# The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

VOL. 20, NO. 3 MARCH, 1943

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MARCH, 1943




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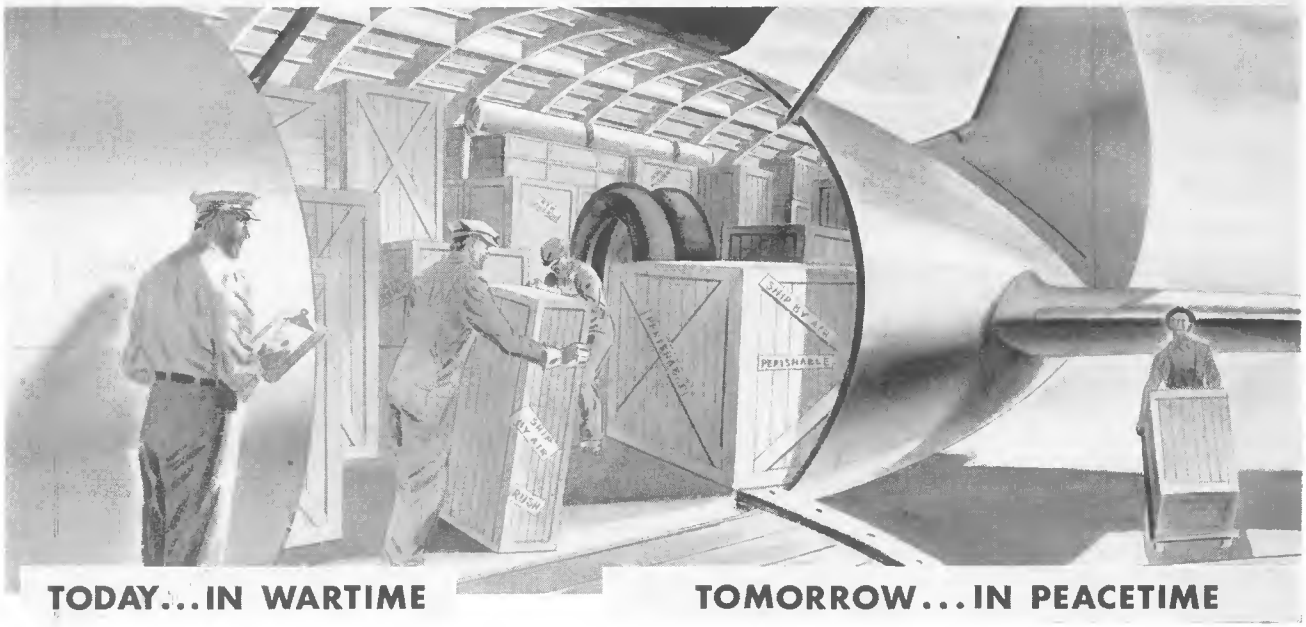


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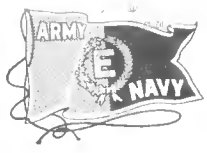


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## *THE FOURTH DIMENSION IN TRANSPORTATION*

THE
AMERICAN
FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

VOL. 20, NO. 3 WASHINGTON, D. C. MARCH, 1943

# The Landing at Fedhala, Morocco November 8, 1942

*By* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON *Lt. Commander, U.S.N.R.*

OUR task force departed from several different American bases, at different times, and made rendezvous in mid-ocean; when all together we covered a space of ocean many miles wide and many more long. The Germans had a few score U-boats out looking for us, but we successfully eluded the lot, and thus conserved the element of surprise which was one of our outstanding assets. Cynics have doubted whether military and naval men are capable of keeping a secret; but in this instance the several hundred officers and civilian officials, in this country and England, who had to know what was going on, actually did keep silence, so that the Axis powers were completely mystified as to where this great fleet was going. If one of these men had tattled, the resistance might easily have been tenfold as serious as we found it, and our task might have taken sixty days' fighting instead of three.

On the way over the weather was magnificent and not so rough as to disturb the stomachs of tough, hardened young men. We knew we were going into battle on a certain day, and as we were also told of the great importance and significance of our enterprise, high were the expectations. Yet our vast force of many thousand sailors, soldiers and aviators, was far from being over-confident, or puffed up with that hubris which brings down the wrath of the gods. With the attack plan there was circulated a list of a dozen "assumptions"—things that might happen to us. Night attacks on transports by enemy subs, light surface craft or motor torpedo boats; and we knew the French Navy had ample forces in Casablanca. Surf so heavy that we couldn't land troops, and would have to run out to sea again to avoid U-boats, and then perhaps run out of fuel; or surf heavy enough to drown a large number of men if we tried to land them. Spain might come in on the Axis side. Almost anything might happen. Yet, all in all, we feared our own mistakes, the thousand and one ways the landing might be botched, more than we feared the enemy; and we feared the weather, and being late, more than either. Morocco is an

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON:—noted historian and author was in June 1942 commissioned Lieutenant Commander in the United States Naval Reserve and assigned by the Secretary of the Navy the task of gathering the pertinent facts and preparing therefrom a history of our Navy during the present war.

Among his books are the "Maritime History of Massachusetts," the Tercentenary History of Harvard University, and the well known biography of Columbus, "Admiral of Ocean Sea," which he wrote after the Harvard Columbus Expedition in 1939-40, of which he was Commodore.

**FEDHALA, FRENCH MOROCCO (CASABLANCA AREA)**

**Light hearted and still ready for action despite the loss of their possessions, survivors of three U. S. transports torpedoed off Fedhala during the forepart of November, 1942, march through the town en route to the railroad station for removal to Casablanca, about 15 miles south. Few were able to save anything except the clothing on their backs. One man, second row at right, is still wearing his life jacket.**


**CASABLANCA**

**A closeup of the large French merchant steamer *Porthos*, capsized against the pier. The bow of the French battleship, *Jean Bart*, can be seen in the background.**

iron-bound coast, with a very few beaches possible to land troops on, and those beaches are so exposed to the ocean swells that breaking waves ten to fifteen feet high are not uncommon in November. Most of these beaches were under the protection of strong shore batteries. Hence the landings must be made at night, when surf is most dangerous to boats. Indeed so many chances were taken that, if the breaks had gone against us or, as one Admiral stated in his report, if Divine Providence had not been on our side, those who planned the West African expedition would probably by now be branded as incompetents, lunaties, and murderers.

On Wednesday, the 4th of November, with the landing day only a few days off, the wind rises to gale force and seas run so high that the mighty cruiser on which I sail is rolling 30 degrees. Our weather man's face is as long as his chart, for the Washington weather predictions are pessimistic. It looks as though we were in for a heavy swell and a hard norther. By Friday the 6th things look much better, the wind has moderated and the sea is going down. This morning we see the last of the old moon. Saturday the 7th, our last full day at sea, breaks fair. The sea has gone down still more, the sky is clouding up—a good sign, for we want it dark tonight.

Our mighty fleet begins to split up. The Southern Attack Group destined for Safi peels off, the commander sending us this greeting: "Keep your eyes on the sky and your ears on the sea." The Escort Aircraft Carrier group lingers behind to act as air bases over the horizon from Africa; the Support Group of big, powerful ships hovers offshore, ready to rush in and bomb Cacablanca or perform whatever mission the Task Force Commander may assign. Finally we part with the Northern Attack Group, destined for Port Lyautey, and our Center Attack Group destined for Fedhala assumes its final approach formation.

A squadron of minesweepers leads us into glory

or disaster, only the gods know which. Then comes the outer screen of destroyers, patroling vigilantly around the entire fleet. Next the guide, a queenly heavy cruiser, and parallel to her, on the other flank, the scrappy light cruiser *Cambridge*, my ship. We lead the columns of the transports, whose names read like a roll of American history, called as they are after founding fathers and famous generals. Finally, far in the rear steams the little minelayer *Leila*. A modest Philadelphia-Norfolk steamboat before the war, she carries her cargo of T.N.T. mines very ill at ease, rolling heavily. The transport commander called her *Leila the Lethal* and cheerfully cautioned her to keep a good distance from his transports lest she blow them all up.*

Sunset at 5:45, enough stars to fix our position, we are right on top of our destination, and a due South course should bring us off Cape Fedhala by midnight.

Several hours later: "Palinrus" Paine, the incomparable navigator of the *Cambridge*, announces that we are nearing the African coast. The critical hour is drawing near. Captain Compton summons the Chaplain to the blacked-out bridge and says, "Padre: I think we ought to have a prayer before we go in and fight. Now, I'm not a praying man myself, but here's the sentiment I want to put into language appropriate for the Almighty: 'O Lord, gangway for a fighting ship and a fighting crew!'" "Aye, Aye, Sir!" says Father O'Leary, and offers a sailorman's prayer while we stand by with bared heads.

Two hours later: The hoarse alarm of General Quarters summons everyone to his battle station, where he is destined to remain, on our ship, for fifteen hours.

Nearly midnight: The Flagship signals STOP, and the transports coast into their pre-determined unloading positions off Cape Fedhala, eight minutes in advance of schedule. Before eight bells usher in November 8, we can hear a faint clank and clash from the transports as the first steel landing boats are lowered into the ocean.

South of us but invisible, is the coast of "High Barbaree," and beyond that the Atlas, the Sahara, Egypt. . . . Africa was never so dark and mysterious to ancient sea-rovers as she seems tonight, veiled in clouds and hushed in slumber. Not a light gleams, not a dog barks, but the wind is off-shore and the smell of the land comes out to us, a scent of charcoal smoke and of parched dry grass. "Africa! there's Africa!" we say to each other. So long and anxiously have we been looking forward to this landfall that the very word makes us tingle down the spine. I am reminded of that superb passage in the Aeneid (iii. 25) where the Trojans first sight Italy:

> Cum procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
> ITALIAM. ITALIAM primus conclamat Achates,
> ITALIAM laeto socii clamore salutant.

for which I make an irreverent paraphase:

> When from afar we sighted dim hills and dark-lying AFRICA,
> AFRICA! first cries out the hard-boiled General Patton,
> AFRICA! yes, by God! all hail with loud acclamation.

Our objective, the beaches of Fedhala, are twelve nautical miles by sea and fifteen miles by land from Casablanca; and in Casablanca there are known to

*Names of ships and of senior naval officers in this article are fictitious.

**CASABLANCA, FRENCH MOROCCO**

**A closeup view from the starboard side of the unfinished French battleship, *Jean Bart*, discloses damage near the bow and near the stern. Note also the sheds and pier damaged as the result of bombing and shell fire from U. S. Fleet.**

Official U. S. Navy Photographs

be the French battleship *Jean Bart*, a cruiser, eight or ten destroyers, thirteen submarines, and sundry small naval craft. Cape Fedhala itself has a battery of 100mm and one of 75mm guns, which are able to sweep the beaches and their approaches; and at the other end of the beaches is the Pont Blondin battery of four 138mm guns—"Sherki" we call it—from misreading an Arabic name on the map. Besides these there are numerous machine gun nests on the Cape, near the beaches, and around the town. Our orders are to put several thousand troops ashore on these beaches before sunrise. Those assault troops are to capture the town, the harbor, and whatever batteries the Navy has not silenced. Then, reinforced by many thousand more troops landed in daylight, they are to establish a beachhead running well back into the country, and prepare to advance overland against Casablanca. The French are known to have several hundred fighter and bomber planes within reach of Fedhala; but our carrier-based planes will be launched before sunrise and should catch them grounded, if they are smart. (They are.)

The transport unloading area is several miles off shore. As soon as the landing boats are in the water, they come up under rope-net ladders down which the soldiers scramble with heavy equipment on their backs, while cranes lower the tanks and armored vehicles into tank lighters. The landing boats and lighters are organized in "waves" alongside the transports that are nearest the beach. Four destroyers, one for each transport, conduct these waves of landing boats to the "line of departure" and anchor. At the predetermined hour, the first wave leaves the line of departure for the beaches, followed at short intervals by other waves. As soon as a boat is unloaded on the beach, her naval crew must make every effort to retract her and return to this transport to get another load.

You can see how vulnerable the whole operation is, and how necessary it is to surprise the enemy. Apart from all chances of weather and heavy surf, the boats and the men on the beaches may encounter enemy fire from the ground and from the air. That's where our ship comes in.

While the boats are being loaded from the transports, our task in the *Cambridge* is to patrol to the eastward and northward of the transport area. That gives plenty of time for reflection. It is the dark of the moon, but the sky clears up, revealing Orion in all his splendor flung across the zenith. Cassiopoea sets, the Great Bear rises right up on his tail, and the guards of Polaris, the mariner's eternal clock hand, move slowly up from the horizon. What countless stratagems of this sort—land in the dark to conquer before dawn—have been practised on this very coast, since remotest antiquity! We might be caravels of Prince Henry the Navigator in 1442, with sails furled and yards on deck, waiting for the Pole Star clock to register two hours before dawn to move in and rush the town. It has always been the same technique. You want a couple of hours' darkness to get ashore and surprise 'em, and then daybreak, so you can tell friend from foe, and gold from brass, and wench from wife.

A destroyer signals jubilantly over voice radio "The Yanks are coming!" That means the four destroyers are leaving the first line of transports with the boat waves. It will take them at least an hour to reach the beaches. A new chapter in African history is about to open. Maybe a new chapter in American history, too. Glad I'm here to write it!

The men must be leaping ashore now, rifles in hand, running up the beach and striking for their first shore objectives. That's exactly what they are doing, but we hear nothing of their activities for another tense hour.

Morning twilight is just beginning as the *Cambridge* moves majestically toward her fire-control position, where she can take care of Sherki battery if it gets mean. It does. Firing is now heard on the beach. A searchlight shoots up from Sherki and another from Fedhala, looking for planes—they heard the humming of motors and thought that's what we were. Then the searchlights drop and move nervously about, pricking holes in the darkness about the bay and beaches, revealing what must have seemed to the French, at first, a mere commando raid. The shore batteries open fire. Over the voice radio we hear the captain of destroyer *Callaghan* asking his commodore "Can I open fire?" The answer comes "Go ahead!" and the commodore telephones the pre-arranged word that resistance has begun. A few minutes later there comes over the air the long anticipated signal for a general engagement.

FLASH from Battery Sherki, FLASH from Destroyer *Callaghan*, and then the sullen BOOM!—BOOM! as the sound catches up. It is still so dark that the shore is invisible, and we first know Sherki is firing at us by seeing red-hot shells hurtling through the air in our direction. Inshore, and at half our range, bold *Callaghan* is blazing away at the battery. Guns on Cape Fedhala join the chorus; the cruiser *Charlotte* and two other destroyers return their fire. Our little corner of the world, so hushed and dark and silent for five long hours, is now split with blinding gun flashes, shattered by machine gun fire, shaken by the crash of heavy ordnance.

(*Continued on page* 156)

# The Search for a Roof in Tangier

*By* CHARLES W. LEWIS, JR., *Department of State*

THE trials and tribulations of man as a house hunter began, according to reliable sources of information, when man first left his subterranean nest of sticks and leaves and bones and went forth in search of a house. That, of course, was a long time ago. The trials and tribulations of American diplomatic and consular officers in this field of enterprise began more recently. According to the records, they began with the beginning of the nation, and, according to what one hears, they have not let up much since that time.

Like the weather and servants and illness, it's a subject some of us like to talk about.

That palace I was looking for in India never materialized, but in the long run my family and I got along fairly well in what they call out that way a "bungalow." It took me a long run, however, to find one with water in it, and I never did find one with screens on it. While voyaging up to Turkey I had visions of a vacant Seraglio, overlooking the placid waters of the Ægean, but as it happened, the Sultan had never chanced to take a fancy for the place where we were going, and so there was no seraglio, vacant or otherwise. But, lo! one of my predecessors, with the important aid of the Division of Foreign Service Administration, had fixed things up very nicely. By contrast with what had gone before, my memory flitted back for a moment to my house-hunting anxieties and troubles in England, Mexico, Canada, and India. I surveyed the scene and thanked my predecessor and FA. There before me was what I had been looking for for a dozen years. Allah be praised, exclaimed I. The days of set-backs and stand-backs were over—for awhile. So my family and I just carried in the bags and baggage and settled down and lost no tears over the failure of a vacant Seraglio to materialize. We had, in very truth, entered the portals of Paradise. We had no house hunting to do.

**The entrance door of the Legation at Tangier**

For these and other small reasons I was impressed recently by a report from J. Rives Childs concerning the house-hunting anguishes of some of his early predecessors at Tangier. Eventually one of them was able to enter the portals of a Paradise, fixed up, no doubt, with the cooperation of FA, but this did not occur, according to the records cited by Mr. Childs, until after many an earlier predecessor had groaned and despaired and had departed for to go back home, or had complained and shouted himself into—well, if not into a premature grave, then into a dwelling of some kind which was not precisely satisfactory.

