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**FOREIGN SERVICE**  
**JOURNAL** FEBRUARY, 1942

VOL. 19, NO. 2



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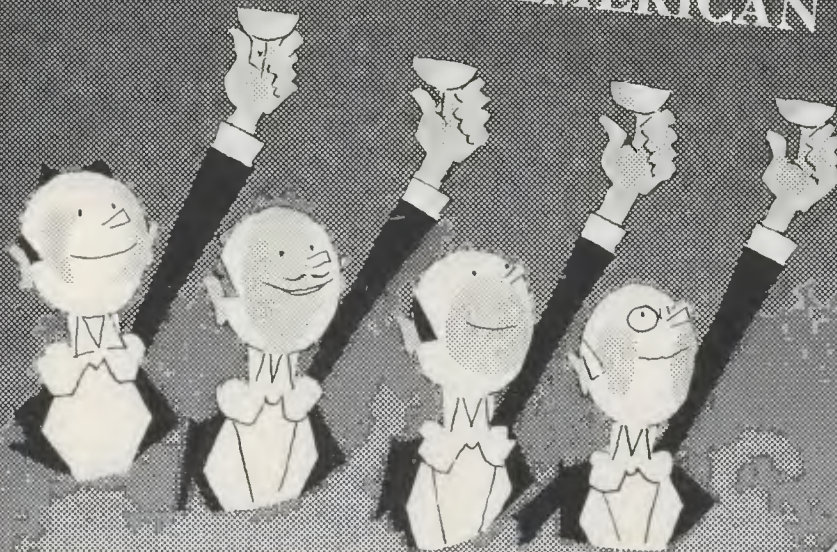
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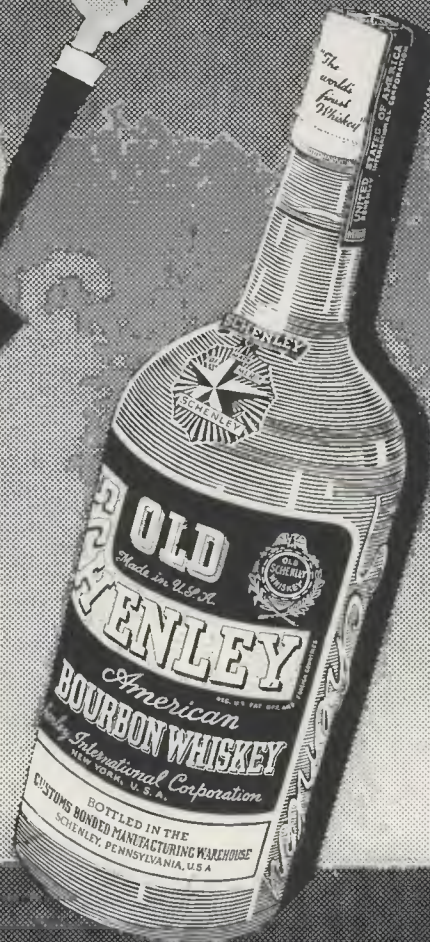
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# THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL



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FEBRUARY, 1942

## The Success of a Mission

By JAMES H. WRIGHT, *Department of State*

THE twenty-one sovereign nations founded in the New World during the 1st quarter of the 19th century differ widely in race, language, culture and geographic situation. With faith in a just God they were bound only by the common determination to assure for their children—and their children's children—an abundant life of freedom, justice and equality before the law and among their fellow men. Each nation went its own way, but all stood steadfast for the precepts of their establishment. During the first hundred years there could scarcely be claimed any real mutuality of interests or reciprocity of action. Simon Bolívar's dream of a united America was to be realized a century later.

The United States, after a hardship-ridden colonial existence, was busy carving a nation out of a rude and resisting nature; forming a culture to supplement the ample share received from the Old World. Communications with other parts of the hemisphere ranged from completely lacking to, at best, slow, cumbersome and inadequate. Problems found their solution in neglect; situations changed before they could be accommodated so that by the time answers were ready new and not the old problems awaited attention. What too often resulted was no solution either sought or reached.

Our friends to the south meanwhile had similar, and in many instances, even greater preoccupations. They had to throw off the same yokes of oppression; fight even more unyielding and often treacherous tropical nature. Their tasks of immigration, colonization and development were, for geographical, topographical and, before their independence, for governmental reasons even more stubborn than ours. Each had worries enough of his own to make

him indifferent to the other's plight—particularly when he wasn't quite sure just who his neighbor was and what, if anything, he had to offer.

Formal diplomatic relations with the other American republics date from January 27, 1823, when ministers were accredited the same day to Bogotá, Buenos Aires and Santiago. It took our ministers months to reach their posts. Owing largely to poor communications and insufficient mutuality of interest, the early activities of our diplomats were less fruitful than they otherwise might have been. Diplomatic moves here were but a sideshow to the main event—Europe. Commercial and financial relations were of limited scope. Those in the South who sought financial aid found it—in Europe, just as we did until the first World War. The cultural ties of the South were knit to the Old World, we being too busy to offer anything and they oblivious to whether or not we could be of use. Such was the condition of our early relations with the Americas. It is not extraordinary that under these circumstances the North and South should have grown apart.

This state of affairs persisted even after the United States became a great trading nation. True, there were periods when we took wise and unwise, bold and timid, steps to the South. Some, such as the Monroe Doctrine, remain today sound and implemented. Others still leave a sting of resentment abroad. Time alleviated much of this bitterness, but suspicion remained.

In the struggle for a fuller life within our own country, we had become unmindful of the sensibilities of others. Ambition and, to our sorrow, sometimes arrogance left their mark.

The United States' delegation arrived at the Habana Inter-American Conference in 1928 to find itself friendless and distrusted. In our rush for success—that very determination and ingenuity which had produced a measure of progress never before known to the world—we had overlooked considerations of great magnitude.

The Habana Conference brought much of our thinking public up with a start. The time had come to reverse the current.

At first our backlog of distrust was so great and the bloc of our recalcitrant citizens so large that only a few laudable but scattered gestures were forthcoming. There had been earlier steps in the right direction. The abolition of the Platt amendment helped. The removal of the Marines from Haiti and Nicaragua had good effect. The really genuine reaction came later.

The enunciation of the Good Neighbor Policy was the beginning of a new era in inter-American relations—and let us hope in world relations as well. Many of the American republics at first, and some for long, viewed with suspicion our sudden but declared change of heart. Gradually our acts became proof of our words. Intervention ceased. There were no American troops within the sovereign territory of any republic. The opinion of our fellow republics was conscientiously solicited in matters touching inter-American policy.

Central and South Americans soon came to learn that the United States was in earnest when it spoke of full and unqualified cooperation. Ample proof had been given that the United States scrupulously complied not only with the letter, but also with the spirit of its agreements. They found our country not only ready and willing, but anxious to assist in every feasible way. Inter-American cultural pro-

grams emerged. In times of dire financial need governmental credit agencies came to the rescue. The act of the Congress of the United States in allowing public officials to be detailed on a loan basis to the other American republic redounded greatly to our mutual good. This was a constructive assistance to those republics which provided greatly-needed technical and professional assistance. Our diplomats were no longer shunned but were welcomed as friends and collaborators in contrast with past years when they had been excluded in large measure from concerted action by the other American republics.

The public of the United States gradually awakened to the fact that the southern part of the Hemisphere was not what it had been painted. They came to realize that there dwelled intelligent and progressive peoples whose cultural backgrounds and mental powers quite readily coped with ours. They soon learned that encouraging students to come to the United States to study here and return to their homeland was one of the finest ways of sending back first-hand reports on what the United States really represents. Conversely, there was an influx of United States students into Central and South America with commensurate benefits to all.

There was a time when the adventure-seeking, soldier-of-fortune type businessman met with success in the other American republics. That day happily has passed. Those of us abroad today and our diplomatic representatives have as their by-word that any of our citizens who come to the country where we have our temporary home and do not strictly abide by the letter and spirit of the laws; demonstrate the proper respect for their hosts; in short, conduct themselves in a way we would expect a foreign visitor so to do in the United States—



THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF AMERICAN STATES, LIMA, 1938

President Oscar R. Benavides of Peru addressed the opening session; the president was Carlos Concha, then Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Cuts Courtesy  
Bulletin of the Pan  
American Union

**THE OPENING SESSION OF THE SECOND MEETING OF MINISTERS OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AT HABANA**

**President Laredo Bru of Cuba is shown addressing the session.**



Courtesy of Secretary of State of Cuba

that American will be less welcome among his fellow countrymen than he will among his hosts.

Formerly there was a tendency on the part of our businessmen not to learn the language of the country they visited nor to associate with the local residents. This current is now reversing. Young men now entering the foreign business field usually are competent in Spanish or Portuguese and seek the contacts of the local business and social circles. They find that entering wholeheartedly into the life of the country is a personally pleasant as well as profitable pursuit.

Succeeding inter-American conferences, in striking contrast with Habana, were characterized by their cordiality and mutuality of respect and confidence. It had been predicted in some hostile quarters that the Montevideo Conference of 1933 would be a dismal failure. Thanks to the splendid conduct of the American delegation and to the ready and efficacious cooperation of our friends to the south, the Montevideo Conference paved the way for even greater events. The Conference for the Maintenance of the Peace at Buenos Aires in 1936 and the Inter-American Conference at Lima in 1938 perfected the machinery of consultation which resulted in the Acts of Panama and Habana. These were indeed achievements of the first rank. At Panama the American Republics were able to lay the groundwork for effective economic cooperation which has since greatly benefited the entire hemisphere. At Habana, there was established an exemplary act which insured that European possessions in this hemisphere will not fall into hostile hands, but would be subject to the collective will of the Americas. Habana also paved the way for future consul-

tative meetings and further demonstrated the solidarity of the twenty-one nations.

The inter-American system is today a functioning one that has reached a high plane of flexibility and adaptability to each and every problem of inter-American relations. At the same time the prestige of the United States, built on the Golden Rule, is greater than any other nation ever before enjoyed from twenty fellow republics.

The metamorphose of political philosophy in the Americas is a singular tribute to the progress of civilization. The process was slow but sure. Sane thinking peoples have achieved ethical standards of the first magnitude under conditions which at the same time withstand every pragmatic test.

Today the inter-American system is faced with the gravest crisis of its short existence. We are confronted with a savage and treacherous aggression which threatens our collective security to a heretofore undreamed of degree. The hemisphere, as one, implemented its declared solidarity and promptly agreed upon a meeting of Foreign Ministers to plot its future course in the face of attack.

The American republics face wanton attack shoulder to shoulder. They are resolute that their freedom to worship, speak, write and act shall not be abridged.

Where the flame of such altruists as Bolívar, San Martín, Juárez, and Washington is rekindled as each new generation is born to the light of justice and equality before the law and among his fellow men, there is no fear of the arrogant and pompous struttings of self-styled supermen. We meet the challenge!

*(Continued on page 117)*

# PATAGONIAN

# PANORAMA

Photos by "Life's"  
Photographer John Phillips



The weekly plane from Buenos Aires arrives in Comodoro Rivadavia in Tierra del Fuego, piloted by Argentines, coached by the French who worked on the line in the days of the famous Antoine de Saint Exupery, writer of his South American flying in *Vol de Nuit*.

A typical road just out of Rio Grande, Argentina, which is the terminal of the southmost air service in the world. The telephone poles were erected by the private initiative of the *estancieros* of the region. In winter when motoring along this route, the driver must pass certain places at specified times not to be bogged in. In the event of miscalculation there is a neighborly cooperation in lending a helping hand.





Upper: The SS. *Patagonia*, government transport, coming into Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego. The population of this town is 1,600 and can be reached in winter only by the sea, being locked up by the Cordilleras.

Lower: Street scene in Ushuaia, showing the *Patagonia* in the harbor. The horse drawn sledge drags flour sacks just unloaded.





Upper: These Indian women at Rio Grande, Argentina, are the sole remnants of the Ona tribes which were wiped out by alcohol, introduced to them about 70 years ago.

Lower: Street scene in Ushuaia. The inhabitants call their town the "Siberia of South America." Their main contact with the outside world is by radio—ships leave once a month for Rio Gallegos, once every three for Buenos Aires, which is about three weeks to a month away.





Upper: The village of Rio Grande, Argentina, has a population of 300, and is the second largest agglomeration in Argentine Tierra del Fuego.

Lower: At Moat, Tierra del Fuego, a tender of the *Patagonia* brings annual supplies—one tender-load of flour, timber, etc. In the background is a peon's hut, in the foreground sea-weed lines the shore.



# Trinidad-After

By EDWARD L. FREERS, *Vice Consul, Port-of-Spain*

TRINIDAD, tempter of tourists, is gone! In its place—an island teeming with soldiers, sailors, engineers, and natives picking away at the gigantic task of building Uncle Sam's main bases in the southern Caribbean. Yes, the American invasion is here! Just close your eyes and Port of Spain, the capital, becomes a typical American city, busy and noisy; with bells clanging on tramcars, heavy trucks rumbling over asphalt paved roads, and ubiquitous taxis careening around street corners, their tires squealing in true New York tradition. Actually, there are almost as many Americans here now in proportion to the total number of white people as there are in any major city on the east coast of the United States, and as many, in proportion to the colored, as there are in the cities of the South; and the stream hasn't begun to thin out. Boats arriving every two weeks bring in two or three hundred more each trip until one begins to wonder if the "melting pot" is in reverse.

But, after all, everybody is needed because there is much work to be done. There are problems big enough to worry any contractor up home, but down here, where most of the land is dense jungle and swamp, and where the source of supplies, equipment, and personnel is two thousand miles away, they're a nightmare! One big problem, for instance, is native labor. To keep the more than fifteen thousand natives employed on the bases moving at anything resembling satisfactory speed requires supervision endowed with infinite ingenuity and patience. Work does go on, nevertheless, and the Congressmen from the House Military and Naval Affairs Committees who visited the bases recently have declared themselves favorably impressed with

the rate at which the construction of both establishments is proceeding.

While these mighty events were still mere straws in the wind, however, the Consulate was shaking off the spell of the West Indies and beginning to lay the ground work for the negotiations necessary to get the project under way. On Consul Claude Hall fell the task of widening the path to Government House, smoothing the way for Army and Navy representatives, making sure that American needs were being met, and, when the occasion arose, as at the completion of the general Base Agreement with the Trinidad Government, making the formal commitment of the United States Government. More and more, the Consulate took on the functions of a diplomatic post—negotiations, agreements, leases, and supplementary leases. It wasn't long, either, until the base pioneers began to arrive and such routine consular activities as shipping services, registrations, passport renewals and amendments, notarial services, and a million others, experienced a rapid expansion. In no uncertain fashion, the defense whirlwind, born in the States and wandering now to outposts overseas, had swept into Port of Spain and caught up Claude Hall and Vice Consul Gene Smith in its dizzy embrace. Not that things are ever actually quiet in Trinidad; even in normal times it is known as the "Crossroads of the Caribbean" and trade routes from North, Central, and South America, Europe, and Africa have their focus here; but, the influx of large numbers of Americans in connection with the bases plus the additional shipping needed to bring materials and supplies placed new burdens on the Consulate, and

*(Continued on page 100)*

Trinidad vendors



Post Office, Trinidad

Photos courtesy Moore-McCormack Lines





*Above:* Relieving the command, showing officers

*Below:* Grandwood, housing development, U. S. Naval Air Station, Trinidad, September, 1941.



ARMY AND NAVY  
PHOTOS OF  
TRINIDAD, B. W. I.

*Below:* Commissioning of U. S. Naval Air Station, Trinidad, August 1, 1941.



*Above:* Clearing tropical jungle at Fort Read, Trinidad.





