent of this desire that our two peoples should be drawn closer together with the passage of the years is the Instituto Cultural Argentino Norte Americano presided over by an Argentine friend who is at once author, poet and artist—Dr. Cupertino del Campo—in whom I find a true colleague in my happy task of translating the two peoples one to the other.

The Fabric of Happy Memories

As I said in my beginning, my endeavor in these informal remarks is to relate to you some of my impressions of Argentina. In years to come there will rise up in memory certain pictures diverse in character but each with its individual charm: the Rosedal on a spring morning; the cheering crowds at the races; a gala night at the opera; the vernal beauty of the Tigre; a parade of the flower of Argentine manhood on the 9th of July; the classic beauty and grace of the women; the solemn appearance of your President before the two bodies of Congress; a dinner of confraternity of the officers of the army and navy; the Te Deums on great occasions in the Cathedral; a dawn over Tronador; the sun sinking behind the Sierras of Córdoba; the stillness of the *pampa* on a summer's night. These pictures and many others, alike in beauty or suggestion, will remain with me to enrich my inner life when far away from this fair land which has come to be a second home.

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TONG

(*Continued from page* 16)

built on the site of a tenth century castle.

Sir Henry's son, Richard, married Margaret, the daughter of Sir Robert Dynmok, Knight, the King's Champion. Sir Edward Dynmok, the brother of Lady Margaret Vernon, officiated as champion at the coronations of Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. On the latter occasion, he rode his horse into the hall as the Queen sat at dinner, cast down his gauntlet and offered to fight anyone denying her to be the lawful Queen of the realm.

On the tomb of Sir Richard Vernon, he is called Richard Vernon of Haddon, Esquire. His wife, Margaret Dynmok, is buried at his right, thus denoting that she was an heiress, but her effigy lies upon a lower level than his, a mark which even in death denotes that her station in life was not considered as exalted as that of the Vernons. The knight's figure, as all those of the Vernons, is represented in plate armour, his helmet crested with a boar's head, and his sword, dagger, and gauntlets lying at his side.

At the West end of the tomb there is carved a figure of a young child, their son, George, who was a boy of nine when his father died. He became Sir George Vernon and is generally supposed to be the prototype for Sir Walter Scott's PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. Sir George was owner of Tong, Haddon, and thirty other Manors.

He married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Gilbert Talboys, by whom he had two daughters—Margaret, named for her mother, was born in 1540 and became the heiress of Tong, and Dorothy, who was born in 1545. Lady Margaret Vernon died in 1558. After her death, Sir George married Matilda, daughter of Ralph Longford, Knight, but there were no children of the marriage.

According to the well known story of Dorothy Vernon, Sir George and his family appear to have lived, for the most part, at Haddon Hall and not at Tong. Here it was that the charming and wilful Dorothy met and loved Sir John Manners, and finally eloped with him. Haddon became her dowry, which she thus carried into the family of the Dukes of Rutland, where it remains to this day.

In 1558 Margaret Vernon married Thomas Stanley, Knight, second son of Edward, Earl of Derby, and Tong became her dowry.

Sir George Vernon died in 1565 and, unlike his Vernon ancestors, was not buried at Tong, but at Bakewell, where there are monuments to him and to his daughter Dorothy and her husband, Sir John Manners.

Sir Thomas Stanley died in 1576, leaving a son, Edward or Edwin, who sold the old Tong estate to

Sir Thomas Harries in 1620. Sir Thomas Stanley, with his wife, Margaret Vernon Stanley, and his son, Sir Edward Stanley, were buried at Tong and the Stanley tomb there, a fine piece of Italian workmanship, has been lately a subject of general interest, because of the supposed Shakespearean epitaph at either end of the tomb. The tomb is built in two tiers; on the upper part lie the figures of Sir Thomas and Lady Margaret Stanley (who died in 1596), and below, that of their son, Sir Edward.

The inscription on the tomb, a long one, cut into the marble, is as follows:

> "Thomas Standley, second soone of Edward, Earl of Derbie, Lord Stanley and Strange, descended from the familie of the Stanleys. Married Margaret Vernon, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir George Vernon of nether Haddon in the Countie of Derbie (Knighte), by whom he had issue two soones, Henri and Edwin. Henri died an infant, so Edwin survived to whom thoi Lordshipes descended, and married the Lady Lucie Percie, second daughter to Thomas, Earl of Northumberland; by her he had issue sevan daughters and one soone. She and her four daughters, 18 Arabella, 16 Marie, 15 Alis, and 13 Priscilla are interred under a monument in yc Church of Waltham, in ye Countie of Essex. Thomas, his soone, died in his infancie, and is huried in ye Parish Church of Winwicke in ye Countie of Lanca. Ye other three, Petronella, Francis, and Venesie, are yet living."

Sir Edward Stanley is not described on the Tong Monument as K.B., but he was made a Knight of the Bath in 1603, being then described as Edward Stanley of Laneashire. The date of his wife's death is uncertain, as there is no date on the monument at Walthamstow, where the inscription is almost identical with that at Tong, but on the other side there is the following inscription:

> "Sir Edward Stanley erected this monument for a testimony of his love which he hore to his wife, Lady Lucie, and his four daughters, deceased."

Lady Lucie Stanley died a few months after the birth of her youngest daughter, Venetia, who was born in December, 1600.

It is related that Sir Edward Stanley retired into seclusion upon the death of his wife, sending his baby daughter to be hrought up by a relative who occupied a house belonging to him at Eynsham. After a few years, however, Sir Edward hrought his daughter to live with him and in 1613, when she was about thirteen years of age, he took

her with him to London to attend the Court festivities, to which he had been invited, upon the occasion of the marriage of the Royal Princess Elizabeth with the Count Palatine.