The story at Tangier, as recorded by Mr. Childs, began in the year 1797, when the Consul of that time, sitting on a hotel porch in Gibraltar, looking off toward Tangier, penned some hopeful lines to the Secretary of State, saying he had "directed a Plan and Estimate of a House suitable for the Consul of the United States for Morocco to be got ready." He added, as a sort of anti-climax, however, that "until we have Peace in Europe" the price of the materials would probably "enhance prodigiously the expense of such a House." Nevertheless, he said that "as a House must be Built, I purpose securing a spot of ground for it as soon as I return from the Emperor."

A few months later we find the Consul, now in Tangier,

**Recent view of the living-room of the Legation at Tangier.**

dwelling in a house which, on his own testimony, was "scarce fit for any Christian to be in," although he was paying twenty ducats a month rent for it. Under these circumstances, he decided to purchase, for $2.131.00. a House and Garden at a little distance from Town which after the rainy season with some Trifling Additions would answer the immediate purpose of accommodating himself and Family in a decent Stile. The Consul added that it was his intention to put up with the Accommodation that House afforded until "we be blessed with the Return of Peace, when a House suitable for the Consul of the United States may be built in Town at a regular Charge to the Public." The last phrase would seem to indicate that the Consul was still full of expectation that a beneyolent and understanding Government at home would do the right thing hy him.

Two years later, however, the Consul was only able to report that the Secretary of State would be sensible of the inconvenience he had been exposed to by the want of a suitable house and that had he not laid out some of his own money in making an addition to the house which he had purchased from the Danish Consul he would have been exposed to even more inconvenience. This situation was not altogether due to pure neglect on the part of the Government, however, for the Consul admitted in the same communication that he did not see how the powerful objections offered at his first arrival against the buildings of a house, "at a regular Charge to the Public," could be overcome "until we have peace in Europe," since—he again added—the cost of materials and workmanship "would go far beyond anything you could calculate upon."

At the end of another year we see the Consul moving into town and taking up residenec in a small house, the property of his worthy friend the Swedish Consul. The Consul explained that the move had been made necessary because he had been attacked "by a fever which became intermittent and at last ended in a singular Ague which thank God has yielded to the use of Bark and I trust I shall not have any return of it." Still undaunted as regards the house issue, he added that "the indispensable necessity of a Consular House being built here must still be obvious to the Executive," and in order to prove his determination to get things going he reported that he had purchased, out of his own pocket, a "piece of Ground offering for sale" for 100 Ducats.

A year later, apparently ehanging his mind about paying for the piece of ground out of his own pocket, the Consul informed the Secretary of State that he was drawing a bill of exchange on him for $2,000 to pay for the ground.

It is not revealed in the records whether the Sec-

retary of State complied with the Consul's request that the bill of exchange be paid, but it seems that he did not, for on Christmas Day, 1802, the Consul penned these disturbing lines: "It is a matter of concern for me to observe from your letter of 30th April, that the President did not chuse a House should be built in Tangier for residence of your Consul at the Public Charge. I am persuaded he did not then know that not one decent or comfortable House is to be found here and that in consequence a National House is so indispensably necessary to the United States. From a sense of the increased charge that would necessarily have attended such a House, in a time of war in Europe because of the enhanced price of materials, I am now put up at the most sorry residence hired of a Moor at the rate of $16 a month (at first $20) but the discomfort became so bad that I could no longer continue in it, and my Friend the Swedish Consul has latterly accommodated me with a small House, his property, consisting of four small Rooms in a Gallery of two sides with a door and a window in each, an Apartment belonging to him fit only for Servants and Store Rooms. I fully persuade myself Government will not leave me in so very uncomfortable a situation and besides my duty compels me to add that independent of the very great inconvenience to me and my family, such a state would be considered indecorous for a person holding the appointment I am honoured with."

It seems clear that the Consul had been anticipating something more favorable than the above turn of events, and had even entered into certain commitments on the subject of a house, for he added in his communication that he had made an offer of 4,000 Ducats for a house belonging to the Sultan and that "His Majesty will certainly not be pleased if it be not taken in performance."

The housing difficulties at Tangier and the possible displeasure of the Sultan notwithstanding, the Executive in Washington did not "chuse" to authorize the construction "at the Public Charge" of a residence for the Consul. Nineteen years passed. Then events moved swiftly. Information at hand does not reveal precisely the relations existing in the year 1821 between the Consul of the United States and the Sultan, or between the United States and Morocco, but they must have been excellent, for in that year the Sultan made a handsome gift to this country of a house in Tangier, located on perhaps the most sightly and healthful site in the town. Thus was acquired, not by purchase but by gift from a generous Sultan, the property which has ever since formed the site of the American official establishment in Tangier. And thus ended the house-hunting days of our officers in charge at Tangier.

(*Continued on page* 163)

## STATE DEPARTMENT POLICY

*The Bangor Daily News* on February 8, 1943, printed an editorial of unusual length regarding the Department's policy in North Africa, written by Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman, American journalist who for many years was stationed in Geneva, Switzerland. The following paragraphs are extracts from the editorial:

"There used to be a common saying that diplomacy made wars: now it helps to fight them. In the present war, it has played a larger part than in any other war recorded by history—a larger part on both sides.

"The more pity, therefore, that the efficient part which it has played for America should win it the short-sighted hatred of those questionable Americans who are now howling against our State Department's French and North African policies—and, incidentally, against General Dwight D. Eisenhower for dutifully adhering to such of those policies as properly entered his field of activity. . . .

"For over a century and a quarter, Americans have been complaining of their Foreign Service:

"That we chose, for our most important missions, people whose sole qualification was their private fortunes. That, in no division of the State Department, was there a true career for a Career Man. That, consequently, we were pretty uniformly misrepresented by our representatives abroad, not infrequently ill-served by the Department's functionaries at home. That, so far as Washington was concerned, the Department was a social-club; and that, though we never lost a war, we never won a conference.

"Now, after twenty-five years' endeavor—with infinite pains—against heavy opposition—at great personal sacrifice—a little group of able diplomats have amazingly managed to construct for us a genuine Diplomatic Service—

"And, as a reward for their first major diplomatic victory, they are denounced because they play diplomacy instead of Old Maid! They are vilified because they have succeeded!"

---

Press attacks on ROBERT D. MURPHY, Personal Representative of the President, and on the Department's policies in North Africa, which appeared in such publications as *PM*, *The Nation*, the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Herald-Tribune*, were answered by the JOURNAL in its February editorial. The text of the editorial voicing confidence in Murphy, and stressing the primary importance of the battle of Tunisia, was reproduced in the news columns of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Times-Herald*, and other newspapers.

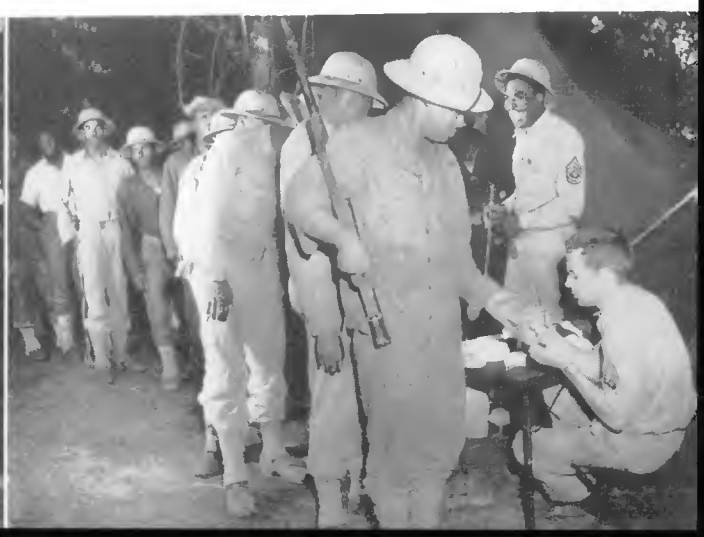
# American Troops

Crane lifts jeep from hold of transport


Having delivered the greetings of his fellow members of the U. S. task force to the Liberians, Private Napoleon Edward Taylor, first soldier to land, lines up for the first meal ashore

First photographs of the activities of the American Army Engineers task force in Liberia. These troops find themselves in a land from which many of their ancestors came. Liberia was a slave market, and it became a symbol of freedom to those who were released from bondage in this country. Their leaders returned, not to the primitive state, but to build a republic patterned after the United States. Joseph Jenkins Roberts, a Virginia Negro, declared Liberia an independent republic in 1847. It was formally recognized as such by

*Lower left:* Necessary tropical equipment being issued to the troops. *Lower right:* To prevent the possibility of malaria attacks, U. S. troops in the tropics are examined every two weeks.



# n Liberia

the United States in 1862, the second year of the Civil War.

Liberia in area is about the size of Ohio. Its population of almost two million is made up of a few thousand Liberians and many indigenous tribes. These are called the Gbandi, Kpwesi, Buzi, Vai, Mende and Mandingo, the latter three being Mohammedans.

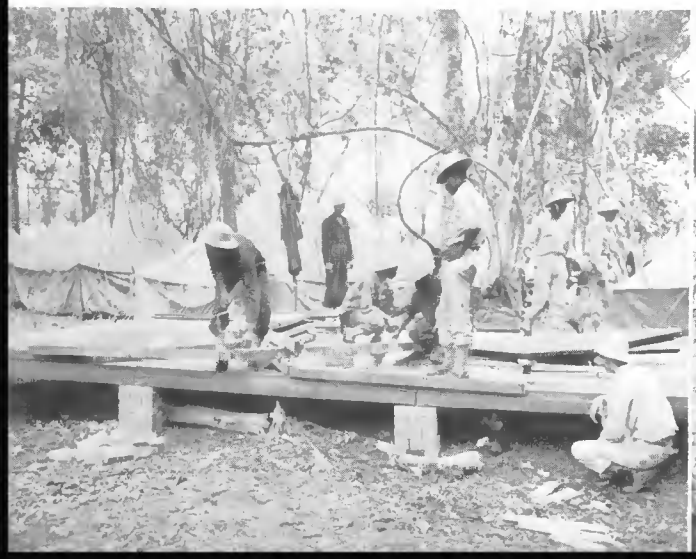
In international policy Liberia has followed the United States closely. Neutral in the last war, up to a point, it declared war on Germany and actually sent soldiers to France. Again in World War II, Liberia has thrown in its lot with the Allies.

**President Roosevelt on his recent visit to Liberia is shown welcoming President Edwin Barclay to an American jeep as they began to review the troops**

**Sergeant McSwain reports to Lieutenant Beach, in charge of unloading the lighters**

*Official U. S. Army Photos*

***Lower left:*** **U. S. Engineers laying the floor of a prefabricated building after clearing space in the tropical jungle.**
***Lower right:*** **Erection of a tent in temporary headquarters.**



# General Clark's Secret Mission to Algeria on October 21, 1942

*By* Ridgeway B. Knight, *Vice Consul, Algiers*

THE following account concerns the meeting which took place near Algiers on October 21 and 22, 1942, between General Clark and his staff on the one hand and a group of French military and civilian personalities on the other.

On Friday, October 16, Mr. Murphy phoned me in Oran requesting that I come to Algiers on Sunday, the 18th. Following my arrival in that city, Mr. Murphy told me about the proposed meeting and informed me that I was to accompany him as interpreter.

The site selected was a farmhouse about seventy-five miles from Algiers. This house belonged to a young Frenchman in whom our French friends had complete confidence. He only knew that an important meeting was to take place there and did not have other details either as to people to be present or subjects to be discussed.

The presence of two French Douaïr (a native coast guard organization with French officers) lieutenants, both ardent supporters of our cause, was another inducement as it had been arranged with them that the coast guard patrol would be dismissed early on the night of the meeting. The date had been set for either the night of October 20-21 or else the night of the 23d-24th.

On Tuesday evening, the 20th, Mr. Murphy, two Frenchmen and I left Algiers and drove to ——— for dinner. On purpose the dinner was quite gay and we spoke quite openly about going further along the coast for the night. We arrived at the house where the meeting was to take place and were joined later by other Frenchmen who were to participate. I spent the whole night on the beach as look-out but no one came. We returned to Algiers thinking that General Clark and his party would come on Friday night as arranged, but no sooner had I reached my room at the hotel than Mr. Murphy called me, asking that I come immediately to the Consulate. A radio message had just arrived, stating that the submarine had left Gibraltar a few hours late and had hove to off the meeting place too close to dawn for General Clark and his party to land with safety. As it was too dangerous for the submarine to remain offshore until Friday night, it was necessary for us to notify the various French personalities that the meeting would take place that night. This was a long and tedious job, as the telephone could not be safely used and as it was difficult to get in touch with some of our friends, all of them believing that the meeting had automatically been postponed until Friday.

At eight o'clock that evening Mr. Murphy and I drove directly ot the farm. We found a darkened house, which seemed quite natural. As we were hurrying to unload our bags and hide the car, two Arabs came up to us and asked what we were doing in a definitely hostile tone of voice. We answered that we had come to send the night with our good friend Mr. X, the owner of the house. We were told that this was strange, as Mr. X had gone to Algiers until Friday. We pretended great indignation and said that we would go to the next town and call Mr. X. We were worried because our friends should have been at the farm a good hour ahead of us, and there being so few cars on the road we were afraid that our coming back through ——— would arouse suspicion, even though we were in my gray Studebaker which often traveled between Oran and Algiers.

Fortunately, as we were a hundred yards from the gates of ——— we saw a car coming out of the town and it proved to be our friends. Upon reaching the farmhouse Mr. X made the mistake which nearly wrecked the whole affair. He dismissed his two Arab watchmen but gave them each fifty francs with the admonition that they say nothing about our previous call or about anything they had seen. As it later developed, these Arabs started talking about what they had seen just as soon as they arrived in town and were the basis of the "suspicious activities report" which the Chief of Police later received.

The signal light for the submarine was put in place. This was an ordinary white electric bulb hanging from the ceiling and about four feet inside a window giving on the sea.

I again went down to the beach and after a short wait (around midnight) I saw the first kayak about one hundred yards offshore. I waited in the shadow until the boat had been beached and came out to meet an American officer who turned out to be Colo-

**This photograph, taken from a Navy reconnaissance plane covering landing operations near Casablanca, portrays landing of American troops in French Morocco. While this picture does not show the actual landing of General Clark's forces, it is typical of American landing operations in North Africa.**

Official U. S. Navy Photograph

nel Julius Holmes. After mutual identification, the British commando officer accompanying Colonel Holmes signaled to the three other kayaks that the coast was clear. The landing party consisted of General Clark, General Lemnitzer, Colonel Hamblin, Colonel Holmes and Captain (Navy) Wright. Accompanying these five American officers were three British commando officers, Captain Livingston, Captain Courtney and Lieutenant Foote. Mr. Murphy joined us on the beach and we proceeded to carry up the kayaks and hide them in the house.

After a few hours' rest, the French military representatives arrived at 6 a.m. From then on staff talks occupied the entire day until about 6 p.m., when the French military representatives departed. Little new military information was supplied but valuable confirmations were obtained and of course it was possible for our military representatives to ask direct questions and obtain elucidations which otherwise would not have been possible.

In view of the lack of final preparations evident in some places—Morocco in particular—at the time of the landing, it is perhaps interesting to note that during these meetings we were urged repeatedly by the French to act and act quickly. At that time their thesis was "the sooner the better." They emphasized their conviction that Axis troops were concentrated on the Tunisian border of Tripolitania, in Sicily, and in Sardinia.

As we were dining one of the French coast guard lieutenants came in and breathlessly told us that the Chief of Police was on his way to the farmhouse with a squad of gendarmes to investigate the reports of suspicious activities which he had received during the day. As General Clark later said, one would have thought that fifty dead skunks had been thrown on the table at the speed with which most of our French friends disappeared. We then hid General Clark and his party in a small wine cellar concealed beneath a trap door. After that Mr. Murphy and I hesitated for a few moments as to the wisest course of action for us. Should we return to Algiers or stay and see the thing through? We quickly decided that the latter was the only thing we could do. In order to give us countenance we started to play pokar dice after emptying onto the table all the money our wallets contained. After clearing off the extra number of plates, Mr. X and the second coast guard lieutenant joined in the poker dice game but none of us thereafter was ever quite sure as to who had won and who had lost. After an hour and a half of playing and pretending to be slightly tipsy, the first coast guard lieutenant

(*Continued on page* 154)

# Dumbarton Oaks

*By* Milton V. Anastos*

QUOD SEVERIS METES
THE
DUMBARTON OAKS
RESEARCH LIBRARY AND COLLECTION
HAS BEEN ASSEMBLED AND CONVEYED TO
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
BY MILDRED AND ROBERT WOODS BLISS
THAT THE CONTINUITY OF SCHOLARSHIP
IN THE
BYZANTINE AND MEDIAEVAL HUMANITIES
MAY REMAIN UNBROKEN
TO CLARIFY AN EVER CHANGING PRESENT
AND TO INFORM THE FUTURE
WITH WISDOM

WITH these words Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss in November, 1940, transferred Dumbarton Oaks, their estate in Georgetown, to Harvard University, except for a part of the property which they gave to the District of Columbia for a park. The rest, including the house, the collection and research library, the gardens and the other buildings on the grounds, was presented to Harvard University.