At the feet of CHRIST OF THE ANDES, world famous monument to eternal peace between Chile and Argentina, engineers of the I. T. & T. Corp. bury the transcontinental circuits that enable the peoples of the opposite shores of South America to talk with each other.

## The I. T. & T. in South America

By KENNETH MCKIM, *Assistant Vice President*

DIPLOMATICALLY, culturally, spiritually and ideologically, the nations of the Western Hemisphere have been drawn measurably closer together in the past decade; but these highly significant phases of the general "acercamiento" have been fortified by the tying-in influence of the more tangible and materialistic factor of constantly closer economic, commercial, industrial and social relations.

Starting with many homogeneous features in its favor, Pan-Americanism has faced an extraordinarily disjointed landscape as it looked southward across the Rio Grande. This was not so much because of the many international frontiers that cut the map of Latin America into irregular pieces, large and small, like a jigsaw puzzle, as it was due to an isolationism that was largely physical in its origin. Distance was the principal enemy of better understandings and greater intercourse between the 21 sister Republics: very great distance, in some cases; but just as frequently and definitely, there were instances of neighbors whose neighborliness

had made little or no headway since colonial days because of comparatively short distances, which, nevertheless, encompassed exceptionally difficult natural barriers.

The Latin American countries are much closer together, and much closer to the United States, than ten years ago, for a multitude of reasons. One is that the Government of the United States embarked upon a new Good Neighbor Policy, followed it up consistently, and gave it practical value. Another is that a series of constructive international conferences of official delegates of all these countries, meeting with equal voice and vote, have cleared away much of the impediments that lay in the path of broader cooperation.

Private enterprise, and to a very large extent foreign capital, has waged a long and bitter war against Latin America's great foe Distance. It has been a progressively successful campaign. But its victories have been hard fought; the newly won terrain difficult to consolidate. Each new assault had

to be as carefully planned and powerfully supported with fresh reserves as the last one. The enemy never seemed to weaken or lose heart. General Distance is still strongly dug in along many a Latin American line of resistance.

Let us not pretend that private enterprise has fought entirely alone. Governments have cooperated in many ways: by legislation, by easing the way for expansion, by reasonable guarantees to the investor, by granting concessionary stability to undertakings, by normalization of taxes, by expropriations, by authorization of reasonable rates, by broad-minded recognition of vested rights and by various other acts and policies similar in spirit. In some countries, the governments have collaborated with private enterprise more fully than in others; and to a certain extent, in each country, the government has gone into the trenches with public funds to do battle with the common enemy General Distance.

In the development of better facilities for shipping we find an outstanding example of governmental cooperation with private capital. Though a few ships fly Latin American flags, nearly all of the overseas export and import trade of these countries has been carried in foreign bottoms. Progress in Latin American foreign trade has virtually moved parallel with scientific advancement in the speed and carrying capacity of merchant vessels. Modern harbor developments in many ports, such as Callao, Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro,

Bahia, Getafe, Vera Cruz, Tampico, and Havana, by way of illustration, are expressive of governmental cooperation with the foreign capital that has sent the deep-draught steamers to operate the Latin American foreign commerce.

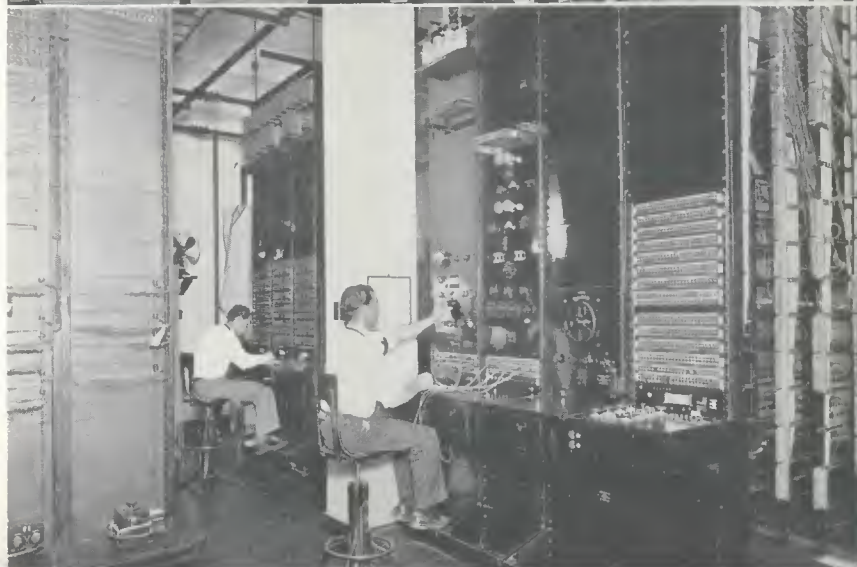
In a similar spirit, governments have financed airports that are used not only by planes flying in national services, but also those which follow international routes, and whose capitalization has been almost entirely foreign. The railroads, most of which have been built with the foreign investor's savings, though some are publicly owned and operated today, have defeated Distance not only within national frontiers, but indirectly beyond those limits, by speeding up the movement of passengers and merchandise to and from the deep water ports and the international border crossings.

Traditionally, governments have retained for their own exploitation, similarly to the posts and presumably for the same reasons, the wire telegraph services within their own borders. The policy has

*(Continued on page 105)*

Laying the under-water telephone cable that in 1939 made it possible for the first time for the subscribers of Uruguay and the Argentine to communicate. The picture shows the specially designed cable being discharged from one of the ships of All America Cables, Inc., in Montevideo Harbor.

"Repeaters," or vacuum tube amplifiers at the terminal of one of the long distance entrance cables in a suburb of Buenos Aires. All long distance and international lines entering the Argentine capital pass through amplifiers of this sort at both extremities of the underground toll entrance cables.





SPECTATORS AT THE TENNIS MATCHES—TIJUCA TENNIS CLUB, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO

In the lower row may be seen (left to right) Mr. Zanthacky, Ambassador Caffery, and Randolph Harrison, Second Secretary.

## Our South American Tennis Activities

By SARAH PALFREY COOKE,  
*National Women's Champion of the United States*

THIS year the United States Lawn Tennis Association has planned a very extensive tour of all the South American countries. They have selected to represent the United States: Dorothy Bundy, Katharine Winthrop, who ranks among the first ten women players in our country; Donald McNeill, National Singles champion of the United States in 1940; Jack Kramer, who has won three National Doubles titles; Elwood Cooke, the captain and manager of the team, who was world's Doubles Champion in 1939 and has won many coveted American titles, and myself.

The team sailed from New York on October 11th on the SS *Argentina*, of the Moore-McCormack Line. We had a pleasant voyage down to Rio. It was late afternoon when we approached Rio's beautiful harbor and it was difficult at first to pick out the famous landmarks, the Sugar Loaf and the Corcovado, but the sun came out from the clouds for a few moments and we witnessed a brief but beautiful sunset with Rio for a background. We were met by a host of our many friends, both from the Brazilian Tennis Association as well as acquaintances that we had made from our trip to South America last year. We were escorted to our hotel which was situated right on the Copacabana Beach, and from our lofty rooms it seemed that one good leap would put us in the famous surf where the

young native boys were riding the waves for unbelievable distances.

The tennis matches started Saturday afternoon and upon watching the Brazilian players it was easy to see that they had changed their strategy and their style of play. It was apparent that their tennis was very much improved over last year. Generally speaking, the Brazilian players seem to differ from the other South American players in that they rely more on finesse than on power. Perhaps the most improved player is Humberto Costa; he is very tall and thin and has a fluency of stroke that is seldom seen. Last year he seemed to have no real purpose to his game. I believe that the reason for his improvement this year is that he has added to his game assurance and knowledge that enables him to detect any weakness in his opponent's game.

Another excellent player is Manuel Fernandez, who is the number one ranking player of Brazil. Due to an injured hand, he has been unable to take part in many of the games this year, but from watching the match he played with Donald McNeill in São Paulo, one could notice that he was changing his style to be more aggressive. Alcides Propicio is the Bitz Grant of South America; he covers the court and makes unbelievable gets, much to the discomfort of his opponents. Both of these men are

small and rely on their amazing footwork and their great anticipation. Jorge Salomao, who is known as the clown, has a delightful personality and is always a favorite with the galleries. He is, perhaps, one of the finest doubles players in this part of the world. Ricardo Pernambuco is the father of Brazilian tennis and was champion for seven years running. He is still very active and takes part in the competitions, mostly in doubles.

After leaving Rio Monday morning by plane, we arrived in São Paulo a few hours later. That evening we played our tennis exhibitions in one of the finest indoor courts made of red brick dust that I have ever seen. This is just one building of many in a beautifully constructed athletic development. It was indeed a sight to see all of these buildings which include an indoor gymnasium seating 3,000 people; a splendid outdoor swimming pool large enough to use for aquatic games of all kinds and a huge football stadium with a capacity for holding 90,000 people. Most spectacular of all is the outdoor auditorium made of marble, where they hold their concerts and theatricals. In all of my travels I have never seen such an assembly of pavilions and so scientifically arranged.

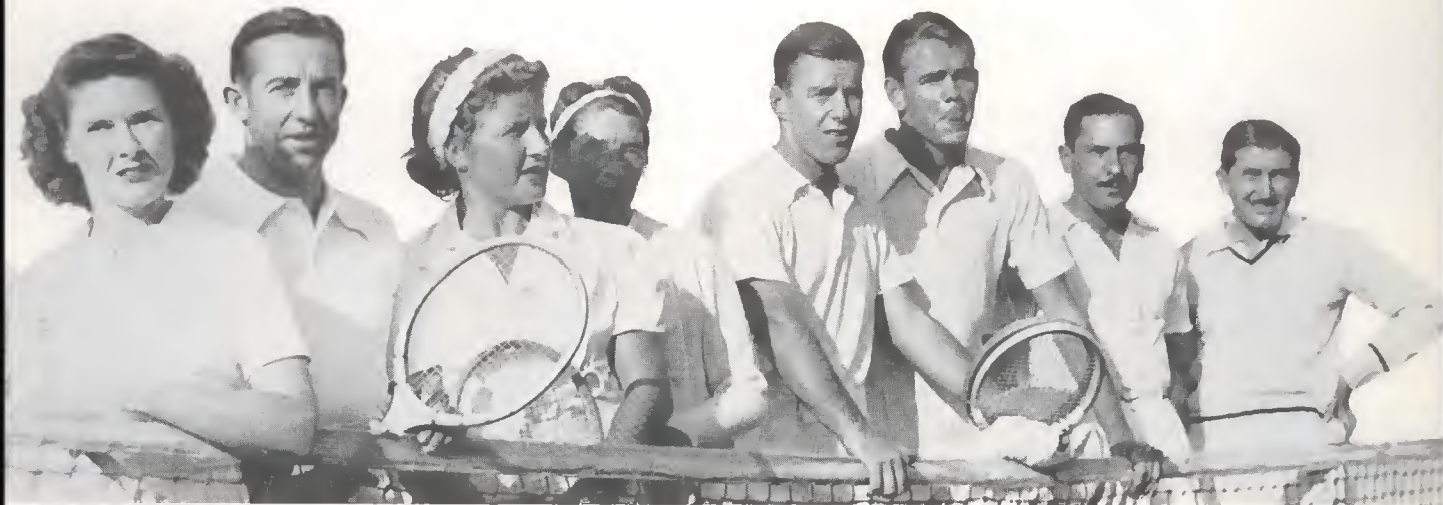
Our next stop was Porto Alegre, where we spent two days. Our tennis matches were postponed the first night because of a rainstorm. The next morning we played some golf at the Porto Alegre Country Club. After golf, we went on a sightseeing tour and we saw the water marks on the different buildings from the great flood they had there last April which lasted for forty days. It seems that every 10

years they have a flood in Porto Alegre. Consequently, they pay no attention to the water marks that are left inside the stores and hotels. We were surprised at the very large number of people who watched the clinic and the matches in spite of the threatening clouds. However, the rain did hold off long enough for us to finish all but the last games in our final match.

Since arriving in Buenos Aires the first of November we have had hardly any leisure in which to sit back and enjoy the beauty of this man-made city with its parks, buildings, trees and flowers.

Besides playing in the National Tennis Championship, which is being held at the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club, we have been giving quite a number of tennis clinics at the centrally located Argentine and American schools and clubs. This group teaching or tennis clinic, as it is called in the United States, is without question the activity which really reaches the heart of all those who see or take part in it. These clinics are for everyone, the young as well as the old, and they provide a great deal of knowledge both for the beginner and for the expert player. If everyone is to get all the information possible from this group teaching, they should come prepared with tennis rackets and shoes. Yes, you actually get out on the court and go through the motions. The primary fundamentals, such as grips, the necessity of watching the ball and getting the racket into position, are rehearsed many times. Learning to run correctly forward and backwards is made easy. Serving, volleying and

*(Continued on page 103)*



Photos courtesy Randolph Harrison, Jr.

**THE U. S. LAWN TENNIS TEAM AT THE TIJUCA TENNIS CLUB, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO—OCTOBER 25, 1941.**

*Left to right: Sarah Palfrey Cooke, Elwood Cooke, Dorothy Bundy, a veteran Brazilian lady player, Donald McNeill, Jack Kramer and Messrs. Salomao and Procopio.*

## we laugh with the chileans

By CHARLES F. KNOX, JR., Assistant Commercial Attaché, Santiago



OF ALL the admirable qualities that endear the Chileans to those who really know them, none is more outstanding than their sense of humor. They are as "cuentosos" (joke-loving) as the North Americans, and their humor is American-plus. It includes the dry, sardonic note of New England, the witty punning of the New York sophisticate, the dialectic colloquialism of Dixie, and last, but not least, the lusty brand of humor that is like that from west of the Mississippi. It is a bridge of understanding that every North American in Chile soon recognizes and no matter how grave the problem in politics, business, or diplomacy, the common ground of humor dispels most of the difficulties of human relationship.

Chilean humor, like the word whale, involves a very large subject. Generally speaking it falls into three categories—the convention or nice humor (albeit it may be a bit spicy), the humor of *Verdejo* (the man in the street), and the rough or naughty humor voiced by the males and which knows no class distinction.

The butt of most Chilean conventional jokes is the ubiquitous "Don Otto," good-humored caricature of the German immigrant in Chile. Don Otto is fat and very, very dumb. Don Otto speaks with a thick German accent that any Chilean school child can imitate, and is always saying the wrong thing. Don Otto has a wife, poor thing, who is always deceiving him in both matters monetary and amatory. Jokes about him spring up from nowhere and are legion. He appears in the newspapers now and then, and several little books featuring nothing but stories about Don Otto are for sale, but he lives for posterity on the tips of a million tongues that never tire of chuckling over his foolishness and stupidity.

There is no typical situation in which to de-

scribe Don Otto. He is in every trade and predicament. Sometimes he is a salesman, and sometimes a farmer, and sometimes a banker, but whatever he is he's always in trouble, always the stooge.

Don Otto is seated in a saloon, drinking beer with some of his Chilean friends. "Look, Otto," they say, with sly winks at one another, "There's a rumor going around that your wife is seeing too much of one of your friends. . ."

Don Otto splutters into his beer. "Vat! Vat!"

"Yes, Otto, it's all over town. It's serious. Your friend is probably at your house right now, the snake, with your wife. . ."

Don Otto lunges to his feet, his fat face all consternation. He rushes away homeward to catch his errant wife in the arms of a perfidious friend.

Five minutes later he comes back to the saloon, puffing, all smiles.

"Did you catch him, Don Otto? That snake of a friend. . ."

