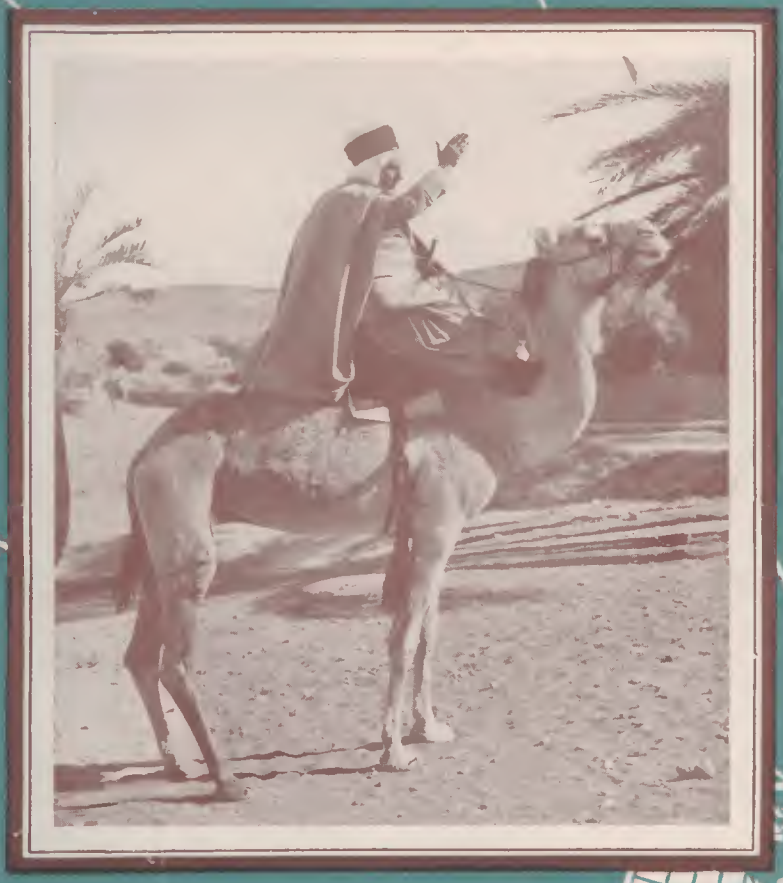
The AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL



VOL. XIII SEPTEMBER, 1936 No. 9

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(SEPTEMBER, 1936)

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THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION

VOL. XIII, No. 9 WASHINGTON, D. C. SEPTEMBER, 1936

The National Archives

Compiled by ELIZABETH M. TRUEBLOOD

THE Department of State has a vital interest in the new National Archives Building which has recently been completed in Washington, for this Department has long housed some of the most important documents in our nation's history. Here are to be found organic laws, declarations that started wars and treaties that ended them, letters from foreign rulers, and other papers that are important, not only for their historical interest, but because they are the very embodiment of precedent, so dear to the heart of the diplomat. Now all these treasures are to be given a new home, one completely in keeping with their age and value, where they will be cherished and protected by every means that modern science has been able to devise.

The erection of the Archives Building comes as the realization of a dream. The problem of the care of the public archives arose even before the organization of the government itself. At its first meeting the First Continental Congress, in 1774, conscious of the importance which posterity would attach to its proceedings, took the necessary steps to preserve the records of its deliberations and its actions. The result is found today in the 490 bound volumes of records which constitute the archives of the United States from 1774 to 1789, and but for their preservation our knowledge of that period of our history which gave us independence and constitutional government would be very meager indeed. Before the permanent removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to Washington, in 1800, these archives had no permanent abiding place and were forced to keep up with the peregrinations of Congress from city to city, much to the inconvenience of the government and to the damage of its records.