By this gift Mr. and Mrs. Bliss have opened a new path of endeavor and have provided a new stimulus for creative scholarship. The house is the center of the scholarly activities thus inaugurated and has been remodeled to furnish suitable facilities for the scholars in residence. In addition to the books on Byzantine subjects (described below), the library contains 5,000 photographs, a large number of volumes on painting, sculpture and the arts in general, and a few carefully selected rare books.

The collection, for which a new museum wing was built, was formed by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and specialists in the art of the Byzantine world. The objects have been chosen both for their own intrinsic beauty and because of their historical importance. In addition, there is a large number of paintings, tapestries, sculptures, and other objets d'art which reflect Mr. and Mrs. Bliss's catholic tastes and their interest in many different periods and types of art.

Dumbarton Oaks is administered by an executive committee appointed by Harvard University with Professor Paul J. Sachs as Chairman. The Executive Committee turns to a Board of Scholars, also appointed by the University, for counsel and advice in all scholarly matters. During the present year

*The author acknowledges with gratitude the criticism and suggestions of Professors R. P. Blake, W. R. W. Koehler, and P. J. Sachs, and of Dr. John S. Thacher, Jr. (now Lt., U.S.N.R.).

**Museum wing, view from the street.**

**Aerial photograph of Fellows' quarters.**

the research activities are under the guidance of the two senior fellows, Professor W. R. W. Koehler and Professor Robert P. Blake, who direct the work of the junior fellows. Dr. John S. Thacher, Jr., is resident executive officer in charge of administration.

The Byzantine field is vastly complex and still offers much unexplored territory. Even now, after so many generations, the art and history of Byzance have been very inadequately investigated, and much of what has been done is sporadic, fragmentary, and unsatisfactory. With this in mind, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss had for many years been dreaming of establishing a research laboratory which would attack these tortuous problems in a scientific way and eventually develop into an important center of Byzantine studies.

The research collection, probably so called, is intended to serve the needs of specialists in the Byzantine field. Consequently, it takes into account the many radii of influences springing from and leading to Byzantium. For the history of the Byzantine Empire, though concerned primarily with the Greek Middle Ages from the time of Constantine the Great, who founded the city of Constantinople (324), to the fall of Constantinople (1453) at the end of the mediaeval period, embraces many lands and many cultures. Much more is involved than the regions which were ethnically and linguistically Greek. Byzantine civilization represents in many respects a fusion of many diverse elements, pagan, Semetic, and Christian. That is why the word Byzantium and its derivatives have more than one connotation. On the one hand they refer naturally to the city of Constantinople itself, which was also known as Byzantium in ancient and mediaeval times.

On the other hand, the term Byzantine is often used to designate the synthesis of many forces both occidental and oriental which were in one way or another drawn into the orbit of Byzantium either as effects or causes. The materials gathered by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss illustrate these manifold aspects of the Byzantine world and form thus an admirable center for the investigations now being pursued at Dumbarton Oaks.

The museum at Dumbarton Oaks is intentionally not very large, but it includes a few representative pieces illustrating each of the principal divisions of the field to which it is devoted. A small group of fine objects from the ancient world, especially from Greece and Rome, which are of course of prime importance, give an indication of some of the pre-Constantinian sources of Byzantine art. The greater part of the collection, however, consists of examples of Byzantine art chosen from each of the main periods of its manifestation. The fifth and sixth centuries are most richly represented. The Byzantine Empire enjoyed great prosperity at this time, and the objects on view (precious stones, gold, silver, bronze, and mosaics) reflect the wealth and prosperity of the era. Some of the floors are covered with mosaics, largely of the fifth century, from the wealthy city of Antioch in Syria. One of them depicts a vivid hunting scene; and another, which was found in a bath, is a representation of the female figure Apolausis (pleasure), a personification quite in the manner of the times. In the

*(Continued on page 158)*

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## EDITORS' COLUMN

UNDOUBTEDLY 1943 will be a year of extraordinary responsibility and extraordinary opportunity for the Foreign Service. The signal services of the Officers stationed in French North Africa have received the widest recognition as contributing materially to the success of our military operations there. No exactly analagous situation is likely to occur elsewhere but numerous occasions of a similar and equally critical nature may be confidently anticipated.

If American forces, in collaboration with our Allies, are successful in liberating other territories now in the hands of the Axis, it will be necessary that the Foreign Service move closely on the heels of the Army in order that our political relations with the liberated territories may be reestablished at the earliest practicable moment. In some cases, as in North Africa at the present time, Foreign Service and Departmental Officers may for a time be attached to the staff of the military commander of the area. In others they may be accredited in the normal fashion to newly established or to reestablished governments. In some cases it is possible that certain independent responsibilities for civil administration may be imposed upon them. In all of these instances the Foreign Service Officers are likely to be called upon to perform duties, in connection with the restoration of the area in which they are stationed, which will exceed in complexity and in importance the duties with which most of them have been charged in the past. These new duties will be arduous and extremely delicate but they will also be immensely interesting and significant.

Nor is it only the Officers in occupied territories who will bear a heavy burden of responsibility. It has often been pointed out that both the winning of the war and the establishment of a lasting peace depend upon the most intimate collaboration among the United Nations. Upon the Foreign Service Officers stationed in the United Nations depends to a large degree the success of this collaboration in so far as the United States is concerned. There is the vital duty of detecting misunderstanding in its incipient stages and taking advantage of their experience and personal contacts to remove it before it becomes dangerous. Theirs is a generous share of the responsibility of laying the groundwork for a permanent system of international cooperation upon which world peace must in the future largely depend.

Finally there remain the Officers stationed in neutral countries. As the war reaches a crucial phase the benevolence of the neutrals toward the cause of the United Nations becomes more and more important. In many of the countries in question our representatives have already performed a superb piece of work. During the months to come their burdens will not be diminished.

So a year which will bring to our nation heavier responsibilities than it has ever borne in its history, ushering in perhaps a period during which we can preserve our national security and well being only by interesting ourselves in the peace and well being of farflung areas of the globe, will also bring to the Foreign Service its greatest and most challenging opportunity. We are confident that this opportunity will be welcomed, will be understood and will be met.

# News from the Department

*By* JANE WILSON

*First State Department War Casualties*

On January 15 an airliner crashed in the jungles of Dutch Guiana, carrying to their death its 35 passengers, among whom were two officials of the Department of State, WILLIAM HODSON and OSMON E. HENRYSON.

Mr. Hodson was killed while on his way to undertake an assignment as Director of Relief in North Africa. He was on leave of absence as Commissioner of Welfare for the City of New York, to serve with the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations.

Mr. Henryson had been assigned as a clerk to the American Consulate General in Algiers. He entered the Foreign Service on July 21, 1942, and was proceeding to the field on his first assignment after a brief detail of duty in the Department.

The Secretary of State in his statement to the press said "these two officials died in the performance of their duties and have been added to the list of those other Americans who have given their lives for their country."

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*Division of Exports and Requirements*

There has been created in the Department a Division of Exports and Requirements. It functions as a component part of the Board of Economic Operations and under the supervision of *Thomas K. Finletter*, Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, and under the general direction of Assistant Secretary of State Acheson. This Division has responsibility for all matters of foreign policy involved in the administration of the Act of July 2, 1940, as amended (the Export Control Act), the Act of March 11, 1941 (the Lend-Lease Act), except the negotiation of Article VII thereof under said Act, the Acts of June 28, 1940, and May 31, 1941 (in so far as priorities and/or allocations for export are concerned), provided that where such matters involve arrangements for purchase of materials, preclusive or otherwise, in foreign countries, the policies to be followed shall be formulated in the Division of Defense Materials.

CHRISTIAN M. RAVNDAL is Chief of the Division, and OLAF RAVNDAL, ALBERT M. DOYLE, CHARLES F. KNOX, JR., RUSSELL W. BENTON, and WILLIAM C. TRIMBLE are Assistant Chiefs.

The American Hemisphere Exports Office has been abolished, and its personnel, equipment and facilities transferred to the Division of Exports and Requirements (ER).

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*Worthington Stewart Retires*

At an impressive little ceremony on January 14, in the office of John G. Erhardt, Chief of Foreign Service Personnel, the members of that Division bade goodbye to WORTHINGTON E. STEWART, who as of January 31, 1943, retired after thirty-seven years with the State Department. Members of the Foreign Service, nearly all of whom have at one time or another had occasion to benefit by Mr. Stewart's helpfulness, will read with regret of his departure from the Department.

On this occasion Mr. Erhardt presented him with a set of pipes, on the silver bands of which were engraved his initials and the years of his Departmental service, as well as a humidor for tobacco. Mr. Erhardt spoke a few words of commendation of Mr. Stewart's work, his loyalty and kindliness. Mr. Stewart was, he said, one of the last assistants to Secretary of State Adee now in the Department. In 1922 he had, as Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau, handled the work since distributed among many divisions; in other words, he *was* the Divisions of Eu, FA, FE, etc., all in one!

Mr. Erhardt read the letter of presentation, signed by all of his colleagues in the Division of Foreign Service Personnel: "TO WORTHINGTON E. STEWART: For thirty-seven years of meritorious and distinguished service in the Department of State.

"Mr. Stewart has borne with dignity and patience the vagaries and changes of mood of the Old Gray Lady of Pennsylvania Avenue; he has carried more titles than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals and he has not faltered; he has won the respect and affections of his associates in FP and he merits many years of happiness in his coming retirement. God bless him."

*Heard in the Corridors*

. . . . ROBERT D. MURPHY has had conferred upon him, in absentia, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Marquette University. Mr. Murphy, a former Milwaukeean, attended the University law school for two years. . . .

. . . . CYRUS FRENCH WICKER, at one time assigned to Tangier. has written an article for the January, 1943, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* entitled "Eastward from Gibraltar." . . .

. . . . PEGGY LANE, daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Arthur Bliss Lane in Colombia, has joined the WAACS and is now in Fort Des Moines in training. . . .

. . . . OFR is the office symbol of the Director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations. Two new divisions: PS—Division of Political Studies, of which HARLEY A. NOTTER is Chief, and ES—Division of Economic Studies, of which LEROY D. STINEBOWER is Chief. . . .

. . . . Read the most romantic story of the decade in Max Hill's "Exchange Ship" — the difficulties surmounted by VICE CONSUL FREDERICK J. MANN and Miss Virginia Fogarty in trying to get married in Lourenco Marques upon their arrival there on the *Asama Maru.* Bets were 3 to 1 that permission couldn't he ohtained from the Navy Department (Miss Fogarty was a Navy nurse), the State Department, the church, and the waiver of the 30-day Lourenco Marques residence requirement, all in the four days' time before the *Gripsholm's* departure from Lourenco Marques. Mr. Mann, upon his arrival there, had received instructions to proceed as Vice Consul at Brazzaville. French Equatorial Africa. Letters of good wishes are being forwarded to *Mr. and Mrs. Mann* at that post. . . .

. . . . JOHN H. BRUINS has a unique paper weight on his desk in the Division of Foreign Service Personnel—a piece of an enemy shell, curved and with Japanese characters on one side. In Hong Kong one day this particular piece of shell just missed Mr. Bruin's head by about two feet. However, on heing interviewed about it he refused to talk. "There's no story in being missed by a Jap shell these days," he said; "why heads are being missed every day." . . .

. . . . Via the grapevine comes word that ROY E. B. BOWER is engaged in the problem of how to keep his feet dry in a flat fourteen feet from the ground. Recent rains in Madras flooded his floors and turned them into what he calls "a warm skating rink." . . .

. . . . Comes a letter from an F.S.O. stationed somewhere in Africa which says ". . . the Department's instruction that we are to work 48 hours a week made me laugh. We had been doing that and more for so long that we had almost forgotten that a 40-hour week ever existed. However, this is a most interesting post. I enjoy being here, and I have no desire to change it for anything else." . . .

. . . . Officers in the Department interested in attending Spanish classes, without charge, call the Division of Departmental Personnel, Br. 2022. These classes are being given for the professional and administrative personnel of the Department by the Inter-American Training Center. . . .

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*Life Preservers for Members of the Foreign Service*

Life preservers are now being furnished, upon request, to members of the Service traveling to their posts. These compact, rubber belts are distributed by the Department with the accompanying notice:

> "This pneumatic life preserver belt is the property of the Department of State and is being assigned to you for use in a possible emergency, which it is hoped will not arise. Please help some one else by returning it by sea pouch or by turning it over to the first Department of State employee you hear of returning to the United States, with the request that upon arrival, it be forwarded immediately to Room 108, Division of Foreign Service Administration of the Department, which will re-assign it to another employee being sent to the field.
>
> "Your cooperation in keeping the belt available for possible use hy some one is earnestly requested."

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*He Gets Around*

The most interesting Christmas card this year comes from E. TALBOT SMITH, Consul at Asmara. It was sent from Eritrea and was bedecked with a photograph of a statue of King Menelek of Ethiopia dug from Italian rubbish and again erected in Addis-Ababa upon return of Emperor Haile Selassie!

On the page facing this interesting picture, appears a heading—"October 1941-October 1943"—and listed thereunder a series of far-flung spots touched by Mr. Smith upon his travels during that year. Can anyone in the Service beat this record? Here it is: Nairobi, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar es Salaam, Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Yosemite Valley, Los Angeles, Hollywood, New Orleans, Washington, Charleston, Freetown, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Basra, Abadan, Bombay, Aden, Massaua, Asmara, Addis Ababa.

## IDENTIFY HIM?

**He was born in Naples when his father was in charge of the American Consulate there. He graduated from Yale and was made a Foreign Service Officer in 1930.**

**After an assignment in Habana he was in Naples for six years, then in Belgrade. He is now in the Division of Current Information in the Department.**

***For identification see page 149***

*The Original Consular Clerks*

CARL M. J. VON ZIELINSKI contributes some interesting data on the original Consular Clerks.

The original 13 Consular Clerks were appointed under the Act of 1856. Among them was GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK, grandfather of Ernst (Putzi) Hanfstaengl, of present press fame. Consular Clerk Sedgwick accompanied Perry on his trip to Japan, his job being to draw pictures of the locality, as he was quite an artist.

These Consular Clerks were later called Consular Assistants and the number increased to 25 and later to 30. They remained the only career officers until President Theodore Roosevelt put the Service on the merit system by the Act of 1906. However, they still insisted on calling themselves the only career officers until the Act of 1915. Among them, many of whom later became high ranking officers in the Service, were J. KLAHR HUDDLE, HARRY MCBRIDE (now a Colonel in the U. S. Army), the late AUGUSTUS INGRAM, and Mr von Zielinski. They had a very low salary and were considered the wards of the Department. The sole advantage was that they couldn't be fired without the consent of Congress. This was a very slight advantage since it merely meant that the President had to report to Congress when he fired a Consular Clerk, but it is assumed that Congress never had any objections. Whether this "advantage" continued to be passed on to the Consular Assistants is uncertain, but none of them dared test their "rights". At any rate, the Consular Assistants grade was abolished some years later, perhaps even before the Rogers Act.

*Mooseplay*

With all this talk about the scarcity of meat, and now with "porterhorse" being offered on the stalls, the story we heard recently about Montreal is liable to make that post the most desirable in the Service.

All Tarzans who feel that they can't keep up their strength on daily diets of fish, liver, kidneys and such ilk, just shoulder a gun—in the open season, of course—and trek out a'moosin'. T. bags the moose, returns to Montreal and for a mite hangs it in the cold storage plant. Then when Mrs. T. invites fourteen to dine, T. has only to go to the plant, cut off a hunk—and presto—moosesteak.

But, of course, there is a catch to it. The question would be to find the TIME to shoulder the gun, to hunt the moose, to hang in storage, to chop off a chunk, to strengthen the hulk—with good ole red meat.