"Don't vurry, chentlemens," says Don Otto, sighing with relief. "Wrong you were. Dot man with my wife is no friend of mine. I never saw him before!"

Or, another example, we have Don Otto at the seaside resort of Vina del Mar.

"So nice to see you, Don Otto," says his Chilean friends. "What are you doing here?"

"I am joost on mine hon-eymoon," says Don Otto, proudly.

"But where is your wife?"

"Oh," says Don Otto. "She don't accompany me. She has been already once to Vina del Mar."

The humor of *Verdejo* is the most delicious of all and the most difficult to understand. It is part of the fabric of the Chilean *pueblo*. Who is *Verdejo*? *Verdejo* is "John Public," the Chilean *roto*, immortalized by Jorge



Delano in the inimitable little publication called "Topaze." Verdejo is no one . . . except the man who does the work, votes in the government, pays the taxes, and fights the wars. Verdejo is ragged, and his stomach is mostly empty, and his feet bare. Dearly beloved of campaigning politicians, he is the nightmare of fat officeholders.

Verdejo does not release his inhibitions by engaging in naughty stories, because Verdejo has no inhibitions. He takes life as he finds it, the good and the bad, and he laughs a lot, and sometimes weeps. His humor has the simple, pungent odor of the market place. Verdejo pokes fun at the pompous, and sees with unerring eye the weaknesses of those who would be his master. The *ricos* never know whether Verdejo is laughing with them or at them.

Many things "occur" to Verdejo, particularly if he sees someone in an embarrassing situation, a circumstance that never fails to bring his knife-blade wit into play.

A bejeweled and haughty lady has difficulty getting her car started. With consternation she hears the starter go whrrrr, whrrr, and there is no response from under the glittering hood. The noise attracts Verdejo and his pals and they crowd around open-mouthed, touching with wondering fingers the gleaming enamel and chromium the like of which they can never, never hope to own.

Whrrrr, whrrr goes the starter again and again. No results. The lady is now red-faced and frantic. Suddenly the motor catches, but the clutch is let in too rapidly and the car jumps forward and stops, while the lady's head is snapped violently backward and forward.

Verdejo steps forward and makes a clownish bow. "Madam," he says in a friendly, confidential tone and with just the suspicion of a sardonic smile, "if you will permit me . . . do not encourage the stubborn little car with such lavish gesticulations of the head. You are frightening it."

But Verdejo is also something else besides funny. As laughter is akin to tears, so the humor of Verdejo is akin to pathos. He makes a ludicrous sight as he stands on the street corner and listens with

dubious eyes to the promises of the soap-box politicians. He scratches his tousled head in a vain effort to catch that elusive flee, hitches his ragged pants closer around his hollow belly, spits thoughtfully through the aperture where his front teeth should be, grins, and says the Chilean equivalent of "Bunk!" And that verbal shrug of the shoulders is the apathy and fatalism that is Verdejo. He doesn't know what it's all about, and he knows that you, with all your air of assurance, don't know what it's all about, either, and he laughs . . . but sometimes the laughter hurts. It hurts because Verdejo is more than a funny caricature of a man. Verdejo is that ever present shadow that causes rich men to glance over their shoulder, poor men to drop a penny in the beggar's box, and good presidents to lie awake at night in their places wondering on what unsheltered heads the rain outside is falling.

(Continued on page 112)

# LOS MIL CUENTOS CÓMICOS DE



# DON OTTO

# Brazilian Benefactor

By JOHN F. SIMMONS,  
*Counselor of Embassy, Rio de Janeiro*

LEVI MIRANDA is a name known to few people in the United States. Yet he is a great personality and is one of the most remarkable characters whom I have encountered in this altogether amazing country of Brazil. One of his outstanding characteristics is the type of modesty one finds so often with men of great mental stature and great unworldliness. Were he dependent upon self-advertising or publicity campaigns for his place in the Brazilian scene, he would have already achieved an undeserved obscurity. His modesty is, however, wholly unjustified and he fortunately lives in one of the countries where outstanding qualities of personality and character are still recognized and appreciated.

Dr. Miranda has a hobby. This hobby has become with him a life work to which he has devoted the whole of his great energy and talents. He rehabilitates and trains human beings and brings to them a type of practical education and philosophical outlook such as would otherwise be far beyond their grasp.

One often traces one's finest experiences, through a chain of events, back to some trivial cause. Our meeting with Miranda is directly attributable to sharks' livers. My wife and I found, upon our recent first arrival in Rio de Janeiro, that Julius Holmes, formerly a Foreign Service Officer, is now living in Brazil, where he is engaged in business activities. His business involves investigations of various food products and oils, including the valuable shark liver oil which, as may readily be imagined, has considerable commercial possibilities in Brazil. The making of this oil is one phase of the Miranda scheme of things, and Julius had thus come into previous contact and friendship with this man who has in his make-up such a remarkable blend of the ideal and the practical.

All of the above is introductory to a brief description of a Sunday trip which the Holmes and ourselves took to Maramhaia on a hot November sixteenth. A five o'clock morning departure from Rio was well rewarded, even though it involved a painfully early rise and the incongruity of a breakfast in the Copacabana Hotel lobby alongside of a few stragglers completing their Saturday night fun. There followed a drive along Rio bay at sunrise with the wholly incredible and fantastic Sugarloaf,

Corcovado and Gavea mountains thrown into bold and picturesque relief in the early morning sunlight.

A railway trip of two hours took us, in a somewhat informal train of a secondary railway line, over superb mountainous country down to the flat stretches of a great inland lagoon, rich in cattle grazing land, and surrounded by a huge amphitheatre of ruggedness. We could well imagine, as we approached a second coastal range of mountains as the bay widened, what Rio harbor must have looked like before the city was built. Thick tropical vegetation abounds, and breathtaking vistas unroll in all directions. Even the cattle which we saw grazing in the lowlands presented an unusual appearance. Fine healthy beasts, they have peculiar physical characteristics due to their having been interbred with the sturdy zebu, of East Indian origin. The large forward hump in their back, the downward slanting neck and the drooping ears show this unusual blend.

At Itacurussa we left the train for a twenty-ton steamer which took us for two hours across a great bay to the so-called Island of Maramhaia, which is actually connected with the coastal mainland by a long narrow sandbar. On the steamer we found the Governor of the State of Bahia and his wife, a charming couple now visiting Rio, who also wished to see this remarkable Marambaia.

Marambaia has, in addition to a fast-developing present, an interesting past. It was once the site of large sugar-cane plantations. Its economy, before the abolition of slavery in Brazil some sixty years ago, was very much dependent upon slave labor of African origin. After abolition, sugar-cane operations became impractical and were simply discontinued. The owners and operators moved away from this very isolated region and left the ex-slaves to their own resources and devices. In two generations conditions on the island had reverted to a very primitive level and among the things which became practically unknown were adequate educational facilities, proper sanitation, a normal vegetable and meat diet, organized religious instruction and many other phases of cultural life which we now consider as normal. In fact, the whole island civilization had sunk to a very low level, as happened in a similar way in the case of certain island

settlements in the everglades of Florida. At this point Dr. Miranda came into the picture. A man of modest but independent means, with a burning desire to help his less fortunate countrymen, the Marabaia situation first intrigued him, then became the center of his entire life's work. Once this situation had become thoroughly known to him he devoted his tireless energy and energetic personality to finding means for its improvement.

The rest of the story involves a few years of intensive application and devotion to his new and absorbing activity. The results have been nothing short of amazing. A man of great influence and many connections in Brazil, Dr. Miranda went up and down the country, talking to his friends, taking them out to see the island, enlisting their moral and financial support, and finally, aided by substantial government and private funds, bringing to Marambaia a new system of practical education and culture. The obstacles which he encountered at the outset were formidable. There were no cattle or poultry on the island. Many of the natives did not wish to change their modes of life. They refused at first to consult the new doctors or to eat the strange new foods such as beef and chicken. Green vegetables were viewed with suspicion, if not alarm.

Now, in a few short years, this has all changed. Rows of very modern and appropriately built houses line the beach. A new and important fishing industry has been started on a scientific basis. The idea of Marambaia has passed far beyond that of mere rehabilitation. The fishing school estab-

*(Continued on page 116)*



Boys and teachers of Marambaia singing the Brazilian National Anthem



Saying Goodbye. Dr. Miranda is lifting his tropical helmet

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**THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS**

"The Second Meeting of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the American Republics

"DECLARES:

"That any attempt on the part of a non-American State against the integrity or inviolability of the territory, the sovereignty or the political independence of an American State shall be considered as an act of aggression against the States which sign this declaration."

Thus at Habana in July of 1940 did the American Republics, acting through their Foreign Min-

isters, take a vital step in the cementing of the political solidarity of the continent. As these lines are written, the Foreign Ministers of the twenty-one Republics are again assembled, this time at Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of jointly meeting the treacherous aggression of which one of their number has been the victim. Already prior to the assembly of the Foreign Ministers at Rio, ten of the American Republics had given their answer by declaring war on the Axis powers, while three more had severed diplomatic relations and all had expressed the feeling that in a conflict between American and non-American nations there could be no question of neutrality on the part of American nations not immediately engaged in the conflict.

In this number of the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL special attention is being devoted to the hases and the fundamental motivation of this continental solidarity which was made possible at Montevideo in 1933 when a Convention was adopted defining the rights and duties of sovereign states and specifically banning intervention of one country in the internal affairs of another. This was the year when Hitler came to power in Germany.

In 1936 the American Republics assembled at Buenos Aires at the "Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace." In the same year in which they laid the basis for the extremely fruitful procedure of consultation "in the event that the peace of the American Republics is menaced," the Third German Reich by unilateral action destroyed the international statutes (Versailles and Locarno) upon which the peace of Europe was based.

In 1938, the year of Munich, the American Republics met at Lima, reiterated and extended their common principles and perfected the machinery of consultation in view of the gravity of the international situation. Their foresight is more than justified by the fact that the consultative process has been successfully and constructively invoked three times since the German attack on Poland on September 1, 1939, which set the pattern for the successive stages of the armed Axis attempt at world domination.

The relationship which has been built up over the past nine years between the American Republics is a priceless asset in the foreign policy of each of those Republics. It has been the creation of the leading statesmen of many countries. The preservation so far as the United States is concerned of what has been achieved under the leadership of the President, the Secretary, and the Under Secretary is a challenge to all of us, whether in the field or in the Department, who have the privilege of dealing with the representatives of the countries to the south of us and working out the problems of our relations with those countries.

### *The State Department Prepares for Air Raids*

The reports sent to the Department by Foreign Service Officers who have experienced air raids in the field have had considerable influence in the organizing of the anti-air raid program in the Department of State buildings. These reports have been carefully digested and combined with the advice of Foreign Service Officers and personnel now in the Department who have experienced air raids and black-outs abroad, and they have considerably benefited the Division of Personnel of the State Department in setting up its gigantic and minute organization for the protection of the employees of the Department in time of an emergency. Foreign Service Officers THEODORE C. ACHILLES and EDWIN A. PLITT, at present in the Department, have experienced air raids and black-out practices in London and Paris, respectively. JEROME J. STENGER was also able to report on blackouts in Paris, and JACK WILLIAMS gave valuable information of blackout measures taken when he was Building Superintendent of the Paris Embassy.

Under the instructions of the Deputy Air Raid Warden for Public Buildings in Washington plans have gone forward for the protection of State Department buildings. Each building is a separate unit, has its own organization and must work independently in time of emergency. In charge of air raid preparations for the Department is Millard L. Kenestruck, Building Warden. He has under him as Deputy Wardens Gilbert White of the Bureau of the Budget and Harold Kissick of the Division of Personnel, who supervise the floor wardens and deputy floor wardens. The building has been divided into zones, each floor having eight zones. The zoning is for the purpose of evacuating the personnel from their offices to places of greater safety.

The first air raid practice was held in the Department on December 24. At the first sound of alarm (temporarily sounded on police whistles by floor wardens until sirens can be installed in the stair wells), all personnel were evacuated to the corridors of the first and second floors. The zone wardens are responsible for this evacuation and can be identified by armbands on the left arm. All offices must

be evacuated with the exception of the telephone and telegraph rooms. The evacuees remain in the halls in their refuge area (denoted by printed signs posted on the walls of the corridors) unless otherwise directed by the warden, until the "all-clear" signal is given.

In place of glass door-transoms on the first and second floors, masonite and plywood panels have been inserted to prevent glass falling on the heads of the evacuees.

The first aid group operates closely with the Building Warden. The Emergency Room is kept open with nurses on duty and a squad of first aid graduates are detailed to the Emergency Room.

From the street, activity has been observed on the roof of the State Department. It is conjectured (with apologies to Mr. Byron Price, Censorship Director) that it is being manned by anti-aircraft batteries.

\* \* \*

BERTEL E. KUNIHOLM has been transferred from the Consulate at Reykjavik, Iceland, which he opened up a year and a half ago, to Tabriz, Iran, where he will also open a Consulate. He sailed from Reykjavik with Mrs.

Kuniholm and their two children the middle of October on the convoyed naval supply ship, S.S. *Alcyone*, which reached Hampton Roads, Virginia, in nine days. They were the only passengers in the convoy.

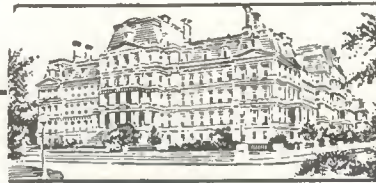
Did Reykjavik seem off the beaten path? Not a bit of it, according to Mr. Kuniholm; there was always someone of note passing through; Mr. Churchill, Air Marshal Jubert, Sir Percy Noble, Elliott Roosevelt, Lord Gort, etc.

Mr. Kuniholm visited the Department in January while awaiting transportation arrangements. Mrs. Kuniholm was to spend the winter in Washington.

\* \* \* \* \*

The height of optimism? Plans being made by an F.S.O. to motor, the first part of January, from Lisbon to Bern! DONALD F. BIGELOW planned to pick up his car in Lisbon, after reaching there by clipper the end of December, and proceed to his post at Bern where he is Second Secretary.

He spent Christmas in Washington with his wife



## News from the Department

By JANE WILSON

and two sons and visited the Department during December. Mrs. Bigelow will remain in Washington. \* \* \* \*

Several Foreign Service Officers and their families were literally going around in circles on December 7! They were all aboard the *President Polk* which sailed on her maiden voyage to the Far East at mid-day on that momentous Sunday. In the harbor the ship went round and round; the passengers' explanation to themselves was that the compass was being tested. Imagine their amazement at four that afternoon to draw alongside the pier from where they had so vigorously waved goodbyes a few hours earlier, and to learn the reason for the about-face.

Aboard the *President Polk* were EDMUND A. GULLION, en route to Calcutta; Mr. and Mrs. ARCHER WOODFORD headed for Bombay; Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM BLAKE assigned to Rangoon; Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES H. HEISLER to Madras; and Mr. and Mrs. MYLES STANDISH and their daughter en route to Karachi.

The passengers remained on board several days, during which time the ship was being prepared for blackout, finally disembarking when sailing orders were definitely canceled. \* \* \* \*

JAMES E. BROWN, JR., Second Secretary at London, visited the Department during the latter part of December. He had arrived from London the end of October, having traveled by British Overseas Airways plane from London to Lisbon, and there taken the Pan American Clipper for the States. He rejoined his wife in Washington where she had been spending the winter with her parents. Mr. Brown also spent part of his leave at his home in Sewickley, Pennsylvania. \* \* \* \*

Commercial Attaché THORNDON O. KLATH, after his assignment of several months to the Department, left Washington at Christmas to proceed to his new post at Stockholm, traveling by Clipper to Portugal, thence by air to England and then by plane to his post. His departure from New York took place shortly after January 1st. \* \* \* \*

Officers in the Field should not fret at the non-delivery of the steel filing and supply cabinets for which they have long ago put in requisitions. They have the satisfaction of knowing that these items are taking more martial form and will overlook this inconvenience when they realize that the steel is being used for guns.

