The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

VOL. 20, NO. 10 OCTOBER, 1943

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OCTOBER, 1943

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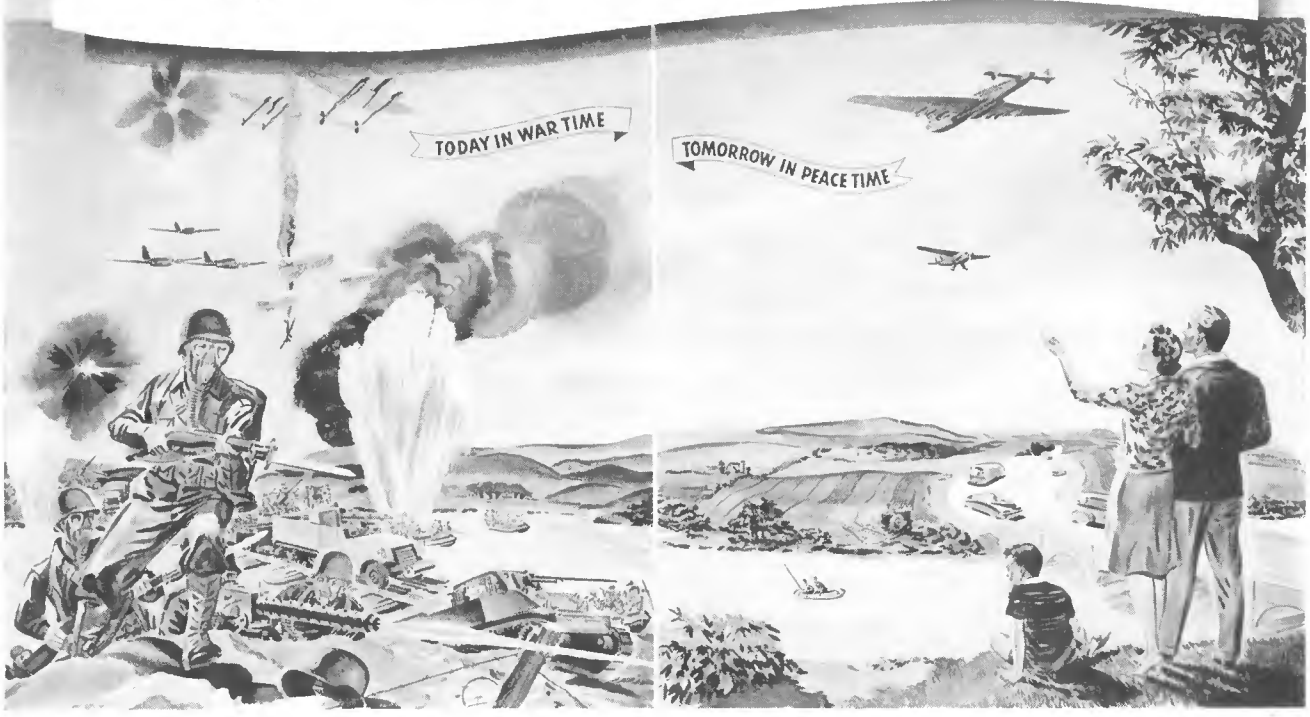
REPORT TO AMERICA ON SYNTHETIC RUBBER



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Transports of Victory

By RICHARD FORD, *Consul, Tabriz*

IF taking a navajo to Persia is suggestive of carrying coals to Neweastle, then I hasten to explain that the "NAVAJO" wasn't a rug but a four-motored stratoliner. Moreover, we took it only as far as Brazil, whence various other types of flying monsters hurried us along our way.

And right here, while still on the subject of floor eoverings and flying machines, I should like to point out that for speed, accuracy, dependability and all-round enjoyment the magie carpet so widely used as a conveyance during the "Arabian Nights" had absolutely nothing on the "NAVAJO" and her bevy of stream-lined sisters now plying and flying to the earth's four corners under the smoothly effieient direction of the Air Transport Command. Also, if you'd change Arabian Nights to Ameriean knights and then spell it like air transport pilots you would be doing something pretty drastie to the English language, but you'd definitely be right on the beam.

These amazing aviators and their crack navigators and reliable radio operators are doing a great job. They are what is generally known as rugged. They hit more things smack on the nose every hour of every day and night than Joe Louis would even eare to contemplate. I've traveled with them over a eonsiderable part of Central and South Ameriea and recently from Washington to Tehran, but even this comparatively small sample of their world-wide doings has eonvinced me that these boys have something, and it isn't all radar either.

When questioned, these air-minded men from Mars Hill, Maine and all points south and west, explain with a censored shrug that it's all done with mirrors. Army regulations making for vague in such matters. But I still have a feeling that either (1) there is something gravely gravitational about all this, (2) a way has been discovered of moving airports about, like the pieces on a chess board, to suit the convenience of transport pilots, or (3) we didn't really land on one certain field at all.

For that matter, this certain field is a hard-to-believe place under any eireumstances. If you ean imagine a blob of weather-beaten rock, spongy left-over lava, old volcanic ash, and a bare modieum of good earth, all of which has been rudely mucked about with and then stuck any old way in a vast body of heavenly blue water, you'll have a general outline of this ancient derelict of the antipodes. It is topsy-turvydom in a big way on a small scale, if you grasp my meaning. One is almost convineed that here is a small floating island which somehow or other has been turned upside down; the part yon see should be underneath, and you suppress an almost uncontrollable desire to tip the little thing over to see if maybe the underside doesn't have the usual contours and perhaps the oceasional tree and maybe the odd sprig of green grass generally accorded regular everyday islands. As a matter of faet, there did appear to be a straggling family of stunted trees on the island's topmost volcanic remnant, but I am still just doubtful enough to wonder whether the entire affair wasn't some kind of early morning mirage.

Accuracy is not the only thing that characterizes these flyin' fools who picked up where Mercury left off. Speed is what they live on, by, for, with, and even a trifle ahead of. Actual transit times may not be stated, nor may the route be specified, but it is safe enough to say that if I hadn't been off-loaded a couple of days en route I could have done fish dinners at the Park Avenue in New York and the Park in Tehran on successive Fridays.

At that, I appear to have made some kind of record passage, and in the process crossed the equator twice, visited the world's four largest continents, bathed on opposites sides of both the North and South Atlantic, waded through an equatorial African cloudburst, and had my fortune badly guessed at by a fakir in the tomb of the late King Cheops' late prime minister in the shadow of the former's pyramid. Factually and specifically, out of the total elapsed time between Washington and Tabriz, more than 50 per cent of it was spent negotiating the four hundred railway and motor transport miles from Tehran to Tabriz.

In their necessitous and never ending search for speed and accuracy these magnificently piloted military transports can't and don't do very much about passenger comfort. Their sole objective is to get a lot of men and matériel a lot of places in the shortest time possible, and passengers are expected to make their own arrangements without the benefit of either hot meals or hotel accommodations. Frequently of course, landing schedules coincide with meal times, and more often than not there is to be found somewhere on board a crate containing an assortment of coffee-filled thermos bottles, together with a large box of probably the most delicious sandwiches above earth, but such concessions to human frailties are purely incidental and should under no circumstances be taken for granted.

The result is that passengers soon learn the necessary answers, and provide themselves with numerous boxes of crackers, cookies, candy, and possibly an occasional hard boiled egg from post exchanges along the way. Quite often their eyes are bigger than their stomachs, and the resulting inroads on PX supplies elicit some pretty d——amn profane language from short-stocked and shorter tempered exchange attendants. I remember in particular the studied purplish remarks of one corporal who saw his entire stock of ginger cookies disappearing into the hungry maw of a gang of young combat pilots who were en route to—but that would be telling.

As regards sleeping accommodations, men and matériel just naturally gravitate together aboard a transport plane. Most of the ships, once you leave the western hemisphere, are equipped with aluminum benches fixed along the sides of the passenger cabin in which at regular intervals are shallow depressions presumably designed to be fanny-fitting—

Douglas C-53 Interior view. Cargo plane is partially loaded with airplane tires, and drums of motor oil together with miscellaneous cargo.

and I don't mean for funny. These are called bucket seats, and after having tried scores of them I have yet to find one that really fits.

The wide aisle of the cabin is either filled with carefully roped down piles of mail sacks, duffel bags, large leather pouches, blanket rolls, suit cases, airplane packs, and all the other paraphernalia of the modern sky-riding soldier, or it is left vacant. In either case, it presently becomes a very much occupied and even closely packed dormitory, with khaki-clad figures stretched comfortably in every conceivable position, angle and pose, each man using any usable thing for a pillow. The sacks of military secrets, diplomatic despatches, V-mail, and palpitating love letters that have nestled soldiers' heads!

The few who can't crowd on the floor stretch out at full length on the now-vacated bucket seat benches. Ultimately the entire cabin becomes a prostrate mass of peacefully snoring humanity. Which reminds me of one of the most complete quick-change scenes I've ever witnessed outside a Ruth Draper show. It was close to midnight somewhere above a certain continent. The ship had just taken off. Two rows of men, each carefully belted to his bucket seat, sat solemnly and even sedately facing each other. And then for some reason, and for not more than a fraction of a minute, the captain blacked out the ship. The roar of the motors drowned any sound but there must have been swift rustling noises from every corner of the cabin. For as the lights blinked on again only seconds later, the scene had changed completely. From my hastily occupied nest atop a large canvas bag which seemingly contained steel helmets complete with spikes I ascertained by careful count that not one person in the cabin was any longer in a sitting position. In that brief black lapse a few had even taken on all the earmarks of utter and profound slumber.

Someday in the not very distant future when these air giants have returned to peaceful pursuits, and deep upholstered seats and gleaming sheeted beds in luxurious compartments invite sleep, I shall recall with very definite regret the solid comfort inherent in an uncarpeted aluminum floor with a noisome musette bag for a pillow. And when the polite steward comes along with steaming bouillon and maybe even a turkey dinner, there will come a quick nostalgic memory of Captain—oh well, of that guy who flies his ship like a song breathed on the air, who strips to the waist when Africa's equatorial heat gets really bad and grins off little things like eighteen hours out of the last twenty-four spent at the controls of his hard-working airplane, and who, when the pangs of hunger have become almost unbearable, suddenly appears in the doorway of the navigator's cabin and starts flipping jam and spam sandwiches over the mounds of baggage to his

C-53 being loaded for flight.

U. S. Army Photos

passengers with all the insouciance of an experieneed postal distributor.

And then there are the Short Snorters. No discussion of trans-ocean flying these days would be complete without some mention of this rapidly growing group of high-binders. I mention it poignantly because joining it cost me plenty. Theoretically and if one uses the old bean and tackles only one member at a time it should cost only one dollar to join, but I happened to mention that I was cligible for membership—having just flown across a large body of very salty water—when about half a barracks of oldtime salt water crossers was present. Each eollected a dollar, and I received in return a lot of eheerfully given autographs on a dollar bill—which of course I also provided. When there was no more space for signatures on that bill I was instructed to scotch-tape one either of a different denomination or of some other brand of folding money to the first, and keep going. I met one windblown hird near the Other Canal who proudly exhibited a wad of bills whieh, seotch-taped end to end, unrolled to a length of sixty-three feet of dank and dirty curreney eollected from most of the countries of the world. He claimed he hadn't a repeat in the lot, although I didn't check on this. Since joining I have caught a few Short Snorters off base; i.e., without their autographed bill or bills with them, and have duly eollected the dollar fine in each ease, but I still have a eonsiderable way to go before leveling off with that barrack-room bunch.

It is of course the small, almost routine happenings whieh remain the most vivid after a trip made up of vastnesses. There was the invariable courtesy that met me from the time I eontacted certain high ranking authorities in Washington about priority and things until the eo-pilot helped me unload my duffel bag at the airport in Tehran.

There was the sudden blinding smile of a sweat-drenched kaypee in the searing isolation at one stop who shoved a plate of rice and raisin pudding at me and in a drawl reminiscent of east Texas said. "Them *caiu't* be flies 'cause we got screens on this plaee now."

There was the young radio technician en route to somewhere, who thought since I was in eivilian elothes I must be a war eorrespondent out of uniform, and who refused to talk for publication until I had assured him that I was merely a consular offieer, and who thereupon regaled me for half an hour about the cheese factory back in his home town in Wisconsin.

There was Louis, young eombat pilot from Kentueky, who was prepared to argue at the drop of a hat about the relative merits of P39s and P40s, and who confided that his chief ambition after this mess was over was to go back home and raise a coupla babies.

There was the good-looking Jewish navigator from Jersey who alternately read a detective magazine and "The Robe," and who betimes gazed out the window with eyes that looked straight through the hot brown desert below to familiar green meadows far away.

And there was the young truck driver with whom I rode when he carted a crowd of us to a certain beach, who came from the state of Washington, and who, after surveying with lack-lustre looks the drab landscape along the way with its seattering of native mud-huts, suddenly turned to me to say apropos of almost nothing, "Boy, we got us a swell country back home!"

That remark became almost a refrain as I flew farther and farther along the route to Iran. These youngsters, most of whom were experiencing for the first time the strangeness of foreign lands and the exotic odors that hold old places and the odd customs of people who wouldn't know a coke from a hot dog, were thinking a lot and with a new awareness of home. All of this was probably pretty novel, and of course there was a job of work to be done first, hut *boyoboy, we got us a swell country back home!* . . .

Dedications generally appear on fly-leaves or on stone tablets in front of things. But in this partieular instance I should like to eonclude by dedieating this wholly inadequate artiele to the officers and men scattered over the faee of the earth who ereated the Air Transport Command and who, not by advertising but by straight achievement, are making it one of the most talked-abont wonders of the modern world. There is not room here, nor would it be politic in view of wartime needs, to undertake an extended discussion of this great organization and its many activities. Soon however, full and proper recognition can be given the magnificent work these men have done and are doing. It will be found that each one of them, regardless of rank or job or background, contributed mightily in speeding our victory in the war. Of equal importance, it will be shown that, through a tight-lipped determination to triumph over difficulties, through a painstaking attention to the very last detail of organization, maintenance and performance, and through a soaring spirit which comes of pride in a job well done and serves to fix eyes on stars, they have constructed even in the midst of destruction. Out of war's exigencies they have built an organization which even now is bringing to far-flung peoples, both hig and little, the knowledge that just beyond victory dwells a bright future worth fighting—and flying for. . . .

PORTRAIT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, CORDELL HULL

This portrait was recently painted by Captain Edward Murray, Army Air Forces, in a makeshift studio down the corridor from the Secretary's office.

Business as usual was carried on while the Secretary was sitting for the portrait, various confidential discussions necessitating his leaving the "studio" with certain visitors from time to time.

Typical railroad station in the Belgian Congo.

The Port of Matadi.

The Belgian Congo's War Production

By CHARLES LÉONARD, *Agricultural Attaché, Belgian Embassy in Washington*

ABOUT nineteen centuries ago, Pliny the Elder remarked that "there is always something new out of Africa." That mysterious continent is today one of the most important areas of the world, and it is still producing the new and unexpected. For example, the Belgian Congo is at present bringing most efficient aid to the United Nations as an arsenal of war materials.