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*Understandable*

RICHARD D. GATEWOOD, the JOURNAL correspondent at Trinidad, does not bemoan the lack of news at this post, but the strictness of the censorship rules. He says that under the existing censorship, news from that post would read something like this:

"Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hall entertained at dinner last night the Commanding General of Trinidad, and Major General _____ of the Air Corps and _____ of the Quartermaster Corps, on their way to _____. The Commandant of the U. S. Naval Operating Base was also present accompanied by Captains _____ and _____ who have recently been transferred to _____."

(*Continued on page* 149)

# News From the Field

**FIELD CORRESPONDENTS**

ACLY, ROBERT A.—*Union of South Africa*
ALLEN, STUART—*Western Canada*
BECK, WILLIAM H.—*Bermuda*
BERRY, BURTON Y.—*Turkey.*
BINGHAM, HIRAM, JR.—*Argentina*
BREUER, CARL—*Venezuela*
BUELL, ROBERT L.—*India*
BUTLER, GEORGE—*Peru*
CHILDS, J. RIVES—*North Africa*
CLARK, DUWAYNE G.—*Paraguay*
DOW, EDWARD, JR.—*Egypt*
DREW, GERALD A.—*Guatemala*
FISHER, DORSEY G.—*Great Britain*
FUESS, JOHN C.—*Ireland*
FULLER, GEORGE G.—*Central Canada*
GATEWOOD, RICHARD D.—*Trinidad*
GILCHRIST, JAMES M.—*Nicaragua*
GROTH, EDWARD M.—*Union of South Africa*
HUDDLESTON, J. F.—*Curacao and Aruba*
HURST, CARLTON—*British Guiana*
KELSEY, EASTON T.—*Eastern Canada*
KUNIHOLM, BERTEL E.—*Iran*
LATIMER, FREDERICK P., JR.—*Honduras*
LIGHTNER, E. ALLEN, JR.—*Sweden*
LIPPINCOTT, AUBREY E.—*Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq*
LORD, JOHN H.—*Jamaica*
LYON, CECIL B.—*Chile*
LYON, SCOTT—*Portugal*
MCBRIDE, ROBERT H.—*Cuba.*
MCGREGOR, ROBERT G., JR.—*Mexico*
MILBOURNE, H. L.—*St. Lucia*
MINTER, JOHN R.—*Southern Australia*
MITCHELL, REGINALD P.—*Haiti*
PACE, EDWARD, JR.—*U.S.S.R.*
PALMER, JOSEPH, 2ND—*British East Africa*
POST, RICHARD H.—*Uruguay*
SMITH, E. TALBOT—*Abyssinia, Eritrea, British and Italian Somaliland.*
TAYLOR, LAURENCE W.—*French Equatorial Africa, The Cameroons and Belgium Congo.*
TRIOLO, JAMES S.—*Colombia*
TURNER, MASON—*Western Australia*
WILLIAMS, ARTHUR R.—*Panama*

## OTTAWA

Members of the Legation staff were shocked and grieved to learn on Sunday morning, January 24, of the sudden death of their Minister, the Honorable J. Pierrepont Moffat. Mr. Moffat had been ill with phlebitis since mid-December, but following an operation performed on January 3 by an American specialist, he had been pronounced entirely out of danger. He had, in fact, convalesced so favorably that he was due to return to the office the very day after the fatal embolus occurred.

As Mr. Moffat himself had directed before his death, a simple funeral service was held at the Legation residence on January 26. This was attended by the Prime Ministers of Canada and Luxembourg and by several hundred others, family, friends and officials. Following the service, the remains, escorted by members of the family, Government representatives, representatives of the Department and officers of the Legation staff, were taken on a special train provided by the Canadian Government to Montreal for cremation. In addition to Messrs. Dunn and Hickerson of the Department, several Foreign Service Officers, namely, Messrs. Byington and Farnsworth from Montreal, Winship from Toronto and Winslow from Quebec journeyed to Ottawa for the Minister's funeral. The Minister's father-in-law, the Honorable Joseph C. Grew, was unable to be present due to official engagements which his daughter, Mrs. Moffat, would not allow him break.

Mr. Moffat's death has caused on all sides, in high quarters and low, an unvarying sense of real personal loss. Everyone who knew the Minister was drawn to him by the warmth and breadth of his personal interest and by the intellectual capacity and energy which enabled him to contribute so vitally to the solution of any problem, whether personal or official. In all things the Minister set for himself automatically the standards of perfection, and such were his qualities of heart and mind that the goal, to those who knew him, seemed always well within his grasp. His death, as many Canadians did not hesitate to say, was an immeasurable loss to Canada as well as to his own country and to the world of the future in which he seemed destined to play so large a role.

J. G. PARSONS.

## TANGIER

January 10, 1943.

By now everyone knows that American forces landed in French North Africa on November 8th. Within a few hours thereafter, such was the geographical ignorance of a great American press association, that the personnel of the Legation in

(*Continued on page* 161)

GEORGE WADSWORTH, DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND CONSUL GENERAL, PRESENTING HIS LETTER OF CREDENCE — BEIRUT, NOVEMBER 19, 1942

*Left to right:* Lebanese Foreign Minister Boulos, Lebanese President Naccache, Mr. Wadsworth, Military Aattache Seo't, Assistant Military Attache Captain MacBryde, Third Secretary Whitman, Third Secretary Henry, Special Attache Britt.

The arrival at New Delhi of Mr. William Phillips, President Roosevelt's Personal Representative in India. The photo was taken at the New Delhi airport on January 8, 1943. Left to right: Brigadier General Benjamin Ferris (Deputy Chief of Staff, U. S. Forces in China, Burma and India), Mr. Phillips, Mr. George Merrell (Secretary in charge, Office of the President's Personal Representative), and Brigadier General Clayton Bissell, Commanding General, 10th Air Force.

At the airport Mr. Phillips was received on behalf of the Viceroy by Captain Carter, A. D. C., by Captain Reid-Scott representing Field Marshal Wavell, and by Captain Fry for the External Affairs Department.

There was a large gathering of press men, American, British and Chinese. Secretaries Monroe B. Hall, Norris S. Haselton, Lampton Berry and Adrian B. Colquitt were also present. Later Mr. Phillips drove to the Viceroy's House, where he stayed for several days as guest of the Viceroy. *(Courtesy Adrian B. Colquitt.)*

# The Bookshelf

FRANCIS C. DE WOLF, *Review Editor*

*PEACE AND WAR, United States Foreign Policy, 1931-1941. Department of State Publication 1853. Government Printing Office. 144 pp. $0.25.*

The terms Fascist and appeasement as applied by critics of the Left to American foreign policy during what the editors of "Peace and War" appropriately describe as the "fateful decade." 1931-1941, had been pretty well emptied of meaning before publication of this compact, candid and on the whole discouraging document by the Department of State. Upon what ground can the critics now stand? Upon President Roosevelt's admonition to Hjalmar Schacht in May, 1933, against Nazi Germany's attitude on disarmament; an attitude not yet disclosed in deeds? Or upon Mr. Hull's pessimistic prophecy to the rotund Nazi Ambassador, Hans Luther, in November, 1933, of a general war within the next few years unless the aggressive countries returned to the ways of law and peace?

Such penetrating utterances punctuate the book. Roosevelt and Hull, fortified by accurate reports from our foreign service officers abroad, knew at all times whither we were drifting. To me the most striking revelation to come out of these records is its evidence of the explicit, literate and thoroughly informed character of the State Department's advices from abroad—from Messersmith and Douglas Miller in Central Europe, Breckinridge Long in Rome and the incomparable Grew in Tokyo. Long's acute report on the callous unanimity with which the Italian people and press welcomed the rape of Ethiopia should be well noted in relation to the current endeavor to absolve the Italian people of moral responsibility for Il Duce's aggressions.

Where in this crowded record do the critics find appeasement? From September 22, 1931, when Mr. Stimson held Japan accountable for the four-day-old "Mukden incident" until the midday of December 7, 1941, when Mr. Hull uncorked the vials of his Old Testament wrath on Nomura and Kurusu, where did this Government truckle to the aggressors, palliate their offenses or deviate from a consistent policy of diplomatic opposition?

Yet, forewarned as were the White House and the State Department, they found it difficult to forearm the Republic either psychologically or in terms of tanks and bombers. I called "Peace and War" a discouraging document. It proves again that good intentions, the high moral integrity of a Hull, are not proof against ignorance, cynicism and a selfish refusal to face uncomfortable facts. Two dark currents were at play in that indecisive decade. There was first the reactionary rise of predatory forces abroad, with their clear threat to the Western civilization of which we are an integral part, like it or not. And in hidden, unconscious alliance with those forces were the isolationist elements in this country, backing Congress as it passed naive "neutrality" legislation and the Senate when it unceremoniously rejected membership in the World Court.

Unhappily, the isolationists, it becomes apparent with a reading of this White Paper, influenced the White House and the State Department even more effectively than one otherwise recalls. Mr. Roosevelt accepted the neutrality acts, although with a warning of their mischievous nature; Mr. Hull was at times tempted to place the negative fact of peace above righteousness. It may be that the President and the Secretary of State lingered too long with generalized principles. Yet to their everlasting credit, they never wavered in opposition to evil and after the fall of France they moved the huge weight of this nation into the scales against the aggressors, supplying Britain with guns and hope, offsetting Hitler with increasing rigor at Vichy.

What can be said of their Leftist critics? The "fateful decade" found most of them rejoicing in the "disclosures" of the Nye committee, promoting student pledges never again to take up arms, misleading the people with respect to the causes and consequences of the last war and, if they were Marxists, picketing the White House prior to June 22, 1941, against intervention in an "imperialistic war." The fact that Fascism seems on its way to defeat and obloquy owes a great historical debt to Roosevelt and Hull; little or nothing to those who cry "appeasement." If the job had been left to American left wing liberals and radicals, England might well have gone unaided into submission while Moscow looked the other way.

FORREST DAVIS

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*REPORT FROM TOKYO, A Message to the American People, by Joseph C. Grew. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1942. xxvii, 88 pp. Paperbound, $1. Cloth and Boards, $1.50.*

The central theme of these speeches of former Ambassador Grew is that the Japanese are tough.

that they will not weaken even under severe defeats and that our victory over Japan cannot be easily won. With one exception, these speeches present no new material. What Mr. Grew is saying was said by many people in many ways before Pearl Harbor. The exception is the author's revelation of peace proposals from Chiang Kai-shek to the Japanese in July, 1937, shortly after the outbreak of hostilities in north China (p. xvii). The proposals, of course, came to nothing.

The value of the speeches and their publication in a single volume is not to provide new or startling information but to impress the average citizen with the seriousness of the war against our Japanese enemy. This is important because Mr. Grew's words carry more weight with the public than do those of most individuals. The speeches reveal that Mr. Grew saw rather clearly that little short of force would suffice to stop Japan and he saw this before 1937 as the recent State Department publication summarizing our foreign policy indicates.

Apparently, however, Mr. Grew is not quite sure whether there exists in Japan a group with whom we might be able to work after the war. He emphasizes his belief that the Japanese people have been imposed upon by the "militarists" or "extremists." Yet he also says that, "Indeed, the Japanese armed services and the Japanese nation have become so closely identified that it is difficult to tell where one stops and the other begins." (p. 33.) Again, in discussing the topic, "Is this a racial war?" Mr. Grew shows clearly the nationalistic and medieval background of the Japanese to make his point that belief in race superiority was the principal "selling point" of the militarists, and, he says, the militarists "had an attentive and docile audience."

Because many Americans have been led to believe in the myth of Japanese "liberals" it would be valuable if Mr. Grew had been clearer in his views on this subject. For if our Government accepts the idea that a "liberal" group will arise in Japan after defeat, then policy must operate within certain limits, but if the opposite theory holds, then the policy moves of our Government may be very difficult.

Reading this clear exposition of the driving force behind Japan's expansion policy, one cannot help but wish that all of these speeches had been made three or four years earlier. But one also detects expression of that false hope that pervaded the State Department that somehow war could be averted. Although Mr. Grew warned that Japan might strike suddenly, he reports that when he received the news of Pearl Harbor, "I could not believe that the news was true" (p. 4). This is not to criticize Mr. Grew or others for "hoping" and working to avert war, but to suggest that as events, and actions of the Japanese continued to dim that hope, the American people were not made sufficiently aware of the thin thread upon which peace hung, and they, like Mr. Grew, could not believe the news.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTONE,
*The George Washington University.*

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*TOTAL ESPIONAGE, by Curt Riess. New York: Putnams, 1941; xii and 318 p. (with chronological table and index.) $2.75.*

Concerning the Hess affair, Curt Riess has an interesting story to tell. He claims that in 1940 and 1941, British Intelligence forged the signatures of numbers of noble Englishmen, known to have been supporters of the Chamberlain appeasement policy, to correspondence with intermediaries in Lisbon. This correspondence, carried on without the knowledge of the supposed writers of the letters, fell into the hands of the Nazi master-minds, as it was intended to do. Herr Riess says that British Intelligence began this with the intention to entice a few top-flight German intelligence agents into their hands for use in a trade to recover their own agents, Steven and Best, who had been kidnapped from Dutch territory by the Nazis prior to the invasion of the Low Countries. The result, however, according to Riess, was a rising Nazi conviction, in the first half of 1941, that there was a good chance to obtain the overthrow of the Churchill government and a compromise peace with England. The supposed basis was a shared fear of Russia and of the Communist movement. Herr Riess has it that Hess came to Great Britain to build with such a group. When, on the arrival of Hess himself, it became evident that the game had succeeded beyond all expectation, the story goes on, Churchill personally took over and directed the maneuvers of the last fateful month prior to the 22nd of June, 1941. Hess was taken in, it is said, to the extent that he sent (with the assistance of British Intelligence), through the German Legation in Dublin, the agreed signal to Berlin to proceed with the attack on Russia.

The reader may or may not consider that Herr Riess is close to the mark in his interpretation of the Hess affair, but surely historical and strategic causes were at work to precipitate the German-Russian conflict.

Herr Riess, who is on the whole strikingly well-informed, has written the best popular book on his subject. He is not interested only in the Mati Haris and the spot stories of intelligence work, although he has much to say which is better than Oppenheim.

(*Continued on page* 150)

# The 25th Anniversary of The Foreign Service Association

*By* James Barclay Young, *Foreign Service Officer, Retired*

I HAVE always contended that the American Consular Association, which was the forerunner of the American Foreign Service Association, was the inevitable product of the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth. It was the young men in the American Consular Service who had the concept of founding the Association and it was they who actuated it.

Most of us know that the American Foreign Service Association began as the American Consular Association, from which it sprang almost full-grown, pursuant to the amalgamation of the two services into the Foreign Service. The inside facts concerning the origin and rise of the parent organization have, so far, never been told. This being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Association, it is felt to be an appropriate time to tell them.

The American Consular Association was founded on March 13, 1918. The whole idea was conceived and put into operation within the period of a few days. Time and work devoted to the creation of that organization were extra-official, given in spare time during a war by officers who were already busy.

There were not many of the founders who were present at the time when the Association movement was born. Those post-prandial exponents who maintain that much can be accomplished after eating a good meal have some supporting argument in the fact that the idea of the formation of the Association was started as several young men returned to the Department of State after a good midday meal at the Raleigh Hotel. There were five or six of us. We had been the guests of Cletus Miller, a vice consul who later left the Service. It was he who, while we were walking up the street, asked me rather casually why there was no consular club, and, before I could answer, added equally casually "Don't you think a consular club would be a good idea?" I assured him in reply that it was a capital idea. Then I explained that while there appeared to be no good reason why a club among officers of the Consular Service should not be formed, I was of the opinion that a club was not exactly what was needed, but that there should undoubtedly be some organized body among the officers, one not presenting the financial difficulties of a club. I suggested that we do something about it.

Right there is where the spontaneity of youth took effect. Like so many itinerant philosophers who had stumbled upon an inspiring theory which only required being put to the test, these young men, instead of dispersing to their respective rooms in the Department, had grasped the idea of the Service organization and wanted to do something about it. They were not only clinging to the idea of the organization and its potential worth but were visibly eager to start immediate action. I cannot remember exactly who all these colleagues were but as I recall, Klahr Huddle and Donald Shepard were in the group and possibly Leland Morris.* Anyway, they thought it would be a good idea to talk with the higher officers of the Department of State and to sound them out regarding the subject. So four or five young men scattered in several directions to advance the idea by suggesting it to the Departmental chiefs and to see their reaction. This all centered about the southwest corner hall of the main floor of the Department of State, outside of rooms 114 and 115, as there was then no separate room set aside for Service officers.

While no actual disapproval or inhibition was encountered from the Departmental heads when the proposal was broached to them, I gathered that the idea did not meet with any enthusiasm and it was not difficult to see that there was no manifestation of support or encouragement, or even approval, for that matter.