However, the Supply Room reports that so far there is no shortage in any supplies other than those made of steel, and orders are all being taken care of, that is, to those posts to which deliveries can be made, Europe (with the exception of Great Brit-

ain) and the Far East being ruled out. \* \* \* \*

The JOURNAL extends deepest condolences to the London Embassy staff and the newspaper correspondents there; in other words, the American colony. Their red be-ribboned, tissue-paper wrapped Christmas presents from the United States are feeding the Atlantic fishes. This is the logical assumption as no Yuletide parcels arrived there from the States this year. Comparatively few ships carrying mail and packages from the U. S. to Great Britain have been sunk by the Nazi U-boats recently in the Atlantic; but the one transporting the gifts must have gone down—R.I.P. \* \* \* \*

Since the Grace Line suspended all west coast sailings, Foreign Service Officers are having a difficult time of it planning ways and means of reaching their posts in the western sections of South America. PAUL S. GUINN, on being assigned to Caracas, solved his problem by sailing on a freighter, the S.S. *Gunbor* of the Alcoa Line on January 9. He and Mrs. Guinn and their son, Junior, were the only passengers. They will land at La Guaira in nine days out of Baltimore, stopping only at Jacksonville en route. \* \* \* \*

This column will essay from time to time to run items of interest to the field regarding the various divisions of the Department, and their activities and changes.

It seemed befitting to start with one of the largest—the Visa Division, of which MR. AVRA M. WARREN is Chief. (In number of personnel the Visa Division is topped only by the Division of Communication and Records.)

A JOURNAL correspondent made a visit to the Visa Division to report on its removal to new quarters since the recent expansion. Foreign Service Officer C. PAUL FLETCHER, whose memorable opus *The Photographic Register of 1936* is used daily in all our offices, was most helpful in explaining the layout of the sections of the division and an outline of their functions.

However, it was found that the JOURNAL work on the Division was already prepared by JULIAN F. HARRINGTON, Assistant Chief of the Division, and his article, which appears on the facing page, is illustrated with interior photographs taken for the JOURNAL by Foreign Officer KNOWLTON V. HICKS.

Only one item of interest seems missing from Mr. Harrington's account—mention of the mammoth, khaki-clad hearers of gleaming bayonets who stalk back and forth in front of all entrances to the new building. The War Department doesn't mean to frighten friends and relatives of visa applicants

(Continued on page 114)



## New Quarters for the Visa Division

By JULIAN F. HARRINGTON,  
*Assistant Chief*

HOME OF THE VISA DIVISION 515 22nd St., N. W., Washington

ON September 13, 1941, the Visa Division moved to new quarters at 515 Twenty-second Street, N. W., at the junction of Virginia Avenue. The change was necessary to accommodate the vastly expanded personnel of the Division following the recent centralization of visa control in the Department.

The Visa Division occupies the top four floors and half of the ground floor of a building which the Government acquired when it was in process of construction as an apartment building. Lease Lend activities are conducted in the remainder of the building under the Office for Emergency Management.

An impression of the extent to which the Visa Division has expanded may be gained from the spacious quarters on the ground floor organized as an Information Room, where a vast number of visitors and telephone calls are received daily by six information officers and five clerks. A pool of 75 stenographers occupies a portion of one of the upper floors. The immigration section of the Division of Communications and Records, numbering 86 persons, occupies most of another floor.

The centralization of visa control in the Department, which became effective on July 1, 1941, involves the examination of visa applications in the light of present world conditions. In the examination of cases, the Division is receiving the active cooperation of the principal intelligence agencies of the Government. There has been widespread approval of the new procedure which safeguards the interests of the country without sacrificing our tra-

ditional policy of granting asylum to worthy refugees.

The control of all immigration quotas has been centralized in the Department since July 1, 1941. The centralization of quota control is a natural corollary of centralized visa control and, in view of present disturbed communications throughout the world, the administration of immigration quotas in the Department has been highly successful from every point of view. It also enables the maintenance of essential statistical material on a current basis.

The administration by the Department of the provisions of the President's proclamation of November 7, 1941, requiring exit permits for persons departing from the United States is vested in the Visa Division in so far as the departure of aliens is concerned. Departures were subject to strict control during the first World War but with the many airplane services to foreign countries which now exist, the issuance of departure permits is necessarily geared to a much higher speed of clearance.

The personnel of the Visa Division has expanded rapidly. An appropriation of \$300,000 for increased personnel for the current fiscal year has already been exhausted. A little more than a year ago, there were less than 30 persons, including four Foreign Service Officers, in the Division. Today, there are 250 persons in the Visa Division without counting the 86 persons in the immigration section of the Division of Communications and Records. The entire November class of the Foreign Service School was assigned temporarily to the Division. At that

*(Continued on page 114)*

## News From the Field

### FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

ACLY, ROBERT A.—*Union of South Africa*  
BECK, WILLIAM H.—*Bermuda*  
BINGHAM, HIRAM, JR.—*Argentina*  
BUTLER, GEORGE—*Peru*  
COOPER, CHARLES A.—*Japan*  
COUDRAY, ROBERT C.—*Hong Kong Area*  
CRAIN, EARL T.—*Spain*  
FISHER, DORSEY G.—*Great Britain*  
FUSS, JOHN C.—*Ireland*  
FULLER, GEORGE G.—*Central Canada*  
KUNIHOLM, BERTEL E.—*Iran*

LANCASTER, NATHANIEL, JR.—*Portuguese East Africa*  
LIPPINCOTT, AUBREY E.—*Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq*  
LYON, CECIL B.—*Chile*  
LYON, SCOTT—*Portugal*  
MCGREGOR, ROBERT G., JR.—*Mexico*  
MITCHELL, REGINALD P.—*Haiti*  
POST, RICHARD H.—*Uruguay*  
SMITH, E. TALBOT—*Nairobi area, Kenya*  
TRIOLO, JAMES S.—*Colombia*  
WILLIAMS, PHILIP P.—*Brazil*

### LONDON, ENGLAND

November 27, 1941

The London *Times* had the following to say about Mr. Herschel V. Johnson in a special article on November 27:

"Mr. Herschel Johnson, who until lately was American Minister in London, is now on his way to take charge of the American Legation in Stockholm. All who knew him in this country are sorry that he has gone. He worked for many years to bring Great Britain and America into closer understanding. He came here as First Secretary in 1934. Three years later he was made Counselor. In February of this year he was given the honorary rank of Minister. Frequently in the past few years during the changes of Ambassadors, or while they were on leave, he had to run the large Embassy and conduct the many delicate negotiations with British Ministers."

Before Mr. Johnson's departure for Sweden, his colleagues of the Embassy staff gave him a farewell present as a token of their esteem and affection. It was a sky-blue Chinese porcelain vase, which Mr. Johnson's friends discovered he had long wanted to add to his Oriental collection. It came from the Imperial Palace in Peking and belongs to the period of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung. With the officers of the Embassy assembled in his office, Ambassador Winant made a short speech, expressing the debt of gratitude which each of those present owed, and the affection each of them felt, for Mr. Johnson.

This has been a year of many changes among the Foreign Service officers on duty at the Embassy. Before Mr. Johnson, the most recent one to leave London was James E. Brown, Jr., who flew home on leave via Portugal. The Ambassador gave a dinner in his honor the night before he left. The London *Daily Telegraph* on November 10, praised his five years of service in London.

London has recently been visited by seven Members of Congress. Representative Satterfield of Richmond was here, in his capacity as a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve, as a special Naval observer. Representative Snyder of Pennsylvania made a short visit in November, and was reported by the press to have brought a letter from the President to Prime Minister Churchill. Representatives Maas and Gale of Minnesota, Baldwin and Cole of New York, and Hill of Colorado arrived in England on November 19, and have been engaged in visiting Army, Navy and R.A.F. centres, places where instruction is in progress with Lease-Lend materials, bombed areas, and the forces of the Allied Governments now in England.

Ambassador Anthony Drexel Biddle, Jr., presented his credentials on November 28 to the King of Greece. This marked the seventh such ceremony in which Ambassador Biddle has participated since his arrival in England, where he is also accredited as Ambassador to Poland and Belgium and Minister to the Netherlands, Norway, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

DORSEY FISHER.

The American Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. Winant, presenting two motor ambulances on behalf of the British-American Ambulance Corps to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who received them for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The British-American Ambulance Corps has given over 300 ambulances for use in Great Britain and another 200 to the British forces in the Middle East.



INS Photo, courtesy Dorsey A. Fisher

## MONTEVIDEO

November 28, 1941

The outstanding event of the social season at Montevideo was the marriage of Bob Brown to Miss DeMarias Stevens on November 25, at the Embassy residence. The bride was given away by Ambassador Dawson, with Mary Chapin as matron of honor and Bob Glover as best man. The reception, which immediately followed the ceremony, was given by Ambassador and Mrs. Dawson. Almost the entire American colony attended, and considerable interest was also shown in Dothan, Alabama, the home port of both bride and groom.

The Embassy has been most fortunate in receiving Charles A. Page, a former Foreign Service Officer, as an auxiliary officer in charge of cultural relations. Charley served from 1928 to 1933 in Habana, Quito, and Guatemala.

RICHARD H. POST.

## BUENOS AIRES

December 23, 1941

A note in a recent issue of *The Review of the River Plate* of Buenos Aires reads as follows:

"Mr. S. Pinkney Tuck.

"After having served with marked distinction as Counsellor to the United States Embassy in Buenos Aires, Mr. S. Pinkney Tuck will shortly be transferred to a similar post at the United States Embassy in Vichy. He will be replaced by Edward L. Reed, a former Chargé d'Affairs in Rome. During the closing period of Mr. Pinkney Tuck's official sojourn in Argentina he has been the recipient of numerous manifestations of esteem and admiration, one of the principal functions being last night's brilliant farewell banquet at the American Club in which members of the American community had occasion to show their appreciation of the dignified and effective manner in which, through the offices of the departing Counsellor of Embassy, United States interests and diplomatic prestige have been upheld in Argentina."

Mr. Tuck, accompanied by Mrs. Tuck, left by plane for Washington on November 23. Mr. Edward L. Reed arrived on November 30.

Other additions to the Buenos Aires staff who have arrived during the past month and a half are the following:

George R. Cantv. Assistant Commercial Attaché; Alfred W. Wells, Vice Consul in the Auxiliary Service; James M. Byrne, Special Assistant to the Ambassador, attached to the Section of the Embassy which is in charge of cultural relations.

(Continued on page 109)

## The Bookshelf

FRANCIS C. DE WOLF, *Review Editor*

INSIDE LATIN AMERICA. by John Gunther, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1941, 498 pp. \$3.50.

John Gunther's book, "Inside Latin America," has done one thing above all others—it has created over night more experts on Latin American affairs than all previous text books combined. It must follow that the Gunther experts are no more or no less profound than their teacher. And this is all right, too, for the book has awakened America U.S.A. to the reality that the golden rule of reciprocal trade treaties is ultimately something more than: "Duty others as they *duty* you!"

By his own admission Mr. Gunther was perplexed when he knuckled down to the chore of giving an appropriate name to the copious notes and observations which he had made in the course of undertaking a swift bird's-eye view of our 20 sister Republics to the south.

To the certain delight of his publishers he labelled his collected memorabilia, "Inside Latin America." For that made three "inside" volumes under his pen—one *inside* story on Europe, one *inside* on Asia and now one on Latin America. The obvious

practical thought from a publisher's standpoint is that if you have one "inside" you must, perforce, go all-out for the rest of the "insides."

If the American (North) reader will bear this in mind and disabuse himself of the usual columnist's connotation of "inside," he will not be disappointed when he delves into this travelogue. If on the other hand, he expects "inside" to mean the hush-hush "low-down" he had better take a quick course in Latin languages at Berlitz and hie himself off to the Spanish-American gossip bars on Manhattan's west side.

What Mr. Gunther has done, and exceedingly well, is presented to the unorientated lay American reader a first class travelogue that reminds one, in its pictorial passages, of those nostalgic travel episodes of movie-man James H. Fitzpatrick of Hollywood.

Injected throughout the panorama of the passing scene, of course, are statistical references together with full and side-face portraits of erstwhile and contemporary politicians and generalissimos.

There is nothing offensive in this book, and few, with the exception of Generalissimo Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, is likely to wince over what Mr. Gunther has to say. Even Trujillo probably will be able to take it, for he has been the subject of popular U. S. journalistic attack ever since the *March of Time* put him on the spot in 1937.

Diplomatically, Mr. Gunther interlards many slightly caustic comments with genial "asides" to his victims. These should definitely take most of

the sting out of questionable rubs. It is refreshing to find a hurried American newsman who eschews snooping around the garbage pails of innuendo. Where the author has scemingly lapsed into the characteristics of a Paul Pry, he has done no more than rehashed old bits of standard heresay filched from the press of yesteryear. On this score, he has not injured our Good Neighbor policy one whit. He has advanced it.

If there is any disappointment in store for those

directly acquainted with the diplomatic to-ings and fro-ings between Washington and the southern capitals, it arises from the fact that Mr. Gunther has been inclined to by-pass interesting personages whose full portraits would have been significant and lush additions to the volume. Typical of the brush-offs given are those which skim by such men as Carlos Davila, one-time president of Chile, and Oswaldo Aranha, Brazil's present foreign minister.

Both men, as Washington knows, have long been keystone figures in inter-American affairs and are as colorful or more so than many of their so-called peers. Both men left indelible impressions on Washington and both men continue to be principals in the broad canvas of the inter-American scheme.

Overlooking minor defects of this nature and with a full knowledge of the connotations of "inside," those who get their first taste of Latin America from

### WORTHWHILE BOOKS

PLANNING FOR AMERICA. by George B. Galloway and Associates. Henry Holt & Company. New York, 1941. xi, 713 p. \$4.00.

A blue print for a better world after World War II, by experts in social, political, and economic planning.

LOOK AT ALL THOSE ROSES. by Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred H. Knopf, New York. 1941. 329 p. \$2.50.

Short stories by an English master, a disciple of Katherine Mansfield.

this book will experience a very toothsome morsel, indeed. And one will close its covers with the secure feeling that both Hitler and Mussolini had better look for some other spot to grind their axis.

ROYCE POWELL,  
*President, Good Neighbor  
Products Company.*

DAKAR: OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES, by Emil Lengyel. Random House. New York, 1941, 312 pp. \$2.00.

Sensational rumors have filled the public prints the last two years regarding the city of Dakar, outpost of the French colonial empire which not one American in a thousand had ever heard of before the start of World War II. From comparative obscurity on the west coast of Africa, Dakar rose suddenly to heights of publicity unparalleled in the annals of tropical towns. The newspapers and the radio having rung the changes on the strategic, military, naval, political and economic potentialities of this hitherto neglected spot, it remained only to write a book about the place. Emil Lengyel, author of *The Danube* and *Turkey*, is the first but, one ventures to predict, not the last to make this contribution to the new-found fame of Dakar.

Except for the fact that it was a naval base and the third largest shipping port in French territory, there never was a great deal to say about Dakar, much less fill a column of newsprint. The accident of its geographical location, nearest point in Africa to the South American continent, catapulted it into the limelight as soon as the world became conscious of Hitler's vaulting ambitions. Today any school child can tell you that it constitutes a key center of the Vichy French possessions, a possible springboard for aerial incursions into the Western Hemisphere, and a vaguely overhanging threat to the security of the United States.