The Belgian Congo lies across the Equator in the very heart of Africa, where it covers 920,000 square miles—a territory roughly equal to one-third of continental United States. The Belgian Congo Basin, which comprises the Congo River and its many tributaries, is rather low-lying plateau, bordered by mountain chains, which in the east reach very high altitudes. While the abundance of water and heat is favorable to all kinds of tropical agriculture, and rich soil is available in the more temperate districts, the Congo is possessed with a wealth of mineral resources, including copper, tin, cobalt, radium, and industrial diamonds.

During past centuries, many nations, attracted by "Africa and Golden Joys," have bitten into and occupied the outlining coasts of Africa—supposed to contain gold—which were easily accessible and exploitable, but they neglected the "Heart of Africa" (now the Belgian Congo), where Nature had hidden many of her treasures.

And so it came to pass that, up to more than a century ago, almost nothing was known about Central Africa, and as Jonathan Swift wrote:

> "So geographers, in Africa's maps,
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs,
> Place elephants for want of towns."

However, there was one man who felt something ought to be done to explore, civilize, and develop this practically unknown portion of the globe. That man was King Leopold the Second of Belgium. In 1876, he called an International Geographic Conference on the subject, but finding a lack of interest on the part of other nations, he decided to form a Company which, in 1879, sent out a small pioneering party under the leadership of Henry Stanley. This mission spent several years in exploring the country and establishing relations with the native tribes. In 1885, the territory was recognized by the Great Powers as a sovereign, independent State under the personal rule of King Leopold. The King freed the country from Arab slave raiders and, having done the "spade work" in establishing order and introducing civilization throught its territory, ceded his sovereign rights over it to Belgium (in 1908).

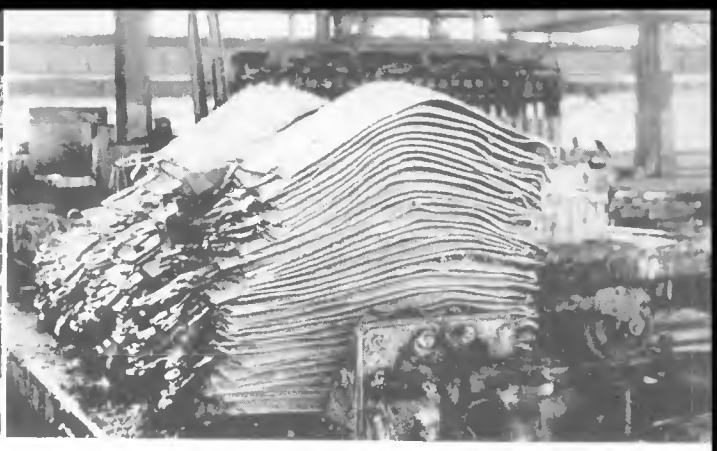
Thenceforth a Belgian Colony, the Congo was placed under the control of the Belgian people, i.e. the Belgian Government and Parliament.

Since the German occupation of Belgium in 1940, the legislative and executive powers are exercised in accordance with the Belgian Constitution, by the Belgian Government-in-exile, and in particular by Mr. A. De Vleeschauwer, Minister of Colonies. Under the Colonial Charter, wide delegations of authority are granted to the Governor General of the Colony at Leopoldville, and these are extended in the present emergency.

The Belgian Congo has a native population of about ten and a half million and a white population of some forty thousand, of whom the majority are Belgians.

In the adjacent Belgian mandated territories of Ruanda-Urundi, which are practically administered as a section of the Colony and have an area of only

Bank of the Belgian Congo.



The Belgian Congo is rich in copper mines. Copper sheets.

20,500 square miles, there are over three and a half million inhabitants, of whom about three thousand are white.

In the present world crisis, the Government and people of the Congo are making every effort to increase the output of strategic war products and to render them available to the United Nations.

The following are a few examples of the progress achieved:

Copper: Production in 1939, 135,000 tons; in 1940, 148,000 tons; in 1941, 162,000 tons; in 1942, 186,000 tons.

Tin Ore: Production in 1934, 5,000 tons; in 1940, 10,000 tons; in 1942, 18,000 tons. Since the outbreak of the war, the operating companies have installed furnaces in the Congo for smelting the cassiterite which formerly was shipped to Belgium for treatment. The entire production of tin is now being shipped *to the United States,* for account of Metals Reserve Company.

Manganese: In 1942 the production of manganese from the Congo mines was about 20,000 tons and it is estimated that for 1943, it will exceed 30,000 tons, all of which will be shipped *to the United States.*

Zinc: Zinc is exported from the Congo in the form of concentrates that have been roasted locally for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Prior to the war, the production of zinc was small, but production has been stepped up considerably; in 1942 12,000 tons were shipped; the production will probably be doubled in 1943, making about 25,000 tons of zinc available to the United Nations.

Cobalt: In 1942 the Congo produced about 4,500 tons of crude cobalt, of which the metal content was about 1,800 tons. The crude cobalt is refined in the United States. (In pre-war years, the United States consumed on an average 700 tons of cobalt per annum. The Congo's output is being increased, and a local refinery is in course of erection with a view to treating the increment.

Diamonds: The diamond fields were discovered towards 1911, along the banks of the Kasai River and its tributaries, by prospectors of the "FORMINERE," a company in the promotion and development of which American engineers and investors have largely participated.

The output consists mainly of industrial diamonds, which are now greatly needed for war purposes. One example of their uses in industry is the manufacture of dies for the production of fine metal wire. The stones are set up in a series, each one having been pierced through its center. The wire is introduced into the first diamond, drawn through it into the second diamond, which has a slightly finer hole, then into the third which has a still smaller bore—and so on ad infinitum. This fine wire is essential in lighting, heating, and radiolocation. It is used in every cable, mine, fuse, torpedo, and airplane, in precision instruments, and in every warship and merchant ship. It is even to be found in the fine gold braid used for decorating military uniforms.

The Belgian Congo is the world's main producer of industrial diamonds. In 1914 its production of diamonds—mainly industrial—was 24,000 carats; in 1916, 58,000 carats; in 1940 it reached 10,900,000 carats. While there was a substantial decline in 1941 and 1942, the output is again on the upgrade at present.

Among other mineral products of the Congo, *Cadmium, Uranium* (Radium), *Silver,* and *Wolfram* may be cited.

With the exception of a few large mining and metallurgical centers, most mines in the Belgian Congo present problems of development which are not normally encountered in the United States. Whether they be situated in regions of deep equa-

torial forest, or in bleak mountainous regions, the climate is hot and humid. The native population is sparsely scattered in these regions and workers often have to be transported from distant villages, 100 or 200 miles from the mines.

In accordance with the laws of the Congo Government, the Congo companies must provide housing, clothing, and food for the workers and their families. The mining companies have established Regional Centers which, in addition to developing the mines, are responsible for the health and well-being of the native workers and their dependents. A Center comprises a garage with its trucks, cars, a repair shop, a construction and repair shop, a brick yard, a market for foods, etc., as will as offices for the administrative services, a hospital, dispensaries, and schools.

Exploitation Camps surrounded by one or two dozen separate mine-workings, occupy a circle of 4 or 5 kilometers around the camp center. The working of the mineral deposits, both alluvial and otherwise, is carried on simultaneously in the valleys surrounding the central camp, as it is necessary to utilize at one and the same time, the waters of all the rivers and streams of the region, water being an essential element in mining of this sort. Often, the water is brought by canal from the distance of several miles, and the numerous pools for accumulating water are established. Canals constructed of wood (flumes) and sluices of steel (where lumber is not available) traverse the valleys to reach the washing installations. The operation of alluvial deposits consists of making deep trenches in a valley and digging out a hard layer about a yard in thickness. Then there is the task of draining and drying the trenches, which has been accomplished by various means—hand buckets, prospectors' pans, hand pumps, etc. The digging of the trenches and the extraction of the mineral is done by pick and shovel, and transportation is made by wheelbarrow to the apparatus for washing and recovering the mineral.

Other important implements most useful for such primitive mine-working are special pitchforks for the mineral strata, axes, machetes, grizzly bars, et cetera. A large quantity of nails and bolts is also necessary in the smelting and washing plants.

Some of the larger mining concerns are equipped with the most modern machinery. Thus the power station established by the Katanga copper mines distributes over 1,000,000 KWH a day for their operation. Or again, one of the larger tin mines uses 20 shovels and draglines, 53 belt conveyors, about 20 movable washing shops, a number of fixed plants for concentration of ore, many miles of railway equipped with locotractors, 600 dumping wagons, 100 different pumps, a number of locomobiles, and electric and hydro-electric power stations.

The mines need a large fleet of trucks to transport the material required for their operations—foodstuffs, apparatus, and in some cases ore or concentrates. Moreover, workers must often be conveyed to and from the mine fields, and roads must be opened to give access to new mining camps.

When Belgium was invaded on May 10, 1940, the Congo mines were well equipped to carry out the program of production contemplated by their European directors. This program was calculated to provide for the economic development of the mines over a given number of years. Thus a tin mine estimated to contain 6,000 tons of cassiterite was expected to produce about 1,000 tons per annum. With the outbreak of the war, however, a new situation arose. Belgium's Allies called for increased supplies, and economic considerations were weighted by the paramount aim of responding to their demand. For this purpose, it was necessary to suspend work on some of the mine fields, and concentrate on the establishment of new camps and perfecting the equipment of such mines as could yield the quickest results in the most needed materials. The normal gold production was reduced from about 800,000 to 500,000 ounces.

A cow-bell shaped flat gong, used by Mangbetu, Niangara.

At present, the Belgian Congo continues to be faced with the problem of maintaining its old mines and, at the same time, opening new deposits. Materials are needed for new constructions as well as for repairs.

Although perhaps less spectacular, the *Agricultural development* of the Congo, which occupies the great majority of native workers, is of paramount importance not only for the maintenance of the population but also for its war effort. The Government's experimental stations are assisting the native farmers and white settlers in improving and varying their cultivation. Most of the native communities need more rational and ampler nutrition.

(*Continued on page* 550)

DIPLOMACY AS A CAREER*

By SUMNER WELLES

BEFORE Pearl Harbor, the Foreign Service was often called our first line of defense.

Its foremost duty was to protect the nation's security by striving to maintain law and mutual understanding in our international relationships and by reporting to us at headquarters those developments abroad which were a growing menace to our safety. Thus Ambassador Joseph Grew at Tokyo, while he tried to fulfill our strong and sincere desire for the maintenance of friendly relations with Japan, was fully alive to the danger which finally materialized on December 7, 1941, and frequently sent us word of the danger. The treachery of our enemies cannot be held to have made work like his in vain. On the contrary, as long as independent nations exist, the Foreign Service must also exist—with the double aim of preserving our peaceful relations and guarding us against such treachery.

Now that our country has been plunged into war, however, you might suppose that we would close most of our embassies, legations and consulates and merely mark time for the duration. Such a supposition is far from fact. It is true that our national security now rests squarely upon the Army and the Navy—but it is also true that the Foreign Service is fulfilling greater responsibilities than perhaps have ever confronted it.

First, the United States Foreign Service must see that our relationships with London, Moscow, Chungking, and the other capitals of the United Nations, especially those in the American Republics, continue upon a sound basis of reciprocal understanding. Of no less moment is our work in Spain, Portugal, Turkey and the Argentine — where the enemy is fighting with all the subversive weapons at his command to win support. Whatever success we achieve in attempting to win over the remaining neutral states—or at least to prevent their being won over by the enemy—will not be spectacular as in the case of a victory by the armed forces. But it will remain, nevertheless, a victory of inestimable value to our cause.

Foreign Service Officer Robert D. Murphy played a valuable role for the war effort when he went to northwestern Africa early in 1941, taking with him a dozen picked subordinates. For a year and a half he and his men controlled the distribution of petroleum and other commodities to the peoples of Algeria and Morocco and cultivated the friendship and support of their leaders. Murphy succeeded so well that when our troops invaded the area in November, 1942, they met with scant resistance and suffered but little bloodshed.

The spirit in the Foreign Service is like that of the armed services in that personnel must go where they are sent and perform their duties without regard to personal hardship or danger. For many of our men the war commenced in September, 1939, when Foreign Service officers and employes remained on duty at Warsaw throughout the siege to protect American citizens and American interests there. For 10 days we had no communication with the staff. Later we learned that the Consulate General had been damaged by shell-fire and that the staff had narrowly escaped death.

Since then, the same story has been repeated at many other posts. Our Consul at Havre was machine-gunned during the German attack upon that city; one of our employes at Belgrade was buried in the ruins of a building destroyed during the bombardment there; the staff at Singapore remained on duty until only a day or two before the Japanese occupation of the city, when under our orders they withdrew to the Dutch East Indies. In June, 1942, when we withdrew our Consul from Malta, one of his last reports to us before his departure read that he had just experienced his 25 hundredth air raid.

Apart from the physical danger which has threatened them at so many posts, our Foreign Service officers and employes have endured additional hardship and difficulty in the inflationary cost of living in some countries, conditions of near famine, the loss or destruction of their household and personal effects, and long separation from their wives and children. New and heavy responsibilities imposed upon them by the war have necessitated long hours of work, seven days a week, for months on end. There have been a number of breakdowns resulting from excessive overwork amidst danger and privation.

Since many war duties of the Foreign Service are highly technical in nature it has been necessary for us to call upon specialists and experts from private life just as other departments of the Government have done. By July, 1941, our need for personnel

*Reprinted from *Coronet*.

had become so acute that we organized the Auxiliary Foreign Service as an emergency arm of the regular Service to assist us for the duration in coping with war problems. The Auxiliary Foreign Service supplies in part the additional personnel without which we could not have continued operations and also furnishes us with technical experts.

Today five thousand men and women comprise your country's Foreign Service. This number includes 45 ambassadors and ministers, 850 Foreign Service officers, 12 hundred American employes, 22 hundred alien employes, and the Auxiliary Service of 310 officers and 340 American employes. These officers and employes are stationed at 237 embassies, legations, and consulates throughout the world. At a small post such as the consulate at Tihwa in remote northwestern China there is one officer assisted by one Chinese clerk. At a large office such as the embassy at London, the ambassador has a staff of 53 officers and 233 employes.

The size of the Service is small in comparison with the magnitude of its tasks, as I think the above figures bear witness. Therefore, the personnel who comprise it must be selected with the very greatest care.

For apart from the fact that the conduct of international relationship involves grave responsibility and calls for character and ability of the highest order, an individual Foreign Service officer stationed at a post far from the United States must, merely by reason of his remoteness from headquarters, make important decisions of his own. This is equally true whether he is in charge of a large embassy and is conducting negotiations upon which war and peace may depend, or is a vice consul at a small office dealing with the problem of evacuating the American citizens of his district amidst invasion by the enemy. We have left far behind the days of Talleyrand and his admonition to young diplomats not to show too much zeal. Today we require men not only with abundant zeal but with education, intelligence, judgment and competence. Our entrance examinations are designed to find us such men. The rare man who passes them but later fails to fulfill the promise expected of him is dropped from the Service.

One of the most striking things about the Service is the fact that there is no "type" of personality, background or experience to which our officers conform. On the contrary, they are perhaps more diversified in these respects than would appear possible in a small organization. From the viewpoint of geography, Foreign Service officers come from every one of the 48 states.