The proposed formation of a consular organization had about arrived at an impasse. There the project lay. The project, such as it was, had gotten off to a particularly good start, a start which was all too brief. It was too fine an idea to flop. That night and the next morning I personally could not help thinking of it and it kept turning over and over in my mind. Its feasibility became more and more apparent. Much depended on launching it, after thinking out some plans and, with a good beginning, then it was a matter of cooperation and economy of operation. It was obvious that there was little that such an organization could offer its members at the outset, but by good management and economy it could be kept alive and by not becoming a financially-red mushroom, it might strive to greater things

*Any inadvertence was due to preoccupation and was unintentional.—J. B. Y.

later. I had seen my brother start the National Press Club in Washington, how difficult and impossible it all seemed before hand and how easy it proved afterward and what success it achieved within a few months. That was a far greater undertaking which required a large financial outlay. Moreover, he had been thinking out the foundation of that club for two or three years. I saw no necessity of delay by subjecting the consular idea to protracted pondering. So far as I was concerned the whole thing had about crystallized and merely required action. Manifestations of interest by colleagues indicated that no pep talk was really needed, as the idea seemed to sell itself. Having put some plans on paper, it was found that only tentative plans could be made, as so much depended on the tenor of the wishes of those who would become members. The organization in any case would be simple, the fewer officers the better. A committee could be formed to handle organization details.

I remembered that Marion Letcher and someone else had once endeavored to start a consular organization a few years previous to that time. So, the next morning after the day of the eventful lunch, I phoned Marion and he said he would come to my room to talk over what he had done. I wished to ascertain what obstacles he had encountered and to know from his experience what to avoid.

While I was waiting for Marion Letcher to arrive, Leland Morris came to see me and we talked over the matter in a general way. Leland had also been thinking over the club idea. Between us, our optimism carried us away with visions of facile accomplishment. He encouraged me in no small way. It was with the impulse of this encouragement that I was buoyed when Marion Letcher came to see me. He favored the plans and added further encouragement. I decided to call a meeting of the officers present in Washington and to put the proposition of the formation of the consular body before them. I informed Marion of this and he kindly offered me then and there the use of his rooms in the Foreign Trade Advertiser's office for the purpose. This office was on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, No. 1653, opposite to the Department of State and between the Court of Claims and the Blair House. The offer was accepted.

Leland Morris and I called the meeting and urged all career consular officers then in Washington to attend. The feverish idea, in our impatient minds, brooked no delay. So the meeting was to be in a very few days from the date of the notification. This momentous initial meeting was held March 18, 1918, in the evening, in the front room of Marion Letcher's office. It was well attended. Practically all of the consular officers in Washington were present. That did not mean many, possibly seventeen, but it was gratifying to see that many and to realize that officers of high rank were also interested. Good men like Ralph Totten, William Coffin, Wesley Frost and Marion Letcher and others had joined the movement.

I opened the meeting by nominating Ralph Totten to act as temporary President and to also act as Chairman of the meeting. Leland Morris seconded the nomination and Ralph Totten was unanimously chosen and assumed the chair. I was chosen to act as Secretary and wrote the minutes and from then on until later elected to that office at the general election I acted as Secretary-Treasurer. Wesley Frost and Henry Von Struve were named a committee to draft the articles of incorporation. There was considerable discussion at this opening meeting. Although we had been called to discuss the formation of a consular club and everything was premised on the club idea, I suggested that instead of a club, an association be formed, as more appropriate to our purposes. This suggestion was adopted and thenceforth Association it was.

It is difficult to remember all that was said at the meeting but the principal agenda had been accomplished. This was to be confirmed at a later meeting on April 1, 1918, at which the articles of association were adopted. A goodly number of the consular body had been apprised of the move to start the association, even if it had been referred to as a club up to then, and they had signified their support by attending and by their remarks. There was a sufficient number of active, dependable colleagues interested in the venture to assure it a creditable beginning. Moreover, a committee had busied itself with the drafting of the articles of association and these would define the purpose of the organization, the scheme of offices and their duties as well as the means of selecting officers. The drafted product proved to be a worthy document. It filled all the requirements and stood the test in practice for years, until 1924, when the articles were redrafted and amended to conform to the needs of the new Foreign Service Association.

The Consular Association, having been unanimously adopted by the members present at the two opening meetings, was a coherent body, modest but potential. The second or confirmatory meeting, at which the articles were adopted, was held in the upper rooms of 607 Fourteenth Street, Northwest, Washington, which were called the National Club but which were nothing more nor less than Cushman's Restaurant. This was, as stated, on April 1, 1918. Ralph Totten's Marion Letcher's and my elections were confirmed.

At the outset the Association's principles of operation became: 1. devising and adopting means of being useful to officers, those in the field as well as those in the United States; 2. economy of operation, until growth might permit venturing into deeper financial waters; 3. operating on the principle that it was an association of the consular officers, to create a feeling among them not only of participation but of joint ownership and cooperation, thereby enlisting their own aid in the betterment of the interests of the officers in general and of the Service in particular; 4. adhering strictly to the requirements of the official character of the Service and of the Department of State and the high standards which this demanded; 5. avoidance of adopting visionary ideas and quixotic ventures, by keeping the Association on an even keel by conservative management but with sane, progressive ideas; 6. avoidance of anything of a political or controversial nature. The wording and outlining of these principles are my own.

The articles of association had provided for a system of general referendum in the election of officers (except honorary ones). This system was in keeping with the above principle No. 3 but was later changed. It gave members a sense of voice in the selection of the Association's officers. This was democratic but cumbersome and the disadvantages of the world-wide voting scheme threw extra work on the Secretary-Treasurer, until it was changed.

As the founders were mostly vice consuls and low-grade consuls, it had been decided early in the plans that the annual dues should be kept as low as possible and $5 a year was the amount fixed upon without the necessity of anyone speaking feelingly on the subject. After all, we had nothing to offer officers in the field except that there was an organization with a lot of good intentions but few prospects of achieving anything for a while except cohesion and a few minor things. There were some of us optimistic enough to feel that with time and the accumulated funds of the membership dues, which were our only revenue, and with the exercise of initiative, a means of being particularly useful to the Service might be found eventually. Letters of suggestion from officers in the field were of little help. The club house idea was definitely out. There is nothing so dreary and so much of an expensive luxury as an unfrequented club. With the few members who were in Washington at any one time and most of them busy on war work, the club plan was impracticable financially. Affiliation with one of the existing clubs in Washington was the suggested alternative.

Robert Skinner, then Consul General at London, was chosen President of the Association at the first general referendum election, but had little opportunity to participate directly in Association activities. He was consulted concerning important Association matters as they arose. The late William Coffin was elected Vice President. Being in the Department, he took an active interest in affairs and later, with Wesley Frost, did most of the managing of the Association. Pursuant to the initial meeting, Wesley Frost became interested in the Association and played an important part in everything which pertained to the embryonic organization. Too much cannot be said of what he accomplished for the Association in its infancy. He cooperated in every move we made for the next two years or more and I consider Wesley as the dynamic force which kept the Association alive and on the road to greater things.

This does not mean that Ralph Totten and Marion Letcher did not help greatly, for they did. They were keenly interested in the Association from the beginning and helped put it on its feet, but Ralph, as a consular inspector, was necessarily frequently out of town.

To keep interest and spirit alive, weekly meetings of consular officers were held in Washington. These were at Wednesday luncheons, at Cushman's Restaurant, which no longer exists. They were well attended and much of the Association business was transacted.

The Association, in the retrospect, had accomplished more than the founders had even anticipated. It had not only formed a center around which could be grouped the united efforts of the members for Service improvement, but it formed an unofficial medium of intra-Service communication for officers no matter in which distant part of the world they were, an extra agency with their interests at heart, a cooperative movement which had elected officers working without remuneration. The Association laid the ground work for several important movements which later developed to the benefit of the Service. All members are mindful of these and they will not be recited here. The retirement system on a pension basis was one of the first matters to occupy the Association's efforts.

Before the Association had been in existence one year, Wesley Frost and I mulled over the idea of getting some sort of publication, a Service organ. We even went shopping around in other Departments to see what they had and to get some ideas. Then we had a local printer run off a printed dummy of some material we furnished him but the product was disappointing and this venture was dis-

(*Continued on page* 160)

# Service Glimpses

*Vice Consul Boland More and Miss Elizabeth L. Love were married in Zurich on October 3. Miss Love, who had been attached to the Consulate General in Zurich for five years, was given away by Consul Maurice W. Altaffer. Vice Consul Robert T. Cowan was best man. Left to right: Mr. Cowan, Mr. More, Mrs. More and Mr. Altaffer.*

*Sir Cosmo Parkinson, personal representative of the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, is welcomed at Antigua during the course of a flying visit to the British Colonies in the West Indies. Left to right: Frank A. Schuler, Jr., American Consul at Antigua; Sir Cosmo Parkinson; Sir Douglas Jardine, Governor of the Leeward Islands; Colonel George L. Kraft, Commanding Officer, Antigua Base Command.*

*Vice Consul and Mrs. J. Allard Gasque. Mrs. Gasque was Miss Margaret Wallin of La Paz.*

*Below: At the* GASQUE-WALLIN *wedding which took place in La Paz on January 10 in the garden of the Wallin home. Left to right: Robert K. Meeker of the Legal Attaché's office, Lucille Rembert of the office of the Military Attaché, Charles Coleman. Betty Ann Inslee of the office of the Coordination Committee, John Ribón of the Aramayo mining organization, William L. Shea, Acting Legal Attaché, Estelle Kelly of the American Embassy, Second Secretary Robert F. Woodward, Vice Consul William L. Dodge, Penelope Muir, Jr. Economic Analyst Donald Owens and Asst. Military Attaché Major Irving Roberts.*

# Bequest of the Late Charles B. Hosmer to the Foreign Service Association

CULBERTSON & LEROY
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
Colorado Building,
Washington, D. C.

January 19, 1943.

The American Foreign Service Association,
c/o The Department of State.
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

You are hereby notified that the will of Charles Bridgham Hosmer, deceased, dated March 17th, 1939, has been filed with the Register of Wills for the District of Columbia.

Paragraph Third of the will provides as follows:

"I give, devise and bequeath to The American Foreign Service Association, or any association or organization which may later succeed it with substantially the same relationship to the Foreign Service of the United States, to be held in trust by the Executive Committee of said Association, or such other board of committee as may later have general supervision over the management of the Association, or its successor, the sum of $1,000 to be paid from the general assets of my estate; provided, however, that the trustees of said fund shall have authority to invest and re-invest it in interest bearing securities and use only the income there for any beneficient, education, or utilitarian purposes connected with said Association. This bequest, though modest in amount, is appropriate to my circumstances and is made in the hope that it may gain the approval of other officers of the Foreign Service of the United States and result in other similar bequests:"

There is also another provision of the will to the effect that if any legatee should desire to have any of the decedent's diplomas, described as being in the law offices of Carl F. Getchell, Lewiston, Maine, said diplomas should be given to such legatee.

The will names Effa Durham Hosmer, widow of the decedent, as executrix, and petition for the probate thereof and for letters testamentary to be issued to said executrix has been filed in the District Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Hosmer's address is 2630 Adams Mill Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Very truly yours,

(signed) L. ALTON DENSLOW.

February 17, 1943.

Culbertson and LeRoy,
Colorado Building,
Washington, D. C.

SIRS:

The receipt is acknowledged of your letter of January 19, 1943, regarding the generous bequest of $1,000 to the American Foreign Service Association made in the will of Charles Bridgham Hosmer, deceased.

The members of the Executive Committee of the Association have been deeply touched by the action of their late beloved colleague and are making a special study of the use to be made of the income thus provided with a view to most appropriately honoring his memory and carrying out his wishes.

I am also writing to Mrs. Hosmer in this connection.

Very truly yours,
HOWARD K. TRAVERS,
*Chairman, Executive Committee.*

February 17, 1943.

MY DEAR MRS. HOSMER:

It is difficult for me to find words which adequately express the emotion of the members of the Executive Committee upon learning of the generous bequest to the American Foreign Service Association contained in the will of your late husband, Charles B. Hosmer, our beloved colleague. Our appreciation goes in large measure also to you, for we know of your own warm and unselfish interest in this bequest, devoted to the welfare of the American Foreign Service.

The Executive Committee is giving earnest consideration to the use to be made of the income from this fund in order most appropriately to honor the wishes and the memory of the donor, and will keep you acquainted with its plans.

Sincerely yours,
HOWARD K. TRAVERS,
*Chairman, Executive Committee.*

Mrs. Charles B. Hosmer,
2630 Adams Mill Road, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

# J. Pierrepont Moffat

*The following statement was issued by the Secretary of State on the death of Mr. J. Pierrepont Moffat.*

January 24, 1943

Mr. Moffat's untimely death is a tragic loss to our country. He was the highest type of officer developed in a trained Foreign Service, and he died at the peak of his usefulness. He entered the Foreign Service in 1919 and served at many posts throughout the world. At every post he served with distinction. Everything he did he did well. He was promoted through the various grades of the Service as his experience broadened and his usefulness to his country increased.


**The late J. Pierrepont Moffat**

Mr. Moffat served two tours of duty in the Department of State as an associate of mine and worked in daily contact with me for several years. He was one of my ablest advisers and closest personal friends. In May, 1940, he was appointed Minister to Canada, one of our most important posts, where he had since that time represented our country with conspicuous ability and success.

Mr. Moffat's career will be an inspiration to the youth of the country. In his death our country has lost one of its ablest public servants from whom the highest accomplishments had come to be expected as a matter of course.

Mrs. Hull and I are deeply grieved.

*The Foreign Service Association sent the following telegram to Mrs. Moffat:*

January 25, 1943

Mrs. J. Pierrepont Moffat
The American Legation
Ottawa

On behalf of the Foreign Service Assoeiation I wish to express to you our deepest sympathy in your bereavement. The Service has lost an outstanding member who had won the affection and esteem of us all.

HOWARD K. TRAVERS,
*Chairman, Executive Committee,*
*Foreign Service Association.*

February 2, 1943

MY DEAR MR. TRAVERS:

Will you convey to the American Foreign Service Association my sincere thanks for your very kind telegram of sympathy and the beautiful flowers.

As you must know, my husband felt a keen interest in the Foreign Service and its problems were close to his heart. So I am partieularly grateful for this tribute from the Association.

With renewed appreciation of your sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

LILLA CABOT MOFFAT.

## PRESS COMMENT

The news of the death of Jay Pierrepont Moffat, the United States Minister to Canada, comes as a severe shock to his innumerable friends here in Washington. For more than a quarter of a century he served the Nation in various parts of the world, always with superlative distinction. In addition to rare technical competence, he had great personal charm. He was a man with a real gift for friendship. Indeed, the combination of qualities which he possessed made Pierrepont Moffat one of the most useful foreign service officials of our time. His labors as consul general at Sydney, where he laid the foundations for the establishment of direct diplomatic relations between this country and Australia; as head of the Western European Division of the State Department; and, latterly, as one of the most efficient and popular Ministers this country has ever had in the Dominion of Canada—all these services will long be remembered with admiration and gratitude. Secretary Hull was stating only the literal truth when he described Pierrepont Moffat's death at the early age of 46 as "a tragie loss to our country."—*Washington Post.*

* * *

Even in war, when death is knocking at such a multitude of doors, the loss of a trusted publie man in the flower of his age and his powers is lament-

able. Jay Moffat, United States Minister to Canada, spent more than half his life in the public service. He entered diplomacy nearly twenty-six years ago. He chose it as a profession. He mastered it. He studied the history and politics of the countries to which he was accredited. He made the acquaintance of their public men. He learned the business. He made himself familiar with every current question and problem. He was not in diplomacy for social experience and glory but to be of use to his country.

It is not in irony but with sadness that we recall that as Chargé d'Affaires at Berne in 1929 he signed the protocols in regard to American entry into the World Court. The next year he was one of the assistants to the American delegates to the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations on Disarmament. In Washington he became the State Department expert on disarmament. In his two years as Consul General at Sydney he showed his ability to deal with matters of trade and business. The extent of his knowledge of European affairs is sufficiently indicated by the names of the two divisions in the State Department of which he was chief: Western European Affairs and European Affairs.

He had judgment, discretion, self-control, tact. Of the many gifts the gods gave him, not the least was his friendly and engaging personality. People couldn't help liking him. His selection for his Canadian post was felt to be peculiarly fitting, as in this war there is almost always matter of moment for representatives of the two nations to consult each other about, and he was wise and prudent.—*New York Times*, January 26, 1943.