In spite of the thrilling legends which have grown up overnight about Dakar, there is still not enough material in this sultry settlement of overseas France legitimately to fill a volume. Mr. Lengyel writes smoothly and interestingly, but he has been forced to piece out his tale with chapters on French colonial history, the economic problems of French Africa, Liberia, and the various island possessions of Spain and Portugal in the Atlantic. All of this makes easy reading, but it cannot render Dakar more important than it actually is.

It is a pity that in his effort to dramatize Dakar, Mr. Lengyel does not stick more closely to the facts. "Instead of friendly France," he states, "this bastion of the South Atlantic fell into the hands of" the Nazis. He gives more weight to the assertions of the captain of a Polish steamer, of a Frech French colonel, and to newspaper rumors than to the word

of the "so-called Vichy Government" on this subject. Dakar may yet be occupied by the Germans, but we have the regular and laconic reports of the American Consul at Dakar that this has not taken place to date. Evidently Mr. Lengyel has not troubled to acquaint himself with the existence of our establishment at that post, for he cites the appointment of an American consular agent at Freetown on November 8, 1940, as "proof of this Government's perturbation about the situation at Dakar" while neglecting to mention the opening of our office at Dakar itself a couple of months earlier.

There is no use in minimizing the importance of Dakar, but neither is there any reason to exaggerate its significance as an air terminal in relation to South America. In hostile hands, the nearby British bases of Bathurst and Freetown, as well as Monrovia, Liberia, would be an equal threat, for they are almost equidistant from Natal by the great circle route.

Mr. Lengyel has an undeniable gift for description. However, a more dispassionate analysis of Dakar's implications rather than an account based in large part on newspaper quotations might have been of more value to the student of current international affairs.

H. S. VILLARD.

BRAZIL. LAND OF THE FUTURE, by Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press, New York, 1941. 282 pp. \$3.00.

This contribution to the list of current books on Brazil would make an entertaining companion for a visit there.

Three basic chapters on the history, economy and culture of the country are followed by remarkably real impressions of its great cities, so different from each other as well as from every other city in the world; coffee culture, about which so much of the life of Brazil has revolved in the past; and a miscellany of things that strike the visitor as being distinctly Brazilian.

More than a mere description of the basic characteristics of Brazil, the book captures their essential flavor with extraordinary accuracy. This is especially true of the chapter on economy, which in a few brilliant pages gives a clear understanding of the fundamentals of the economic life of the country. The description of the Minas Geraes gold rushes is fascinating.

The book is marred, however, by the chapter on history, which unfortunately meets the reader first. It is largely an interpretation of history; and while the interpretations in the other chapters are usually true, this one seems forced, and sometimes patronizing. It is also sprinkled with quotations in Portuguese, for no apparent reason. The stilted air cre-

(Continued on page 115)

## By the East Coast to B.A.

By JANE WILSON

SHAFTS of blue and rose October sunbeams caricatured lower Manhattan's skyline, as the *Argentina* nosed her way down the Hudson, on a neighborly trip. The Moore-McCormack pier was hardly visible in the late afternoon light but still a little group of faithful handkerchiefs and scarves fluttered, waving messages—joy, heartbreak, hope. The little world on board was closing in, the land ties were fast receding, and even the twinkling of the coastline lights failed to hold but few passengers at the rail. The last of these grudgingly cut the silver thought bindings, turned slowly, and went below into their new life.

In the concavity of our glistening white world, bustling reigned, pleasant confusion, roses and packages and trunks. Bell boys scurrying delivered last-minute messages and spacious state-rooms were littered with newly unpacked apparel.

From an ajar door down a long corridor came a throaty lilt:

"Mamãe eu quero! Mamãe eu quero!  
Mamãe eu quero mamar! . . ."

Eighteen days of luxury sailing were ahead, eighteen days of either cradled tranquility or active amusements, dependent upon the tastes and mood of the traveler. And the rover's yen for foreign ports would be assuaged by stops at Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Montevideo, southward bound to Buenos Aires.

The ship went to bed early, weary from the leaving. Before extinguishing the light gregarious souls scanned the Passenger List, for an inkling of the denizens of our floating metropolis.

Sarah Palfrey Cooke et al of the tennis team—*that's good*. Mr. Hugh Pilgrim, Barbados—*quaint*. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. Olds, and two young Olds. Captain Joao Saldanha Da Gama—*galleons from Portugal*. Enrique Pardo—*Peruvian politics*. Frank J. T. Ellis and family—*where're they going?*

Came the voice:

"Dã a chupeta  
Dã a chupeta  
Dã a chupeta prò hêbe não chorá . . . a . . ."

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. His Excellency Rene Correa Luna—Santamarina—Montero—*Argentine Foreign Office*. Hiram Bingham, Jr., and wife and five little Bingham—*full stop*. The Honorable Turgeon family—*for Canada's new legation in the Argentine*. Katsuhiko Oyemoto!

Mid-morning portrayed men, men everywhere. Quiet men, serious, walking the decks in groups.

"Eighty of them," explained the deck steward. "They're bound for Barbados and from there they fly to Trinidad to work on the naval base; engineers, technicians, mechanics."

Mr. Pilgrim was leaning on the rail of the swimming pool, and as he began to talk to me of his native Barbados

the sun-light danced in his clear blue eyes.

"They will have finished harvesting the sugar cane," in his clipped colonial tongue. "A little jewel of an island she is, and the whole world laughed when we flashed our message of support to the Mother Country in this conflict." And he laughed himself.

Later on the way a black night received us in Barbados as we dropped anchor in the bay; a pitch night obscuring the land from our squinting, curious eyes. Off-schedule we stopped there only to disgorge the naval base workmen headed for Trinidad. And Mr. Pilgrim.

It was a quiet night and the rail was lined with eyes scanning the inky water for long-delayed tender activity.

"It's a pity to disturb them so late," said Mr. Pilgrim, coming up behind. "They turn in early here." The ship's bell rang one!

A little whistle and a chug-chug; the police launch drew up alongside. All was suddenly active, and



we waved farewell to the base workmen. And Mr. Pilgrim.

We steamed on, on our way to South America.

By this time the passengers had settled into a shipboard routine. Even the lubbers were no longer ensconced in their deck chairs and the *Argentina* hummed with activity. The deck-pacers, the sun-bathers, the spurting swimmers were hard at play; and the water went gently swish-swish against the sides of the green and white tiled swimming pool glistening in the blazing morning sun. Bathing aboard a Mormac ship was a far cry from the canvas tanks we used to swim in when traveling in the middle Thirties by the East Coast—or swim out of, in the true English country house bath-tub manner.

The energetically inclined had a full calendar. The tennis team played hard—at shuffleboard. The little old lady from Los Angeles had a rumba lesson every morning and a samba lesson every afternoon. The Arthur Murray instructor skillfully displayed his art as he put her through self-conscious Terpsichorean turnings in the night club after dinner. The Berlitz professor, when not busy conjugating Spanish verbs with his passenger pupils, was drilling the Ship's crew on Portuguese idioms. Officers off duty were wont to hurry by—school boys late for class.

Around the deck in the sunlight, how many times make a mile? There was Mr. Clarence Dillon talking to the Grand Duchess. She wore a plaid tur-

ban, red and white and green. The ship's photographer had been trying to get a good picture of her; he had rather she had on long ropes of pearls. The Jap's feet were hanging over the end of his deck chair but his shoes were on the deck. The Turgeon girl was being coerced by her brother to extract a small black bow from her red curls. "It would make a good Charlie Chaplin mustache for the costume party tonight," he pleaded. We talked long minutes of its construction; advising, criticizing, approving.

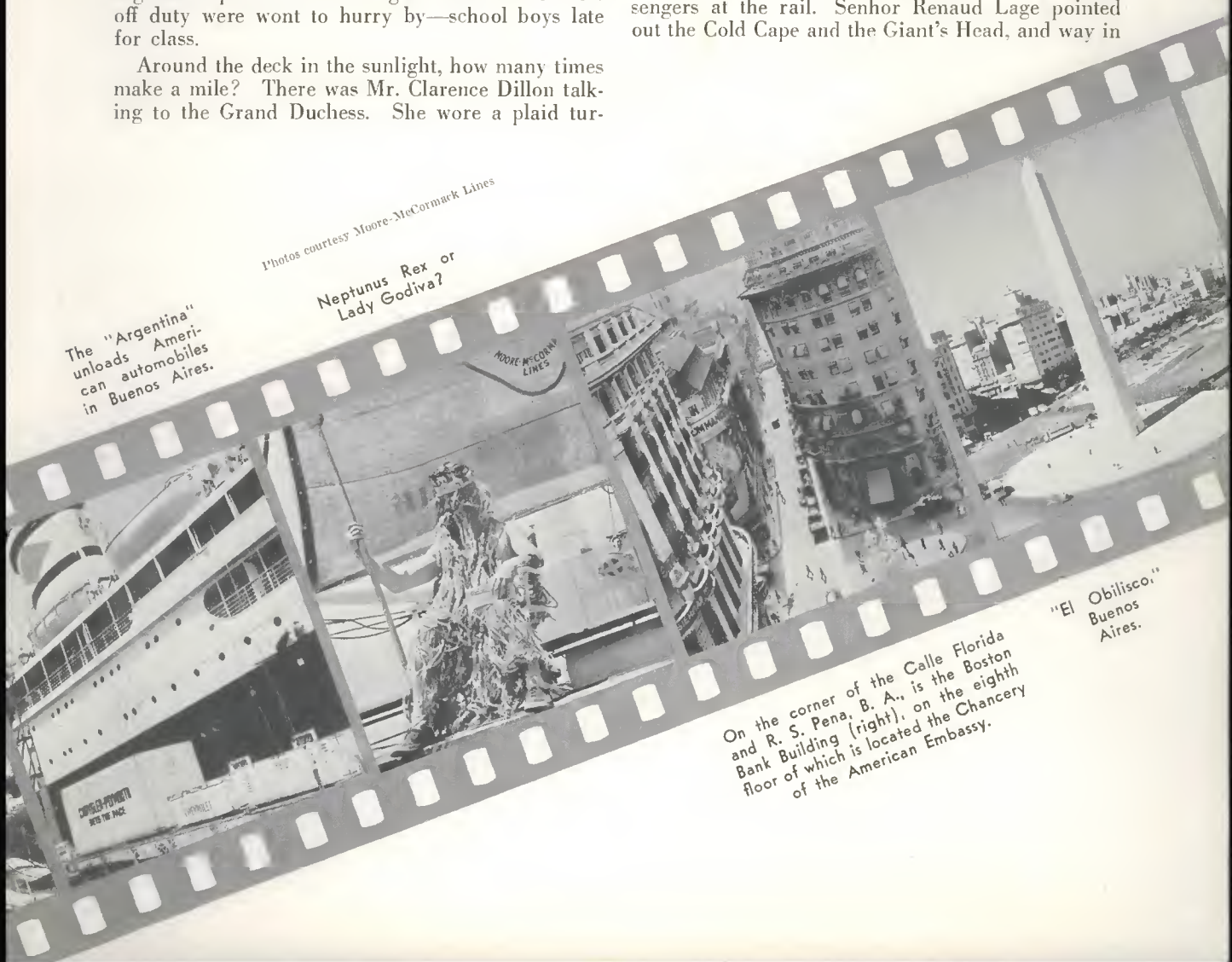
Night-club-life aboard the *Argentina* satisfied even the most exigent of night owls. The Arthur Murray dance team performed; a blond beauty, soon to sing at the Taboris, crooned; and another of the Line's professional teams danced a Viennese Fan Waltz. There was no indication in the lounge filled with un-nautical gaiety that outside the land was gliding by, as we sailed around the hump of Brazil.

On the thirteenth day out the tempo of the hoat suddenly changed. We were approaching Rio de Janeiro. The Dorothy Gray Lady was busy every hour. There were suddenly trunks in the hall and tension in the air: land to the starboard, and passengers at the rail. Senhor Renaud Lage pointed out the Cold Cape and the Giant's Head, and way in

Photos courtesy Moore-McCormack Lines

Neptunus Rex or  
Lady Godiva?

The "Argentina"  
unloads American  
automobiles  
in Buenos Aires.



On the corner of the Calle Florida  
and R. S. Pena, B. A., is the Boston  
Bank Building (right), on the eighth  
floor of which is located the Chancery  
of the American Embassy.

"El Obilisco"  
Buenos  
Aires.



Millions are spent at Rio's lottery shops. Fasanello's attracts passersby on Rua Branca's mosaic sidewalks.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT ABOARD THE "ARGENTINA"—SOUTHBOUND

Herbert V. Olds, assigned to B. A.; Beatrice Hamilton, Montevideo; Jane Wilson, Managing Editor of the "Journal"; Mrs. Olds; Mrs. Bingham, Burford Isaacs, B. A.; and Hiram Bingham, Jr., B. A.



THE TOURING CLUB, RIO

All passengers disembarking from Moore - McCormack liners pass through this exit.



IS THIS CONEY ISLAND?

No. Flamengo Beach, Rio de Janeiro.



Loading coffee at Santos onto a Moore - McCormack ship.



The SS. "Brazil" at Buenos Aires.

the distance was Sugar Loaf. In the late afternoon we gently passed into the bay, not disturbing the blue and green and gold effects of the fast-disappearing sun. We anchored out and awaited the immigration officials.

Darkness had fallen, and we were in the varanda cafe when friends from the Embassy got on board to whisk us off to the Copacabana Palace to dine.

"Rio reminds me of Nice," said the Grand Duchess as we sped along the Rua Branca.

"Amapola,  
Lindissima Amapola . . ."

played an orchestra perched high over an illuminated dance floor. There was roulette after dinner and the five thousand reis chips, which sounded so high, were hesitatingly placed, before the hatchet-faced croupier monotonously droned his "Feito." And who said, *Exitus acta probat*, because we wore empty pockets back to the boat!

Next morning the tropical sun steamed down on the Touring Club over the rail. We were to sail at noon.

Even though two hours was precious time to transact *Journal* business in Rio, the normal break-neck speed of the taxi en route to the Chancery, honk-honking up the broad, tree-lined avenues, seemed exaggerated.

An impressionistic morning:

"How do you do, Mr. Ambassador. . . . Yes, Mr. Simmons and Mr. Wieland have been most obliging about the *Journal* material. . . ." I told the next cab driver to be sure to wait in front of the Pan American offices, and I hurried to find Mr. Pine. "A story of flying over jungles, explorations, searching parties . . . not Colonel Fawcett, please. . . ." Five minutes 'til sailing time. . . . But I had lost the taxi man. I never found him. Maybe Mr. Pine did later. . . . I hope not. . . . There was a scraping and scrunching as the gang ropes were pulled. . . . One step—six, and I turned and waved to the fluttering crowd. The band played "Anchors Aweigh" as we all signalled farewell to Rio, the Touring Club, to green and blue, to Corcovado, and the lost chauffeur. . . .

It wasn't the stillness of the boat which awakened us the next morning as we lay alongside the Santos docks—but the winches screaming "COF-FEE, COF-FEE," as the cranes hoisted loads of big brown sacks over and back, over and back. Warehouses were full, docks full, and great bags piled high on dark, sweating, bended forms. We motored out along the natural beach highways of Santos and even the sea breeze seemed laded with the beans' aroma. We sailed at a delicious dinner time, and there were plenty of black drops to drink as we lei-

surely sipped our *cafezinhos* in the air conditioned, maroon-chaired dining saloon of the *Argentina*.

It was breezier south of Santos and then only perennial swimmers braved the falling temperature of the pool. Tarpaulin wind-breakers protected the aft decks. The steward scampered for rugs for his charges, who after his ministrations looked like brown mummies, but chatting mummies, reading mummies:—several with "An Introduction to Argentina," by Ambassador Alexander W. Weddell.