We know that seven of Shakespeare's plays were performed at Whitehall during these festivities. This brings to mind the claim of Shakespearean authorship for the epitaph at Tong. Shakespeare was closely connected, as actor and dramatist, with the players patronized by the two successive Earls of Derby, and it appears only natural that he, as a poet, should have been called upon to write the epitaph for certain distinguished members of their families.

Sir Thomas Stanley was the brother of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby, and it was this Earl and his son, Lord Strange, who were the successive patrons of the Players' Company known as Lord Strange's Men, of which Shakespeare was almost certainly a member. And Sir Edward Stanley and Shakespeare must have been exact contemporaries and both about 48 years of age in 1612, the supposed approximate date of the Tong Monument, though Sir Edward's death did not take place until 1632, as he lived to be 69 years old. It is upon the authority of Sir William Dugdale that the verses on the Tong monument are attributed to Shakespeare. He was Norroy, King-of-Arms when the Visitation of Shropshire was taken in 1664, he having been appointed to that office in June, 1660. Shropshire would be within his province and he must have known Tong well.

At the head of the tomb are these lines:

"Ask who lyes Heare, but do not Weep;
He is not dead, he dooth but Sleep.
This stony Register is for his Bones,
His Fame is more Perpetual than theise stones;
And his own goodness wt Himself being gon,
Shall lyve when Earthlie monument is none."

At the other end of the tomb these lines occur:

"Not Monumentall stone preserves our Fame
Nor Sky espying Pirimids our Name;
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall Outlyve Marble and Defacers' Hands,
When all to Tyme's consumption shall be Geaven,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in Heaven."

Sir Edward Stanley, having sold the ancient family seat of Tong, there was thus brought to an end the long reign of Pembrugge, Vernon, and Stanley, and Tong has passed through successive hands until nothing remains of its former beauty except the pathetic ruins of its ancient castle and the old grey church itself, with a strip of the old moat, a shallow stream of silver in the fading afternoon light, and the soft green field beyond.

Charles Dickens visited this village in 1838. He was endeavouring to trace "Little Nell" and her grandfather, who were known to have found refuge in Tong. Mr. Boden, the verger, who has spent his entire life at Tong, has told the writer that his mother recalled distinctly the visit of the celebrated novelist, who was so interested in all he could learn concerning the poor old man and the little girl who had mysteriously entered the village on a cold rainy evening the year before. As they appeared in great need, and the man was very old and the child very young, it was arranged that they should assist in keeping the church and the church-yard clean in return for food and shelter. For the space of a few months things went very well with them.

Then, suddenly, during a service one Sunday morning, the little girl fell to the floor and was dead. She was buried just opposite the church porch, and from the moment that her grave was covered over, the old man disappeared; nor was he ever seen in the village again, though it was known that under cover of night, he returned, carrying a heavy flat stone from the ruins of the old almshouse and school, and placed it at the head of the newly made grave. So much the village people told Mr. Dickens; they pointed out the little grave but of the old grandfather there had not been a trace since the child had been buried.

In THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP appears this description of the old school at Tong:

> "Here's the church and that old building close beside it is the schoolhouse. The church had been built many hundred of years, and had once had a convent or monastery attached, for arches in ruins, remains of oriel windows, and fragments of blackened walls were yet standing. Hard by these gravestones of dead years, and forming part of the ruin were two small dwellings with sunken windows and oaken doors . . . . .
>
> "The church was old and grey. It was a very quiet place. 'Let us wait here,' rejoined Nell, 'the gate is open; we will sit in the church porch till you come back.' 'A good place, too,' said the schoolmaster, placing his portmanteau on the stone seat. They admired everything—the ripple of the distant water-mill, the Wrekin in the distance, the Welsh mountains far away."

Today, in memory of Little Nell, the school children of Tong keep her grave fresh with flowers, and the rude grey stone placed by the old grandfather still lies where he left it a century ago.

PHRYNE AND THE BALDPATES

(*Continued from page* 18)

farther on it suddenly pierced the slab at the end of the passage, and emerged through it into the open. Here, the waning daylight greeted us once more from a test pit which had been dug by his workmen at this end. We climbed out and found ourselves among a mass of ruins several hundred feet below the fountain.

"I suppose you'll write another book now, Vale?" I asked, as I hoisted myself out of the pit. "You must get a lot of satisfaction out of rebuilding the centuries, but isn't it rather heavy food for thought? I mean as a steady diet?"

"Perhaps it is," he agreed, "but there are compensations. Come along and I will show you," he promised.

We then carefully made our way back to the fountain, which already was partly hidden under the first shadows of the short twilight which by the time we reached the platform began to cede to the mellower starlight that sheds an irridescent mantle over the land, when the atmosphere is particularly clear. Here we found Vale's foreman lighting a lamp which he set on one of the stone benches I had noticed before. He then drew up a little camp table on which he placed a bottle of resinous wine and a platter of tiny octupus fried in oil, a dish of dolmas-rice, pine nuts and raisins wrapped in steeped wine-leaves, some black olives, goat cheese and a loaf of peasant's bread.

Changed water into wine--

"Let's have supper here," Vale invited, and I eagerly joined him in the simple fare.

As he filled my glass once more, I raised it to his discovery, and as the resinous tang of the heady beverage had once more moistened our palates I inquired: "I wonder what the wine that used to be poured down that passage may have tasted like?"

"Just like this," he explained. "It is made exactly today as it was several thousand years ago. We have found inscriptions in proof of it, and many a bowl was drunk right here where we are sitting now. These benches were the rendezvous of some of Greece's most illustrious bald-heads," he added.

"Bald-heads!" I exclaimed. "How do you know?"

"Deduction, my friend," he answered. "Even we archaeologists have our lighter moments," he smiled, "and then we let our imagination wander beyond strictly scientific limits, and cement these broken bits of masonry around us with the mortar of conjecture. They again become the temples they once were, and we people them with the legendary characters of the past."