* * *

Through the death yesterday of Mr. J. Pierrepont Moffat, our neighbor's minister to Canada, this Dominion has lost a firm friend, the United States a brilliant diplomat, and the freedom-loving peoples of the world a staunch advocate of the new dispensation that will inaugurate Mr. Roosevelt's four freedoms and maintain them permanently. Few men of Mr. Moffat's age—he was in his 47th year—have gone so far in their chosen career. In the capitals of Holland, Turkey, Switzerland, Poland, and Australia his engaging personality and cosmopolitan outlook had won for him high distinction. His friends in many parts of this troubled world, and particularly in Canada, will sincerely mourn his passing. But nowhere will the blow of his death be felt so acutely as by the President of the United States and his intimate colleagues in the Department of State at Washington. The diplomatic realm can ill afford to lose a public servant of Mr. Moffat's type. Canadians in general will extend their sympathy to his compatriots.—*Victoria Daily Times*, January 25, 1943.

When Cordell Hull desired to pay trihute to the memory of his well-beloved junior colleague, the United States Minister to Canada, he said of him that his career will he an inspiration to the youth of his country. No more appropriate homage could have been rendered to Jay Pierrepont Moffat, dead at his post of duty, not yet 47. Much greater length of days should have heen granted him. His services were needed and can ill be spared in the present vast emergency.

Mr. Moffat, born at Rye, New York, July 18, 1896, and educated at Groton and Harvard, began his professional career at The Hague. Subsequently he was assigned to Warsaw, Tokio, Constantinople, Bern and Sydney. He was "ceremony officer" at the White House under President Coolidge and chief of the Division of Western European Affairs in the State Department under President Hoover. During the period when a Second World War was developing despite well-intentioned efforts on the part of many idealists, he signed the protocols providing for American membership in the World Court and was a delegate to the sessions of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva. When the long-dreaded conflict finally became a reality he accompanied Sumner Welles on his tour of European capitals in quest of "a basis for an early termination" of the strife. No one knew better than he how futile such endeavors were.

Yet the principle of peace by mutuality and tolerance remained sound, and Mr. Moffat was devoted to the application of it. His spirit was imbued in what he worked in. By temperament, by training and by experience he was well qualified for his important task. It was a circumstance not to be overlooked that he had from 1927 onward the valuable assistance of his wife, the former Miss Lilla Cabot Grew, daughter of the last American Ambassador to Japan.

When Mr. Moffat was sent to Ottawa in 1940 his talents soon were demonstrated in negotiations which brought Prime Minister Mackenzie King to Ogdensburg, New York, for a meeting with President Roosevelt, from which significant benefits to both the United States and Canada have accrued. The new tie between the two English-speaking communities of the North American continent is a living monument to his creative personality and the labors by which he exhausted himself.—*Washington Star*, January 26, 1943.

## Translation of an article from the bi-monthly publication, Gronlandsposten, of December 16, written by the Governor of North Greenland upon Consul Penfield's transfer from Godthaab.

### CONSUL PENFIELD

When I was notified by the American Government in 1940 that it would like to send a Consul to Greenland, one of my first reactions was: "The State Department is a gigantic organization and, like all organizations of that type, has people of all sorts. I wonder how we shall get along with the one who can be spared for a consulate in Greenland?" And with no little tension I looked forward to my first meeting with that Consul.

Of all the many things I have learned during the collaboration which I have had with Consul Penfield for almost 3 years, one is a profound respect for the organization which can spare people of Consul Penfield's type even for posts so comparatively in the background as Godthaab can certainly be considered when seen with the eyes of the world.

During the past years, Consul Penfield has performed many services for us up here. From the very first day when he came to the country, it was plain that we did not have to do here with a routine diplomat, who would like to consider his duties performed by placing the prescribed stamps on the proper papers and then hoping for a prompt transfer to a livelier place. It was at once clear to everyone who came into contact with Consul Penfield that here was a man who placed his duty on a higher plane, when we saw what lively interest he took in understanding our problems and rendering us help in solving them. It has been an inestimable benefit for Greenland during these hard times that a post so important for us has been occupied by a real friend of the country, who has viewed us and our work with so much sympathy and understanding.

Consul Penfield has seen more of Greenland than most—all the way from Thule to Angmagssalik—and everywhere his winning personality and the respect which his work has aroused have made friends for him, who now see him depart with sincere regret. Consul Penfield will leave behind him a real (sense of) loss, and it will not be easy to fill his place.

ESKE BRUN.

(*Continued on page* 147)

**The first American Consulate in Greenland was established in Godthaab on May 22, 1940. Consul Penfield and Vice Consul West first set foot on Greenland soil at Ivigtut. Here they are shown with Commander Meals and Doctor Cleary of the U.S.S. *Comache* and Mr. Maurice Reddy, of the American Red Cross, being greeted by A. Fisher, the Danish Government official.**

# CONSUL PENFIELD

(*Continued from page* 144)

POST PROFILE—JAMES PENFIELD

*From the Washington Post of February 23, 1943*

Quiet and modest James Penfield sat patiently in his chair as he was plied with questions about Greenland.

Yes, Greenland! for if there is anybody in Washington who should know about Greenland now, it is the man who has been United States Consul there for the past three years.

Although he has been affectionately dubbed "The Czar of Greenland," however, Mr. Penfield becomes quite flustered when he hears that title. There is no reason for it at all, he will tell you in effect. On post there, he simply discharged duties expected of him—the securing of proper supplies for the American forces, visiting the various settlements and trying to get to know the people and the country, and keeping a vigilant eye for Axis agents.

*Is Genuinely Press Shy*

Actually, it takes very little to fluster him, for he is genuinely press and publicity shy. Any interviewer probably would feel, as I did, that Mr. Penfield would prefer to have no interview at all. But he remains calm through the ordeal and manages nicely by being pleasantly evasive when bombarded with questions he does not choose to answer. However, his graphic description of the country itself is fascinating, and worthy of detailed report.

In April of 1940, Jim Penfield, having recently returned from a post in the Far East, was peacefully working at his desk in the State Department. He was leading a quiet enough life when, on a month's notice, he was whisked away in a Coast Guard cutter to occupy the position of American Consul in Greenland. Over night, that Danish possession had loomed strategic, for the reason that on April 9, the Nazis had taken Denmark. Penfield arrived in Godthaab, the largest and principal settlement, with a vice consul, a clerk and a pair of skis; he soon began working well with local authorities. Actually he found Greenland a green, pleasant, treeless country, with about 20,000 inhabitants (about 500 of whom were Danes and the rest Greenlanders), a paternalistic feudal government, and no means of overland transportation.

In 1941 the United States, through arrangements with the Danish Government in Washington, took over the defense of Greenland, and a few months after the agreement had been signed, a convoy arrived bearing engineers, surveyors and equipment. Airfields were cleared and gradually Greenland was transferred from a remote, closed, crown colony, into a beehive of activity.

Life in Godthaab was far from gay and giddy. All foreign trade is a government monopoly, therefore there is no real trade except through the fairly limited government stores. Fishing and hunting are the principal occupations, and the only strategic metal found is cryolite, used in making aluminum. There are a few vegetable gardens in Godthaab and some barley is grown. Curiously enough, Northern Greenland is more productive because it has more midnight sun to warm the ground. Three of the settlements have movie houses, which show old European films. Mr. Penfield remarked that the most exciting event for months was the showing of "Snow White" in Danish.

The Danes, whom Mr. Penfield found completely cooperative, have worked out a remarkably efficient system of local government. Though paternalistic and feudal in character, it is not vicious. There exist about 12 large settlements in Greenland, with about 60 smaller ones. Each of these settlements is divided into four types of districts: trade, health, church and school, and judicial. The trade district is presided over by the trade manager, who curiously enough settles all of the judicial questions as well; the public health is amazingly well handled by doctors who care for all of Greenland, traveling about in motor boats; the church and schools are directed by a subbishop of all Greenland (this district employs many Greenlanders in responsible jobs, in contrast to the rest of the districts, which are completely run by the Danes).

*Next Station To Be in China*

Asked whether or not he thought Greenland would be of importance in the postwar period, Mr. Penfield felt that it was difficult to say. "If transarctic air routes should be adopted, it will naturally be very significant. Also, it may be used for air freight, with the idea that the shorter the jump, the bigger the pay load. It is hard to say now just what the situation will be," stated Mr. Penfield.

Back in the United States for a short time, James Penfield admits that he thoroughly enjoyed his experience. "Funnily enough, the first reaction that I had when I got back here was to blink every time I saw trees. I had become used to a landscape without them."

Soon Mr. Penfield is to be off again in the opposite direction—to China, where he has already spent seven eventful years of his life. He will be Second Secretary in the embassy at Chungking.

JANE MCBAINE.

# Sunday Ruminations of a Bureaucrat

Oh, rich and succulent Sunday morning leisure in the bosom of my family,

Of thee I sing:

When there are aeons to spend on the morning toilet, and double aeons on the thick Sunday paper (seasoned to taste with Hamlet, A Double-Barreled Detective Story, Rabbi Ben Ezra, and Innocent Merriment),

And sniffs of spring

Ooze through the open windows and into every part of my spirit and epidermis.

As I ideate

And ponder the broad reaches of space and the temporary nature of Mars' present stirring up of the human anthill,

And thus deflate

All my week-day seriousness in tackling the Niagara of typewritten woodpulp that flows through my old desk basket

And flows on thence

Into the desk baskets of neighboring bureaucrats, who fervently join me in picturesque, silent curses, and

In conjuring hence

Mars, and his stirring stick in the anthill, and laws that abolish vacations and free Saturday afternoons, and all the other items of nuisance we grumble at these days—

But still, in my mind,

Even as vexation and irritation course through me, I realize my deep fascination at watching the mills of the gods,

As they grind,

Just as they ground near the surface, and right there for all to see, at Austerlitz, Waterloo, St. Bartholomew's Day, Field of the Cloth of Gold, Runnymede, Canossa, Calvery, Jimmu's birth to the Sun Goddess of Nippon, Pearl Harbor, Ford's Theater, the Deluge, and the former sieges of Carthage.

Thus, this Sunday,

My eye and millions of other eyes peer simultaneously at the grinding forces flowing from the unwinding of the unseen cosmic clockspring, and the quiet and comforting details of the outdoor scene as it is also seen by horses and birds and dragon flies that never heard of the cosmos.

Tomorrow, Monday,

My eye will focus again on objects more appropriate for a guy who has to earn a living and help keep the great ball of Government red-tape un-

winding at a speed somewhat accelerated by the need to wind same stranglingly around the Satanic necks of Adolf and Tojo and Yamamoto, and the perfidious and misguided one of Benito;

But, anyway,

All during this and the other 48-hour weeks that will follow it, I'll be waiting for other Sundays when I can spin more cobwebs, and for the years after this war, when the Niagara in my basket will have slowed down to a mere trickle.

And, every day,

I'll be able to do as I please, and either ruminate silently on the Cosmos, or talk boringly like an old soldier to my grandchildren about the Great Days, and wait for my own long flight out over the rim of the visible earth and into the middle of another piece of the heavenly clockwork.

W. C. F.

January, 1943.

## NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENT

(*Continued from page* 129)

*Diminuendo*

ROBERT L. BUELL has written the JOURNAL: "As regards the suggestion that I write some "hairbreadth escape" stories, I can only state that I have had no hairbreadth escapes, although I was bombed in Berlin, Hamburg and Singapore in 1941 and in Rangoon and Calcutta in 1942. From this experience it is obvious that I shall be bombed only once in 1943 and that in 1944 I shall be able to sound the "all clear!"

### IDENTIFICATION OF CARICATURE ON PAGE 129

Homer M. Byington, Jr., Member of the Executive Committee of the American Foreign Service Association, and Member of the Editorial Board of THE FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL.

### COVER PICTURE

CASABLANCA, FRENCH MOROCCO. On the morning after the first attack this aerial reconnaissance photo was taken from a U. S. Navy plane. It shows five burning French ships in the various harbors of Casablanca. One can be seen burning at the end of the large pier (top). The other four are in the outer harbor, ranging from center to left, and the extreme lower left corner. At the end of the large pier, the French merchantship *Porthos* can be seen lying on its side. *Official U. S. Navy Photo.*

## THE BOOKSHELF

(*Continued from page* 133)

He knows and makes clear that this aspect continues to have a certain importance, but points out that "total espionage" is something new. The newness, it seems to the reviewer, consists in espionage integrated with every aspect of a *total penetration effort*, directed at the economic, social, and political organism of any state; and in the attempt to amass *total information*.

We have today convincing evidence of the importance of total mobilization of penetration techniques and of the spread into the field of international relations, of mass-movement relationships. The Catholic Church, indeed, as soon as it began to adjust itself, about the middle of the 19th Century, to the conditions of the age of mass-movement, naturally pioneered in many aspects of forming opinion and directing mass action on lines outside the national frame of reference. The labor internationals struck out deliberately, beginning about the same time, to do away with the national state by mass-agitation. The United States Government, from 1917 to 1919, conducted its foreign relations very largely, and with more skill than at present, on mass-movement lines. The Soviet regime was the first Great Power to make such practices a part of its peace-time system of foreign relations. The Axis nations have thriven largely by rigid control of the masses at home and by application of disintegrative mass-movement techniques in other countries in which the pattern of nationalism had already begun to dissolve.

The reader with diplomatic experience, who has observed the portents, will hardly need to be convinced that henceforth, in war or in peace, no Great Power can conduct its foreign relations and maintain itself as a Great Power except by adjusting itself to some extent to the conditions of world-wide mass-relations.

The problems and the techniques discussed by Herr Riess will be with us, war or no war, and in a much wider significance than just for espionage; whether as instruments of malevolent penetration, or as instruments of upright conduct of political relations. It is to be hoped that men of good will in positions of power are giving thought to the achievement of their aims by employment of the methods which new conditions impose. These methods need not be those of the Axis or those appropriate to use only in war time, but they must arise from intelligent apprehension of and concern for mass-reaction.

J. R. Toop

*AMERICAN OPINION AND THE WAR, by Archibald MacLeish. Cambridge University Press, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1942. 32 pp. $.75.*

That the average American citizen now feels that he is fighting a war *for* some constructive purpose as well as *against* "the Japanese who had tricked us and the Nazis who had set them to it . . ." is the main point stressed in this volume.

A reprint of the Rede Lecture delivered by Mr. MacLeish before the University of Cambridge last July, its thirty-two pages deal with only that aspect of American opinion regarding the war, though the title might lead one to believe the book to be a much more extensive survey.

Tracing the attitude of the American public since the pre-Pearl Harbor days through to last summer, Mr. MacLeish arrives at the conclusion that although we have lost some of the unity of feeling which existed in the first days of the war, we have gained far more by becoming "determined to fight a war which shall have consequences . . ."

Mr. MacLeish, who has repeatedly in his poems and plays condemned for their blindness his fellow countrymen, and indeed, all of his contemporaries of whatever nationality, seems to think that on the subject of the purposes of this war, at least, the American people have their eyes open.

He rants against the isolationist minority which still refuses to see any but a military purpose in the war saying: "Where the old isolationism opposed the country's determination to face the war, the new isolationism opposes the country's determination to face the peace."

But, in all, it can hardly be said that the Librarian of Congress has made any piercing analysis. That which he says was probably of interest to his original British audience, but it is nothing which the American press has not already stressed and repeated.

Eileen Shanahan,
*George Washington University.*

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*RUSSIA AND JAPAN, by Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran, Incorporated. New York. 1942. 254 pp. $2.00.*

"The war between Russia and Japan is as inevitable as was the war between Russia and Germany." The book opens with this categorical assertion and a portion of the book attempts to prove this assertion. The rest of the book is somewhat of a continuation of the author's preceding work, *Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia*, amplifying the many reasons why in the author's opinion Russia will not be defeated by Germany.

The author sees in the Japanese-Russian Neutral-

ity Pact of April, 1941, the same insincerity inherent in the Russo-German pact of August 23, 1939, and finds in Russian-Japanese relations the same fundamental and irreconcilable conflict of aims that impelled Germany to attack Russia on June 22, 1941. In the anticipated Japanese attack on Russia, the author believes the Japanese will face the same savage resistance, the same handicaps of space, cold, and geography as the Germans are facing in their invasion of Russia.

The author dwells at length on the material and political strength of the Soviet Union, and gives an account of the transplantation of war industries to the Urals. He also tells of the industrial, social and agricultural accomplishments in Siberia, which now holds 20,000,000 people and is rapidly filling up with refugees from European Russia. In the rapid transformation of Siberia into a populous, strong unit of the Soviet Union the author sees an impelling reason for Japan to attack Siberia before the transformation goes too far. The opening up of the Siberian Arctic regions is also mentioned and emphasis is laid on the potential of those regions as a base for aerial warfare against Japan. Views are also expressed on the question of the use of Siberia as a base for American operations against Japan and on why Russia remains neutral in the Japanese-American war.