For example, the last group of successful candidates who passed the entrance examination numbered 32 (out of a total of 428 who took the examination) and were from Michigan, New York, Maryland, Georgia, Missouri, California, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, Virginia, Minnesota and Wisconsin. They had done their undergraduate work at Michigan, Pacific, Harvard, Princeton, Georgia, Principia, California, Missouri, Wooster, Yale, Wesleyan, Boston, Amherst, DePauw, Williams, Western Reserve, Brooklyn, Stanford and Wisconsin. Many enter the Service after experience in other vocations following graduation, and naturally we have found such experience to be of great value. There are men who have been in journalism or manufacturing or farming or banking or foreign trade or research. One of our most promising junior officers is a man who was a full professor of mathematics at a Mid-western college; another was a real estate broker in the South; still another, an editorial staff member on one of the foremost news magazines.

Contrary to a misconception that is unfortunately all too common, the great majority of Foreign Service officers do not have substantial private means but are dependent upon their official compensation for support. When the present Service was established in 1924 it was fully recognized that remuneration should be adequate so that men of talent and ability would be attracted to the Service as a career, regardless of whether they possessed private means.

The salary range since that date has been from 25 hundred dollars a year for the junior officer of the lowest rank, to 10 thousand dollars for the Class I officer who may be a Counselor of Embassy, a First Secretary of Legation or a Consul General. In addition, allowances are provided for quarters and, in the case of posts where the cost of living is extraordinarily high, for abnormal living expenses. Thus the junior officer receives, apart from his salary, allowances that may total from one thousand to three thousand dollars a year. Allowances are correspondingly larger in the higher ranks.

This means that the era when the diplomatic service was confined almost exclusively to men of private wealth has long since ended, with the happy result that the Service now draws upon talent and ability wherever these qualities may be found and represents a true cross-section of the nation.

Of the present total of 45 ambassadors and ministers, about one-third were chosen by the President from outside the Foreign Service and the remaining two-thirds are from the ranks of the Service. The Foreign Service itself is strictly non-political and I venture to say that no other organ of the United

(*Continued on page 549*)

Escape from Tunis

By HOOKER A. DOOLITTLE. *Consul General, Tunis*

IT all started with the Message to Garcia, Garcia in this case being Admiral Esteva, French Resident General in Tunisia, to whom Vice Consul John Utter and the writer delivered President Roosevelt's letter regarding the landing of American troops in North Africa at 2 A. M. on the morning of November 8th, 1942.

As the manner in which the message would be received was an unknown quantity we had left all our confidential material near the kitchen stove in the competent care of Mrs. Doolittle who had instructions in case we failed to return or telephone within the hour, to burn everything. In case a stranger, particularly a policeman, tried to enter, our Spanish maid, who knew no other language, was to conduct the negotiations while the papers burned.

A trip through the sleeping town was uneventful. No sentry challenged us until we woke up the guard at the Residency entrance and asked to see the Admiral, who received us in a few moments in his white naval uniform and Moroccan slippers. His reception of the President's note was more sad than angry, but it soon became clear that he would do no more than accept the orders of Marshal Pétain as to his conduct. After a short conversation as to where and what the American troops were, the Admiral said, good night, or rather good morning to us, with the remark that his day was just beginning. Again we returned to the house unmolested.

Another trip back to the center of Tunis to file a telegram reporting delivery of the message showed the Residency courtyard full of motor cars and others arriving. After we had dispatched the telegram, John and I deliberately passed the lodgings of the German and Italian Armistice Commissions to see whether they too had been aroused, but they evidently were sleeping soundly with no idea of what the dawn would bring.

For the staff of the American Consulate, the dawn brought a period of intense activity and plenty trouble. By 10 a. m. I was under house arrest while John and our two American clerks continued the destruction of confidential documents in the consulate. They too were arrested later in the day and the other subordinate members of the office put under lock and key at the premises of the British Consulate General, where the presence of large stocks of blankets, cigarettes, and canned goods sent by the British Red Cross for the British merchant seamen interned in Tunisia, served to palliate somewhat the lack of other comforts.

An American couple who had happened to be passing the week-end with us were allowed to de-

Tunis townfolk pour out along the highway to greet their deliverers. Note the Tunisian model of horse and buggy with tricolor flying from the whip; also man alongside holding up two fingers in the victorious "V" salute.

part as having no official connection, and we settled down to wait for events under the competent guard of four gendarmes at the gate and four at the back. From then on our party consisting of Mrs. Doolittle and myself and Vice Consul Utter and Clerk Marguerite Lipp, were passive spectators of the German arrival, which began on Monday, November 9, by a flock of transport planes about four p. m.

Thanks to our guards, mostly Corsicans, and the visits of a doctor who was allowed to come to treat a boil Vice Consul Utter was proudly wearing, we were able to more or less keep abreast of the rumors flying around town. The telephone was promptly cut but the radio kept us inaccurately informed of what was going on in the outside world. I say "inaccurately" because the presence of American troops was reported in all parts of North Africa, including up to about two miles from the house, from which we inferred that our incarceration would be of short duration.

Until Friday, the thirteenth, German activity was principally aerial, punctuated by some very pretty night bombings of the Tunis airdrome by boys from Malta, two of whom were hidden in the country residence of the British Consul General which we had been occupying, by a friendly French aviator after they had crash landed outside Tunis. The story of their adventures during the ensuing six months provide a really thrilling chapter. On Friday, November thirteenth, however, our consular observation post on the terrace noticed the arrival of German troops in small cars resembling jeeps.

This did not look so good, so I managed to induce one of our guards to call in the Chief of Police who had arrested us. The Perfect, to give him his title, appeared at the house about nine p. m. and we insisted on a decision as to what was to be done with us. At first he suggested internment in the Tunisian south, and at our insistence promised to consult Admiral Esteva, and departed. At eleven-thirty he returned to the house accompanied by two other officials of the Residency, who informed us that we would be free to depart for Algeria under the guidance of a French Vice Consul attached to the Residency. The Vice Consul showed up shortly to inform us that German troops were already within about three blocks of the house, and that one road of escape for us was already blocked. He was accompanied by Benjamin Cramer, wife and 6-months' baby, who, of course, had forgotten their passports.

As time seemed the essence of the contract, a scene of considerable confusion ensued in spite of our previous daily round-table discussions as to what to do when the bell rang. In the endeavors to remember the essentials and load two small cars at our disposal, a great many important objects were forgotten and articles carefully carried by members of the party to one car, were just as carefully carried back by another member and nobody knows just where. Among such peripatetic objects were my portable typewriter on which we had counted to record the episode for posterity, my favorite camels-hair burnoose, and an extremely valuable small rug which I had intended to take.

And so, out into the night, pushing aside a couple of gendarmes who were not quite aware of what was going on, but who were too taken by surprise to object. Around through the wooded part of the Belvedere, down a winding road, and then after a sudden corner face to face with a German tank and a squad of soldiers. The Residency cars were in the lead and what they said we do not know. At any rate, after a moment's discussion we were allowed to proceed. I merely remarked in passing, "Avec les autres," in French which I hope did not betray my national origin. Another three kilometres, the prospects of liberty loomed before us, as well as two more German tanks and more soldiers coming down the Bizerte road where it joined the outlet from Tunis. Another parley and again we were allowed to proceed as the Germans, all youngsters, had evidently received no orders to stop any particular party.

Once outside the city gates, the party stopped and we said goodby to our friends. Then the Residency car with the Vice Consul took the lead up the road to Beja and Algiers, followed by Vice Consul Utter in his Studebaker. With a careless wave of the hand in parting to the French officials who were returning to Tunis, I let in the clutch, stepped on the accelerator, crashed through a ditch, and found myself in the middle of a plowed field.

After a few minutes maneuvering back through the ditch while I could feel a hot, sausage-laden breath on the back of my neck, I finally fumbled my way back on to the road and dashed on after the rest of the party, who had not observed my farewell gyration. Twenty kilometres out we began to breath more deeply, and stopped to allow some slight rearrangements of the party and to get the more uncomfortable pieces of baggage into less irksome positions. From then on our trip was uneventful except for fog in the mountain passes and for a brief visit to the headquarters of the small Tunisian army whose trail was easily marked by the successive

(*Continued on page* 548)

American troops establishing beachhead at North African Coast.

Americans walking down a street in Oran.

Signal Corps Photos

Rangers in action in North Africa.

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The American Foreign Service Association

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

EDITORS' COLUMN

Casualties on the field of battle are, of course, daily occurrences in war, and one soon learns to accept the loss of trained personnel as unfortunate though necessary "expendables." Every branch of the armed forces is wide open to the toll of warfare, to the forfeiture of men difficult to replace. We are not so accustomed, however, to think of the ravages inflicted on members of the non-combatant services by the stress and strain of the national emergency.

In the brief space of a few months the Foreign Service has lost three officers by heart attack alone. Minister Bert Fish at Lisbon, Stuart Allen at Vancouver, and Fred Hibbard from Monrovia succumbed to this dangerous disease, and only a short time earlier Charlie Hosmer was taken by a similar malady. The great pressure under which these men labored was no doubt responsible for the undermining of their health and the consequent shortening of their useful lives. In the case of Fred Hibbard, a contributory cause was a severe attack of malaria, contracted while handling our vital wartime arrangements with Liberia.

In a very real sense the Foreign Service Officer is a soldier on active duty today. While he may not be exposed to the physical perils of a bombardier or the crew of a tank, he runs the risks—greatly multiplied in wartime—of a job that is grueling in the extreme. Resistance is lowered through overwork, one's general condition may be gravely impaired by long hours and fatigue, till the body becomes prey to some natural weakness or to a prevalent epidemic. Even in peacetime, the ordinary hazards at many posts are serious enough—under the terms of all-out war they may be fatal.

Devotion to duty, however, is as common to the desk officer, whether in Washington or in the field, as it is to the front-line warrior. The temporary casualties of sickness and exhaustion are testimony to the enormous burden today—and they are bound to increase as the war is prolonged. There is no question of quitting under fire, any more than the members of a task force would take time out to rest.

The career Service can ill afford the loss of a Hibbard, a Hosmer, or an Allen. To be deprived of top-notch officers such as these is a severe shock to efficiency and morale. It is up to those who carry on to take the best possible care of themselves as circumstances allow, for while in theory they too may be "expendable" in the defense of the nation, their experience and background—not to speak of their personalities—are simply irreplaceable.

News from the Department

By Jane Wilson

Emergency Medical Kits for the Foreign Service

Vice Consul Elbert G. Mathews, returning from his post at Managua, reported the case of the member of our Embassy there who had had a bad attack of malaria and was unable to procure quinine or a substitute drug to alleviate his sufferings. Mr. Mathews took up with the Department the question of having a supply of quinine sent to the Embassy to be kept on hand for such an emergency. This order was facilitated by Miss Virginia Ellis in the Division of Foreign Service Administration, who foresaw the need for many such emergency drug measures and whose efforts have resulted in supplying a much needed demand in the form of an emergency medical kit for personnel of the Foreign Service proceeding to areas where essential drugs and medical attention are virtually unobtainable.

The Department now has on hand a very limited supply of these emergency kits which are being handed out to members of the Service who are en route to a post on an approved list of isolated areas.

After consultation with the Public Health Service and other interested Government agencies, a selection was finally made of the kit most suitable to fit the needs of the Foreign Service. This kit is a roll-up of water-resistant cloth weighing approximately five pounds completely packed. It is made in two sections to be divided for short trips. This is the same kit being made for the Surgeon General's Office, War Department, and for the Office of Strategic Services, with various substitutions and additions, such as thermometer, tweezers, and scissors (due to inability to obtain scissors razor blades have been substituted).

The kits distributed do not become the personal property of the individual member of the Service but are to be retained at the mission for further use.

At the time of going to press, five kits have been distributed:

Donald E. Webster—Turkey
Dudley G. Singer—Bolivia
John D. Jernegan—Iran
William E. Yuni—China
Kenneth Yearns—China

The kit given Mr. Singer will be used at alternating periods by Mark G. Santi, also of the Auxiliary Foreign Service, both planning to travel in the Beni, the Amazon basin region of Bolivia.

Included in the kit is a book of instructions which explains "Self-treatment is often a dangerous procedure and should be resorted to only when the services of a doctor are not available. For the most part, the contents of this kit are for the use in the treatment of the more common disorders, but it does contain drugs that are powerful and which, ordinarily, should be administered only by a physician. These drugs are included in amounts that are sufficient only for the early treatment of a serious illness and to tide over the individual until medical care is available. They are not intended to replace the services of a doctor."

CONTENTS OF EMERGENCY MEDICAL KIT

POCKET		
1	2	Bandage Compress 4 in. 2 per carton
2	1	Bandage Compress 2 in. 4 per carton
	1	Gauze Bandage 2" x 6 yd. 2 per carton
3	1	Triangular Bandage
	1	Boric Acid Ointment, ¾ oz. tubes. 2 per carton
4	1	Insect Repellent, 2 oz.
5	1	Iodine Applicator. 2 cc. 1 per carton
	1	Atabrine, 1½ gr. 30
6	1	Frazier's Solution. 1 oz. 1 per carton
7	1	Salt Tablets 100
8	1	Sulfadiazine Tablets 7.5 gr. 50
9	1	Bandage Compress 4"
	1	Adhesive Compress 1" 16 per carton
10	1	Paregoric 2¼ oz.
11	1	Halazone 200
	1	Empty vial
	1	Empty vial
12	150	Vitamin Capsules
13	1	Sulfaguanadine 7½ gr. 75
14	1	Delousing Powder. 2 oz.
	1	Adhesive Plaster 1" x 5 yd.
15	1	Foot Powder. 2 oz.
16	1	Adhesive Compress 1" 16 per carton
	1	Eye Dressing Unit
17	1	Insect Repellent. 2 oz.
18	1	Quinine Sulphate. 100

19	1	Aspirin, 100
20	1	Iodine 2 cc. Applicator
21	1	Atabrine 30
22	1	Bismuth Subcarbonate, 5 gr. 30
23	1	Aloin Compound 50
24	1	Phenobarhatol, 1½ gr. 18
25	1	Halazone 100
26	1	Empty
27	1	Empty
28		Clinical thermometer (in case)
29		Five-inch thumb forceps
30		Small package single-edge razor blades (in place of scissors)
31		Book of Instructions

List of Foreign Service Sons in the Armed Forces

Sons of Foreign Service Officer JAMES R. WILKINSON:

James R. Wilkinson III. Technical (Radar) Sergeant. Army Air Corps

Peter B. Wilkinson. Aviation Pilot Cadet. Army Air Corps

Son of Consul General THOMAS D. BOWMAN:

Captain T. P. Bowman. Army Air Force

Sons of Ambassador R. Henry Norweb:

Lt. R. Henry Norweb, Jr., Army Signal Corps, overseas

Lt. Albert H. Norweb, Army Air Corps, overseas

Africa Week at Chautauqua

The Chautauqua Institution organized a week's study of "Problems of Africa Today" at Chautauqua, New York, August 16-20.

This is the first time, at least in recent years, that the State Department has authorized an officer to speak specially and publicly on America's relationship to African affairs, and the first time that anything like this Africa program has been presented at Chautauqua.

The State Departmen named HENRY S. VILLARD, Assistant Chief of the Near Eastern Division, to speak on the political side of American-African relations, and SAMUEL W. BOGGS, Geographer of the Department, to speak on the geographical side. Mr. Boggs gave an illustrated lecture entitled "Africa: Maps and Man."