For awhile he sat in silence which I, too, was loath to break. Then, in the flicker of our table lamp I could see the trace of a smile settle on the scholarly features opposite me.

"Light your pipe," he suggested, and after the foreman had removed the remains of our repast we settled ourselves into the hard but comfortable curves of our stone bench. The stars were by now more brilliantly piercing the blue, and a nearly full moon was tinting the distant surface of the Corinthian Gulf, its reflection on the ruins about us peopling our surroundings with fantastic shapes.

"Yes, right here is where quite possibly the bald-head row may have had its origin," he musingly took up his theme, as he pointed his pipe to the fragments of benches around us. "Benches like this one we are sitting on used to line three sides of this quadrangle," he explained, "and according to Xenophon, the elders of the town were in the habit of foregathering here every evening to play a game somewhat like chess, drink their resinata wine and look over the girls."

"What girls?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"The water carriers," he smilingly explained. "Most of them were slaves, of course, but many with ambitions used to come here too, for I've heard it said that sometimes even Pericles, Phidias and some of the other celebrities also foregathered here when in Corinth. By the way, it was here that sometime later, Praxiteles, on one of his rare

visits from Olympia, where he was cutting his Hermes for the temple, met the Toad.

"The Toad?"

"Phryne to you, if you have forgotten your Greek!" he grinned at my ignorance, as his face once more flashed into relief over a match that was relighting his pipe.

"Don't tell me that you have never heard the lady's name before?" He mischievously chose to misconstrue my surprise. "Or perhaps you may remember her as Mnesarite, which was her real name before she was nicknamed the Toad."

"But why the Toad?" I asked perplexed. "I thought she was such a beauty."

"She was, but it was on account of the color of her skin," he explained. "Its tint was really an asset to her, for it set off a figure of such perfection that her defendant Hyperides, as you may remember, had the genial idea of revealing it to a recalcitrant jury when she was accused of profaning the Eleusian Mysteries."

"And she was acquitted?" I ventured, not too sure of my history.

"Unanimously," he confirmed. "You see, women had not yet invaded the juries in those days."

"But that incident happened after she had become famous, and rich enough to offer to rebuild the walls of Thebes on condition that the words: 'Destroyed by Alexander, rebuilt by Phryne the courtisan' be inscribed upon them," he elucidated.

"You see," he continued, "Phryne was as ambitious as she was beautiful, and in those days there were no publicized beauty contests. Commercialized parades of pulchritude had not yet been invented, so she did her own advertising and visited Pyrene's fountain whenever she believed an appreciative audience had foregathered on these benches."

"Do your records indicate that she was acquainted with any of the bald heads?" I asked.

"All the daily visitors here probably knew her as a member of Bryaxi's household. The day Praxiteles saw her for the first time come down those steps with a water jar on her head, her future was assured—and you can see what that little burden can do to give a girl a regal carriage, and bring out her lines to perfection, by examining the marble maidens at the Erechtheion," he digressed. "He had her called to him, questioned her and found out all he could about her. Before he returned to Olympia he offered to send her to the courtisan's school if her freedom were obtainable. Her price, however, was too high for his limited means."

"And what happened?" I inquired.

"The bald-heads then came to her rescue. A purse was made up and her release obtained. That she profited by it her story proves. Praxiteles modelled her for his Cnidia Aphrodite, and Apelles painted her as well."

"And so it was really thanks to her bald-head admirers that she was launched on the road to success?" I queried.

"Exactly," Vale agreed. "You see, custom has not changed. They made Phryne's future, and their descendants through the ages have similarly contributed to many of her successors."

"I wonder if any of them will match Phryne's fame?" I mused.

"Only time will tell," Vale replied, as he emptied his pipe. Then we slowly made our way back to his shack, where I knew a comfortable cot would await me. Vale's pipe shed an occasional glow over our languid steps.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," he added, if, in the centuries to come, my reincarnated spirit should by chance continue my present profession, I'll have to dig for evidence of it farther to the West. Somewhere nearer the Folies Bergère. I believe—or better yet, in the vicinity of West 52nd Street."

FAY

(*Continued from page* 21)

storff, von Papen, Boy-Ed, Captain von Rintelen, and a host of other German agents, as far as he could do so, Fay worked alone. Unconcerned with the plans of his countrymen in the German silent service, Fay concentrated his attention on vessels carrying munitions to the Allies and . . . .

Someone rang the bell at the entrance to the Consulate. Fay stopped talking, his eyes narrowed and followed the vice consul's glance at the clock. The hands marked ten minutes to eleven. Again the sound of the bell cut through the stillness of the office. The vice consul pushed back his chair, looked into the muzzle of a blue service automatic which Fay had swiftly whipped from a holster under his arm. . . . "Trying to double-cross me?" Fay spoke in a low, sharp voice. "Safer not to move."

"Telegram delivery, you idiot . . . nothing more. Put that gun back where you carry it."

"Wait . . .!" Fay looked slowly around the empty office, through the open window and into the black-spaced moonlight, listening. The muzzle of the pistol pointed at the vice consul wavered, then was steady. "They have seen the light," Fay said half aloud. . . . "I wonder if it could be . . ."

The vice consul, uncomfortable, helpless, sat very still. Were all automatic service pistols as big as the one in front of him, he wondered. Was another visitor expected tonight . . ."

"I shall answer that bell!"

"Right . . .", said Fay. "And I behind you. Any funny work and you won't eat breakfast tomorrow."

Fay shifted his position as the door opened, the vice consul felt the muzzle of the pistol pressed against and under his right shoulder as he signed for the telegram. The door closed and bolted, the vice consul faced Fay, made a few remarks: "Double-cross you? By having a bell rung? What about a husky master-at-arms from Gibraltar with a piece of lead pipe? Plenty of nice hiding places for him . . . you would never know what hit you. But . . . I'm playing the game . . . can't you do likewise?"