The author is enthusiastic in his admiration of Soviet achievements and in general appears to attribute to the necessities of national security all developments in recent Soviet internal administration and foreign policy.

The book is written in an easy style and if there is any criticism to make of it, it is that the subject is disposed of with facile generalities and categorical assertions, rather than treated with the care and objectivity which such a moot subject as imminent war between Russia and Japan deserves.

WILLIAM R. LANGDON.

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*RADIO GOES TO WAR, by Charles J. Rolo. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1942. xviii, 293 pp. $2.75.*

This book is an authoritative current history on the part radio is playing in psychological warfare. It is highly recommended because it is probably the most informative and authoritative statement on what has been done and what is planned in connection with the so-called "Fourth Front" of the war.

To illustrate, it might be well to refer to the cogent observations of Andre Morize, former director of the French Ministry of Information, which were, in effect, lessons to the United States from a friend of democracy. One of those precious lessons dealt with radio propaganda and the part it played in the fall of France. M. Morize stated as follows:

"There is the lesson about propaganda. Some of us, French, British or Americans, thought we knew what the word and the thing signified. A few months in Paris convinced me that we had no idea what German propaganda actually represents.

"It means being able to oppose to a dozen French radio stations about 65 powerful outfits broadcasting at the rate of 20 to 24 hours a day.

"It means hammering hundreds of times every day upon French listeners: 'L'Angleterre fournit les machines, les Francais fournissent les poitrines' ('England furnishes the machines, the French furnish the men'), or 'L'Angleterre combattra jusqu'au dernier Francais' ('England will fight to the last Frenchman'). This was done even between the movements of symphonies played in Munich or Berlin.

"It means getting poor French prisoners of war to come to the microphone in Stuttgart to tell their families in France that the Germans were treating them well, that they loved the French and hated the British, and that it was too bad to prolong such an absurd war.

"It means using every possible despicable method to undermine the nerves, the morale and the hopes of a country at war—it means to 'rot' the enemy.

"Believe me, this is a lesson."

JOSEPH T. KEATING

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## BIRTHS

COERR. A son, Stanton Paine, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wymberley DeR. Coerr at La Ceiba, Honduras, where Mr. Coerr is Vice Consul.

O'NEILL. A daughter, Pamela Lippincott, was born on January 2 to Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul O'Neill in Winnipeg, where Mr. O'Neill is Vice Consul in charge of the visa section of the Consulate General.

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## IN MEMORIAM

POLK.—Frank Polk, former Acting Secretary of State died on February 8 in New York City.

The following telegram was sent by the Secretary of State to Mrs. Polk:

"Mrs. Frank Polk,
6 East Sixty-Eighth Street,
New York City, New York.

I have learned with great sorrow of the passing of your distinguished husband. Mr. Polk served his Government well and faithfully for many years and his memory will be cherished by those in the Department and the Foreign Service who were associated with him. It was my good fortune to count him a personal friend over a period of many years.

Mrs. Hull and I join his countless friends in extending deepest sympathy to you and the members of the family in your irreparable loss."

## GENERAL CLARK'S SECRET MISSION TO ALGERIA ON OCTOBER 21, 1942

(*Continued from page* 123)

returned with the good news that he had been able to put off the Chief of Police. He had used his wits and told the Chief of Police that a group of people from Algiers, including an American Consul, had come out to buy black market chickens, eggs and olive oil, and that there was even a feminine angle. He stressed the presence of an American Consul and advised the Chief of Police against causing a scandal with possible international complications over a little olive oil or a few eggs and a gay evening.

Hearing that the coast was clear, we called General Clark up from the cellar, where he and his party had been somewhat cramped, carried the boats down to the beach and attempted to launch them. Unfortunately quite a sea had arisen and the first boat making the attempt capsized. One of the coast guard lieutenants and I then undressed and we attempted to steer the boats out through the surf. After three attempts and three failures, the boats all capsizing or filling with water, we had to give up and carry the boats up to the house once again.

From this time — about one a.m. — on and for about three hours, we discussed separately and jointly all the possibilities. General Clark was resolved not to allow himself to be taken prisoner, and had the later launching of the boats not been possible we had decided to forcibly seize a fishing boat in the port of ——— and make a desperate attempt to join the submarine in this fashion, after notifying them on our short wave radio of our plan. At about four o'clock one of the British commandos came up with the news that the sea was slightly better, so again we carried down the boats, which by then were beginning to feel pretty heavy even though the distance was only 300-400 yards. In order to put all the chances of success on our side, four of us undressed this time—the two coast guard lieutenants, Mr. X and myself. The passengers seated themselves in the boats on land and the four of us then carried the boats out, lifting them above the waves and carrying the boats until we lost our footing with the boats held above our heads. In seven attempts, lasting an hour and a half, we managed to get the four kayaks off, the last one about twenty-five minutes before dawn. The most painful feature to the launching operations was a patch of thistles and thorny shrubs we had to cross between the wood and the water's edge. None of us felt these the first time, but by the time we carried

the last kayak our feet were cut and so full of splinters that we hesitated at each step.

Because of the danger of capsizing, General Clark and his party removed all extra clothing—trousers, heavy shoes, caps, etc. They also left three of their tommy guns. As a matter of fact, one of our greatest worries was that we might not have picked everything up and that some telltale piece of equipment might later be found by a local person. As soon as it was light Mr. Murphy and I decided that we had better return to Algiers and we left Mr. X and the two coast guard lieutenants raking the beach to remove the traces of our footsteps.

## THE LANDING AT FEDHALA, MOROCCO, NOVEMBER 8, 1942

(*Continued from page* 116)

Now *Cambridge* comes in and contributes to this uproar her own hoarse bray of six-inch guns. First, however, she must catapult a spotting plane. Sharp rattle of the plane's motors, blue fire snorting from her twin exhausts, the hand signal, a swift rush on the catapult, CRACK goes the explosive charge, and handsome young lieutenant Bertram is shot into space. Three minutes later he's over the target, and our fire-control officer down in plot room can hear his cheery spot on our first salvo: "Up one hundred; no change in deflection."

It's high time we did get into it, for destroyer *Callaghan* is taking a hot fire at close range. Her fighting skipper telephones about Sherki: "This damn Turkey has got my range. I've got to get the hell out!" She does, with one shot in her innards and one engine room dead—but she performs anti-submarine patrol around the transports even as she licks her wounds.

We, the *Cambridge*, steam back and forth from Sherki; and how we do pour out the stuff! At 6:32 we're firing the salvos of all our six-inch guns at

once, and a minute later Captain Compton orders continuous fire—approximately 150 shots a minute, rapid as a machine gun but unevenly spaced and a thousand-fold as loud. For us on board, the scene is magnificent; for those we were protecting it was sublime. "most beautiful thing I ever saw," said a transport commander when we talked it over afterwards. In the gray morning twilight and against a smoky horizon the hot bright puffs of fire, surrounded by clouds of luminous orange-colored smoke, make the *Cambridge* stand out like a vicious flame-belching monster of mythology.

Now you can see what we're there for—to draw the fire of Fedhala's powerful batteries away from our men and boats. The coast batteries, manned by French Navy personnel, know that if they can't drive off our fighting ships, their goose is cooked, but that if they can dispose of our fighting ships the transports will be easy meat. So they concentrate on us and pay no attention to the landing boats. Until after sunrise, when hostile planes appear and enemy machine guns can see their targets, our landings are almost unopposed in this Fedhala area, which had the greatest means of resistance, because we plastered the defense with aggressive naval gunfire.

*Cambridge* at the western end of her fire support area steamed right into the boat waves plying to and fro between the easternmost transport and beach. My most vivid mental picture of the battle was one such moment in the morning twilight when we executed a 180-degree turn, right among the boats, firing over their heads; and as I looked over the side I could see the soldiers' faces lighted by our gun flashes, turned up toward us, open-mouthed with amazement at our furious shooting. One of the naval petty officers who steered a landing boat was asked after the battle how the soldiers "took it." "Those fellows were kind of solemn going ashore," he said, "didn't seem to want to talk." Don't blame them, do you?

However, we got them ashore all right, and guess what the first wave of assault troops did, in black darkness. Bagged a fleet of German cars in one of which Colonel (now General) Wilbur made his famous dash into Casablanca, hoping to persuade the commander, an old friend of his at l'École de Guerre, not to fight us. He did not succeed, and the French Navy put up a tough battle, which was only ended when Admiral Darlan ordered hostilities to cease on November 11, at seven in the morning.

This three-day war was our first fight with the French since 1798. Let us hope it will be the last!

**Section of the museum wing.**

## DUMBARTON OAKS

(*Continued from page* 125)

pagan world such abstractions answered much the same kind of need which in Christian centers found expression in the worship of saints. From the same period also comes a gold marriage belt or necklace of Syrian provenance, made up of medallions, two of which, larger than the rest, show Christ in the act of joining the hands of a bride and groom in marriage, while the other smaller medallions attached to these two are figures of the pagan gods associated with the promotion of fertility. Christian and heathen elements are thus brought into close juxtoposition, in a bold but not uncommon example of the type of religious syncretism which is often met in Byzantine art.

Dumbarton Oaks is especially favored in its textiles. Several types and varieties are to be found. Perhaps most notable of all is a series of brightly colored examples of Coptic origin, interesting in themselves, apart from their not inconsiderable historical importance.

Very rare and highly prized are the ivories owned by the museum. One of them, a pyxis, formerly at Moggio (Udine) has been described as the finest Early Christian monument in America. Hardly less important are two pieces of the tenth century—one of the Virgin Mary with the two Sts. John, and the other of the Incredulity of St. Thomas.

But probably the most precious objects in the collection are two sculptures, pronounced to be the finest Byzantine sculptures in America. One of these, having the form of a shield (roundel) is of grey marble and shows an Emperor, said to be Isaac II Angelus (1185-95, 1203-4) or his brother, Alexius III (1195-1203), displaying the symbols of his royal authority. It is one of the only two known stone sculptures of a Byzantine emperor later than the fourth century which represent the emperor at full-length. The other sculpture is a marble figure of Mary the Virgin dating from the eleventh century.

The library of the collection, which now numbers about sixteen thousand books and pamphlets, is highly specialized and is made up of books, periodicals, and monographs pertaining to the Byzantine field. The major emphasis is upon archaeology, but a good collection of historical works, including the chief Greek and Latin texts of the ancient and mediaeval periods, has already been assembled. The war will of course delay development here, but even so, needed books and articles not at present procurable on the market are being made available in the library on microfilm. Under the direction of Professor Blake, a complete bibliography of Byzantine history is in the course of preparation. This bibliography, itself an invaluable tool in research, is serving as a guide for the purchase of books and microfilms.

A valuable adjunct to the library and the museum is the so-called Census of Early Christian and Byzantine Art in America. This census, which was begun by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, is almost complete and contains photographs of late antique, early Christian, and Byzantine objects in America. The library also possesses a photographic copy of the Princeton Index, which is of particular value in the study of iconography.

The research at Dumbarton Oaks is being carried on by two groups of scholars, senior and junior. The senior fellows are well known scholars who have been invited by Harvard University to pursue their work at Dumbarton Oaks. The junior fellows are younger men and women of promise who have achieved the doctorate. The fellows are expected to devote one-half their time to their own private research and one-half to one or the other of the two co-operative Dumbarton Oaks projects. Professor Koehler is especially concerned with the supervision of the archaeological project. Professor Blake oversees the work done by the Dumbarton Oaks historians.

The fellows trained as archaeologists are engaged

along the lines laid down by Professor Koehler, in surveying the monumental (i.e., architectural) material scattered throughout the whole of what was once the Byzantine world. Each is assigned some country or geographical unit as his particular province. He is then expected to make a careful examination of all the published reports on the excavations and archaeological investigations in his area, building by building. He is supposed in this way to obtain the available facts about all the monuments, in whatever state of preservation they may be. The information desired (concerning ground plans, elevations, sculptural ornamentation, frescoes, and mosaics) is purely factual and descriptive. The theories and fancies of excavators and archaeologists are cursorily treated, for the excellent reason that the arbitrary hypotheses in this field are often so numerous and so contradictory that it is impossible to draw scientific and valid conclusions from them. Thus, one of the important results to be anticipated at Dumbarton Oaks is a completely fresh and disinterested re-examination of all the evidence. The material gathered in this way, carefully digested and accompanied by photographs of the clearest drawings, plans, elevations, and illustrations obtainable, is filed in the Dumbarton Oaks Research Archives and is there available to properly qualified scholars and students. Architecture is stressed because it holds the key to the whole of Byzantine archaeology. Practically all of the Byzantine objects owned by museums are small and portable. Isolated from their proper context, they are often both undatable and incomprehensible. But it is hoped that when the study of architecture on this new systematic and scientific basis is completed, most of the hitherto insoluble problems of chronology and provenance will find their solution. In many cases, of course, it will become apparent that the printed sources of our knowledge are inadequate and that new excavations are desirable to unearth the real facts. After the war, it is hoped, archaeological expeditions will be organized to fill in these lacunae.

The historians at Dumbarton Oaks are combing the whole of mediaeval literature for passages bearing upon the fine arts. The texts found are being translated, classified and annotated. When this research is completed the results will be published in the form of a source book for the history of Byzantine art. This is a work of high importance and will be useful for historians and archaeologists alike.

At present the chronological limit is 843, the year of the first orthodox festival commemorating the victory of the image worshipers over the iconoclasts. As the work progresses it is hoped that both

projects will be carried down to 1453, the end of the Byzantine period.

A series of publications is contemplated, and two volumes, issued under the title, *Dumbarton Oaks Papers*, have already appeared. Additional numbers are expected at periodic intervals. As time goes on Dumbarton Oaks will be able to establish Byzantine scholarship on a new basis and present to the world in a work or works of many volumes the much desiderated and long needed synthesis of the many fields of Byzantine learning.

## THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

(*Continued from page* 136)

carded for the time. Although we were keenly disappointed, as we realized the need for a Service periodical, we did not despair. The possibility of having a Service publication, in spite of its desirability, had from the outset appeared so remote and ambitious, to say nothing of expense, that it was not even included in the early plans of the Association except as wishful thinking of an extremely vague and a very future possibility. Nor was it even mentioned in the articles of association or in circular letters to members during the Association's first year. The origin of the erstwhile *American Consular Bulletin*, the precursor of the AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL dates from one day early in 1919. That is another story.

The Association and the JOURNAL have prospered with the years. They are welcomed by all. In the checkered halls under the mansard roofs of headquarters hesitant skepticism has become manifest approval and moral support by a swing of 180 degrees in viewpoint.

It is with regret and not supercilious pride that we are mindful that foreign services of other nations are not so fortunate as to have an Association and, moreover, a FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL, such as ours. This unique distinction is pleasing in its way but it is not the unique quality which really gratifies. Those officers who devoted their efforts to achieve these American Foreign Service institutions find recompense in the realization that what they have striven to create is cherished by their colleagues and that these fellow officers serving in far-flung stations of the globe find these creations not only useful but that they fill a need.