Also among the speakers was Admiral Raymond Fenard, Head of the French Naval Mission to the United States, who spoke on "France and Africa."

Heard in the Corridors

. . . MRS. SELDEN CHAPIN has a war-job in the Office of Censorship in Washington, D. C. . . .

. . . THE HON. CHARLES C. EBERHARDT visited the Department on September 9 and stopped in to pick up the last two issues of the JOURNAL which had not been re-forwarded to him; he says he likes to keep "up to date" on the news. . . .

. . . MRS. W. PAUL O'NEILL, JR., plans to attend Vassar this winter, which will be her final year for her A.B. degree, while her husband is assigned as Vice Consul to Tunis. . . .

. . . JOHN CARTER VINCENT has been designated an Assistant Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs. . . .

. . . MRS. HAROLD CLUM sent in some beautiful photos for the JOURNAL which, she says, were taken by her husband with a kodak given him upon his entrance in the Foreign Service in 1909 and which he is still using to photograph their home "Hilltop," Malden-on-Hudson, New York, where they have been living since his retirement in 1940. . . .

. . . JOE D. WALSTROM has been designated an Assistant Chief of the Division of International Communications to have responsibility for the activities of the Aviation Section. . . .

. . . One F.S.O. assigned to the Department has been on loan to so many different government agencies that he thinks he should be designated "Lend-Lease Officer.". . .

Advanced Italian Course

The School of Social Sciences and Public Affairs of The American University, Washington, D. C., is offering a course in Spoken Italian to be conducted by FRANKLIN C. GOWEN, Foreign Service Officer. It will include conversational practice and a review of Italian regional characteristics and activities.

Pistol Packin' Mama

Dear Miss Ann:

We have received your letter here in the Department telling us of your success in arriving at your post in South Africa with your revolver intact. This is a happy ending for the item about you run in this column in our June issue.

So you're going to "pick a crow" with someone for calling you a "moll"? There was nothing derogatory intended, we assure you. Will you refer to Webster's New International Dictionary where the first definition is given. A SWEETHEART. That is the sense in which it was used,—and we have great admiration for your Texas training with that gat.

Yours RESPECTFULLY.

Photo: R. V. Larsen

OZALID DUPLICATING SECTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

The two machines in the foreground are the Ozalid whiteprint machines used to make copies of the despatches sent in from the field which are distributed throughout the Department.

In the left background is the Ozaphane machine for making duplicates of microfilm negatives which are sent to Switzerland, Madrid, etc.

In the right background is the microfile camera which takes the pictures of the material to be sent out.

Operators: Misses Carmela Pepe and Mildred Gale.

John Davies Reaches Chungking

In the September issue this column ran the story of the miraculous escape from death of Foreign Service Officer JOHN DAVIES and all but one of his party when they parachuted from a disabled plane into an isolated Burma jungle. The account left the little group of 20 awaiting rescue.

Further word came through in early September from Eric Sevareid, CBS correspondent and one of those marooned, by means of a hand-cranked wireless set dropped to them from a plane. He reported that with the exception of the loss of their co-pilot, whose body was found by the natives under wreckage of the plane when the flames had died away, all had survived and were standing up well under the strain. "Many of us are covered with insect bites and sores," he reported, "but it is nothing serious."

The Burmese headhunters, every one a primitive killer, befriended the plane-wrecked group. The natives kept them supplied with goats and pigs and became their devoted friends.

There's a happy ending to the story. The news has just come that a British Sub-Divisional officer, Philip Adams, found his way to the stranded party, organized the natives, and being familiar with the terrain, conducted the party safely to the outpost where they enplaned, and now Mr. Davies is at his post at Chungking.

From World War I

Reminiscent of the days when the State Department Building was the State, War and Navy Building is the small bronze memorial plaque belonging to the War Department, which still hangs to the left of the main entrance door. The tablet is decorated by a bas-relief of mounted horses drawing an army vehicle and reads:

"THIS TABLET COMMEMORATES THE SERVICES AND SUFFERINGS OF THE 243,135 HORSES AND MULES EMPLOYED BY THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES OVERSEAS DURING THE GREAT WORLD WAR WHICH TERMINATED NOVEMBER 11, 1918, AND WHICH RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF 68,682 OF THOSE ANIMALS. WHAT THEY SUFFERED IS BEYOND WORDS AND DESCRIPTION. A FITTING TRIBUTE TO THEIR IMPORTANT SERVICES HAS BEEN GIVEN BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, WHO HAS WRITTEN 'THE ARMY HORSES AND MULES PROVED OF INESTIMABLE VALUE IN PROSECUTING THE WAR TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION. THEY WERE FOUND IN ALL THE THEATRES OF PREPARATION AND OPERATION DURING THEIR SILENT BUT FAITHFUL WORK WITHOUT THE FACULTY OF HOPING FOR ANY REWARD OF COMPENSATION.'

This tablet is erected by friends of horses and mules in the United States, under the auspices of the American Red Star Animal Relief, a Department of the American Humane Association."

(Continued on page 553)

News From the Field

FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

ACLY, ROBERT A.—*Union of South Africa*
BECK, WILLIAM H.—*Bermuda*
BERRY, BURTON Y.—*Turkey.*
BINGHAM, HIRAM, JR.—*Argentina*
BREUER, CARL—*Venezuela*
BUELL, ROBERT L.—*Ceylon*
BUTLER, GEORGE—*Peru*
CHILDS, J. RIVES—*North Africa*
CLARK, DUWAYNE G.—*Paraguay*
DOW, EDWARD, JR.—*Egypt*
DREW, GERALD A.—*Guatemala*
DUFF, WILLIAM—*India*
FISHER, DORSEY G.—*Great Britain*
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*
FORD, RICHARD—*Iran*
LATIMER, FREDERICK P., JR.—*Honduras*
LIGHTNER, E. ALLEN, JR.—*Sweden*
LORD, JOHN H.—*Jamaica*
MCGREGOR, ROBERT G., JR.—*Mexico*
MEMMINGER, ROBERT B.—*Uruguay*
MILBOURNE, H. L.—*St. Lucia*
MINTER, JOHN R.—*Southern Australia*
MITCHELL, REGINALD P.—*Haiti*
OCHELTREE, JOHN B.—*Greenland*
PAGE, EDWARD, JR.—*U.S.S.R.*
PALMER, JOSEPH, 2ND—*British East Africa*
TAYLOR, LAURENCE W.—*French Equatorial Africa, The Cameroons and Belgium Congo.*
TRIOLO, JAMES S.—*Colombia*
TURNER, MASON—*Western Australia*
WILLIAMS, ARTHUR R.—*Panama*

MONTREAL

ARRIVAL OF SECRETARY OF STATE HULL AT MONTREAL EN ROUTE TO QUEBEC CONFERENCE

Reading right to left:—**The Honorable Cordell Hull, Secretary of State; Homer M. Byington, American Consul General at Montreal; N. B. Walton, Executive Vice-President of Canadian National Railways; George W. Renchard, Foreign Service Officer, serving in Office of Secretary of State; C. W. Johnson, Chief of Transportation, Canadian National Railways.**

OTTAWA

The visit of President Roosevelt on August 25 climaxed an eventful summer for the Legation. Breaking numerous wartime precedents, the President travelled directly to Ottawa from the historic Quebec Conference to address an audience of thousands assembled on the spacious greens before the Parliament Buildings. The archway of Canada's Peace Tower provided an appropriately dramatic setting for the speaker's rostrum. Flags of the United States, Canada and Great Britain waved everywhere. Bands played and smartly uniformed units of Canada's Army, Navy and Air Force were on parade. Still more color was added to the scene by the Mounties in their scarlet coats. The spontaneous enthusiasm of the great crowd made the occasion perhaps the most memorable demonstration of friendship in the long history of good Canadian-American relations.

In the afternoon, following the address and the wreath-laying ceremony at the Peace Monument, the President motored to the Minister's residence in Rockcliffe Park and received all American members of the Legation staff and their wives.

Minister Ray Atherton arrived in Ottawa on August first and presented his credentials to the Governor General two days later. On the same day, the Minister and Mrs. Atherton held open house for members of the Legation family and other official Americans resident in Ottawa, giving all an opportunity to make the acquaintance of their charming new chief and his delightful family. The Minister's career in Canada was begun auspiciously by his participation in the Quebec Conference.

Recent additions to the Legation family include Third Secretary and Mrs. Jerry Greene and young daughter, Wendy, who arrived from Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. Dana Doten and their three children. Mr. Doten, the O.W.I. representative in Canada, shared with his Canadian and British counterparts the job of keeping some 180 newspaper correspondents and photographers happy at the Quebec Conference. One reporter commented that having in mind the lack of news it was a tribute to the personalities and intelligence of these three gentlemen that they were not pushed down the high cliff on which the Citadel is perched.

Chargé d'Affaires Lewis Clark served as personal representative of the President, one of the godfathers, at the christening early this summer of Princess Margriet, youngest daughter of Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. Judging from official photographs of the event, Lewis filled the role very competently.

J. M. Eitrum

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton and their two children, Mia and John, arrived in Montreal by train on Sunday, August 1st, and were met by Lewis Clark, Chargé d'Affaires, and Homer M. Byington, Consul General at Montreal.

After a bout with press photographers, the party motored to Ottawa, stopping at the Seigniory Club for luncheon.

The evening after his arrival the Minister had an informal interview with the Prime Minister. On Tuesday, August 3rd, he presented his Letters of Credence to the Governor General, accompanied by sixteen members of the Legation staff. Following the ceremony, the Minister and Mrs. Atherton, the Military and Naval Attachés, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark stayed on to lunch at Government House.

That afternoon the Minister held a press conference in his office. The occasion was marked by geniality on all sides, a spirit which was transferred into the accounts of the conference appearing in the next morning's papers.

The press has fully reported the Minister's arrival in the friendliest terms, and it is quite clear that the warmth of the reception which he has received is most sincere.

J. N. Greene, Jr.

TORONTO

Independence Day witnessed the dedication by the Right Reverend Noble C. Powell, Coadjutor Bishop of Maryland, of a symbolic stone presented by the National Cathedral in Washington, D. C., to St. Paul's Church, Toronto. Consul General Winship participated in the dedication and presented an American flag to St. Paul's Church. Following the ceremony, which emphasized the democratic ideals of the two countries, Mr. and Mrs. Winship gave a luncheon in honor of Bishop Powell and Bishop and Mrs. Renison of Toronto.

The Toronto staff suffered another loss in the resignation of Vice Consul Wylie G. Borum and his departure on August 3rd to accept an appointment as Lieutenant Colonel in the Tennessee State Guard. Outstanding among the farewell events was a cocktail party given by Consul General and Mrs. Winship on July 30th. The next day, his last at the Consulate General, the staff presented him with a suitably engraved cocktail shaker and set of glasses.

(*Continued on page* 539)

The Bookshelf

FRANCIS C. DE WOLF, *Review Editor*

THE LATIN AMERICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES: AN HISTORICAL INTERPRETATION, by Samuel Flagg Bemis. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1943. pp. xvi, 470. $4.50.

The latest of Professor Bemis' distinguished contributions to the history of American foreign relations is a first-rate book. The fruit of his recently developed interest in the whole course of the relations of the United States with its neighbors to the south, *The Latin American Policy of the United States* is a credit to its author and to his profession, and deserves a wide audience, not only among his fellow-countrymen, but also in the other American republics.

If those Americans who have so glibly employed catch phrases like "dollar diplomacy" and those Latin Americans whose distrust of the United States is summed up in the words "colossus of the North" will read this book with care, they will carry away from it a truer understanding of the motivating forces underlying one aspect of American foreign policy, and of the consequences of it. Not that they will approve of all that Bemis says, for, his approach being that of a thoughtful *norte-americano* who, after mature consideration, finds just occasion for decent gratification and pride in the record of his country's policy toward the lands to the south, the book contains more of approval of the work of our statesmen than of disapproval.

But to another American historian who has devoted some attention to the subject, Bemis' explanations ring true and his value judgments stand up—with one important exception. The exception is in his treatment of the Mexican War of 1846. Here Bemis defends President Polk with arguments which appear to the present reviewer almost equally applicable to Hitler's conduct toward Poland in 1939.

This lapse, and one or two minor judgments which appear open to question, are far outweighed by the virtues of the book. The first of these is that, while emphasizing the fact that, at least until very recently, the United States has had three distinct foreign policies—one for Europe, one for Asia, and one for Latin America, Mr. Bemis never for one moment allows the reader to forget that our Latin American policy cannot be comprehended except aganist the background of the halance of power in Europe and—since 1898—in the world. It is against that background that he develops the three themes around which he weaves his narrative: the Establishment of the Continental Republic, the Panamá Policy, and — of course — the Policy of the Good Neighbor. The themes are wisely chosen. The first two are also well developed; but, although the significance of the last is clearly set forth, its multiple aspects are not integrated into a unified narrative. Perhaps they could not be at such close range.

It is when he is dealing with the manifold developments between 1898 and 1917 that Bemis is at his best. This reader is of the opinion that it will be a long time before we shall have clearer and more discriminating essays on the policies of Theodore Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. There will be many of his fellow countrymen and more persons in Latin America who will not like what the author says about those men and their policies, or about a number of other topics, such as what he calls "benevolent imperialism." But such persons will find it difficult to refute him, unless they deny his basic premise: that the existence of the continental United States is and has been a force for good in the world.

J. E. JOHNSON.

THE ATLANTIC CHARTER AND AFRICA FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT. A Study by the Committee on Africa, the War, and Peace Aims. Africa Bureau, 156 Fifth Ave, N. Y. C. New York, 1942. pp. 164. Paper binding $0.75, with supplement, 68 p., $1.00.

The fact that *The Atlantic Charter and Africa* has necessitated three printings in less than a year since it was first published in the early summer of 1942 reveals in itself the great demand for such a study. This demand doubtlessly exceeded the expectations of the Committee when it began its review of Africa's present problems and when it presented an outline for the development of the welfare of Africa's colonial peoples. The study, in investigating the applicability of the "Roosevelt-Churchill Eight Points," is not advocating, however, a specific plan for Africa's postwar settlement, nor is it a blueprint for specific actions as they are so commonly proposed today. It is rather a general appraisal of the existing economic, social, and political problems which have been critically but constructively evaluated in the light of those principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter. To those who hold extremist view-

points on colonial questions the study may seem ideologically evasive. Herein, however, in the opinion of the reviewer lies its chief value; its detachment from political theories on the one hand plus a realistic evaluative and unemotional presentation of facts and problems affecting the welfare of the Africans on the other, combine to elevate this study far above the many abstract treatise on colonial questions which have appeared during recent years. There is no need to register disagreement on this or that minor point, the presentation expresses an appreciation of the complexity of colonial problems and reveals a sense of responsibility which Americans will be called upon to contribute to the improvement, if not final settlement, of colonial difficulties after the war.