Photograph by the National Archives

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES BUILDING

After the organization of the new government under the Constitution and its subsequent removal to Washington, the problem of the preservation of its archives became even more acute. They increased rapidly,

not only in volume but also in value, and there was not a single building in the new Capital City in which they could be safely deposited. This fact was sharply emphasized in 1800, when a fire destroyed a portion of the records of the War Department, and again in 1801, when the Treasury Department suffered a simliar loss. A contemporary newspaper reporter gives a picturesque touch to his account of the latter fire in his statement that the President of the United States—stocky little John Adams it was, probably dressed in knee breeches and silk stockings—"was observed in the ranks for conveying water" to the burning building. Beyond ordering investigations into the cause of these fires and the extent of the damage to the records, Congress took no immediate action to remedy the situation.

The first step looking to the preservation of the national archives was taken when Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, on February 21, 1810, moved in the House of Representatives the appointment of a committee "to inquire into the state of the ancient public records and archives of the United States, with authority to consider whether any, and what provisions be necessary for a more safe and orderly preservation of them with leave to report by bill, or otherwise." In its report, on March 27, 1810, the committee declared that in its investigation it found "all the public records and papers belonging to that period, antecedent to the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, in a state of great disorder and exposure; and in a situation neither safe nor convenient nor honorable to the nation." These records, said the committee, were stored in the garrets "of the public building west of the President's house," where also were deposited "all the public records, recent as well as ancient, of the state, war and navy departments."

The Committee was satisfied "that this building does not contain sufficient room for the general accommodation of those departments; nor can enable a safe and orderly disposition of the public records, so long as it is permitted to be occupied as at present." Upon its recommendation Congress passed a bill, approved by President Madison on April 28, 1810, appropriating twenty thousand dollars for the construction in the State, War and Navy Building of "as many fire proof rooms as shall be sufficient for the convenient deposit of all the public records of the United States belonging to, or in the custody of the State, War and Navy Departments." This act may quite appropriately be called our first national archives act.

Photograph by the National Archives

"STACKS" IN THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The act of 1810, however, did not solve the problem. During the next half century the nation grew by leaps and bounds, its archives increased in proportion to the growth of the country, and as they increased in volume and in value the conditions under which they were kept became more and more precarious. Fires in 1814, 1833, 1877 and at other times destroyed valuable public records. The danger from fire hazard is clearly shown by a report of the fire marshal of the District of Columbia, laid before Congress in 1915, which listed two hundred and fifty fires that occurred between 1873 and 1915, inclusive, in

Photograph by the National Archives

A RESEARCHERS' ROOM

Photograph by the National Archives

AN IMPOSING "SHRINE" FOR ONE OF OUR HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

government buildings located in the District. Losses and destruction of archives were also caused by the frequent removal of records from one place to another, by dampness, heat, and insects. Stamp collectors, autograph dealers, and just plain ordinary thieves mutilated or purloined valuable documents. In one case an official of the government sold to junk dealers four hundred tons of official records. He needed the space for his office force!

A Hall of Records for the storage of noncurrent material was recommended by President Hayes to Congress in 1877, but Congress took no action; and as time went on the idea of a storage warehouse was expanded into a project for an archives establishment in which the records could be stored and so administered as to be readily available for use. Finally, in 1913, Congress authorized plans for such a building, but the World War and other factors occasioned delays until 1926 when, upon the recommendation of President Coolidge, the initial appropriation was made. Ground was broken for the building in 1931, President Hoover laid the corner-stone in 1933, and the building was occupied in November, 1935.

The National Archives Building is, architecturally, one of the three or four most beautiful buildings in Washington. From an administrative point of view, it is perhaps the most nearly perfect building of its kind anywhere. The plans were drawn after careful study of the systems used in the great Public Record Office in London, the Archives Nationales at Paris, the sumptuous archives house at Vienna, and others. At last, 160 years after the appearance of its first public document, the United States will show the rest of the world the ultimate in paper protection and care.