Magellan's scaman would not have said, "I see a mountain," if their frigate had reached Uruguay as early in the morning as our luxury liner did! And in spite of the smallness of the hour Bob Memminger appeared, to welcome Miss Hamilton, destined for the Embassy; and Dick Post gallantly greeted his successor on the *Journal* staff. Later Rita Post drove us up Monte's broad, white boulevards, and out to Caraseo and back. We waved at the Bingham's who were visiting in the Chapin's garden, and drove by the handsome new Embassy residence—all on rationed gasoline!

"The hulk of the *Graf Spee* is out there," said someone as we glided from the dock that evening and twisted up the shallow, muddy estuary into the see of *Nuestra Señora de Buenos Aires*.

On the dock in the *Darsena Norte* in Buenos Aires we began to leave our newly-formed life behind. We were leaving not only our comfortable American Republics home, but also some of our fellow travelers who, dispersing, picked up their terra firma lives again; and, sadly, the ship-board ties began to sever. But in a fortnight I would again begin a life on the sea, aboard the 33,000-ton sister ship, *Brazil*, rebound for New York. And in the meantime there were to be two weeks of Buenos Aires in the spring.

On October 31 the *Standard*, a Buenos Aires English language newspaper, indicated our land ties being renewed:

"The fervent hope that Russia would be victorious in her struggle against Germany, and that Moscow would be saved the horrors of destruction, was expressed by the Grand Duchess Marie, on her arrival by the S.S. *Argentina* yesterday. . . ."

"American Consular officials, who arrived yesterday on the *Argentina*, with their families, were Mr. Hiram Bingham, Jr., and Mr. Herbert V. Olds."

"We have many happy business connections with Argentina," said the newly arrived Canadian Minister, "and we recognize also many similitudes in geography and resources, agriculture, and husbandry. Therefore, in these respects I do not feel that I am coming to a strange country."

That afternoon in the large, humming, combined offices of the Embassy and Consulate in the Boston Bank Building, Vice Consul Olds was already busy with visas and Vice Consul Bingham with passports.

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We would do well to imitate Buenos Aires' underground parking lot on the Nueve de Julio — where all day parking is free, with a 20 centavo tip (about 5 cents).

#### THE "ARGENTINA'S" NEPTUNE PARTY

Mrs. Hiram Bingham, Jr., was commanded to tell a bed-time story for the amusement of the Court. "Once upon a time there were three little bears, Mama Bear, Papa Bear, and . . ." "Do you like it?" cried the Prosecutor. "No," screamed the crowd, "throw her in!"

#### Uruguayan Gauchos

#### CAPTAIN SIMMONS' TABLE LINGERS ON, SS. "BRAZIL"—

"NORTHBOUND  
Clockwise from Captain Simmons: Mrs. Edwin L. Sibert, wife of the American Military Attache in Rio; Mr. Harry Kurnitz, author of the "Thin Man" scenarios; Miss Eleanor Britton, Social Directress of the "Brazil"; Mr. Angus L. John; Miss Jane Wilson of the "Journal" staff; Mr. Clarence Dillon; Mrs. Kurnitz, Baron Marchand, and Miss J. Dillon.

Motorists along the natural beach highways at Santos encounter native dug-outs drawn up on the sand.

The American Embassy residence, Buenos Aires.





## Foreign Service Changes

*The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since December 13, 1941:*

Parker W. Buhrman of Gala, Virginia, American Consul General at Glasgow, Scotland, has been assigned American Consul General at Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Sydney B. Redecker of Brooklyn, New York, now serving in the Department of State, has been assigned American Consul at São Paulo, Brazil.

Julian B. Foster of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, American Commercial Attaché at Copenhagen, Denmark, has been designated American Commercial Attaché at Stockholm, Sweden.

Robert F. Fernald of Ellsworth, Maine, Second Secretary of the American Embassy and American Consul at Madrid, Spain, has been assigned American Consul at Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, Canary Islands.

Clifton R. Wharton of Boston, Massachusetts, American Consul at La Palmas de Gran Canaria, Canary Islands, has been designated Second Secretary of the American Legation and American Consul at Monrovia, Liberia, and will serve in dual capacity.

William E. Flournoy, Jr., of Portsmouth, Virginia, Second Secretary of the American Legation and American Consul at Managua, Nicaragua, has been designated Second Secretary of the American Embassy and American Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and will serve in dual capacity.

Gordon H. Mattison of Wooster, Ohio, Third Secretary of the American Legation and American Vice Consul at Baghdad, Iraq, has been assigned American Vice Consul at Basra, Iraq, where an American Consulate will be established.

Lewis E. Gleeck, Jr., of Chicago, Illinois, Third Secretary of the American Legation and American Vice Consul at Helsinki, Finland, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Legation and American Vice Consul at Stockholm, Sweden, and will serve in dual capacity.

W. Stratton Anderson, Jr., of Carlinville, Illinois, American Vice Consul at Lagos, Nigeria, French West Africa, has been assigned American Vice Consul at Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa, where an American Consulate will be established.

Carl O. Hawthorne of Missouri, American Vice Consul at Tsinan, Shantung, China, has been appointed American Vice Consul at Hamilton, Bermuda.

Walter C. Dowling of Jessup, Georgia, formerly Third Secretary of the American Embassy at Rome, Italy, has been designated Second Secretary of the American Embassy and American Vice Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and will serve in dual capacity.

*The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service since December 20, 1941:*

Alfred R. Thomson of Silver Spring, Maryland, formerly American Consul General at Hamburg, Germany, has been assigned American Consul General and Glasgow, Scotland.

Daniel J. Reagan of Washington, District of Columbia, American Commercial Attaché at Vichy, France, has been designated American Commercial Attaché at Bern, Switzerland.

Laurence E. Salisbury of Chicago, Illinois, who has been serving in the office of the United States High Commissioner at Manila, Philippine Islands, has been assigned for duty in the Department of State.

Marshall M. Vance of Dayton, Ohio, American Consul at Lyon, France, has been designated Second Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Malcolm P. Hooper of Baltimore, formerly Assistant Commercial Attaché at Rome, Italy, has been designated Assistant Commercial Attaché at Panamá, Panama.

William L. Peck of Washington, Connecticut, American Consul at Marseille, France, has been designated Second Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Tyler Thompson of Elmira, New York, American Vice Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, has been designated Second Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Waldo E. Bailey of Jackson, Mississippi, American Vice Consul at London, England, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Embassy and American Vice Consul at London, England, and will serve in dual capacity.

Miss Constance R. Harvey of Kenmore, New York, American Vice Consul at Lyon, France, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

*(Continued on page 111)*



**AN AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER OBSERVES THE  
WAR IN SYRIA**

*Lieutenant Colonel Frank Tompkins, Cov., recently appointed Military Attaché at Teheran, examining a captured Vichy Tank in Syria.*



*This picture needs no caption. Larry Lehrbas of AP took it recently on a trip north.*

*Service*

*Glimpses*



*Vice Consul and Mrs. Herbert V. Olds, aboard ship just out of Santos, en route to Buenos Aires.*

*Eileen Lippincott and Mrs. Poole, mother of Vice Consul Richard Poole, photographed in New Jersey upon the return of Mrs. Lippincott from Jerusalem where her husband is assigned.*



*Paul Seddicum and Samuel Day had a successful week-end with the ducks near Toronto.*



# Strategic Minerals in Brazil

By FRANKLIN PARDEE

*Foreign Minerals Specialist of the Bureau of Mines on temporary assignment to the Rio Embassy*

LATE in 1940 the Department of the Interior, through its Bureau of Mines, was asked by the Department of State to send some mining engineers to South America to assist in the general procurement program of strategic minerals and it was my good fortune to be sent to Brazil. A mining engineer has the advantage, if he likes to travel, of going far to his work, and as mines have a habit of being located in out-of-the-way spots, this often means going to places little visited by the tourist or casual visitor.

My introduction to mining in Brazil was a visit to a quartz crystal mine. Before coming to Brazil I had known something about quartz crystals in a general way, but when I learned that Brazil was practically the only source and that the demand for this mineral for optical and electrical purposes was increasing rapidly due to the requirements of the defense program, I was particularly anxious to see how the mineral occurred. The need for binoculars, range finders and other similar optical goods was the reason for the interest in this mineral during the last war but with the discovery of its value

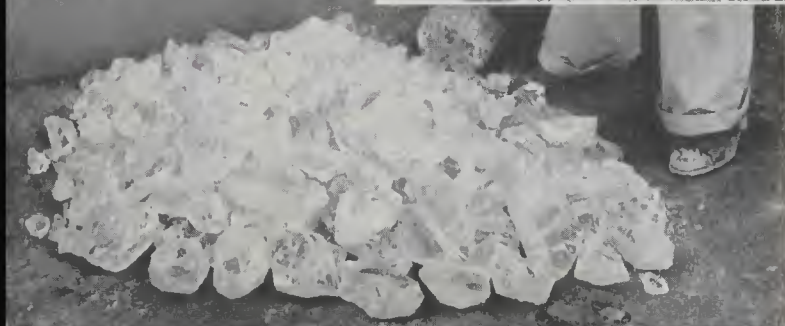
in the telephone and radio circuits there was bound to be further calls for this important mineral.

Most of the quartz crystal mined in Brazil comes from the states of Bahia and Minas Geraes, and the deposit we were to visit was located in northern Minas Geraes, about a four-hours' drive over fair roads from the town of Belo Horizonte, in Minas. I knew that quartz crystal was mined by very primitive methods but I was not prepared to see as large a mine opened entirely by hand work. The workings covered over 80 acres and the depth of some of the excavations was around 30 feet. The picture below shows one pit, but only a few workmen. We were at this mine on the Friday before Easter and most of the miners were at home observing this important church day.

We could see from looking at this mine that the quartz crystals were at one time part of the solid rock and as the rock weathered and altered into soil the quartz crystals were left unchanged and scattered throughout.

The miners, lacking modern equipment, had to dig away the clay soil carefully, all the time looking

Below: Quartz crystals from one pocket.



At Sete Lagoas crystals are found three miles under water. The bottom of the deposit has never been found.

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for the crystals, and as the largest and best crystals were often found at depths it meant that they had to move a lot of clay to get at these richer spots. There were a few mule carts to haul the dirt out of these pits, but often the waste was shoveled by one man to a ledge just above him where another workman would shovel it to a still higher ledge. I saw a couple of places where the dirt was moved this way by four men and all I could think of while watching these men was how easily that dirt could be taken out with some one of the many machines we in the States are accustomed to see working every day. What surprised me most about these four men was that they were piling the waste in a place that later on would be opened up for mining, and this dirt would have to be shoveled to another location. As we went over the operation after this I was not surprised to see a number of places where they were actually digging out dirt that had been excavated at least once before.

Quartz crystals to be of value must be a couple of ounces in weight as a minimum, but the better one are much larger. The average size is about a pound, although crystals up to six and eight pounds are common. Some enormous ones have been found and there is one in the museum at Belo Horizonte that weighs over a ton. The crystals are put into a number of grades for sale and a first-quality stone of about a pound in weight has an export value of around \$2.00. At the mine, before it is prepared, the value is much less, but with wages of 30 to 40 cents a day for the workmen, it is obvious that it does not take many stones a day to pay for the labor of many men. The miners swing their picks very carefully when they think a large stone is near where they are working, as a careless blow with the sharp point of the pick would break up a valuable crystal.

The crystals are washed and trimmed after they leave the mine, some of this work being done by women. One of the illustrations shows a pile of crystals that were ready to be taken by truck to the warehouse at Belo Horizonte where the sorting and grading would be done by experts using special lamps to locate flaws in the stones. After this classification the crystals would be packed for export.

My next trip took me to north central Goiaz to look at a large nickel deposit. This meant seven hours by plane, two days by car over some of the worst roads I have ever traveled, and three days on muleback at the mine. The plane trip ended at the new capital of Goiaz called Goiania. This city was being built from the grass roots, as a few years ago it was decided to move the state capital, and as none of the existing cities was satisfactory, they decided on an entirely new place. A site was selected and plans were made for a very modern and beautiful

city and at the time we were there one of the state buildings was completed, the hotel was open and many homes and stores were already in use. The number of attractive homes indicated that sound building restrictions had been imposed. A large industrial school for boys was practically finished and the country and tennis club was functioning.

The street and park system was beginning to take shape, most of the service connections had been installed, and it will be very interesting to see this city after it is finished, as there are few cities that have been laid out on paper beforehand.

The new city is not on the railroad, and my first thought was of the large amount of material that must be hauled 40 kilometers by truck to build this city.

This central part of Goiaz is famous for its climate and at one time it was planned to build the Federal Capital in this locality. Many of the maps of Brazil show this proposed Federal capital on the proposed site. We drove through the area selected and saw only a few fazendas, and a few cattle where the capital of Brazil was to have been located.

We passed through the towns of Corumbá and Pirenópolis on the nickel deposit and these places have felt the effect of the war demand for minerals.

In the past when slaves were used for mining, the mines in the vicinity of these towns were alive with slaves panning the river gravel for gold. Now the native miners or *garimpeiros*, as they are called, are doing the same thing except that they are recovering rutile, a mineral that supplies the metal titanium. These workmen dig up gravel in the river bottom or along the banks and wash out the particles of rutile which are heavy enough to keep to the bottom of the pans.

The *garimpeiros* are usually grubstaked by the village store keeper, who buys the rutile, sorts and cleans it and sends it to Santos for export. The competition of the buyers for the rutile has meant a higher price for rutile to the *garimpeiros*, and they would normally benefit but unfortunately they are not interested. If they can get enough rutile in three days to pay for their rice, beans, a few necessities and something to drink, what is the use of working four or five days? Every once in a while the *garimpeiro* will find a gold nugget that was missed by the slaves, and then he won't work until the profits from that are all spent.

This trip opened my eyes to the hospitality of the people in the interior. We never stopped that we were not offered coffee or a meal and at the fazendas along the road which were the hotels of the region we were always given a meal even if we did not get there until late at night. At the mine we were well taken care of and, although we were hardly pre-



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Port of Spain, street scene



Photos courtesy Moore-McCormack Lines

The famous Pitch Lake, Trinidad

pared for a dinner of luscious suckling pig that the chemist baked in his laboratory oven, it was delicious.

Subsequent trips to the chrome and manganese mines of northern Bahia, to the famous manganese deposit at Urucum near Corumbá in Mato Grosso and the iron mines of northern Minas Geraes all emphasized the great mineral wealth of this country. Many of these trips were made largely by plane and this means of transportation will do a great deal to make known the wealth of Brazil. However, it will take roads and railroads to make this wealth available to Brazil for her own use and for exchange with the rest of the world.

Many of the Brazilians who have read of the development and growth of Western United States after the building of the railroads compare the present situation here with that in the States 50 to 60 years ago. They look forward to the building up of prosperous communities based on the development of the agricultural and mineral wealth of this region, and from what I have seen of this country I believe they are right.

## TRINIDAD—AFTER

(Continued from page 72)

the breaking point was near. So, as you can well imagine, it was not too comforting when the writer, with exactly no consular experience, and his wife appeared on the Halls' doorstep unexpectedly one evening last July and announced that this was the much clamored for relief.