The core of the study is the second chapter which presents the Atlantic Charter's eight points in the sequence of the original manifesto with comments, explanations, and recommendations as far as they are of interest to Africa. In this as well as the following chapters greater emphasis has been placed upon affairs in British dependencies than on those of French and Portuguese colonies, a fact which is also revealed in the "Bibliography" which lists predominantly titles referring to British possessions. This unequal treatment of the various African political units also manifests itself in the general recommendations proposed by the Committee. These are essentially a synthesis of declarations as to their future colonial program emanating from British sources and of aspirations expressed by moderate African nationalists. While it is relatively easy to harmonize these recommendations with present or future British policy, it is difficult to imagine how French, Portuguese, or Belgian colonial policies can be adjusted towards the same goal. In pointing to this shortcoming the reviewer himself is aware of the great difficulties which must have been faced by the Committee.

Specifically the following recommendations are being proposed: Politically it is desired "that the goal of ultimate self-government should be definitely accepted in every colony." It is furthermore demanded that the color-bar be removed, that the economic status of Africans be improved, and that "the exploitation of the mineral, water, plant, animal, and soil resources" be prevented.

In reviewing America's relations with Africa it is demanded "that the people of the United States should be willing . . . to devote more attention and more financial aid to Africa than in the past." While the reviewer is in general agreement with these as well as other idealistic motivations incorporated in the study, he should like to recommend that realistic considerations be given to Africa's position in the world at large and that Americans be conscious of the role that Africa will play not only for the security of the world, but also for that of the United States.

H. A. Wieschhoff.
Committee on African Studies.
University of Pennsylvania.

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW, by Norman Angell. *The Viking Press, New York, 1943. 245 pp. $2.50.*

This volume, if not actually based on it, nevertheless advances the theory that the common people who must pass upon many issues and contribute to their settlement through the election of candidates to office, have too numerous demands placed upon them in their everyday life to permit of their deciding intelligently the questions of politics and economics, particularly international, which are presented for their solution. Early in the book the author propounds a number of questions which are said to disturb the thinking of many people and at the close of the volume he undertakes to answer them. However, an examination of the questions at the beginning and the answers at the end is not sufficient. The most interesting reading seems to be the intervening elaboration on which the answers eventually are based.

It is rarely appropriate that a reviewer should argue with the author, in fact he should not do so, but the book seems sufficiently controversial in its presentation to supply the basis for many volumes, some enthusiastically supporting it and others taking up the gauge of battle and as warmly disagreeing with its arguments and conclusions. Even this reviewer who strongly believes in the importance to a stable world of a strong and virile British Empire, experienced some difficulty in accepting some of the theories propounded and could not escape the feeling that the volume's support of Britain, with which he in general concurs, was carried to such an extent as to make that support almost an apology which in his own view is neither necessary nor desirable. As before stated, however, that is only one of the controversial features of the book for which excellent arguments might be adduced on either side.

Briefly whether you strongly approve or violently disagree you will find in this volume stimulation for your thinking.

Harvey B. Otterman.

(*Continued on page 536*)

An American in the Making

By Matilde di Suvero

CUSTOMS were not new to me. All over the world, from Switzerland or the Austrian border (. . . how cold, always, outside the wagon-lits) from Japan to India (. . . how hot, always, in that boiling sun) and from Norway to China. I knew it meant to wait.

But this time it was different. We were coming in as "immigrants," coming to a Country which was to be our new Country. I was staring in the gray of a San Francisco spring morning at the Bay Bridge which was nearly above our heads. An endless string of cars was running on that monument to American engineering, and tears of joy were in my heart and, I am afraid, in my eyes too. So, we had "made it." Those long months of suspense were over. A confusion of thoughts was in my mind: it is all over, let us forget, this is my new country, government of the people, by the people, for the people, what shall we do now . . . .

And the Custom officer was asking with an amused look on his face, "and what are these for, Madam?" In a corner of one of our linen baskets, marked "tourist Class," forty-eight maid's aprons were neatly piled. I blushed. I explained.—yes, I knew it was funny to immigrate to America with forty-eight maid's aprons, but I would perhaps use them, we had brought all our household supplies. He laughed, "I am afraid you will not use them much, here . . . ." (Oh yes, I have! wearing them myself, of course!)

Then, a suspicious looking zinc-hose. It contained the parchment and seal of our coat of arms. The man was very intrigued: he called his boss who looked in and asked for explanations. My husband was with the Immigration Officer and I am not proficient in heraldry, simply was never interested. But t he moment called for some kind of an answer and then and there I tried to explain as clearly as possible what it was all about. ". . . not much use for it here." I wish he knew how right he was: it has been in the attic ever since. ". . . but perhaps some day the children . . ." I wonder how many things are stored like that all over the world, ". . . in case the children . . ." I don't think ours will be interested. With wonder we have watched them growing from the "foreign children" they were in China, always nursed and waited upon by a crowd of servants, to the sturdy little Americans they are now; independent and resourceful, having spent two wonderful years between a school where they are happy and summer campings, with trips and camp-fires, Indians and canoes.

". . . you folks look quite all right to me. I wish you good luck." The friendly Customs man waived his hand and walked away.

Now, let us see—my husband, myself, four children: forty-eight handbags and trunks, besides sixty pieces of heavy luggage; the address of an hotel and a few letters of introduction. The world was before us, a world without the fears and cold terrors we had experienced lately, a world with justice and freedom, where even the Communist Party was listed in the telephone book under its name—that nearly knocked me over!

When the first night at the hotel we put our shoes (six pairs) outside the door, I noticed some ladies passing by, smiling and nodding to each other. I thought it was the number of the shoes; only the morning after I found out the reason . . . And our oldest son went to buy shoe-polish, while my husband started his search for a job, and I went around looking for an apartment. I found a lovely one, near the Golden Gate Park, and I could not believe myself when looking outside the windows my eyes met all that beauty, after ten years of drabness in China.

Oh the beauty of San Francisco: it sings from the bay, from the hills, from the Parks. It rolls in with winds and fogs from the Ocean and it shines from the distant peaks of the mountains. It is always beautiful and always changing! For me who has seen Naples and Venice, the French Riviera and the picturesque cities of the Far East, it is the most beautiful city in the world.

The children went to school, my husband found a job, I learned to be a housewife. Mr. Nickel came to teach me how to wash dishes and sweep floors, where to shop and how to use suds. My family ate complicated dinners, made of chicken jelly and pate de foie gras because those were the only dishes I could make. But what about pot-roasts and hamburgers and cube-steaks? Those were the things I did not know how to cook. So I asked Eva. Eva has been my dear, helpful friend since she came to meet us when we arrived. She gave me Mr. Nickel.

Golden Gate, San Francisco Courtesy Representative Tom Rolph

she found for me a flat-laundry, she taught me how to cook pot-roast.

One day another lady, whom I had just met and who was very interested in our adventures, phoned —they were just back from a fishing trip and had twelve trout for us; could we use them? oh yes, thank you! but how shall I cook them? She would teach me by telephone. The trout came, and for fifteen minutes, while I was cooking, advice crowded the wires—wait till the butter melts, yes, now, and turn them carefully . . . now they are done, I think. Oh, they were delicious!

One day I was in my room when I heard the two younger children shouting names, in Chinese, to somebody in the garden. Horrified, I ran to the window and saw the Japanese gardener bowing to them with a polite smile on his face. "Oh, Mark, Henry, come upstairs at once" and then "why be so rude to that man?" "But, mommy, don't you remember what we saw in China? Don't you *remember?*" With tears in their eyes the two little boys repeated once more the list of horrors we had so often witnessed. "Yes, darlings, I remember too . . . but, you see, here it is different, we are in America." They were not convinced.

I learned how to wash socks and underwear and whatnot for six. One day, while my beautiful washing was dancing in the wind, the line broke. In utter dismay, I looked at the result of two hours of work streaming the garden path. How to climb that telephone pole, how to change the line? The doorbell rang: somebody was coming and would help, I was sure. The smiling face of our friend Alex appeared at the door. He was in Manila when last heard of and we did not expect him for months, but in that moment I forgot all that and jumped to greet him with these strange words, "Oh dear Alex how glad I am to see you, can you climb a telephone pole and help me change my line?" The last time I had seen him was a few months before, in Tientsin, where he was staying as a very welcomed guest in our home. I had said goodbye to him, as he left with my husband for the station, with all the servants in white uniforms standing behind me and the chauffeur opening the car door. And now there I was, washing and cooking but so happy, oh so happy to be here!

(Continued on page 545)

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN BROADCASTING AT LOURENCO MARQUES

From left to right are: The Portuguese Trade Commissioner; H. E. Dom Teodosio Clemente de Gouveia, Archbishop of Mozambique; Austin R. Preston, American Consul General; Eugene K. Scallan, Union Consul General; Claude K. Ledger, O.B.E., British Consul General; and Monsignor J. Carvalho, private secretary to Archbishop of Mozambique.

CONSULAR STAFF AT CALI, COLOMBIA

From Left to Right: William Moran, Assistant to the Consul; James Finley, Assistant to the Consul; Samuel H. Young, Clerk; Fernando Terassa, Vice Consul; Wilma Kocher, Clerk; Howard A. Bowman, Consul; Charles Colglazier, Clerk; Alexander A. Klieforth, Vice Consul; George Eastmond, Clerk; Park F. Wollam, Vice Consul; Alberto Castillo, Messenger; Gilberto Patiño, Messenger. Picture kindly taken by members of the USAAF who were in Cali.

Left: At the wedding of Miss Ann Richardson and Lt. Edward Burke Burdett who were married in San Antonio, Texas, on July 23. Lt. Burdett is the son of the Honorable William C. Burdett, Minister to New Zealand.

SERVICE

Below—Left to Right: Gerald A. Mokma, Consul; Hon. Adolfo de la Huerta, Inspector Consul General and former President of Mexico; Wm. P. Blocker, Consul General; Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz; Adolfo de la Huerta, Jr., Secretary to his father.

Personnel of the last session of the U. S. Court for China held at the Consulate General, Kunming, January 1943. The regular officers of the United States Court for China having been repatriated from Shanghai, special members were appointed to hear the last case tried under American extraterritorial jurisdiction in China.

Personnel of the Court—Top row, left to right: 1. Captain Edwin Kessler, U.S.A.,—United States Attorney; 2. Major Bertrand E. Johnson, U.S.A.—Special Judge of the United States Court for China; 3. Lieutenant Lincoln C. Brownell, U.S.A. Counsel for the Defense; 4. Raymond P. Ludden, American Consul, Kunming. Bottom row, left to right: 1. Stanley A. McGeary, Clerk, Consulate General, Kunming - Marshall; 2. Mrs. L. D. Taylor, Civilian Employee of the United States Army - Recorder; 3. Alfred T. Wellborn, Vice Consul, Kunming—Clerk of Court.

Consul and Mrs. Hiram Boucher guests at a reception given by King Koroki and Princess Te Puea of Maori for American Armed Forces. At Ngahaahia 40 miles from Auckland.

AT MOMBASA DURING ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN'S VISIT

Left to Right. Front Row: Father Lynch; Mr. Hodge, the Provincial Commissioner; Archbishop Spellman; Brigadier Barkas; Father Whelan. Second Row: Father MacVicar; Chief Justice Hadyn; Father Dooley, Army Chaplain; Father Cunningham, Naval Chaplain; Vice Consul White. Third Row: Father Higgins; Father Lawless; Local Police Official; The Dutch Consul General, Mr. Winkleman.

Right: Snow removal by the Embassy staff during the siege of Moscow. In the second row center may be seen Llewellyn E. Thomson, Jr., Second Secretary; to his right is Captain John Cooke, U. S. Supply Division; and third row second from left is G. Frederick Reinhardt, Third Secretary. Others are Soviet members of the staff.

GLIMPSES

Consul Wharton greeting Archbishop Spellman at Tananarive. (Ivato Airport).

Memorial Day at Quebec. Rev. W. W. Davis, RCAF Chaplain; and Consul R. R. Winslow.

First American Consulate in New Zealand

By John Evarts Horner
Third Secretary, Wellington

THE JOURNAL may be interested in the following reference to the Consulate and the first Consul, Captain J. R. Clendon, a British subject, which appear in *Busby of Waitangi* by Eric Ramsden, published by A. H. and A. W. Reed, Wellington:

Page 50: Captain Clendon in 1833 supplied 2,725 feet of lumber for the first buildings to be erected in Waitangi by the first New Zealand Resident, Mr. James Busby.

Page 80: Clendon's name is still perpetuated in Clendon Cove (or Manwaora Bay). On the same page it is stated that Mr. Clendon signed a petition prepared by the British Resident requesting the protection of the British Government for the Maoris.

Page 97: Clendon's name appears as a witness to a declaration of Maori chiefs declaring New Zealand to be an independent state under the designation of the United Tribes of New Zealand.

Page 110: Clendon headed a deputation of Bay of Islands settlers in September 1835, asking for enactment of a prohibition law.

Page 161: Clendon offered to transport the British Resident's cattle from New South Wales at £3.15.0 a head, which the Resident regarded as exorbitant.

Page 169: A party of Maoris, headed by Titore, killed another chief whose name was Te Koukou. The British Resident was called to assist in recovering the body which was being eaten by the victors. He had just made up his mind to try and recover the body when the noise of shouting ceased and he heard Clendon addressing the natives. He subsequently heard that the body was buried and that Clendon had made one of the victors refrain from eating the flesh.

Page 189: Clendon was part owner of the steamer HOKIANGA which was plundered at the Thames early in 1838 and property worth £200 taken.

Page 227: After Clendon was appointed United States Consul in 1839, the British Resident tried to induce him to join his banking house so that Amer-

The first United States Consulate in New Zealand, which was established at the Bay of Islands on May 25, 1839. Photograph was by Col. J. H. Nankivell, Military Attaché in Wellington.

ican business would pass through its hands.

Page 230: One of the first acts of Clendon as United States Consul was to investigate, with Busby, an attack on a grog shop occupied by Clark, a British subject at Kororareka. It appeared that on the night of 7th August, John Conroy and George Jackson, of the American ship HANNIBAL, had absconded. With them departed an American youth, Benjamin Savage, who had been under the special care of the commander, Lewis L. Bennett. As some of Savage's clothing was found on deck, it was assumed that he had been abducted by the older men. Jackson, some days later, was found at Clark's inn by Bennett. On being ordered to return to his ship he declined. Thereupon, Bennett called upon the other American skippers in port to assist him secure his man. He returned with five boatloads; the officers were armed with pistols and cutlasses, and the men with guns. As Jackson was not produced, the Americans proceeded to demolish the building. Henry Williams hurried to the scene and attempted to intervene. But the Americans did not cease until only the roof, supported by the posts of the gable, was left standing. All Busby could do was to send a report to Sydney.

Page 252: Clendon was mentioned as having extensive land claims in New Zealand.

Pages 258 & 259: The British Resident learned that Clendon had sold property to the Government for £30,000, although he could hardly credit the sale.

Page 299: Clendon was mentioned as having received 10,000 acres at Papakura in exchange for one of his land claims, which was apparently in great contrast to the treatment received by other claimants.

YALE TRAINS ONE DIPLOMAT, COURSE TO TRAIN MEN FOR DIPLOMATIC WORK LACKS STUDENTS

New Haven, Conn. Oct. 22.—The so-called joint "diplomatic courses" at Yale and Columbia Universities, announced several years ago and intended to fit graduate students for the American Diplomatic Service, have proved a failure at Yale, only one student having taken the examination thus far.