On the exterior, the building is a gigantic Greek temple, occupying an entire city block. It has four magnificent facades where marble pillars support pediments sculptured with allegorical figures. Everything about the outside is the biggest and best that our country affords, signifying the respect that we shall henceforth pay to our state papers. The pediment on the Constitution Avenue side, showing Archives on his throne, is one of the biggest in the world. Beneath it, impressive figures stand upon blocks hewn out of Indiana limestone. These blocks each weigh 73 tons, the largest known in the history of our country. The "largest bronze doors in the world,"

(*Continued to page* 522)

A Pair of Shoes

By Hal Norman
Courtesy of "The Leatherneck

DRAPER came aboard at Chungking. Obviously not a missionary, thought I—rather a leaning toward oil or tobacco. The latter proved correct. We made our way to the ship's saloon, and were soon exchanging pleasantries over our whiskey sodas.

You have seen Draper wherever men douse their whiskey with soda, and affect loose-fitting odd jackets, grey flannel trousers, tab collars and brown buckskin oxfords. And he possessed the tall, slim body and fine features that generally accompany those sartorial adjuncts. After having spent five years in the Orient, he was going Home on leave, and had just come away from the remote outposts to which BAT send their people on inspection trips.

As we called for the third round of drinks, the bos'n's whistle pealed shrilly and bow and stern lines were let go. The two propellers and three rudders gripped the muddy bosom of the Yangtze and whirled the ship 'round like a terrier chasing his tail. The "Chi Lai" stood for a moment preening herself, then charged down the river into the glory of the morning.

Inevitable that the potent product of the Highlands break down the usual reserve of the Briton—and Draper's pleasant voice began to unfold a series of dazzling vignettes of the Orient. Riding camel-back in Mongolia; glorious winter sunsets in Manchuria, the colours of which are intensified by millions of minute flying snow particles; the Lolo country of Yunnan, which few white men have seen—and in which few are welcome! Hiking eighty *li* a day in Shensi Province; dashing down wild, obscure tributaries of the Yangtze and Hwang-ho. How I envied the man! The China that is available to me is bounded by the banks of the Yangtze, and on the coast extends from Hangchow to Chingwangtao.

Towards sundown, the "Chi Lai" slipped gently and expertly into her anchorage opposite the River Office at Wanhsien. But my thoughts were a bit farther downriver—seventy-eight miles to be exact. I thought of the great mountains opposite Wushan. At sunset they are huge, inert, shaggy-coated monsters, sprayed with molten gold and Burgundy wine. Lord, but I want to see what's on the other side. But tomorrow morning we up anchor and dash along at fifteen knots, never stopping until we reach Ichang. After a short stay in port, it's on to Shanghai with its paved streets, electric lights, night clubs, traffic noises . . . . but I want to see real China . . . . Draper's smooth tones oozed back into my consciousness: "Think of it, man! London! The Thames! Trafalgar Square! Bond Street!" All this with great enthusiasm. He sat for a moment, looking into his glass with half-veiled eyes. Then, with great fervor, "You know, I've always wanted a pair of hand-made shoes. And *by God*, now I'm going to get them."

I ordered another whiskey soda.

Ewing Galloway Photo—Courtesy "The Quartermaster Review"

London traffic . . . Big Ben Tower . . . The Thames . . . Parliament . . . Hand Made Shoes

"Mogador . . . close, narrow rabbit runs of streets . . . and a mob of . . . people."

Isle of the West

By Earl Dardes

Illustrations by James Meese

"Prayer is better than sleep! Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"—Muezzin Call.

I WOKE in the Hotel Mirador on the feast day l'Aid el Kebir, the intense white light of the east pouring in my window. Here I was, much to my surprise, in Casablanca, a town founded by the Portuguese on the site of the ancient Anfa, which they destroyed in 1465, and occupied by the French in 1907, after the murder of French and Spanish workmen engaged on harbor projects. Since the war it has become safe and tourist-ridden and unexciting. So I got out of bed resolving to go south.

I deposited my dozen picture frames (from Woolworth's in Brooklyn) with the landlady and started with thirty francs for Marrakech, the great southern market which is all things to the desert and mountains, on the plain of Blad el Hamra, "the red," fifteen miles from the Atlas Mountains.