A slow, quiet smile relaxed Fay's drawn mouth as he secured the pistol in its holster, took out his case and from it lit a cigarette. "I'm sorry . . . rather jumpy these days." He chuckled as he began to blow rings one through another. Then the vice consul began to laugh.

A few moments later, Lieutenant Fay left. He would see the vice consul again, but not at the Consulate. Yes . . . he knew where the vice consul lived. . . .

During the weeks that followed Fay slipped through the darkness, nearly every evening, into the garden behind the vice consul's Summer residence. Fay appeared to be honest in his desire to surrender yet not quite sure of himself. He acted like one exposed to sharply threatening danger; at times found it difficult to control his feelings; at times he seemed to be talking more to himself than the vice consul. He was safe in Spain—at least he was sure he could not be extradited; but there was something urging him, against his will, back to Atlanta.

At length one evening, the vice consul determined to bring matters to a conclusion. Fay was told he had been given a patient hearing; had never been urged to surrender; that his "terms" were out of the question. As no progress had been made the interviews would be concluded . . . that night.

Fay, leaning wearily on the arm of his chair, replied "You are quite right. I'm through." And he begged the vice consul to make arrangements for his return to the United States.

After some discussion and objection on Fay's part to the plans proposed by the vice consul, Fay agreed to be taken to Gibraltar—provided the British Government would consider him a prisoner of the United States. "I do not want to face a Tommy Atkins firing party at Europa Point," Fay added.

When the military authorities at Gibraltar consented to Fay's admission, in company with Mr. Norton, the date was set for the journey. But something happened. Twice were arrangements made; twice postponed. Fay's explanation: "Couldn't make it."

Another Sunday morning, a car waited at an unfrequented spot near the main road to Gibraltar. Ten o'clock had been fixed as the hour of departure, but at eleven Fay had not appeared; noon passed. About to order the car to return to Malaga the vice consul again glanced up the road; around a curve about two hundred yards away came Fay . . . running, his coat on his arm, his straw hat in his hand. The car was backed into the road. A moment later, perspiring and breathing heavily, Fay jumped in.

The vice consul handed Fay a traveling cap, goggles and a dust coat. As the car rolled over the Guadalhorce bridge Fay, looking back to see if he had been followed, sent his straw hat skimming into the river, sank back in the seat, lit a cigarette. Suddenly, leaning forward, ignoring the vice consul, he tapped the English driver on the shoulder: "Do not slow or stop when approaching a village or passing through a village. Do as I've told you, and keep out of trouble."

The driver, his face flushed with the anger upon

it at hearing this sharp and peremptory order from the German passenger, glanced into his mirror, caught reassuring nods from the vice consul, blew his horn for a curve and carried on.

Nearing the first village out of Malaga, a place regarded as a centre for German agents, Fay remarked "Better submerge." He slid from his seat, doubled up on the floor of the car and there he remained until the vice consul said, "All clear." Fay resumed his seat, the automatic pistol in his hand. The vice consul had forgotten the pistol. "Officers when surrendering give up their arms." And he held out his hand.

"This officer keeps his gun," replied Fay, adding that an attempt might be made to stop the car, kill him. In such a contingency he proposed to fight it out.

"You have placed yourself in my hands, I will take you to Gibraltar; there will be no trouble if you follow my instructions. The driver will take orders from me hereafter; give me that pistol."

"Never . . ."

"In that case . . . we return to Malaga."

"I command this car." Fay's voice was hard; the pistol swung from side to side.

"That gun . . . now!"

Fay weakened, offered to compromise; he would drop the pistol in the pocket of the door . . . on his side of the car. The vice consul again reached for the pistol; unwillingly it was given to him. Its butt felt warm and heavy. Pressing up the safety catch the vice consul dropped the weapon into the right hand pocket of his coat. The car maintained its steady pace, a cloud of dust rising behind it.

A breeze from the sea tempered the heat of the afternoon; the road winding along the Mediterranean disclosed a constantly changing landscape which the occupants of the car scarcely noticed. And for the next hour Fay remained silent.

The pine forests of Calahonda had been reached when from a by-path rode four cavalrymen of the Civil Guard who pulled their horses across the highway. The officer in command raised his hand, the car slowed—stopped. Fay in an agony of apprehension, whispered: "The pistol . . . quick!"

"Be still," answered the vice consul, "I will do the talking. Fay's face had gone very pale; his eyes were searching the road from side to side through the pines as though he expected ambushed enemies there.

Spurring his horse to the side of the car the sergeant in command of the patrol inquired, "Whose car is this; where are you going?"

"Engaged by the American Consulate, proceeding to Gibraltar on official business," replied the vice consul producing his passport and a pass signed by the Malaga authorities for the car and driver.

"And this gentleman:", indicating Lieutenant Fay.

"A passenger . . . going to the United States under arrangements made by the Consulate."

The sergeant made a signal, the cavalrymen drew their horses to the side of the road, the vice consul raised his hand in salute . . . the car went on.

"Wheeeee . . ." exclaimed Fay, "I thought they had caught me."

"Who are 'they'?"

Fay did not reply.

An hour later the car was stopped in a grove of cork trees. A blanket was spread just off the road in the shade and sitting on it the driver, Fay and the vice consul ate sandwiches, drank cold beer. Then, the meal over, out of the luncheon basket a thermos of coffee. Fay lit one of the vice consul's cigars, stretched full length, blew a plume of smoke into the clear air and talked about machinery, the development of some industrial devices he had in mind . . . when the war was over. Then, turning upon his elbow, "Life's a purple mystery. . . . Two years ago today, I think, I escaped from Atlanta. But in that time I've never been free. Today—waving his cigar, I'm free as air. Tonight . . . I'll be in a cell. I'm not sorry. And . . . I shall not again escape from Atlanta. . . ." The English driver stared.