The cause assigned for the failure is the belief of men, who might otherwise select the course, that political and personal influence rather than individual merit and record is still the medium for obtaining a diplomatic appointment. — *New York Times*, October 23, 1910.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Rosebank, Staten Island
90 Harbor View Place
New York, N. Y.
August 7, 1943

The Editors
AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL
c/o Department of State
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS:

As you may note from the table below, the State Department Register contains the biographies of 1,941 officials. The group of Foreign Service Officers totalling 883 includes those reappointed in the Departmental service and also the Chiefs of Missions who were career officers. Those with previous military experience number 278, or over 33% of the Foreign Service Officer group. It is interesting to note that 182 served in the Army with 105 holding a commission. 50 Foreign Service Officers served in the Navy with 21 holding Naval commissions. 13 served in the Marine Corps with 4 holding commissions in that branch of the service. The remaining 33 served in the R.O.T.C., Militia and Naval Reserve, including 4 who also served under foreign flags. (These 4 are R. L. Buell, W. M. Gwyne, J. H. Madonne and R. L. Smith.) Service in more than one branch of our armed forces is rare. In fact there are only 2. (L. M. Harrison and W. C. Vyse), one was a Marine, then became an Army officer, and the other attended the Naval Academy and then was later commissioned in the Army. None, however, held commissions in more than one branch of the armed forces.

While compiling these statistics I also broke down the figures for the other officials given in the Register. The non-career Vice Consuls and Consular Agents number 273, and 64, or about 24% of this group had previous military experience. 47 served in the Army with 16 holding commissions. 8 saw service in the Navy with 1 being commissioned. 3 served in the Marine Corps, and the rest were in the R.O.T.C., Militia or Naval Reserve. One Vice-Consul I was anxious to locate is L. S. Springs who held a commission in my Field Artillery Regiment during the last World War.

The group comprising Departmental officials includes those stationed in Washington and abroad who are not Foreign Service Officers, or non-career Vice-Consuls. The total of this group comes to 705, with 13 in active military service. The remaining 692 show 133 with previous military experience or about 19%. 73 served in the Army with 35 holding commissions. 26 were in the Navy with 8 hold-

ing Naval commissions. 6 were in the Marine Corps with 1 being commissioned, H. H. Hoskins, who is again in military service. 2 served in the Coast Guard and the rest had military training in R.O.T.C., Militia and Naval Reserve. 8 saw service under foreign flags.

As to the fair sex officials, there are 80 given in the Register including the few Foreign Service Officers. None had previous military experience, but I suppose if another war should come along the biographies will indicate a different picture. Some of our WAVES at this base are already asking me questions as to the qualifications required for Foreign Service Officers.

Very Sincerely yours,
CARL M. J. VON ZIELINSKI.

	A Foreign Service Officers	B Non-career Vice-Consuls and Agents	C Dept. Officials incl. those abroad, Chiefs of Missions not former F.S.O.	Totals
Total in each group	883	273	705	*1,941
1. Military experience in all branches of Armed Services	278	64	133	475
2. Service in Army	182	47	73	302
Commissioned	105	16	35	156
3. Service in Navy	50	8	26	84
Commissioned	21	1	8	30
4. Service in Marine Corps	13	3	6	22
Commissioned	4	0	1	5
5. Service in Coast Guard	0	0	2	2
Commissioned	0	0	0	0
6. Service in R.O.T.C.	18	3	8	29
7. Service in Militia	3	1	2	6
8. Service in Naval Reserve	8	2	7	17
9. Service under foreign flags	4	1	8	13
10. At present in military service	0	0	13	13

*The total of 1,941 includes the 80 lady officials. None of them have previous military experience recorded.

OLIVER BISHOP HARRIMAN FOREIGN SERVICE SCHOLARSHIP

The Advisory Committee of the Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship announces the award of the Scholarship for the year 1943-1944 to Miss Rosemary Squire and Miss Genevieve Scott.

Miss Squire is the daughter of the late Earl C. Squire, and Miss Scott is the daughter of Mr. Albert W. Scott.

the Japanese Army. He cultivated the acquaintance of many Japanese Army officers and met such personages as Generals Araki and Hayashi.

Mr. Lory's observations in regard to these psychological factors are chiefly contained in the first four chapters, in which there are described in turn the close relationship between the Army and the people, the religion of the Army, the characteristics and traits of the soldier, and the training and qualities of the officer. There is little discussion of the technical aspects of the military art, but an effort is made to show how the Army reflects in the field of military affairs the spirit of the Japanese nation. It is explained that the Army does not constitute a separate class or group but is an important and integral part of the life of the people. It is pointed out that for decades there has hardly been a family in Japan which has not sent every few years a brother, son, husband or uncle to the colors, and that the Army has maintained close contact with the people through ceremonies at induction and at discharge, through correspondence between commanding officers and the families of soldiers, and through reservist and similar organizations.

In his chapter on the religion of the Army, Mr. Lory states that Japan's "emperor worship" and concept of "divine mission" as a race cannot be lightly shrugged off by the Occident, and he shows that these are deep-seated beliefs which have been largely responsible for the strength of the Japanese Army and its unanimous support by the people. These mystical beliefs constitute imponderable factors in the force behind Japan's drive toward conquest which have not been adequately assessed by the west, and in describing them to the American people in readable fashion Mr. Lory is doing his country's cause a useful service. He shows how the Japanese myths of legendary beginnings have been transformed into a "national fountain of faith", so that the Minister of War can say: "Not only the Imperial Army but the entire nation regard our Emperor as a living God. For us it is not a question of historical or scientific accuracy. It is an article of national faith."

In his final chapter entitled "Japan's Underrated Power", Mr. Lory discusses at considerable length the strength of Japan, and he states that that country is potentially the most powerful on earth. He feels that Japan spent years in preparing for the war, that she used very little of her accumulated military stores in the first six months after Pearl

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OTTAWA

Front row Left to Right: Colonel H. M. Bankhead, Commercial Attaché; Lewis Clark, First Secretary and Consul; Minister Atherton; Captain Glenn F. Howell, USN, Naval Attaché; Colonel Francis J. Graling, USA, Military Attaché; Second row: Lieut. Comdr. John C. McBride, USNR, Assistant Naval Attaché; Lieut. Comdr. Julius Fleischmann, USNR, Assistant Naval Ataché; Katherine E. O'Connor, Third Secretary and Vice Consul; Dr. Clifford C. Taylor, Agricultural Attaché; Oliver B. North, Assistant Commercial Attaché; Back row: Captain Harry C. Archer, USA, Assistant Military Attaché; Lieut. Norman B. Denel, USNR, Assistant Naval Attaché; John W. Tuthill, Third Secretary and Vice Consul; Joseph N. Greene, Jr., Third Secretary and Vice Consul; Irven M. Eitreim, Third Secretary and Vice Consul; Lieut. Col. R. G. Ervin, USA, Assistant Military Attaché. Absent: Edward P. Lawton, First Secretary and Consul.

Harbor, and that with the help of the material resources and manpower of the occupied territories she can, if left alone, make herself immune from all attack. In this chapter there is no mention of Germany, which leads the reader to infer that the author believes Japan to be our Enemy Number One.

H. M. BENNINGHOFF.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

(*Continued from page* 523)

BOGOTÁ

Perhaps the most outstanding event in the official life of the mission during the last few months was the visit of Vice President Wallace during the month of April. As is apparently his custom, the Vice President found time from his numerous official duties to play several sets of tennis during his visit to Colombia. The altitude of Bogotá and some of the younger officers attached to the Embassy provided the opposition in the capital, but Mr. Wallace did not seem to be bothered by either. The Vice President spoke before an enthusiastic audience of Colombians and Americans, and impressed all who attended with his command of and fluency in the Spanish language.

In the month of June the Chief Consular officers from Cartagena, Cali, Barranquilla, Bucaramanga and Medellin gathered at the Embassy for the annual Consular Conference. In addition to round table discussions and individual conferences between the visiting officers and those at the Embassy, the visitors this year were able to confer with the officers of the Priorities Section and the OEW. Considerable time was spent in explaining the purposes, procedure, and goals of the newly created Decentralized Export Control system. The Ambassador and Mrs. Lane, the Warrens, the Livengoods, and the Morgans entertained for the visiting officers during their stay in Bogotá.

From June 7 until July 25 the Ambassador and Mrs. Lane were absent from Colombia in the United

States. In addition to conferences in the Department and other activities of an official nature, the Lanes were able to have a short visit with their daughter, Peggy, who is in the WAC's.

The Embassy has been visited by Inspector Merle Cochran, whose visit was followed by that of Mr. Bainbridge Davis of the Colombia-Venezuela desk in RA.

At about the same time, the Embassy took a long and eagerly awaited step when the offices were moved to a recently constructed, modern office building in the center of town. There is considerable conjecture along Bogotá's "Rialto" as to whether or not the Ambassador timed his visit to Washington to correspond to the moving period so as to avoid carrying his enormous desk up five flights of stairs, knowing beforehand that the elevators would not be ready for use at the time of occupancy of the building!

The best stories coming out of the move to new quarters, however, are centered about the huge safe belonging ot the Naval Attaché's Office. The story goes that the movers were unable to lift the mammoth thing onto a truck so it was wheeled through the streets of downtown Bogotá on its own casters to its new home. But the best part of all is that after hoisting it four floors up the elevator shaft (before the installation of the elevator car) with the aid of chains and pulleys and much grunting and cursing, it has suddenly been realized by some practical and far-seeing member of the Attaché's staff that with the completion of the installation of the elevator, it will be forever impossible to get the safe down from the fourth floor. Perhaps the Navy, and certainly, the safe, are there for keeps.

Our Counsellor of Embassy for Economic Affairs, Charles A. Livengood, who had been with us less than a year, was suddenly whisked away to Washington for service in the Department. Daniel V. Anderson, Second Secretary of Embassy, has been made Consul in Barranquilla, where he replaced Thomas Robinson, who was assigned to Gautemala. Latest reports from Barranquilla indicate that the Andersons are enjoying the complete change of climate and their new work. Our "Roving Vice Consul" G. Oury Jackson is back in Bogotá after a couple of months of duty in southwestern Colombia with a typewriter in one hand and a consular shield in the other.

Aside from these news items, it can be reported that all goes well with the mission and that the various members of the official family are busy and happy.

JAMES S. TRIOLO

NAIROBI, KENYA

August 20, 1943

In common with many other posts in the Service, news from British East Africa has necessarily been limited of late by security considerations. The war has brought several additions to the United States Government community in Nairobi and Mombasa, including representatives of the War Shipping Administration and the Office of Economic Warfare. In addition, this office has doubled its staff in the last year and, on June 1 of this year, was raised to the rank of Consulate General.

Recent visitors to Nairobi have included Consul E. Talbot Smith, who passed through en route to his new post at Durban, and former Consul General James G. Carter (retired), who spent several days on his way to rejoin his family in Tananarive.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by a large Anglo-American gathering at the Consular Residence.

JOSEPH PALMER, 2ND

LOURENCO MARQUES

On Wednesday the 14th of July, 1943, the Archbishop of New York, the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, arrived at Lourenco Marques by British Overseas Airways Corporation plane coming from the north. He visited the Archbishop of the Colony of Mozambique while en route to the Union of South Africa, where he was the guest of Prime Minister Smuts.

Consul General Preston was among those who went to the flying boat to meet the Archbishop upon his arrival in the morning and that afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Preston entertained him at tea at the Consulate General informally.

On Saturday, the seventeenth, Mr. Preston entertained the Archbishop at dinner at the Consulate General (office and residence are combined) at which the local Arshbishop was a guest as was also his secretary and the Consuls General of Great Britain and the Union of South Africa. After dinner the Archbishop proceeded to the residence of the local Archbishop, where he made a short broadcast for the Radio Clube de Mocambique which was transmitted by short wave to the United States for rebroadcast by National Broadcasting Company.

See Service Glimpse on page 528.

FREDERICK D. HUNT

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

July 30, 1943.

The long convoys of merchant ships enter and depart, naval escorts following. The white caps of American naval seamen dot the main street crowds, with here and there the red pompoms of French or Norwegians showing among the greater number of stiff blue or white caps of the British and Canadian navies, or the lesser number of Netherlanders. The bluegray and khaki of airmen and soldiers are a constant element in the throngs lining up for the restaurants and movies, all well mixed with civilians, merchant seaman of many nations, the blue of the Canadian WRNS, the khaki vivandiere uniforms of the Canadian WAC, and the civilian women with the nylon-less legs of wartime summer costumes. Sometimes groups in the darker blue of airmen from Australia and New Zealand appear for a few days and then are gone, or one will notice dark skinned Lascars in the crowd, and then they too, disappear.

Sometimes the scene is clouded by the fogs of Nova Scotia, scented with the fish meal and fuel oil of the basic industries, and at other times the sun sparkles on the clear blue of the harbor water, with patrol planes droning in the blue sky overhead.

Housewives spend their days counting ration coupons as elsewhere, wondering when the laundry will come back or be collected, or where a cook can be hired, speculating why there are bananas in Montreal and none in Halifax, or why they can only buy apples from the Pacific coast with the Annapolis Valley orchards only sixty miles away.

Thus do the confusion, the crowding, the shortages and the erratic distributions repeat the pattern found in other active seaports in time of war.

At long and rare intervals a Foreign Service officer appears, sometimes a well known journalist or technical expert, only to disappear as suddenly and mysteriously as they came.

A small but considerable number of Americans in various uniforms have collected at the port in connection with the functions of their respective services. The War Shipping Administration, the Treasury, the Immigration Service, and some of the Alphabet Commissions also have their representation, with all of whom the Consulate General cooperates even when it does not share their duties.

Occasionally one can escape the steady routine of work to catch a trout or salmon, or play a game of golf, but an uncertain climate and emergency calls for duty make these occasions only too rarely enjoyed.

Tea or cocktails, with a sharp eye on the dwindling supply of the ingredients necessary for each, sometimes signal the passage of an official or personage of more or less importance on missions that are never explained, but there is little time or means for the indulgence of the cookie-pushing so dear to the low minds of those who can only caricature our noble profession.

All of which is, or should be, news to no one, and is without event or personality that can be mentioned except in well guarded communications to the interested services, as is proper in time of war at an active seaport. But to avoid being charged with dereliction of interest or duty, it is thought well to explain why so few communications are received from your respectful subagent at Halifax.

EDWIN C. KEMP.

MONTEVIDEO

July 23, 1943.

The late, great Charles Hosmer when inspecting this Embassy in June 1942, decided that in the interest of neatness and efficiency a shoeshine boy should call at the office each morning at nine a.m. Such a personage was not easily found in Montevideo as local bootblacks prefer to lie late abed and to ply their trade in the softer shadows of the afternoon. The inspector, however, spurred us on to vigorous action by threatening that the continued lack of a capable and punctual "lustrador" was a matter not to be overlooked on efficiency reports. At length the almost perfect man was found in the person of Ricardo Nardo, Uruguayan bootblack número uno. Sr. Nardo, during the past year has become practically an official although somewhat self-appointed member of the staff. He gets to the office every morning even earlier than the Ambassador and many a visitor has noted that despite an absence of canes and spats, diplomatic shoes glisten brightly at the American Mission to Uruguay. In fact such has been Sr. Nardo's conscientious proficiency that he has been unofficially created a Special Assistant to the Special Assistants, Unclassified X.