It was cloudy and Le Vigie forecast bad weather. I walked out of the Casablanca. The natives seemed to think it funny to see a white man walking. I was an object of curiosity. I climbed out of Casa and looked back and saw the white city and the green hills and the blue sea, wheat coming up and alfalfa-cutting. The road was like Pennsylvania macadam, kilometred and centimetred.

I walked and walked, seven miles about. A car went by with two in the front seat and a dog in the back. It stopped. Reversed.

The man was in some kind of police uniform. He gave me a French cigarette and I offered him an American but he said he did not care for American cigarettes because they tasted too sweet. He was very pleasant. So was his companion. So was the big dog in the back seat. One hundred pounds of friendly dog meat kept trying to crawl into my lap as I endeavored to sustain my end of a conversation on landscape beauty.

"What is the word for *blé* in American? For *Pneu?* It is hard times for artists. Yes, for all. Pas de travaille. Pas de money. Pas de nothing. This we are passing is the *blèd.* Some places there is wheat. Yes. But no money. This is not the artistic country. It is not the—how do you say it?—the artistic material. You have to go south for that."

"You mean toward Mogador?"

"Yes."

They took me 35 kilometres to Ber Rechid where the road splits, and I took the branch toward the blue country of the Atlas.

On the highway I met a native who looked even poorer than I and I gave him my last American cigarette. He asked with motions for a light and I gave him a clip of paper matches. He had never seen them before and I had to light his fag for him.

Farther on, on the feast day for the poor, a white-turbaned young man on a bike stopped and said, "Settat?" He motioned me to get on the cross-bar and rode me a ride toward Settat and

I rode him one. His face was beady with sweat when I relieved him and he took my coat and paint box and held them while I pedaled. The front tire was flat.

One or two dogs. Darkness. Finally a drizzle and then far ahead the lights of Settat. I dragged myself along toward town. Just inside I sat down on the curb on the main street in front of a tomb-like building. When rested, I stood and looked back at the building. What I thought was the tomb of some Islamic saint was a gas station of Socony-Vacuum Oil.

The Ticket

I asked everyone I met for *le gare du chemin de fer* and found it at the farthest possible point of the village. It was nine hours. The station was dark. I walked in and looked through the ticket window. The ticket-taker was sleeping in his chair. I rapped on the window. He roused, rubbed his eyes, looked up and saw me, and came to the window.

"How much is the fare, *troisiéme*, to Marrakech?"

"Thirty-three francs."

"That is the cheapest?" I counted my money. Thirty-one and a half francs. I explained my situation.

"There is the fourth class," he said, looking at the floor.

"Good."

"You must travel with the *indigénes*," he continued.

"It's all right."

"With the browns, the shepherd, the herdsman." He was insistent.

"Good."

"You want that:"

"Sure," I said. "It's on the train?

"Yes, yes."

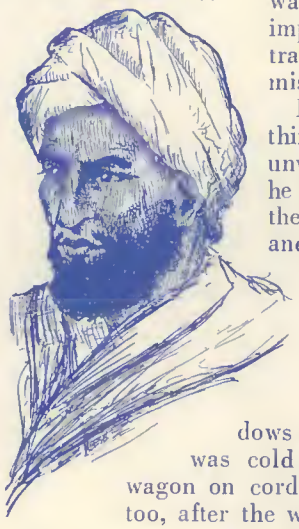
"It's better than walking?"

"All right," he said. "I'll give you a fourth."

I asked him for water and he found it and then showed me a bench where I could rest till train time, two hours away. He was a higher-class native, with black-bearded, cinema beauty, turbaned and keen-eyed and kind. When the train came there were two other customers for tickets and the ticket-taker told me to get in the third and if there weren't too many passengers they might let me remain. He said a sympathetic goodbye and was so miserable about my impending misery in the train that I began to feel miserable myself.

"NATIVES WITH BAGGY SLEEVES"

"HE WAS A HIGH-CLASS NATIVE . . . BLACK BEARDED . . ."