Since life in new Trinidad will undoubtedly interest those who knew the island in the good old days, and since things are just about as difficult as

they can be when an officer is compelled to send his wife almost three hundred miles away to find a place to rest her head, it seems that a brief autobiographical sketch is the best means of shedding light on conditions here, particularly as far as housing accommodations are concerned. Our introduction to Trinidad was a week with the Halls, which, because it was so pleasant, left us ill prepared for the rough going which was to follow. After turning Port of Spain inside out, we managed to locate and move into what seemed to be the only living space available—one room in a poorly run boarding house of which the sole elite feature was the monthly remittance. With the room we enjoyed two chairs, a dresser, a wash basin, the privilege of sharing the "community" bathroom with ten other people, and the most unappealing food we had ever been called upon to face. Even that "paradise," however, fell down around us when the landlady announced that we on the top floor must vacate to make way for its conversion into a flat. What to do? We were desperate. Then came the thought—there are other islands nearby, and, surely, life must be calm and peaceful somewhere. Ah, yes, Barbados . . . only an hour and a half by plane and a most delightful spot. So off flew Elaine and I intruded on the quiet and solitude of "wife and baby in the States" bachelor, Smith. In due time, a house, in the throes of construction, was located and when it became habitable (not finished), already a month behind schedule, Elaine returned from her compulsory vacation in Barbados and we moved in. Of course, we still have temporary furniture, temporary water, and a yard full of debris,—but it's home!

Life, in general, isn't quite that bad, though, and the newly arrived Americans do have advantages not enjoyed by the permanent residents. There are



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commissaries, for example, run by the Army and by the two construction companies working on the bases here, which bring in from the States all kinds of foods (mostly canned), meat, household supplies, drugs, and, eventually, clothing. There is no doubt that from the standpoint of obtaining goods not otherwise available in Trinidad and of effecting a saving over local prices, they go a long way toward making life more pleasant for the personnel on the bases. Two modern and well equipped hospitals, operated by the Base Command and by the Army Engineers and staffed with competent Army doctors, are at the disposal of Americans connected with the bases. As far as amusements are concerned, there are two movie theaters run by the Army where fairly recent films are shown at prices substantially below those charged at the local houses. Boxing matches are held every Thursday night and there are baseball and softball games several times a week during most months of the year. On Thanksgiving Day, two teams, bearing the descriptive nicknames of "Centipedes" and "Bushmasters," introduced American football to Trinidad before a crowd of five thousand persons of every color and description. Attired in smart, colorful uniforms, they put on a grand show and while the game may not have been up to Rose Bowl standards, it did appeal to the spectators and there are promises of more encounters between the teams in the near future. Other activities recently organized include an American Women's Club; groups devoted to hiking, dramatics, and photography; dances on almost a weekly schedule for some organization or another; and night classes for adults covering a wide range of subjects. As a contribution to Trinidad's war effort, a group of American women meet twice a week, under the direction of Alice Hall, to work on articles needed by the British Red Cross. So, all in all, living in Trinidad is a great deal like living at home and there is opportunity for everyone to keep busy.

As you walk through the streets of Port of Spain today, signs of the new era are manifested on every side. "American Bar & Grill," "American Dry Cleaning & Tailoring," "American Cafe," and so forth ad infinitum. Much has changed. Yet, much of old Trinidad still remains to maintain a contrast between today and yesterday which is easily one of the most interesting features of the island. The old residents of the Colony naturally do not relish having their relatively calm and settled existence swept away with such incontestable force; nor is it easy for them to watch newcomers enjoy luxuries from the States while their own belts are pulled tighter and tighter; but they are taking the deluge in their stride and are looking for it to bring in a harvest of victory in the long run.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooke directing a "tennis clinic" on Colegio Ward campus, Ramos Mejia, Buenos Aires, November 10, 1941. This not only gave an impetus to the game itself but brought Argentines face to face with the best in American sportsmanship.



## OUR SOUTH AMERICAN TENNIS ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 77)

smashing are simplified.

Tennis clinics in South America was "Doctor" Elwood's idea. To see him teach, amuse and hold together the large crowds is a sight in itself. Before fifteen minutes have passed, you can see everyone working in complete harmony. The "Rockettes" at Radio City have some competition of which they are not aware. By the time an hour has passed the correct fundamentals have been rehearsed over and over, and when class is dismissed you realize that it is nice to sit down again. After all, hitting imaginary tennis balls is real exercise. The next time you watch the champions play, you understand what they are doing and you feel as though you knew their trick of placing the ball just where they desire. It is fun to see things done, but it is much more fun to know how they are done.

The Tennis Tournament is running along very smoothly. Competition is keener this year than last and each one of us has had our individual troubles. I believe that the reason for this keener competition is that the Argentines have adopted more forceful methods in their play, volleying and smashing at the net much more than a year ago.

Upon meeting their champion, Alejo Russell, you would believe that you were being introduced to Cesar Romero, the Hollywood film star. There is such a great likeness between these two, not only

in appearance but also in demeanor, that there is always a murmur in the galleries when he appears for his matches. Their next best player is Heraldo Weiss, who is close to 6 feet and lots of fun to watch as he serves his spin service which makes the ball take the shape of an egg and as he slams his terrific left-handed drives from corner to corner. His weakness still seems to be his backhand, although it has improved since we were here last year. H. J. Etchart deserves a great deal of credit for forcing Donald McNeill to 5 sets in a match they played. Lucilo del Castillo and Adriano Zappa have won a great many championships throughout South America and abroad and are always to be reckoned with, especially as a team in doubles.

For many years South American women have thought that those who took part in athletics developed huge muscles and that the sun was harmful to their skin. It has only been in recent years that they have changed their ideas. More and more women are taking part in outdoor activities. Mary Terán is the newly crowned women's champion. She reminds one of Anita Lizana, the little dynamic champion from Chile a few years ago, who won the United States Singles Championship in 1937. Mary is so small that the speed with which she hits her shots is unbelievable.

During our sojourn in Argentina we made a trip to Paraguay and unfortunately we only had time to spend three days there. I should like to translate an article published in the newspaper *La Tribuna*, which reads as follows:



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"Ant it is to strengthen this ideal that the Ameri-

can Tennis Players are coming to our country. They are coming to uphold through chivalrous competition the inviolable sentiments of a Continent. They are coming to mingle with us in a brotherly embrace. To offer us a new example of friendship and affection. Therefore, their visit acquires outstanding significance and marks a really memorable date.

"They are not, therefore, in quest of victories. These are nothing but simple alternatives of the game. Fleeting moments in the lives of men. The object of the visit is far, far greater. It bears resounding effects. It is aimed at the closer contact of two peoples. To live unforgettable moments, heart to heart. If there should happen to be a victory, it shall be none other than the victory of American brotherhood."

After reading this article, I felt deeply humbled by the significance of the thought behind it all and by the beauty of its expression. I also felt extremely proud to think that our simple friendly visit to Asunción should have been received in so vital and significant a light as it apparently was. It has made each member of the team feel sincerely grateful for the opportunity that we have had to visit these different South American countries. They are truly unforgettable moments for us and we are more than happy to think we have played even a minute part in the victory of American Brotherhood.

## THE I. T. & T. IN SOUTH AMERICA

(Continued from page 75)

not been so uniform with respect to radio telegraphy; and in this field, as in that of undersea cable services, foreign private capital has been afforded ample opportunities for development. Even where the government operates radio telegraph stations, private ownership is a generally recognized policy, at least in the foreign, shore-to-ship and non-competitive fields. Since each country has its own laws and regulations, it would be impossible to define a Latin American policy on this subject, except in the broadest terms. However, it can be said that all Latin American countries, while jealous of harmful competition with their own official systems within their jurisdiction, do definitely recognize and even favor private ownership of electrical communications utilities in both the domestic and foreign service, and encourage the investment of foreign capital in such enterprises.

The absolute disappearance of all the European-owned or controlled radio and cable services from Latin America—there are none owned or controlled in Asia—could not affect in the slightest degree the ability of any and all of the 21 Pan American Republics to communicate among themselves.

United States capital is no new comer to the field of Latin American electrical communications. Yankee investors and builders *got busy* to provide Mexico with telegraph facilities shortly after the possibilities of Prof. Morse's invention for connecting isolated or far distant centers of population dawned on the consciousness of his fellow countrymen. Out of that pioneering undertaking there grew considerably more than half a century ago All America Cables, a company owned 100 percent in the United States, which today provides cable and radio service between New York and the twenty nations to the south, and through its connecting agreements to the rest of the world. It connects with ships at sea; it has its own fleet of vessels for laying and repairing cables; it operates radio telephone as well as telegraph stations in various Latin American cities, and its submarine cable network virtually engirdles South America.

Other early American pioneers made some moderate headway in the introduction of telegraphy in some parts of Central America and the West Indies, in Brazil and a few other spots on the South American continent, but the importance of those efforts is today only incidentally historical.

It is of only relative significance that the inhabitants of 18 of the 21 Pan American Republics speak the same language, if they are lacking in the normal modern opportunities for speaking with



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Every American should rejoice in the vision of the Maritime Commission and the United States Lines in sponsoring the great shipbuilding program that made possible the building of these three great liners. They served our country ably in peace, and will do their part in the war.

Until such time as these ships can return to peace-time occupations, their less glamorous sisters, the many sturdy freighters of the United States Lines, will continue to ply the seven seas, and do their part in helping to win the war.

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each other. Not until after the first World War was anything done about providing any of these countries with international telephone connections; but when the job was tackled, it was Yankee ingenuity and determination and capital that did it.

Before we entered that war, the Behn Brothers, Sosthenes and Hernand, got into the telephone business in a small way, and somewhat incidentally, in Puerto Rico, by consolidating and modernizing the inadequate existing systems as the Porto (sic) Rico Telephone Company. They did such an impressive job that they were invited to render a similar service to the telephone facilities of Cuba. Back from the war, the brothers organized the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation in the United States, and joined forces with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company to lay submarine telephone and telegraph cables in 1921 between Key West and Havana.

That was the beginning of international telephone service in Pan America. Shortly thereafter, the Mexican Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had been purchased by the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation, was connected by land lines with the Bell System. In 1929, by laying subfluvial and subterranean cables under the broad River Plate and beneath the snows of the high Andes, they interconnected subscribers in Chile, Argentina and Uruguay. And that was the birth of international telephone service in South America. In the same year and early in 1930, powerful short-wave radio stations in Buenos Aires furnished the verbal links between these same South American subscribers and Europe, the United States, and by relay connections to various countries of Asia, Africa and Australia.

In the succeeding decade, by erecting more radio stations, expanding and improving the domestic telephone system in various countries, laying more cables and entering into connecting agreements with other companies, this Pan American network has grown until all but one of the 21 republics are in speaking distance of the others including the West Indian Republics, Puerto Rico and the Bahamas. Canada, of course, is accessible through the Bell System. Buenos Aires is still the most important switching center in this international system on the southern continent, although considerable traffic might also easily be switched at Rio de Janeiro and Santiago de Chile, and, in the latter case, connects with an extensive land line system and with distant points.

That elasticity in the handling of communications is in itself one of the most valuable features in the dependability of the Pan American telephone service. If an avalanche in the upper Andes should cut

the cable connections between Chile and Argentina, traffic would still go on by means of radio. Buenos Aires customarily talks direct with Lima, Bogotá and Caracas, but in cases of emergency could talk with Lima and Bogotá via Santiago, or with Santiago, Bogotá and Caracas via Lima, etc. The in and out traffic of La Paz is ordinarily handled via Buenos Aires, but alternative routes could be set up quickly should it become necessary.

Countries north of the Panama Canal are reached from South America by relaying through New York. Paraguay and Uruguay are connected by cables under the river. Isolated spots in southern Argentina are available by means of radio telephone circuits, owned and operated by the Post Office. In Colombia and Venezuela there is no connection so far with the general telephone system direct from South American points, although New York has service with Colombian subscribers. Vast progress has been made in ten years, in spite of the depression and war. But the picture is still incomplete. It will be, of course, until all subscribers everywhere can telephone each other, if they have any good reason to do so. The main job is accomplished. Pan-American telephone service is a going concern—a practical reality—and at no more opportune time than the present could this have become so.

It proved its Pan American value at the time of the Lima Conference in a way which some of the worried delegates to that crucial session will not forget. But it is also within reach of importer and exporter, banker and manufacturer, newspaper and traveler, producer and consumer. The frontiers no longer exist for the man who has a telephone.

In the allied industry of broadcasting, it is as vital to the south of the Rio Grande as to the north. For there are broadcasting chains, connected by telephone circuits, specially equalized and modulated for that purpose. A new one of eight stations is being built right now in the Argentine, that will have a nationwide coverage. Programs from the United States are being received on short wave and rebroadcast on long wave by stations interconnected by telephone circuits. South American features and programs are being sent north for rebroadcasting in the United States by the same means. International hook-ups within Latin America, or between two, three or more of the neighboring republics, are frequently arranged on special occasions of mutual interest.

This particular Pan-American tie-in, though its importance at this critical stage of the world's history cannot be over-estimated, is destined to be of ever increasing consequence to the peoples of both continents, near neighbors and far, and never more than after the war is over, and men settle down once more to sane and constructive pursuits.

FEBRUARY, 1942



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Country Girl Meets Temple Cow in Bangkok, Thailand. A Photograph from *The Geographic*, by Maynard Owen Williams.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.



The Late Franklin M. Gunther

### IN MEMORIAM

**GUNTHER.** The Honorable Franklin Mott Gunther, Minister to Rumania, died on December 22, 1941, in Bucharest.

"Franklin Mott Gunther, who died two days ago while serving as American Minister to Rumania, showed in his life as in the manner of his death the typical career foreign service officer's devotion to his country. With the exception of a short period in retirement, Mr. Gunther had spent his entire life in the foreign service, having been assigned to various posts in Europe and the Far East, and having filled them with distinction. In his last and most critical post as Minister to Rumania during the difficult war years his dispatches to the Department of State and his letters to the President brought special messages of appreciation. It was overwork which led directly to his last illness, and which had so sapped his vitality that he lacked the strength to recover.

"Mr. Gunther's experience dramatizes the dangerous and difficult existence of all of the members of the foreign service in critical posts in recent years. It has been the custom to think of the diplomatic service as an easy life, largely devoted to purely social activities. Such, indeed, it was in peace times in unimportant posts. But ever since the war clouds began to gather, and, in particular, since the storm broke, the men and women of all ranks working in our embassies, legations and consulates abroad have not only had to give up all thought of normal hours and of vacations but have had to live under conditions often involving direct danger to life as well as to health. Other foreign service officers may ultimately pay for their devotion with their lives, as Mr. Gunther has done. But, like him, they will do so proudly and with a sense of duty well performed."—*New York Herald-Tribune*, December 26, 1941.

### FOREIGN SERVICE RETIREMENTS

The following officers will retire from the American Foreign Service on February 1, 1942:

Henry H. Balch—Class III.  
Maurice P. Dunlap—Class V.  
O. Gaylord Marsh—Class III.

## BIRTHS

**COLLINS.** A daughter was born on December 30, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. V. Lansing Collins, Jr., in Batavia, where Mr. Collins is Vice Consul.

**GOODYEAR.** A son, Richard, was born on December 9, 1941, in New Haven, Connecticut, to Mr. and Mrs. John Goodyear. Mr. Goodyear is Third Secretary and Vice Consul at Panama.

**JORDAN.** A son, Thornton Waddell, was born on November 13, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Jordan in São Paulo where Mr. Jordan is Vice Consul.

## NEWS FROM THE FIELD

*(Continued from page 87)*

On December 3, Ambassador Armour attended a luncheon given by a committee which is organizing the First Pan American (Olympic) Games which it was hoped would take place in Buenos Aires in November, 1942.

David A. Salmon, Chief of the Division of Communications and Records and Christian M. Ravndal, formerly of this Embassy, each spent several days at Buenos Aires during the past month on trips connected with Departmental business.

HIRAM BINGHAM, JR.