At the entrance to the town of La Linea and at Fay's expressed wish he and the vice consul left the car, walked toward the customs house, doubling back occasionally to be sure they were not shadowed. "Regular spy fiction," chuckled Fay, "Look at the old Rock over there." Then in a horse cab they drove across the Neutral Ground. At the high, barbed-wire fence which marks the entrance to the Landport Gate the vice consul, to his great relief, found Mr. Richard Sprague, late Consul at Gibraltar, waiting according to arrangement. The sentry stopped the cab, British marines surrounded it, while Mr. Sprague spoke to the officer in command of the squad.

"You promised me to the Americans," whispered Fay. "These are British marines. . . ."

"An escort . . . to the American lines," replied the vice consul as he stepped from the cab to produce the documents required for Fay's admittance. The officer examined the papers, looked curiously at Fay, gave a command.

The cab with its escort proceeded around the walls of the fortifications toward the American Base, where Lieutenant Nelson of Admiral Niblack's staff was waiting with a file of armed bluejackets.

Mr. Sprague, Fay and the vice consul from Malaga dismounted from the carriage, Lieutenant Nelson advanced and informed Fay that he was under

arrest, a prisoner of the United States. Fay saluted; did not speak.

At Lieutenant Nelson's command the guard closed about Fay who said quietly, "Good-bye, Mr. Norton." Mr. Sprague, Lieutenant Nelson and the vice consul stood for a moment or two watching the small body of men marching toward a pier, Fay in the centre of a ring of bayonets . . . .

"Well . . . what next?" inquired Mr. Sprague.

"I had better send the cable," said the vice consul, "that the Department is expecting."

"And I had better report to the Admiral that his expected guest has arrived," observed Lieutenant Nelson. "See you later at the Club."

About to follow Mr. Sprague into the carriage the vice consul's hand brushed his coat, touched a heavy object. "I always forget this thing," he said, drawing the blue automatic from his pocket and handing it to Lieutenant Nelson. "Fay's pistol."

Fay is also mentioned in "Spies and the Next War," by Richard Rowen.

GEOGRAPHIC'S MAP

(*Continued from page* 23)

miles. Traced on it are the political boundaries of the continent's ten sovereign nations and three Guiana colonies, as well as disputed territories between Peru and Ecuador, and Bolivia and Paraguay. Results of new explorations and surveys were incorporated whenever obtainable up to the very week of going to press. Capitals, cities and towns are shown, many of them recent industrial developments.

"A full year of exhaustice research was devoted to the preparation of this map," says Dr. Grosvenor. Issued with the regular monthly Magazine, it was sent to The Society's members who number more than a million and live in all parts of the civilized world.

* * *

(Editor's note: The map described in the foregoing article should prove of particular value to Foreign Service Officers for the wealth of information it carries.

Maps issued from time to time by the Society are widely used in all Departments of our Government, and are circulated to the *Geographic Magazine's* 1,200,000 readers throughout the United States and some 60 foreign countries—readers who are scattered from Fiji to the Falklands. More maps, in fact, are so distributed than come from any other one agency; with a single issue, the *Geographic* often sends forth more maps than could have been found in all the world in the days of Columbus.

One of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL's first advertisers was the *National Geographic,* away back in 1919, when the JOURNAL was first started as the "Bulletin." *The Geographic* has been associated with our pages for 18 years. During the years, it has also bought and published many pictures and articles from various foreign Service Officers and their wives. Between members of its many expeditions in the field, and Foreign Service Officers scattered to the world's end, most friendly and cooperative relations have always existed.

This month, January, 1938, the National Geographic Society celebrates its golden anniversary of educational and scientific work.

For a busy half century it has devoted its wide activities to the collection and diffusion of geographic knowledge, interpreting one country to another. Each month nearly 200,000 copies of the *Geographic Magazine* are mailed to members of the Society living in foreign lands. It is doubtful if any other American periodical reaches so many isolated nooks and crannies of the world. An instance of its popularity abroad is seen in the fact that one of the leading newspapers of a European nation through its Ambassador in Washington requested the National Geographic Society to send an extended article descriptive of its many far-flung explorations and other educational activities that the paper might feature the Society's golden anniversary.)

LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 25)

track of items which might otherwise be overlooked in connection with the making of the annual supply requisition, the workings of which would be of interest to many. I admit that I generally miss some items which I borrow from nearby offices. I should think that a page of what might be called, for want of a better name, Shop Notes, would be enjoyed and would be of profit to a large number of officers.

I agree with the officer who wrote that he wishes the JOURNAL to be "intimate, humorous, personal and gossipy" and I believe as another wrote "that the JOURNAL should devote itself primarily to its own field, which is the affairs and personnel of the Foreign Service and the Department of State."

DEATHS

Mrs. Thomas Howard Birch, widow of Colonel Birch, Minister to Portugal 1913-1923, died at her home in New York City, November 26, 1937, after an illness of nearly a year.

EDITORS' COLUMN

(*Continued from page 26*)

nish news from the field. The foregoing are suggestions, not specifications."

It is hoped that the officers of the Foreign Service in Mexico will cooperate in making the "News from the Field" section of the JOURNAL better than it has ever been before.

Material of the types above described should be mailed to Mr. Bursley in time to reach him between the 22nd and the 25th day of each month. He and I will consolidate the notes for Mexico and forward them to the JOURNAL; please place the initials "F. S. J." in the lower left hand corner.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) JAMES B. STEWART,
American Consul General.

(NOTE: Letters similar to the one addressed to Mr. Bursley were sent to several other Foreign Service Officers at widely distributed posts.)