When Sr. Nardo feels that the time has come for a vacation from the job, he applies for official permission from the staff in the form of a note worded as follows:

> "To my friends and clients: The undersigned, Ricardo Nardo, official shoeshine boy of the Embassy of the United States of North America, the great northern nation of Democracy, requests permission of his distinguished clientele to absent himself from his duties for a period of 6 (six) days during the coming forthcoming fortnight

for the purpose of visiting his country relatives."

This note is circulated among the staff, who solemnly give assent despite the fact that absenteeism is frowned upon in this Mission.

This new officer class comes under the category known in Latin America as "derechos adquiridos," acquired rights. Another such case is that of the beggar who approached Vice Consul Stewart G. Anderson so regularly that an arrangement was made for a regular allowance, payable on the last day of the month. One day the beleaguered Vice Consul was a few cents short of the amount, and begged to be excused from the remainder. The beggar dubiously acquiesced, but when on the following pay day he was offered the customary allowance, he was answered: "You owe me ten cents from last time." Stewart G. Anderson had to pay.

B. L. Sowell.

LIVERPOOL

The Liverpool Consulate, in the pleasant office it has occupied since 1934, is the scene of considerable activity these days. It is, as many know, the consulate of Nathaniel Hawthorne, as well as of the bearer of that imposing name, Horace Lee Washington, who was Consul General here from 1909 to 1924. He left Liverpool to become Consul General in London, and after his retirement he died while on a visit to England and his old posts of Liverpool and London.

Hawthorne was consul from 1853 to 1857. A small etching of him holds a place of honor in the waiting-room of the consulate. It shows him in the high collar and stock of the period. It is a fine face, but rather the face of a poet and dreamer than of a consul, as generally conceived. One wonders what he would think of the Liverpool of today, with its magnificent new cathedral, which crowns the city, and especially of the handsome building containing the present consulate and the neighborhood where it stands. A good deal of water has run down the Mersey since his time.

On June 8 the Soroptimist Club of Liverpool gave a large luncheon to 120 people in honor of American Army and Navy officers serving in and around Liverpool. At the head table were the president of the club and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool, the representative of the consulate, the Countess of Derby, several Army and Navy officers, and Dame Sybil Thorndyke, the well-known English actress, who was filling an engagement in Liverpool that week. All made speeches, and Miss Thorndyke spoke in glowing terms of the United States, particularly of the visit made there when a young woman, and of the great hospitality she received. Toasts were drunk to the King and to the President of the United States.

On June 24 the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and the Lady Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. R. Duncan French), gave a luncheon at the Town Hall to six members of the American Timber Mission who were visiting Britain and who had arrived in Liverpool the night before. There were also present the Lord Mayor's secretary, the representative of the consulate, and other guests invited as of possible interest to the American Mission.

Liverpool Town Hall is considered to be one of the finest town halls in England and is always of great interest to visitors. The luncheon was given in a magnificent room, and on the large, round table were many pieces of antique silver, among them an old silver snuff box, superbly engraved, a gift to the Town Hall in 1680. After the luncheon the Lord Mayor and his wife conducted the party through the state dining-room, the ballroom, and the reception rooms. These are especially famous for their crystal chandeliers, which were lit for the benefit of the guests. Later, the party descended to the Council Chamber on the ground floor, where many interesting things were shown, particularly the large silver mace which is borne before the Lord Mayor at all official ceremonies in the Council Chamber, and which the guests were allowed to hold and inspect. The Americans were all delighted with their experience and charmed with the host and hostess.

On Saturday, June 26, an American Army Officers' Club was opened in Liverpool by a formal dance. The premises consist of a group of former private houses situated in beautiful suburb of Liverpool, overlooking the Mersey River. The evening was fine, and as the two hundred guests arrived they sauntered through the rose garden, in full bloom, the tennis court, the ball field, and the vegetable garden, which was a source of great interest.

The officers themselves take care of all the grounds in their time off. The club has been organized by Colonel John H. Judd with the aim of providing somewhere for officers which they can call home. Army buses take the officers to their various assignments in Liverpool in the morning and bring them out for lunch.

The music for dancing was provided by an Army band, while a colored quartet sang some negro songs, much to the delight of the English guests. The American guests from Liverpool seemed chiefly delighted with the supper, served late in the evening, which consisted of chicken salad, hot biscuits, that

rare thing nowadays—succulent cold ham, and American cakes. The consulate was represented by Vice Consul and Mrs. Hugh Watson and by Vice Consul J. Stanford Edwards.

When Mr. Charles J. Pisar, the retiring Consul General departed from Liverpool some months ago, the officer taking over expressed some concern as to how the consulate would run pending the arrival of the new chief. "Don't worry," said Mr. Pisar. "It'll about run itself." It has proven true. Each member of the staff is so experienced and so on the job that original as well as routine work flows over the acting chief's desk so smoothly that he has been wondering if this body in Liverpool isn't, after all, the perfect, democratic entity scientists talk about. He has been searching his knowledge of physiology and materia medica for the name, but in vain, until the other day, scratching his worried brow, he wondered if it might not be found in Plato's Republic, and, if so, are chiefs required in Plato's Republic?

J. Stanford Edwards.

AN AMERICAN IN THE MAKING

(*Continued from page 527*)

For years in the Far East I had been an associated member of the American Association of University women. That had caused serious trouble with the fascists of the Italian Concession in Tientsin, who had even cabled to Rome about it, but who cares? So in San Francisco I have joined the local branch of the A.A.U.W. and spend there delightful hours with very interesting women. I admire American women so much! They are so full of vitality, so interested in many things which would not get a thought from any other woman in the world. And their interests, their studies do not end when school age ends; that is the main difference I think, and that is why I find them so stimulating and youthful.

One of my joys is to have lunch at a counter and watch the crowds. You never do such a thing in Italy. If you belong to a certain class of people, you go sometimes to a fashionable restaurant and eat a good meal in refined company. But here I do just as I like. If I am tired of my work and have fifty cents in my pocket, I go to a fountain downtown where everybody comes in alone or in groups and eats from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m. Day shifts, night shifts, swing shifts, housewives, everybody choosing his hour and his kind of meal and everybody in a good mood too! There isn't any servility in the waitress who asks you for your order and there isn't any hauteur in the way you answer. She is just doing her share of work and can tomorrow sit at your place. Nothing short of a revolution can make that happen in Europe. This is why, perhaps, the Labour movement has such a different spirit here than in Europe. There class hatred is the main spring and here it is a sincere desire to better conditions for workmen.

When our oldest son started selling newspapers in the street we had to readjust our old ideas. Who are the boys who sell newspapers in the streets of Europe? — the most discreditable ones you can imagine. Why is it so, I ignore. But here it is the best kind of a job for a high school boy! I proudly took pictures of him shouting "buy your 'Call' . . . latest news . . ."

We bought a Ford, a 1935 model, and I started learning how to drive. Never in my life had I been so scared; what a shame! brought up with chauffeurs, of course, and now trying to become a tough American! Bernard, a boy who is a friend of our oldest son, taught me how to shift and how to stop and to put the brake on. He had fits of laughter whenever I started screaming "Bernard, what shall I do now? Look at that woman, she is CROSSING the street!" I was just at the point of learning when Pearl Harbor happened. We were of course declared enemy aliens: the same day my husband lost his job, we sold the car, we gave up the flat, we felt once more leaves in the wind.

And so we came to live à la vie de Bohème. A friend of ours who has a studio of arts and crafts in the most fashionable district of San Francisco, and who was not using the servants' quarter of the house, offered it to us for a very small rent. We have called it "la vie de Bohème" and it is the strangest place in town, crowded with our big pictures, our collections, our books and old carpets. We have come to love it. Marlo works in her studio upstairs and the children have learned from her how to carve wood and how to make tables. They have also learned how kind and fine a woman can be.

Now my husband is a shipfitter in one of the big shipyards across the Bay. I am very proud of him in overalls and tin helmet, giving all that he can to this tremendous effort we are all making to create a better world.

As my friends told me, the moment had come when I should "Look-for-a-job." Because of my several languages, they suggested hotel work. I went to the Union of Hotel Workers and Helpers: they were extremely kind and quite puzzled; they asked me questions—could I do this or that or that? switchboard, calculating machine, accounting, typewriting . . . When the answer was always "no"

we all started laughing together. They asked me to say what could I do—Italian, French, German, Spanish, some Chinese, care of children, care of linen, nursing. They sent me to the Nurses Registration Board.

I am nurse from the Vatican School of Nurses; it sounds very odd in California, but what can I do? It all started years ago when I was a young girl and wanted to have a job. In Italy, France or Spain such an idea is considered unbecoming for a young lady of good family, and as I am of Italian, French and Spanish descent my cause was lost at the very start. If I had been an artist, and kept in certain limits, it could perhaps have been possible . . . Or could I write poetry? There had been some woman in the family, some hundred years ago, who had been a poet; that was a possible career . . . But I was decidedly not a poet. There was only one way out: volunteer social work. The Vatican had the best school for nurses in Italy; it had been founded by Pope Pius X for Missionaries Sisters leaving for foreign lands. A few young ladies of the "black society" were attending the school. Black society in Rome means the papal aristocracy. I was "white" but had many friends at the Vatican, besides knowing personally the Pope, Benedictus XV and his family very well. I was admitted and had a very stiff and interesting curriculum. When we graduated, the Pope granted us an audience and had special words for those of us who were going to serve in civil fields. How often have I remembered those words while I was working in the slums of Naples, amongst the factory-workers of Turin, the children of Dalmatia or with the missionaries of China!

But of course the Board of Nurses of California was not interested in all that, and told me to pass an examination in Los Angeles and produce my graduation from high school. Now, where in the world is my high school graduation? We are no more citizens of Italy as we were deprived of such rights as anti-fascists. Besides we are at war with Italy, Turin has been bombed, my certificate does not exist any more anywhere in the world. I gave up the idea.

When Eliot and Jackie had to leave for Nevada, where he is mining manganese, they asked if I could take care of their properties in San Francisco? O yes, I would. They fly from here to there and back in the same day and I just feel annihilated when they say "but it is only fourteen hundred miles." My goodness, Europe is only fourteen hundred miles wide, from Sicily to Sweden . . . .

So this is America, big and efficient, who makes me look with a little contempt to poor troublesome Europe; America, my great new Country.

ESCAPE FROM TUNIS

(*Continued from page* 516)

broken-down motor trucks which they had left as road blocks along the line.

At the Algerian border town of La Croix we said goodby to our vice consul and guide, again rearranged the party to admit three other Tunisian refugees, all of them fat, who were proceeding on foot and about half-past seven, rolled into the town of Bone, in Algeria, just in time for an air raid at the headquarters of a company of British Commandos and parachutists, who most hospitably shared their breakfast of tea, biscuits, and red wine with us. As these air raids continued at too frequent intervals, it was decided to place the ladies of the party in safety in the small Algerian town of Guelma, sixty kilometres south, in the competent charge of Clerk Cramer. The ladies of the party took very good care of him from then on.

This errand of mercy performed, Vice Consul Utter and I returned to headquarters, telephoned Algiers, and arranged for air transport to that town the following morning. Before dawn of November 15 we plodded through the dark to a nearby airfield where we failed to find at first the plane which was to take us. Then, once the plane was located, we failed to find the pilot.

The pilot finally showed up and we climbed into the converted Hudson Lockheed in which we were to make the journey. All this failing-to-find, however, had consumed considerable time and dawn was getting higher in the east. To cheer us up the pilot mentioned that the Messerschmidts usually came over about dawn, and sure enough when we were warming up the motor and barely getting off the ground, two of them came in, machine guns spitting, while John and I, civilian members of the party, held our hands over the backs of our heads and wished we had not come. Our plane was assisted in getting into the air by a bomb obligingly dropped about fifty feet behind us which made only a few nicks in the outlying portions of the Lockheed.

In spite of reassurance from our aviator friends there would probably be no danger as we would fly at very low levels over water, John and I kept apprehensive lookout until within sight of Algiers. The statement about flying low over the water was a literal fact as I do not believe that at any time we were more than ten feet above the Mediterranean.

In any event, we duly arrived about nine a.m. at Algiers and from then on, had nothing but the war to bother us.

DIPLOMACY AS A CAREER

(*Continued from page* 514)

States Government comes closer to the Civil Service ideal of appointment and promotion on the basis of merit rather than political affiliation.

Except for the seventeen ambassadorships and ministerships now held by non-professionals, there is no alteration in the composition of the Foreign Service at a change of administration nor is there any change in the devotion of the Service to its duties, whether a Democratic or a Republican administration be in power.

In speaking of examinations and appointments I have used the present tense. However, there have been no examinations for entrance into the Foreign Service since late in 1941. With the approach of war and the growing manpower shortage, we decided to refrain from recruiting young men of military age.

It has not been easy for us to carry on. The Foreign Service, as I have tried to show, participating actively in the war effort, and we might have argued with some reason that public interests requires its perpetuation, through occasional replenishment, in war as well as in peace. If the war lasts for many years we shall indeed be faced with a serious personnel problem. There are an average of 25 losses each year from death, retirement and resignation, vacancies that are not being filled.

What is more, the average age of the Service is increasing. In other words we shall have a Service composed of men of middle age and over, since no younger officers are being trained to take their places. The younger officers of military age now in the Service all took the examination before Pearl Harbor. Because of the vitally important work they are doing in the prosecution of the war effort, we have had no doubt that they should be kept in the Service, even though some of them have expressed the wish to resign from the Service and enter the armed forces. With one or two exceptions, however, we have been unable to permit them to leave. Public interest requires them to carry on the duties for which they have been selected and trained.

The Foreign Service, then, besides doing a war job, is already preparing to resume after the war, in the countries from which it was driven by the enemy, its conduct of the business of the United States and its protection of American lives and property and to assume its responsibilities under the international arrangements made to win the peace.

MARRIAGES

BURDETT-RICHARDSON. Miss Ann Richardson and Lt. Edward Burke Burdett were married in San Antonio, Texas, on July 23. Lt. Burdett is the son of the Honorable William C. Burdett, Minister to New Zealand. (See Service Glimpses on page 528.)

BIRTHS

LOBENSTINE. A son, Geoffery Elliot, was born on June 26 to Mr. and Mrs. James C. Lobenstine in Bronxville, New York. Mr. Lobenstine is Third Secretary and Vice-Consul at Bogotá.

TISO. A son, Victor G., was born on July 18 to Mr. and Mrs. George J. Tiso in Cartagena, Colombia, where Mr. Tiso is a Foreign Service Clerk.

JONES. A daughter, Valentine Sevier, was born to Foreign Service Officer and Mrs. J. Wesley Jones in Washington on August 24.

MALLON. A daughter, Hannah, was born on June 28 to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Mallon at Leopoldville, where Mr. Mallon is Consul.

CONNELLY. A daughter, Adelaide Goodloe, was born on August 3 to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard C. Connelly in Lima, where Mr. Connelly is Second Secretary.

BELGIAN CONGO'S WAR PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page* 512)

Save in Ruanda, there is no indigenous cattle in the Belgian Colonies, ranches being formed with imported stock wherever the absence of insect pests permits. Native cooperative dairies are progressing. However, in tropical areas cows give little milk and the diet of invalids and infants requires a modicum of imported milk (condensed or powdered), at the rate of at least the equivalent of 3,000 tons of liquid milk per annum. The breeding of hogs and high grade poultry is similarly encouraged. But the efforts of the Administration are mainly directed towards inducing the natives to extend and ameliorate their plantations of manioc, yams, potatoes, rice, beans, maize, and peanuts. The success of these efforts has been all the more important since war conditions are subjecting the native workers to an abnormal strain. It even enabled the Congo last year to partially relieve a serious dearth in Northern Rhodesia.