## MEXICO CITY

*Ambassador and Mrs. Josephus Daniels*

While in the United States on leave of absence at the end of October, Ambassador Josephus Daniels submitted his resignation to President Roosevelt. It was accepted with great reluctance and thus came to an end the term of office of a man who had endeared himself to his staff and to many in Mexico. The Ambassador returned on November 3 and spent the following week in taking leave of Mexico. The week was crowded with farewells, speeches, banquets and appointments. Mrs. Daniels could not accompany the "Chief" as her lingering illness kept her confined to her home in Raleigh. From the time the Ambassador stepped from the airplane that brought him back until he departed a week later, he walked in triumph. Persons of many nationalities and all walks of life paid him constant tribute. Newspapers and magazines acknowledged in editorials and leading articles that Mr. Daniels had won the admiration and respect of both people and government. They acclaimed him for his understanding, his liberalism, his simplicity, his great

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and forceful personality that impressed itself upon persons and events by its fulsome ness.

All recognized Mrs. Daniels' great share in the success of the Ambassador's term of office. Though absent from the parting ceremonies, tributes were many to the sweetness of the woman who has been Mr. Daniel's inseparable companion for more than fifty years. The Mexican Foreign Minister in a farewell speech delivered at a luncheon at the Mexican Foreign Office in honor of the departing Ambassador said,

"I would not be rendering complete homage to Ambassador Daniels if on this occasion, so deeply tinged with emotion and friendship, I failed to associate with it the name of Mrs. Daniels. There are lives that are like a true equation, joined by the hyphen of love and affection. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Daniels are of this kind. Mrs. Daniels, a lady possessing most exceptional qualities, Mr. Daniels' exemplary helpmeet, has been and undoubtedly still is one of the purest founts of inspiration in the Ambassador's useful life."

Mrs. Daniels was associated, though absent, with all the events surrounding the Ambassador's departure—a luncheon at the Foreign Office where all Mexican Cabinet Officers and members of the diplomatic corps were present; an American Colony dinner; a luncheon tendered by the Chiefs of Mission in Mexico in tribute to Mr. Daniels who has been Dean of the Corps for the last three years. The corps presented the Ambassador and Mrs. Daniels with a handsome silver platter. The American Colony gave them a large silver service tray.

The day prior to his departure all officers and personnel connected in any way with United States government offices in Mexico City, assembled in the residence in order to say good bye to the "Chief." A telephone call from Mrs. Daniels was timed to feature the simple ceremonies and her voice, amplified, was heard by all. The staff as well as Consular officers and clerks throughout Mexico contributed to purchase a handsome old Spanish Chest as a token of affection.

The Ambassador left Mexico by plane on Sunday, November 9, being accompanied as far as the border by Robert G. McGregor, Jr., Secretary of Embassy. The plane on which he departed was escorted by the plane of the Naval Attaché piloted by Commander Andrew Crinkley, Assistant Naval Attaché and Assistant Naval Attaché for Air to the Embassy.

Mr. Daniels intends to devote most of his time to the writing of books on Woodrow Wilson and on Mexico. He and Mrs. Daniels will live at their home in Raleigh, North Carolina.

ROBERT G. MCGREGOR.



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## FOREIGN SERVICE CHANGES

*(Continued from page 94)*

John Ordway of Washington, District of Columbia, American Vice Consul at London, England, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Embassy and American Vice Consul at London, England, and will serve in dual capacity.

Fred K. Salter of Sandersville, Georgia, American Vice Consul at London, England, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Embassy and American Vice Consul at London, England, and will serve in dual capacity.

Donald B. Calder of New York, New York, American Vice Consul at London, England, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Embassy and American Vice Consul at London, England, and will serve in dual capacity.

Richard A. Johnson of Moline, Illinois, American Vice Consul at London, England, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Embassy

and American Vice Consul at London, England, and will serve in dual capacity.

Jack B. Neathery of Farmersville, Texas, American Vice Consul at Caracas, Venezuela, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Embassy and American Vice Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and will serve in dual capacity.

George McM. Godley, 2d. of Rye, New York, American Vice Consul at Marseille, France, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Clark E. Husted, Jr., of Toledo, Ohio, American Vice Consul at Lyon, France, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Lee D. Randall of Highland Park, Illinois, American Vice Consul at Marsaille, France, has been designated Third Secretary of the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Laurence J. Daymont of Utica, New York, American Vice Consul at Vichy, France, has been transferred to the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.



## WE LAUGH WITH THE CHILEANS

*(Continued from  
page 79)*

And lastly there is the naughty humor that causes the merriment to waft out through the swinging door along with the sawdust. This is no delicate thing, no lightly constructed tangle of witty puns. It is a robust and lusty humor that calls for both hands on the belt-line, holding tight.

It is perhaps a richer humor than is found elsewhere because Chilean descriptive vocabulary extends itself into fanciful realms anatomical, botanical, and zoological with a zest that is breathtaking. Nor is the Chilean's enthusiastic and unconcealed interest in women's charms a puny outgrowth of the Freudian era. Away back in 1733 the historians proudly call attention to the outstanding abilities of one Captain-General Gabriel Cano de Aponte who, at a very advanced age, fell from his horse while tilting for a prize offered by his lady-love of sixteen, and say of him. . . "His dominating passion was the passion that fascinates

almost every man, and is of so ancient an origin that it traces its sway to the time of Adam and Eve, and will endure so long as there shall be men and women."

And the Chilean of today is no less quick to express his appreciation of feminine charms, both directly and indirectly. The expression may range all the way from a stimulating little joke whispered into a demure señorita's ear, to the forthright remarks of some uninhibited young laborer, who, resting on his shovel, voices frank and humorous admiration of the more obvious anatomical attractions of the pretty little nursemaid passing by. And if such acutely personal remarks bring a flush to the velvety cheek and an indignant toss of the pretty head, at least it gives to feminine hearts the warming knowledge that the grace and beauty of a lush and carefully guarded curve is not, like the poet's unfortunate flower, born "to waste its sweetness on the desert air."

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#### TECHNICAL UNITS OF VD

*Upper, left to right:* Vice Consul Andrew B. Wardlaw (seated), Foreign Service School; Mr. Thomas F. Valenza; Vice Consul Richard E. Guade, Foreign Service School; Vice Consul Claude G. Ross, Foreign Service School; Vice Consul Oscar S. Straus, 2d, Foreign Service School; Mr. Edwin B. Earnest (standing); Foreign Service Clerks, Miss Damon and Mrs. Fisher; Vice Consul Stewart G. Anderson, Foreign Service School; and Miss Hertweck, Foreign Service Clerk.

*Lower, left to right:* Foreign Service Officer Leigh W. Hunt; Mr. Paul E. McGraw; Vice Consul John L. Topping, Foreign Service School; Mr. Paul M. Dutko; Vice Consul Henry T. Smith, Foreign Service School; Vice Consul C. Vaughn Ferguson, Jr., Foreign Service School; Vice Consul Irven M. Eitrem (foreground), Foreign Service School; Mr. Edgar L. McGinnis; and three hard working messengers.

## THE NEW HOME OF THE VISA DIVISION

(Continued from page 85)

time, there were 37 Foreign Service Officers in the Division, as well as a considerable number of Foreign Service clerks and noncareer Vice Consuls who returned from Europe on the *West Point*.

The Department has provided an automobile, which maintains a fifteen minute shuttle service between the Visa Division and the Main Building for mail and personnel. Mail arrives and leaves in large mail bags throughout the day. The number of telegrams handled daily runs into the hundreds.

Practically every branch of the Government in Washington has expanded its activities to meet the needs of the National Defense Program. Units of most departments are scattered throughout the city. The State Department has been no exception as is evident from the recent change of location of the Visa Division and its expanded activities.

### MARRIAGES

**BROWN-STEVENS.** Miss De Marias Stevens and Mr. Robert Y. Brown were married on November 25, 1941, in Montevideo, where Mr. Brown is Second Secretary and Consul.

## NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 84)

—the troops are there for the benefit of the offices of Mr. Stettinius on the fifth floor.

\* \* \* \*

**ROBERT E. WILSON**, Vice Consul at Bahia Blanca, together with Mrs. Wilson, arrived in New York City on December 1 on the *Santa Clara*. They had embarked at Valparaiso, having traveled there by way of Bariloche and the Chilean Lakes. They spent several days in New York City and arrived in Washington on December 5 from where they went to Burlington, Iowa, to visit his family and to Phoenix, Arizona, to visit Mrs. Wilson's family.

**JOHN GOODYEAR**, Third Secretary at Panama, boarded the *Santa Clara* at Panama. He visited the Department during the first part of January and returned to his post on a United Fruit boat the end of January. Mrs. Goodyear was to remain in New Haven.

\* \* \* \*

**JOHN C. FUESS** left on January 7 via clipper to Lisbon from where he planned to fly to London, from there go by rail to Glasgow and thence by boat to Belfast, his new post, where he will serve as Vice Consul. Mrs. Fuess is remaining in Florida.

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**THE BOOKSHELF**

*(Continued from page 89)*

ated by this is heightened by the fact that the Portuguese is strange; throughout the book the familiar *fazenda* is spelled *facenda*.

It is probably this suggestion of hasty superficiality (so common in current writings on Brazil) which makes some Brazilians dislike the book. It detracts from a work which otherwise approaches epic power in portraying in remarkably true colors the distinctive characteristics of a colorful country.

WARE ADAMS.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,  
CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT  
OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912**

Of THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, published  
monthly at Washington, D. C., for October 1, 1941.

State of District of Columbia }  
County of Washington City } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George V. Allen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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

2. That the owner is: American Foreign Service Association—President: Joseph E. Jacobs, Department of State, Washington, D. C.; Secretary-Treasurer: Paul C. Daniels, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

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

GEORGE V. ALLEN, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1941.

NORVELLE H. SANNEBECK.

(My commission expires May 15, 1943.)

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when some of the new buildings now under construction are completed. The construction of a large and imposing Roman Catholic Church, with two typically Brazilian towers, is now proceeding rapidly. This, when completed, will be a building of great architectural beauty. The padre now in charge of this work showed us this project with justified pride.

The financial support for these ambitious undertakings comes partly from the Brazilian Government and in large measure from a well-known Rio charitable organization bearing the name of Christ the Redeemer. The administration of the whole island has been placed, as a practical matter, largely in Dr. Miranda's hands, although he works in close harmony with nearby local officials, as well as with the Federal Government in Rio de Janeiro.

After a delicious and hearty meal served at Dr. Miranda's house, and after partaking not only of his hospitality but also of his wisdom and keen sense of humor, we were sorry to leave Marambaia. The trip home, especially the late afternoon boat ride across the brilliantly blue bay surrounded by dazzling mountains, left a vivid impression on our minds. But our thoughts, in retrospect, seem to dwell more particularly on Dr. Miranda and his Island of Marambaia. Had this sketch been written for a certain American magazine, it might have had as an appropriate title, "The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met."

## THE SUCCESS OF A MISSION

(Continued from page 67)

Victory, though it be hard-wrung, shall be ours! To that end the free peoples of the world will measure their sacrifices only by the price *they place on their very liberty.*

Had the mission to forge inter-American solidarity not succeeded, America's path today would be indeed a thorny one. But it did succeed and a sure sword will enforce the verdict of justice's scales. We are being tried in the balances, but with God's help, will not be found wanting.

## COVER PICTURE

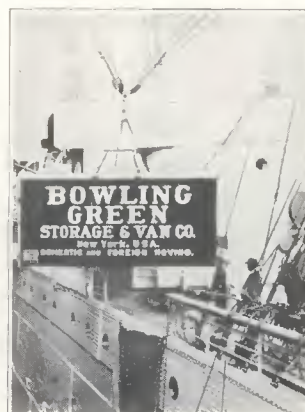
The Statue of Christ on Corcovado, Rio de Janeiro. Photo courtesy of Moore-McCormack Lines.

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## BY THE EAST COAST TO B. A.

(Continued from page 93)

The vast lay-out of the new offices made me a little nostalgic for the "bird-cage" at the old Chancery in the Avenida Alvear, which had looked upon the garden in which Mrs. Orme Wilson used to have tea served to us every afternoon.

Catching the infectious activity of the Embassy, I was soon on my way to see Mr. Horan, *Life's* representative in B.A., whom I asked about Patagonian material for the *Journal*. It was from him I learned of John Phillips' excellent photos of the country near Punta Arenas, the southernmost city in the world, where we established a Consulate in January, 1941.

In the offices of Mr. Kenneth McKim, in the large I. T. & T. building, were hung interesting photographs, copies of which I begged to accompany his article on Inter-American communications.

Have you ever been in Buenos Aires in the Spring?

The gardens in Palermo were beginning to bloom, the promenaders in the Calle Florida slackened even more their pace, and the *piropos* in the streets elicited unveiled lights in shining black eyes.

There's the *Temporada de Primavera* at the Colón where we heard "Butterfly." And above all, "Martín Fierro" was at the old Cervantes Theatre.

Nothing in the world is like José Hernandez' inimitable, argotic description of life in the Argentine camp with its portrayal of the beloved *gaucho*, Martín Fierro. For the first time this immortal book has been staged and the *mise en scene* is a replica of Molina Campo's colorful drawings—sans caricature! The picturesque *fiesta* scene with the *paisanas* in their motley skirts and the *gauchos* in their Sunday *bombachas* made a whirling picture.

The restaurant on the roof of the Alvear Palace had opened for the spring and offered modern, sophisticated entertainment, with *Armani's* orchestra, to its cosmopolitan guests. And for a more informal evening there were the Cabaña and the Taberna Gallega, and we ran into the honey-mooners from the boat in the restaurant where all the waiters sang as they served.

There was the hospitality of friends and the renewing of old acquaintances. We lunched with Ambassador and Mrs. Armour in the beautiful old Borsh mansion; dined with the Sheldon Thomases where the newly arrived Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ford were the guests of honor; and the Maffitts entertained the tennis team for cocktails from their attractive stream-lined bar.

Then quickly came the time to buy last minute souvenirs, the time to paste on steamship labels. *Brazil* labels, in red and white and blue. We hur-

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ried to the ship, trying to remember a million messages, ready for another adjustment of life with its pleasant prospects; another eighteen days of care-free existence, homeward bound aboard a Moore-McCormack ship.

"*Adios Muchachos,*" laughingly called an Argentine girl from the rail at my side.

"*Hasta luego,*" I whispered, as the ship slowly pulled out of her berth, and we turned and went below into our new life.

## VISITORS

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*January*

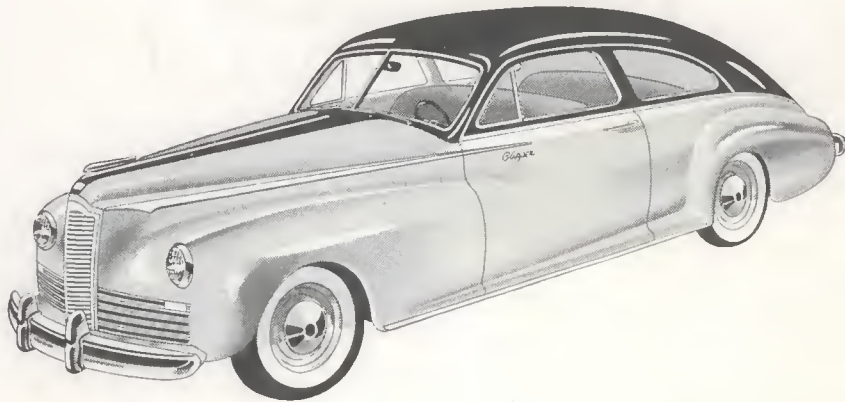
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