CONTRIBUTORS

(*Continued from page 29*)

excellent work for the Review Editor. EDWARD I. MULLINS, of the Division of Trade Agreements, continues his current notes on the trade agreements program.

MISS LONELLE DAVISON, who describes National Geographic's new map, is a member of the staff of that publication, and a former contributor to the JOURNAL.

PAGES FROM A DIARY

(*Continued from page 30*)

the barricade, carrying no flag. The Chinese guarding the barricade called to them to stop. They came on. Clubb shouted out that they were American soldiers, and again the Chinese called out to halt. The Marines continued their advance, and the Chinese opened fire on them, shooting high. The Marines dismounted and waited until Clubb explained. The man wounded (Private Flizar) fortunately received only a slight flesh wound, caused by a bullet glancing off his pistol holster into his leg.

By 10 o'clock Americans were queuing up at the billeting office which had been set up in the Guard compound. This continued all day. I met one Balthazar B——, a missionary with nine children, who greeted me thus: "My baby eats only goat milk! Can I bring a goat here?" I said I thought it would be O. K. and in about half an hour he was back with the goat.

The Marines have been very systematic in billeting the six-hundred-odd Americans to be cared for. About two-thirds of these have been allocated to the various houses of Americans living within the Quarter. (I had been assigned nine, but three of these, after looking at the crowded condition of the house, fled to the Wagons-Lits Hotel, where they were fortunately able to get the last available room.) The remaining third will be quartered in the tent colony on the lawn and fed at the Marine canteen.

After lunch I went out into the city to stock up on provisions and although the shops were closed, I finally got into Shang Tai Ye's. There I was told countless stories,—that the Chinese had retaken Fengt'ai, the Marco Polo bridge, and Langfang. It is also said that they have captured 10,000 barrels of gasoline which the Japanese had cached. I can't believe these wild rumors are true. It is even reported that the Chinese have taken T'ungchow, where Chinese troops were assisted by the Peace Preservation Corps of Yin Ju-keng in revolt.

Embassy at Peiping during the lilac season—a picture from Kathleen Todd.

Tientsin reports quiet, although the Japanese have again taken over the censorship of mail, and the Chinese are reported to have fired on a Japanese ship at Taku.

Firing has been continuing more or less steadily all day. We are now sending limited telegrams by radio for countless Americans wanting to get news to their families. Japanese planes have bombed Nanyuan, immediately south of Peiping, presumably aiming at the 38th Division; there has been fighting outside the city to the west and north; and

an American eye-witness saw planes bombing the headquarters of the 37th Division at Hsiyuan near the Summer Palace.

Salisbury and his mother, who are in the process of moving into Meyer's former house, came to dinner with me and my six refugees. We dined out in the courtyard under a lovely moon, and it seemed hard to realize that a war was raging around us. The booming of guns in the distance,

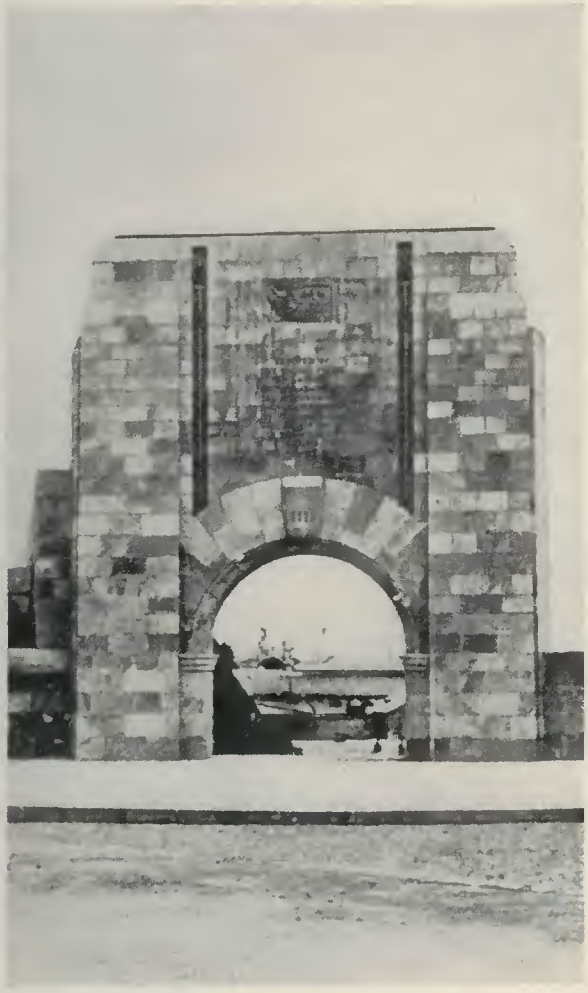
Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Clubb in the Embassy compound, July 28.

the crowds of Chinese servants in the servants' quarters, and later decoding which kept us at the Chancery until well after midnight, made us realize that we were at least experiencing an "incident." We had anticipated today with considerable apprehension and envisaged confusion rampant when the problem of billeting some 600 Americans should present itself, but I must say that the whole performance went off smoothly and efficiently, thanks to the help of the Marines who worked with a superbly calm efficiency. While every one is feeling tense, there is an extraordinary lack of hysteria.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

(*Continued from page* 31)

upon identity of democratic institutions; in large part upon mutual confidence. If only there could be developed among all the nations of the earth the same confidence that exists between your British Empire and the United States of America—a confidence typified by an unfortified frontier of 4,000 miles between Canada and the United States—there were no need



of arsenals and forts, no need of deadly submarines, no need of flying bombers and battleships. Swords might indeed be turned into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks. God grant that this old Rock may see this old-time prophecy fulfilled, and see it within the lifetime of the children here present."