The founders are gratified by the success achieved

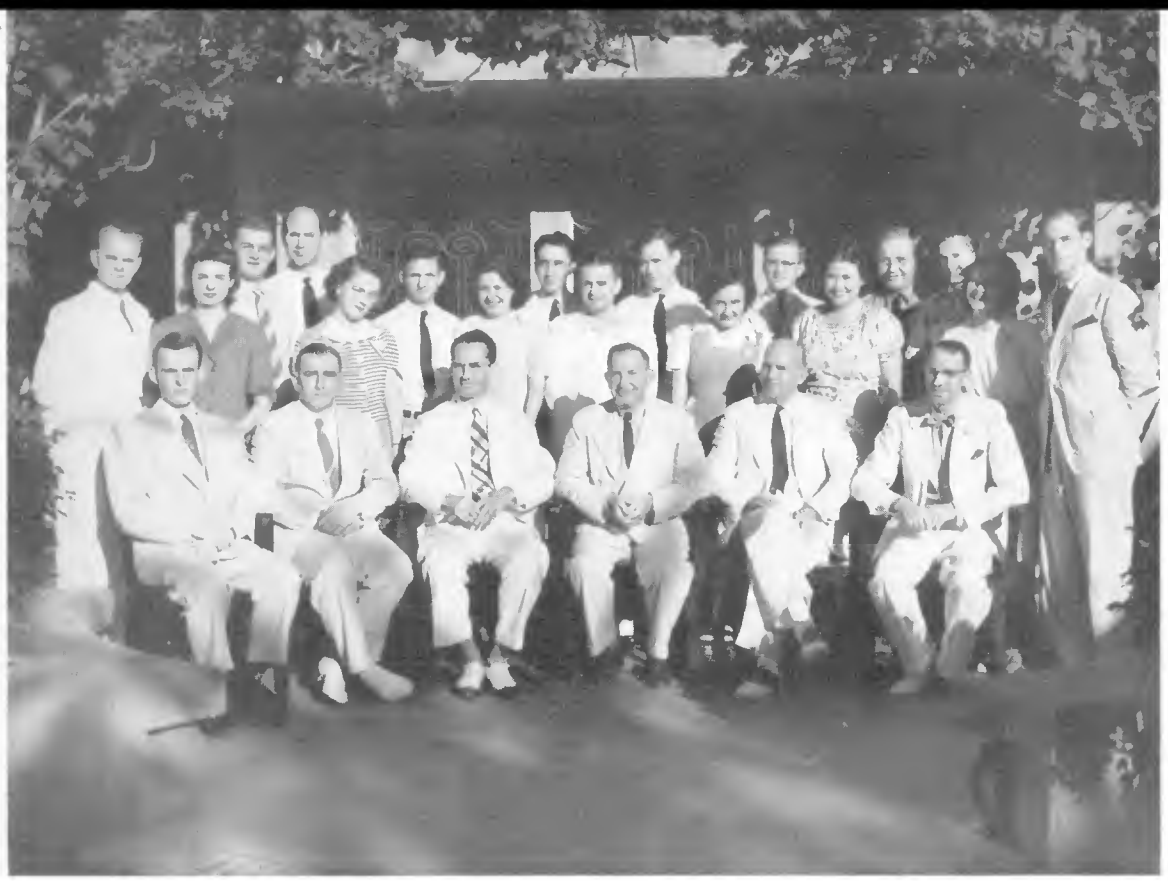


Photo by David Duncan

STAFF OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION, MANAGUA

***Front row, left to right:*** **James M. Gilchrist, Jr., Third Secretary; Douglas Jenkins, Jr., Second Secretary, William P. Cochran, Jr., Second Secretary and Consul; Minister James B. Stewart, Edward B. Lawson, Commercial Attaché; Elbert G. Mathews, Third Secretary and Vice Consul.** ***Standing, left to right:*** **Jack B. Morrison; Loreine Kendrick; Hymen Bloom; George Phillips; Mary Jane Guerra; Henry E. Dumas; Leonie M. Frizzell; Oscar H. Guerra; Dale E. Farringer, Junior Economic Analyst; Joseph T. Kendrick; Carmen Frizzell; Vice Consul William Marvel; Kathleen Shephard; Lt. Allison Dunham, Asst. Naval Attaché; Anne C. Dunham, Exe. Sec'y, Co-or. of Comm. for Nicaragua; Mercedes Frizzell, and Vice Consul Terry B. Sanders, Jr.**

by those officers who followed them in directing the destinies of the Association and its JOURNAL. It is with a full appreciation of this success that they offer their profound congratulations to all those sequent officers, past and present.

At this twenty-fifth milestone some lines quoted by André Maurois from Ernest Renan on the conditions which constitute a people come to mind. "To have common glories in the past, to possess a common will in the present, to have achieved great things together, to be determined upon further achievement . . . ."

## NEWS FROM THE FIELD

*(Continued from page 130)*

Tangier was reported interned by the French authorities along with the personnel of our Consulates in Algiers and Casablanca. In fact, the International Zone of Tangier has been under Spanish occupation since 1940 and we in Tangier were the only Americans in the Sultan's dominions who were personally unaffected by the American occupation.

Consul General Russell and the personnel of the Consulate at Casablanca were hustled off to Kasba Tadla in the foothills of the Little Atlas Mountains but were hardly settled in the modest quarters allotted them before they were released.

Among the many new problems imposed upon the Legation by the occupation has been that of caring for more than seventy parachutists and fliers who made forced landings in Spanish Morocco en route to French North Africa.

The award to Bob Murphy of the D.S.M. and his appointment as Minister have been welcomed by his many friends and particularly by those acquainted with the work which he did during the past year and a half in French North Africa.

J. RIVES CHILDS.

## SOUTH AFRICA

December 21, 1942.

The newly appointed United States Minister, the Honorable Lincoln MacVeagh, arrived at Capetown about the middle of October and after several days there proceeded to Pretoria. The Minister presented his credentials to the Acting Governor-General on October 21st, but was not received by the Prime Minister until November 30, as the latter was absent from South Africa upon Mr. MacVeagh's arrival.

The Minister and Mrs. MacVeagh journeyed to South Africa by sea aboard a world-famous liner which now plies the seven seas as a troop transport. As their arrival at Capetown more or less coincided with sudden greatly increased enemy submarine activity, the MacVeaghs consider themselves most fortunate in having run the gauntlet without having seen a sign of the Axis marauders.

Edward M. Groth, Counselor of Legation at Pretoria, reached his post on Thanksgiving Day after a 13,000 mile air journey from New York, in the course of which he traveled by Clipper, Army Transport plane, and bomber. The aforementioned distance was covered in eight flying days and twelve days' elapsed time.

On December seventh the Consular colleagues at Johannesburg invited the officers of the Legation and their wives to a gathering of the American community there to commemorate Pearl Harbor.

On December 18 the Minister visited the Robinson Deep Mine at Johannesburg, which is said to be not only the deepest mine on the Rand, but also in the world, its present maximum depth being well over 8,500 feet.

## CENTRAL CANADA

January 22, 1943.

Consul General Klieforth continues to receive invitations to address every organization of men, women or children in western Canada but feels that after making hundreds of talks it's someone else's turn to be heard. Moreover military activities have necessitated many trips throughout the three provinces.

Governor Stassen of Minnesota impressed a large audience and several gatherings with his views on post war problems.

War has brought many changes. Uniformed men from United States and all parts of the British Empire crowd the railroad stations and restaurants, while the rationing of food and scarcity of servants and the taking over of various clubs by the military have altered social life. Our wives keep busy with war work.

War has also made many changes in the Winnipeg staff. Vice Consul Eitreim started for his new post at Ottawa, driving his car through the United States with temperature here registering 40 below zero. Mrs. Eitreim and the baby are wisely proceeding by train. Our chief clerk, Mr. Scarbrough, resigned to find a position in war industries. Mr. Edick volunteered in the Navy where he is serving as Petty Officer and has been appointed personal secretary to Commander Priestman of the naval air technical training command. Miss Sibyl Brittain left for the Embassy at Rio de Janeiro with 40 lbs. of baggage essential in this Arctic weather, none of which will be used by her at her new post. Miss Fritch was married to a Canadian Army Officer and Miss Anita Woods accepted a position with the British Purchasing Commission at Washington, D. C.

GEORGE GREGG FULLER.

## EASTERN CANADA

January 22, 1943.

A recent transfer "blitz" deprived the Consulate General of two congenial colleagues within a few days of each other. Vice Consul Thomas P. Dillon and Consul Warwick Perkins were assigned to the same sub-Arctic post.

As Vice Consul Dillon was completing a short special assignment in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he was unable to return to Toronto before going overseas, but Consul Perkins' departure was the occasion of many farewell parties, notable among which was a large cocktail party given on December 27 by Consul General and Mrs. Winship. Consul and Mrs. Lynn Franklin of Niagara Falls and Vice Consul and Mrs. Clay Merrell of Hamilton came to Toronto for the occasion. Just prior to his departure for Washington on January 2nd, the staff of the Consulate General presented Mr. Perkins with a suitably inscribed silver bowl. Mrs. Perkins has taken an apartment in Baltimore, Maryland, "for the duration."

Consul H. T. Goodier of Fort William-Port Arthur has been visited by his son, now an Ensign in the Naval Reserve. Ensign Goodier has recently been transferred from Boston to a Pacific Coast station.

Their colleagues in Eastern Canada are proud of the 100 per cent contribution which the family of Consul General and Mrs. G. K. Donald of Windsor are making to the war effort. Robert is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy; Richard is taking special work at the Army Japanese school after which he will be commissioned; and Katharine is in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

E. T. KELSEY.

## THE SEARCH FOR A ROOF IN TANGIER

(*Continued from page* 119)

Of some interest, also, this was the first legation building ever to be acquired by the United States Government.

The structure has, it is true, undergone many changes since 1821, when Mr. James Simpson, the Consul of that time, was installed in the property. It has, however, continued to serve as a haven for our officers in charge, relieving from their minds the burden of house-hunting, and has enabled them to live ever since in a state not "indecorous for the person holding the appointment" they have been honored with.

## VISITORS

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

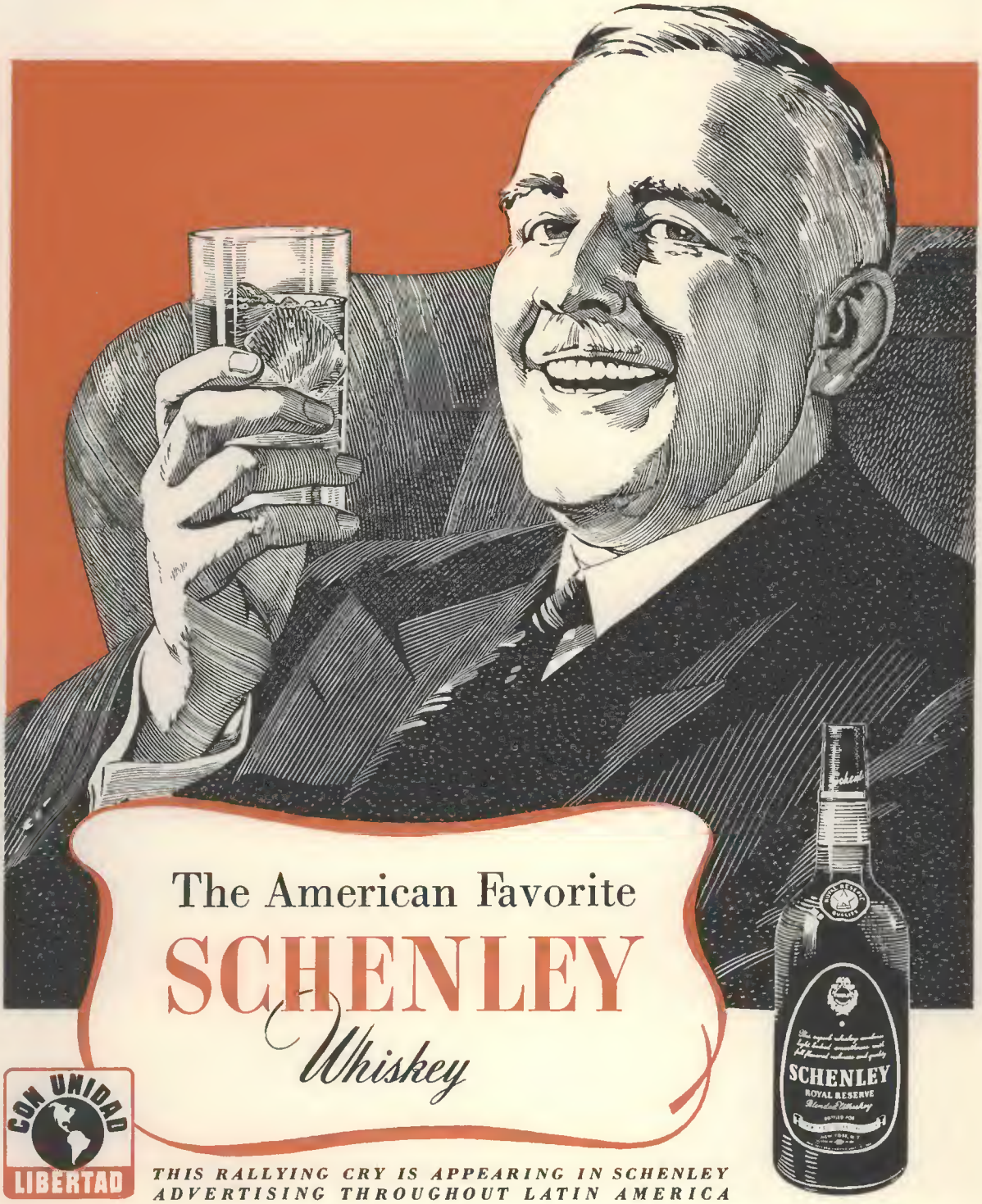
| | January |
|---|---|
| John T. Fishburn, Buenos Aires | 12 |
| T. F. Valenza, Department | 12 |
| Standley P. Clay, Department | 12 |
| C. F. Cegavske, Buenos Aires | 12 |
| C. G. Jenner, Department | 13 |
| H. B. Wells, Reykjavik | 13 |
| Robert English, Wellington | 14 |
| J. K. Penfield, Chungking | 14 |
| Gordon H. Mattison, Department | 15 |
| Audrey A. Cook, Tehran | 15 |
| Clarke Vyse | 15 |
| Wilma Lee Kocher | 15 |
| David W. King, Casablanca | 15 |
| Homer W. Davis, Istanbul | 18 |
| M. P. Hooper, Jerusalem | 19 |
| Leonard R. Morey, Cartagena | 18 |
| Felix Cole, Algiers | 18 |
| Gladys Arnold, La Paz | 18 |
| John S. Service, Chungking | 19 |
| Joseph I. Touchette, Montreal | 19 |
| F. A. M. Alfsen, Stockholm | 19 |
| Louis M. Denis, La Paz | 20 |
| George R. Hull | 20 |
| Mrs. Lucille C. Strong, Rio de Janeiro | 20 |
| Ida Mae Orr, Rio de Janeiro | 20 |
| Ruth V. Lowe, Rio de Janeiro | 20 |
| A. Ruth Warren, Rio de Janeiro | 20 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Dorothy Anne Clark, Habana | 20 |
| Jean J. Queen, Santiago de Chile | 21 |
| John P. Wagman, Mexico, D. F. | 21 |
| William R. Kapp, Guatemala City | 22 |
| Andrew G. Lyneh, Lagos | 22 |
| Mrs. Rachel Naylor Lee, Department | 22 |
| James S. Moose, Jr., Jidda | 22 |
| Edith P. Meredith, Buenos Aires | 23 |
| Roland H. Brownlee, Managua | 23 |
| Melva Hageney, Stockholm | 25 |
| Aaron S. Brown, Dublin | 25 |
| Karl MacVitty | 25 |
| Paul W. Gordon, Algiers | 25 |
| Eleanor Lee, Santiago de Chile | 25 |
| Sedgwiek A. Clark, Jr., Department | 25 |
| A. B. Reading, Beirut | 25 |
| Sibyl Brittain, Winnipeg | 26 |
| Isaac Patch, Jr., Moscow | 26 |
| Boies C. Hart, Jr., Department | 26 |
| Hilda M. Anderson | 26 |
| William Bloeker, Ciudad Juarez | 26 |
| R. E. Schoenfeld, London | 27 |
| J. Thomas Rae, Pernambuco | 27 |
| Daniel H. Steele, Madrid | 28 |
| Evan M. Wilson, Department | 28 |
| A. M. Warren, Ciudad Trujillo | 28 |
| Jean Ryan, Ciudad Trujillo | 29 |
| Lee Blohm, Antofagasta | 30 |
| Helen MacGregor | 30 |
| Edward G. Denner, Lima | 31 |
| Herbert N. Higgins, Mexico, D. F. | 31 |

February

| | |
|---|---|
| Grant O. Olson, Stockholm | 1 |
| Henry M. Ferrer, Algiers | 1 |
| Loyd V. Stere, London | 1 |
| M. P. Hooper, Jerusalem | 1 |
| LaVerne Baldwin, Madrid | 1 |
| Marth B. Clark, Montevideo | 1 |
| Rita D. R. Neergaard, Stockholm | 1 |
| Ruby L. Frazier, Rio de Janeiro | 1 |
| Tibo J. Chavez, Santiago de Chile | 2 |
| Osgood Hardy, Panama City | 3 |
| Emily S. Armstrong, Madrid | 3 |
| Herman G. James, Rio de Janeiro | 3 |
| John G. Hroncs | 4 |
| T. D. Mallory, Mexico, D. F. | 5 |
| Waldo E. Bailey, London | 5 |
| Loy W. Henderson | 5 |
| Mary M. Cahill, Buenos Aires | 6 |
| Valerie Kulbacki, La Paz | 6 |
| Boaz Long, Quito | 6 |
| John J. Flynn, Jr., Tehran | 6 |
| Merlin E. Smith, Monterrey | 8 |
| Edmund Osborne Barker, Moscow | 8 |
| Ruth B. Charles, Helsinki | 8 |

# A Friend from Home

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