However, the most striking progress is shown in the output of *exportable agricultural products* needed for industrial uses or the manufacture of foods.

The *oil-palm* (elaeis guineensis) is indigenous in the Congo, and the methodical exploitation of the palm groves commenced in 1911. Palm oil is essential to the tin plate industry and is largely used in the manufacture of margarine and soap. Exports increased from 77,000 tons in 1938 to 88,000 tons in 1942, while shipments of palm-kernels and palm-kernel oil reached 57,000 tons and 5,300 tons respectively.

Cotton plantations cover nearly a million acres. Thirty-seven thousand tons were exported last year, besides 800 tons of linters, and the local cottons turned out about 12,000,000 yards of textiles, which is less than one-fifth of the Colony's annual requirements.

Exports of *Urena* and *Punga*, two fibers akin in their uses to jute, and consequently of high strategic importance, rose from 3,100 tons in 1938 to over 7,000 tons in 1942, and are increasing although, owing to war conditions, a larger portion is being applied to the local manufacture of bags and ropes.

These fibers are shipped to the United States, as are also most of the *raffia*, *sisal*, and other fibers of which 2,750 tons were exported last year.

Gum copal, a valuable varnish, is supplied to the United Nations at the rate of about 16,500 tons per annum.

Rubber plantations (havea) covered 45,000 acres at the end of 1942, of which 30,000 were established during that year, and an equal area will be planted in 1943, exclusive of the 17,000 acres developed under the "Hallet plan." While exports were only 1,760 tons in 1942, they are expected to treble this year, thanks to premature tapping and to the growing output of "wild" rubber (vine and grass rubber) collected by the natives. Gathering this product supposes additional means of clearing the bush and of effecting road transportation.

Coffee, of which about 26,000 tons were exported in 1942 (4,000 tons to the U. S. A.) affords the main livelihood to an important section of the native population.

The primeval forests contain an unlimited store of *lumber*, from ebony and mahogany to teak and very light woods. The timber output is being increasingly produced both for local consumption and export. The principal external market is the South African Union, where it is used largely for military purposes. A million railway ties are on order for the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Among the minor agricultural products, we would mention *pyrethrum, sugar, cocoa, tea, fruit, tobacco, beeswax,* and *silk.* The Government has established a silkworm farm near Stanleyville, mainly for the production of surgical thread.

As regards means of transportation and communications, the Congo is endowed with 8,000 miles of navigable waterways. About 1,400 large craft are plying on these rivers.

The railroads total about 3,000 miles and the network of motor roads has been increased from 26,000 miles in 1938 to 48,500 miles in 1942 (whereof 5,600 miles in Ruanda-Urundi).

Airlines cover about 4,000 miles within the Colony and extend their services to South Africa, Nigeria, and Egypt.

There are over 3,000 miles of telegraph and telephone lines, and 62 wireless stations including the newly erected 50 KW radio station at Leopoldville. Broadcasting affords the Government a valuable means of spreading information and upholding the morale of the local population, as also of the people in Belgium, heroically countering German oppression.

Every male worker, be he native or Europan, is at present practically militarized in the Congo. Apart from those who are drafted for active service in the Congo Forces—after taking a conspicuous part in the Ethiopian campaign, the Expeditionary Corps is now stationed in the Middle East—all able-bodied men are called upon to take such part as the Government assigns to them in the Belgian Congo's war effort. They are wholeheartedly doing their bit.

TO AN OFFICER OF THE VISA SECTION

February 17, 1943.
Toronto, Canada.
(Telephone .....)

DEAR MR. _____:

Herewith I am sending along two copies of M. L. 's birth certificate and my Labor Exit Permit.

Thank you for the lovely chat we had today. When this life, with all its struggles, is over, such little *Islands* of spiritual understanding will be the only thing that will remain and their fruition into charitable help for each other the only passports asked at the entry to the narrow gate that leads to a higher existence. . . .

In my heart and memory I shall not forget you.
Your,

_____.

(Courtesy E. T. Kelsey.)

JOURNAL RECOGNITION

On August 14 the *Washington Daily News* commented at length on, and quoted from, the article entitled—"The Bravest are the Belgians"—by Perry Laukhuff, which appeared in the August issue of the JOURNAL.

The Editors received a letter from Mr. Frans Van Cauwelaert, President of the Belgian House of Representatives, now in New York City, stating . . . .

"We wish to express deep satisfaction at reading your article . . . and to convey through your channel the sincere gratitude which all Belgians will undoubtedly feel towards the author. The false interpretations given to the attitude of Belgium in 1940 make such re-statements the more valuable."

NO SCARCITY OF POTATOES IN BRITAIN

Many foods which are still available in relative abundance in this country (e. g., fresh eggs, oranges, poultry) are rare items in Great Britain. In one respect, however, the English have the edge on us. Currently, when many people in the United States can get no "French fries" or mashed white potatoes to go with their fried chicken, the British people are being urged by the British Ministry of Food to eat more potatoes instead of bread.—*From the Foreign Commerce Weekly.*

NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENT

(*Continued from page* 521)

Travel Contestant

Consul General HAROLD B. QUARTON at Málaga enters the race for ground covered within a period of time. Can you beat his record? His "entry form" reads:

"Having read of the several itineraries of foreign travel accomplished between certain periods by various American Foreign Service officers, I beg to submit the following details relative to the distance covered in my travels between August 1, 1941, and December 4, 1942:

"On August 1st, 1941, I left my post at St. John's, Newfoundland, by ship to New York, and then proceeded via Washington and Chicago for my home in Madison, Wisconsin, for a few weeks' vacation. On

October 5, 1941, I again proceeded to Chicago and began a long trip to my post at Keijo, Chosen (Korea), touching at the following cities and ports: Denver, Col.; San Francisco, Cal.; Honolulu, Hawaii; Port Moresby, New Guinea; Manila, P. I.; Hong Kong and Shanghai,China; Nagasaki and Shimonoseki, Japan; and Fusan, Korea, before reaching my post at Keijo. I remained interned at Keijo from November 30th, 1941, until March 22nd, 1942, and then proceeded under escort to Yokohama, Japan, where I remained until June 17th, 1942. On that date I embarked on the S.S. *Asama Maru* for Lourenço Marques, via the following ports; Hong Kong; Saigon, French Indo-China; Singapore, and finally through the straits of Sunda or Malaca (only the Japanese navigators know) across the Indian Ocean to Lourenco Marques. After a few days in Lourenco Marques I left on the S.S. *Gripsholm*, which proceeded around the Cape of Good Hope, across the South Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and then on to New York, where I arrived on August 25th, 1942. After a couple of days in New York I proceeded to Washington for a week's duty, and then by rail to my home in Madison, Wisconsin. During a vacation of some six weeks in Madison, I visited the following cities by automobile: Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Cedar Rapids, and then returned to Madison. Having been assigned to Málaga, Spain, my present post, I left Madison on November 1, 1942, and proceeded to Washington and then to New York, where I took a clipper, via Hamilton, Bermuda, and Horta, in the Azores, to Lisbon, Portugal. From Lisbon I proceeded to Madrid and thence to Málaga, Spain, where I arrived on December 4, 1942. Although I have taken a few trips about Spain, I have not done any extensive traveling since December, but I am still awaiting orders.

"While I do not consider these trips during the period indicated as having been a record, they represent quite a little "jaunt." I believe, however, that in mileage some of the couriers who travel by plane between South America and elsewhere might have covered a larger mileage in the same period of time."

Also Dust Lightly in Spats

For traveling in out-of-the-way places, there are being distributed gratis by the Division of Foreign Service Administration, in turn a free service of the War Department, cans of "Insecticide Powder for Body Crawling Insects." Directions: for the destruction of lice in clothing, dust lightly the seams and infected parts at weekly intervals. Good for socks, shoes. Weekly intervals for bedding.

The printer has informed the Editors that due to acute labor difficulties, he is unable to adhere to the schedule for the appearance of the JOURNAL. We hope that our subscribers will make allowances for any resultant delay in receiving their copies. *The Editors.*

VISITORS

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Martha R. Green, Cairo 1
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Ralph C. Busser, retired 1
Bernice T. Jones, Algiers 1
Cathaleen A. Thomas, San Salvador 1
Virginia W. Thompson, Algiers 2
Barbara L. King, Algiers 2
Jacqueline E. Colburn, Algiers 2
Eleanor C. Bergmann 2
Ruth E. Stockbridge, Algiers 2
J. Dixon Edwards, Karachi 2
Arlene A. Norquist, Stockholm 3
Lincoln D. Kelsey, Offro 3
A. M. Pehrson, Cairo 3
A. W. Childs, Rio de Janeiro 3
William MacDougall, La Paz 3
John Allen B. Bennett 4
Dudley Singer, La Paz 4
Roberta McKay, Lisbon 6
Perry J. Hyde, London 6
Dorothy A. Clarke, Habana 6
Betty M. Pickering 7
Ann M. McHugh 7
Muriel E. Walker, La Paz 7
William M. Gwynn, Beirut 7
George B. Cressey, Chungking 7
Thomas Valenza 8
Edward W. Clark, Habana 8
Albert K. Ludy, Jr., Tegucigalpa 8
Ora Mae Merritt 8
Elizabeth M. Post 8
John Van Horne, Madrid 8
Barnaby Conrad, Jr. 8
John Pearson 8
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Grace C. Small 9
Agnes Maher 9
Bertram J. Perkins, OFFRO
Tom L. Horn, Jr. 10
David M. Maynard, Lima 10
J. E. Oliphant, London 10
Austin W. Hyde, Jr., Madrid 10
Aubrey E. Kennedy, Lima 10
Marian Cothran 13
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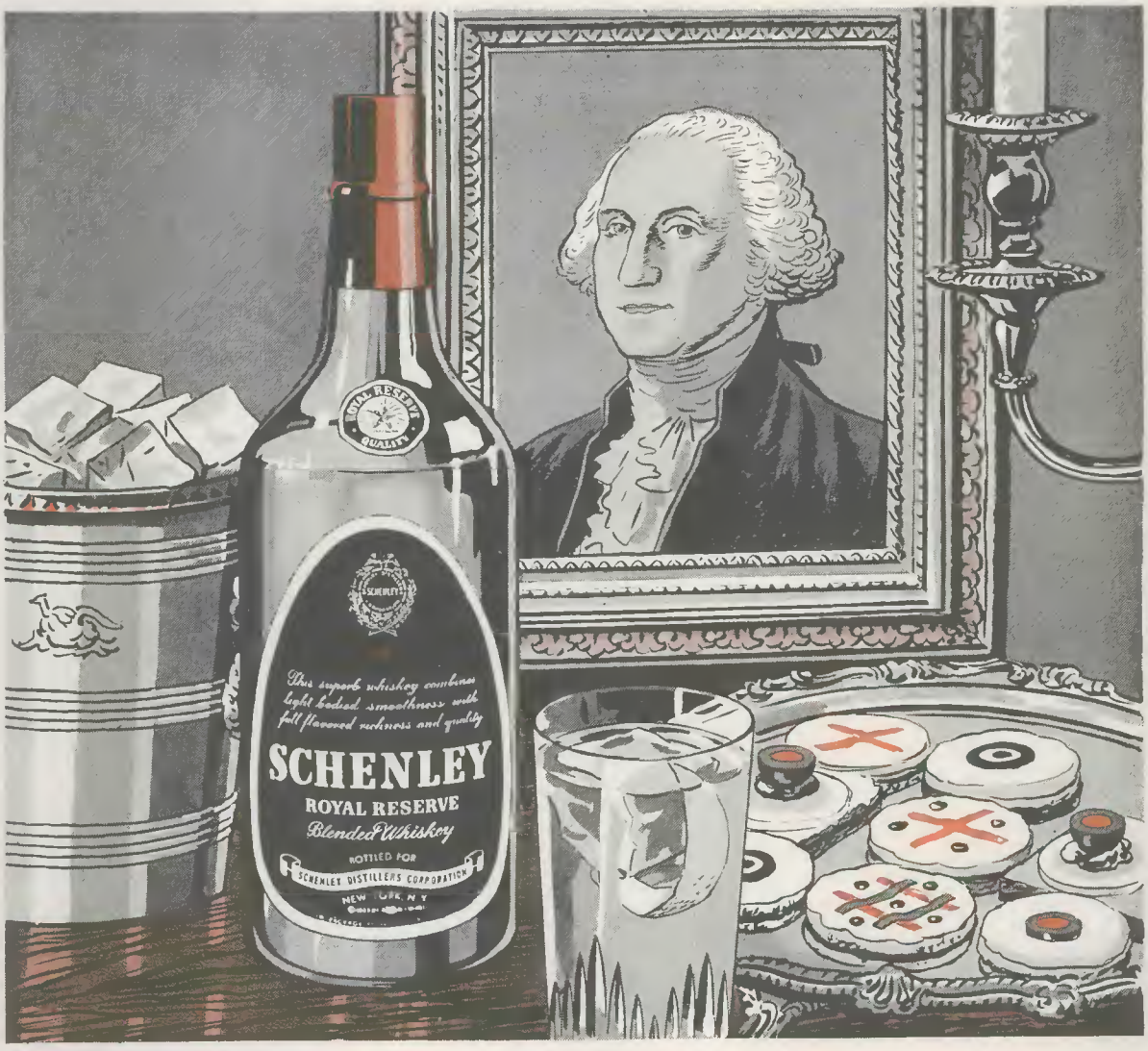

TRY A "WHISKEY SLING" AS GEORGE WASHINGTON MADE IT!

It's one of America's oldest mixed drinks . . . and what a clean, simple, yet soul-satisfying drink it can be! With no frills, it brings out the ripe mellowness, the rich bouquet, the silky flavor that Schenley Royal Reserve alone possesses.

Backed by 68 years of tradition and distilling skill, Schenley Royal Reserve is one big reason why today world sales of American whiskies top those of any other kind. Taste it . . . and learn a new respect for an old American art!

Here's how you make a "Whiskey Sling": Put a small teaspoonful of sugar, one jigger of water, and a twist of lemon-peel into a large glass. Then pour in two jiggers of Schenley Royal Reserve. Add a lump of ice and stir gently . . . then sip it and dream!

MANHATTAN: *This famous American cocktail, born in New York City, is made like this:* **1.** Two ounces Schenley Royal Reserve. **2.** One ounce Vermouth. **3.** Dash of Angostura Bitters. **4.** Stir well with cracked ice, strain, and pour into glass with cherry. **5.** Twist a piece of lemon peel over drink, and serve.

OLD-FASHIONED: *This famous Kentucky-born drink is a standby with smart drinkers the world over:* **1.** To ½ lump of sugar add 2 dashes of Angostura Bitters and 6 drops of water. **2.** Crush and dissolve sugar. **3.** Add 2 ounces of Schenley Royal Reserve. **4.** Garnish with 1 slice of orange, 1 slice of lemon, 1 slice of pineapple, and 1 cherry. **5.** Add ice, stir gently, and serve.

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