MEXICO

Hot cakes a la Mexico

Guests at a recent dinner party were telling of

embarrassing moments and Mrs. Daniels recalled the time that Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, who was on her way to her home at Cuernavaca, stopped off at Mexico City for a few hours in order to accept Mrs. Daniels' invitation for breakfast. Mrs. Morrow was accompanied by several friends and it was a very happy gathering that sat down to breakfast at the Embassy. Thinking how best to please her guests Mrs. Daniels decided to give them a touch of southern cooking, and so said to the cook—who undertsands no English—"Juan, hot cakes." When "hot cakes" time arrived, proudly appeared the maid bearing high in both hands a large piping hot pound cake! J. B. S.

HAMBURG

The summer and fall flow of Foreign Service Officers through Hamburg on the way to and from their posts, which was so marked that, at one time in October, there were six visiting Service families or parts of families in the Consulate General, dwindled almost to the vanishing point in November. The only colleagues to pass through it during the month were Consul General and Mrs. Edwin C. Kemp, en route to their new post at Bremen.

Other November visitors to Hamburg were Mr. Gardner Richardson, Commercial Attaché at Vienna, and Mrs. Richardson, on their way home on a vacation, and Mr. P. G. Minneman, tobacco specialist in the Office of the Agricultural Attaché in London, who spent some days in pursuit of statistics as to shipments of the leaf.

The Consulate at Bremen has had a rapid turnover in officers. The departure of Consul J. Webb Benton for The Hague, where he is now First Secretary, and that of Vice Consul William C. Affeld, Jr., who will be married while on leave in the United States before proceeding to his new post at Kobe, was balanced by the arrival of Consul General Kemp and Consul Sidney A. Belovsky, from Belfast. Vice Consul Francis A. Lane has, however, been stationed in Bremen for eight years so that new blood is not the sole style.

Copenhagen has had a similar experience. All three career officers in the two offices there have left within the past two months and their replacements have, in two cases, not yet arrived. As a result, Consul Erik W. Magnuson was assigned to Copenhagen temporarily in October to take charge of the Consulate General pending the arrival of relief. Consul Magnuson had the advantage of a knowledge of Danish which he has put to good use in effecting a transfer of the office quarters. He has been missed in Hamburg where he was the oldest resident among his career colleagues whose length of service at the post ranges from two months to a year.

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BOOKSHELF

(*Continued from page* 33)

policy contemplated in the Davis declaration "by a unilateral declaration of American policy committing the United States in advance to no specific course of positive action abroad beyond mere consultation, but amounting to a general undertaking that our action to prevent the success of militaristic expansion in an outbreak would be less negative than the unextended text of Mr. Davis would indicate." (p. 425.)

The third suggestion envisages a more intimate connection between the United States and the League of Nations, short of membership, which could be accomplished by having an official American observer sit on the Council of the League of Nations. This suggestion is based on the precedent created when Prentiss Gilbert sat on the Council as an observer during the Manchurian dispute. The author remarks that "Provision for an American observer on the Council would undoubtedly represent a great concession by the League to the United States. We might, in order to obtain this concession, be required first to define formally our attitude on the question of peace and war." (p. 436.)

In short, the author sees the world divided into two teams, the autocrats and democrats, and believes that we should play ball with the democrats to achieve our ultimate salvation. And the best place to play ball is on the shores of Lake Geneva.

Foreign Service officers should find this excursion in the field of foreign relations by one of their former colleagues both timely and thought-provoking. Some may doubt the efficacy of the remedies proposed by the author; some may feel he has simplified the existing conflict between what he chooses to consider the powers of darkness and light, but none can deny that he writes with engaging freshness and candor and with an enthusiasm in the efficacy of the remedies he proposes which the present reviewer would give much to share.

FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF.

COMMERCE CHANGES

(*Continued from page* 36)

sailed for his new post at Rio de Janeiro.

Assistant Trade Commissioner Joseph N. Benners, now in the United States on triennial leave, has been

transferred from The Hague to Cairo, where he will arrive the first part of January.

Assistant Trade Commissioner Fritz A. M. Alfsen has been transferred from Cairo to Stockholm.

Miss Anne W. Mcriam has been appointed Clerk to Commercial Attachc at Ottawa to replace Miss Mary R. Clifford, who is returning to Washington for special duty.

The following will be on triennial leave in the United States shortly:

Commercial Attache Robert G. Glover, from Panama City: now in Washington.

Assistant Commercial Attache DuWayne G. Clark, from Buenos Aircs: now in Washington.

Commercial Attache Clarence C. Brooks: will leave Bogota in Decemher.

Commercial Attache Samuel H. Day: will leave Johannesburg in Dccember.

Commercial Attache Thomas H. Lockett: will leave Mexico City in December.

Assistant Commercial Attache Harold M. Randall: will leave Santiago in December.

Trade Commissioner C. Grant Isaacs: now en route to thc United Statcs.

A "RADIO AUDIENCE" IN AFRICA

This picture was takcn in the Kenya northern game rcserve 60 miles from the nearest white habitation in a part not frequented by white people. The natives in the picturc from the Wanderobo tribe had never seen or heard of such a thing as a radio. "The reception on this Philco radio was excellent," writes Mr. L. T. Davies, Box 31, Kitale, Kenya Colony, British East Africa, who took the picture. ". . . And the natives couldn't seem to comprehend the music as coming from some place thousands of miles away. They insisted in bclieving that the noise was produced in the "magic box" as they called it."

MARRIAGES

Adam-Hawley. Miss Hclen Agnes Hawley and Mr. Archibald Macindoe Adam were married on August 21, 1937, at Lisbon, Portugal. Mrs. Adam is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franklin Hawley, and her father is assigned as Consul at Oporto.

Dorsz-Bevan. Mrs. Corilla Bevan Gogstad and Mr. Edmund Dorsz were married on September 29, 1937, at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. Mrs. Dorsz, who was a widow at the time of her marriage to Mr. Dorsz, is the daughter of Thomas H. Bevans, Consul General, Warsaw. Mr. Dorsz at present is American Consul at Leopoldville.

Caffcry-McCarthy. Miss Laura Gertrude McCarthy and The Honorable Jefferson Caffery were married at Rio de Janeiro on November 20. Mrs. Caffcry is the daughter of Mrs. Daniel Edward McCarthy of Chicago. Mr. Caffery has been Ambassador to Brazcl since July of this year.

Gufler-Van Ness. Miss Dorothy Blanche Van Ness and Mr. Bernard Anthony Gufler were married on Dccember 9, 1937, at Charlotte, North Carolina. Mr. Gufler is assigned at the Department in the Division of European Affairs.

Slavens-Edgers. Miss Jane Margaret Edgers and Mr. Stanley Goodrich Slavens werc married at Tokyo on December 11, 1937. Mr. Slavens is at present assigned as Consul in Tokyo.

Affeld-Hammond. Miss Myrtis A. Hammond and Mr. William C. Affeld, Jr., were married on Dccember 11, 1937, at Dixon, Illinois. Mr. Affeld is assigned as Vice Consul at Kobe.

BIRTHS

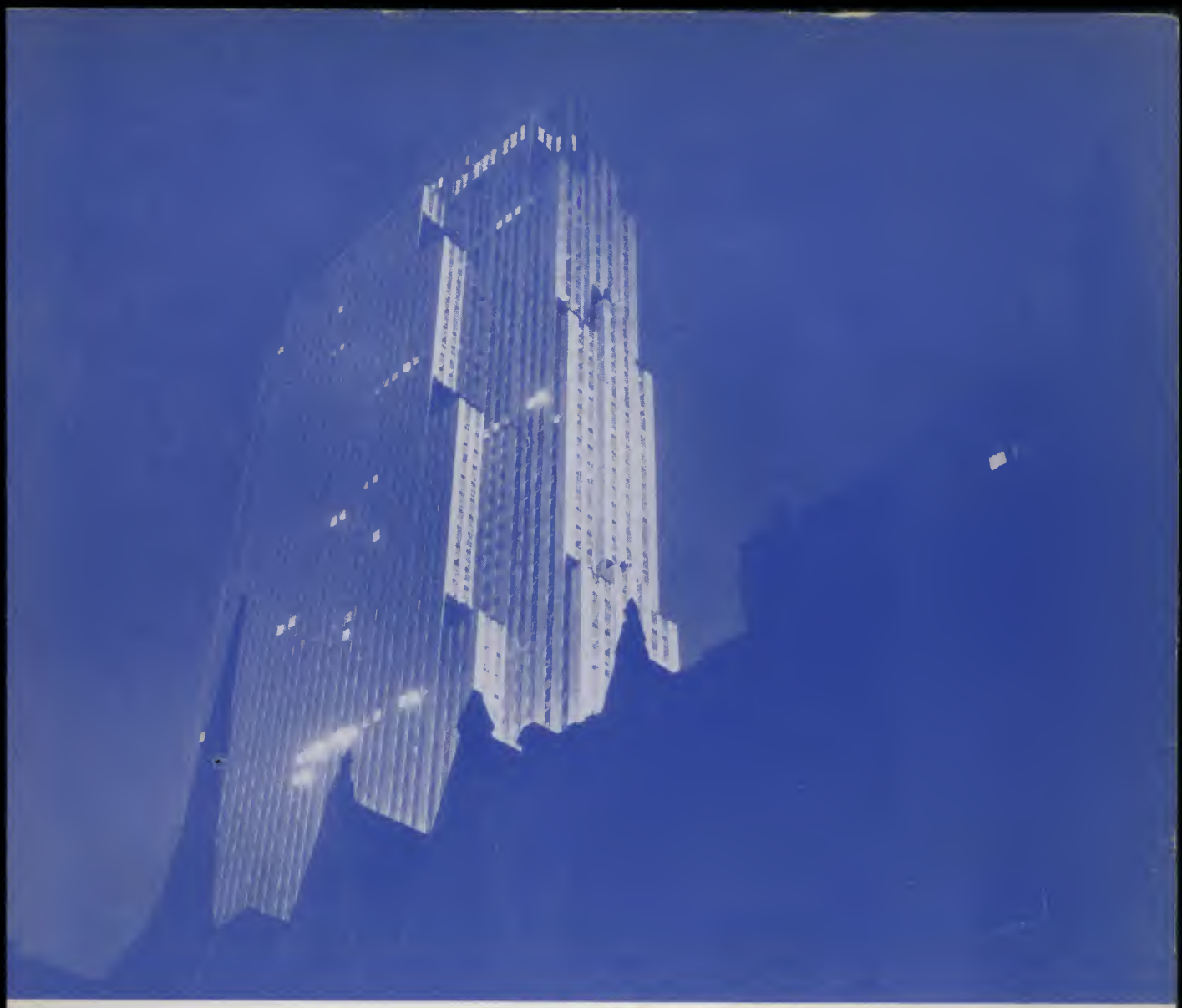
A son. Reginald, III, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Bragonier, Jr., at Montevideo, on October 19, 1937. Mr. Bragonier is serving as Third Secretary and Vice Consul at Montevideo.

Born, a son, Paul Julian, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond A. Harc, on December 8, 1037, at Alexandria, Virginia.

A daughter, Georgia, was born to Vice Consul and Mrs. Myles Standish, November 6, 1937, at Geneva. Mr. Standish is stationed at Marseille.

COVER PICTURE

Tungting Lake, Honan Province, China. This is one of a group of beautiful photographs contributed to the JOURNAL by Kathleen Todd of the Embassy staff at Peiping.



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