I did as he said about the third but the conductor was unwilling. "The other side," he said. He took me across the platform to a box car and I slept on the floor among the natives till we got to Marrakech at six. There was a strong smell of animals and spit on the floor. The sliding wooden windows were closed and the car was cold and jolted like a farm wagon on corduroy. I was pretty stiff, too, after the walking.

Marrakech

I wrote this in the Cafe on the Sidewalk at Marrakech after coffee and while it was getting light. I asked the barman where the church was and I went up there and heard the Jesuits say Mass. A sister took up the collection. It is always there, the Church, in these wild places under the tricolor —the sign of civilized emotions, the lights and music and clean altar linen, the quiet repose in a far country, the calm assumption that they, the French, have made this country Home, a place to return to after school in Paris or work or studies in England, or America, or anywhere.

I found out about the busses (*une heure minuit, cing heures matin*) and went and took a picture of the hill and the fort and barracks where Colonel Mangin pitched camp after combating the insurgent tribes in September, 1912, and where he put a fort and perched guns on the summit and can blow the native village to the south to smithereens any time they get too fresh down there. 3,000 Europeans, 146,000 natives with baggy sleeves roomy enough to hold any amount of cutlery or sawed-offs and no one the wiser.

Then I walked toward the south till I got tired and sat down in front of the Sixth Regiment of Sengalese and rested my feet and watched the crowd go by on bicycles, and horse carriages and autos, and, a very few, on foot. In back of me the Sengalese barracks. The terrible Sengalese, in

brown uniforms and red caps and sashes and with knife scars on their ink-black faces. A hundred yards from where I sat was the Koutouba, twelfth century Tower of the Scribes, built at the same time and by the same people as the Giralda at Seville. Behind the hot reddish-brown tower, thirty miles away, were the Atlas, ghostly-looking with snow on them and white clouds passing below their peaks and all under a burning blue sky. The Mid-Atlas, the abode of snow, the water reservoir of Morocco, stronghold of fierce Berbers.

"... A THIN-FACED HUNGRY-LOOKING FRIEND..."

South of the peaks are strange tribes, different from the Arabs on the eastern borders of Morocco. Where the veiled men under Youssuf-ben-tachfin came from in the ten-hundreds, driving their way to the Ebro in Spain, founding Marrakech on the way.

Marrakech is a fierce, blazing city and you can always feel the claws under the velvet. It is much closer to African war drums than the cities of Tunisia or Algeria, and white slaves were still taken here in the nineteenth century. The slave trade introduced many Sudanese who in turn have influenced the native complexion. Half the people speak Berber dialects.

Marrakech, the one long street with the native town and its famous souk at one end and the French town at the other. The two movie-houses. The few cafés, with the people out sitting drinking. Like an army post, with seventeen varieties of soldiers, and many airplanes.

Yes. But pretty girls, well dressed; smart dress and hat shops; bicycles everywhere; some United States cars, some foreign; two-horse carriages; James Oliver Curwood in German; American products advertised all over; cars, oils, gases, tires.

Yes. But before I left, a soldier killed himself in the jail.

To Mogador

175 kilometres at 15 francs. You went east from the outpost for 90 miles with the hot brown hills on your right, and on your left, the blue mountains and the snow, thirty miles away and spiritual looking. A most ghastly heat till you got into the green hills near the sea and Mogador.

On the way, white robes on the highway ahead waving us to a stop. The Senegalese with earrings of gold, relieving themselves at the side of the road. Frenchmen doing the same. A "boy" with the bus interpreted for the driver, smashed baggage, punched tickets, cranked the bus when the battery failed. As he drove, to keep away sleep, the driver often gazed at the landscape off to the side.

Mogador

Mogador is one of the towns of Morocco in which the Jews are most numerous. We were there at six with that very hard wind blowing to sea and mist-cloudy and one freighter moored, and another close inshore, nose to the wind.

This mad house of a city frightened one. Close, narrow, rabbit-runs of streets and a mob of crazy looking people, the streets going under houses and the few whites and a couple tourists now and then or well-to-do people, but yet in the wildest of the native streets sometimes a white woman on her bicycle with a market-basket.

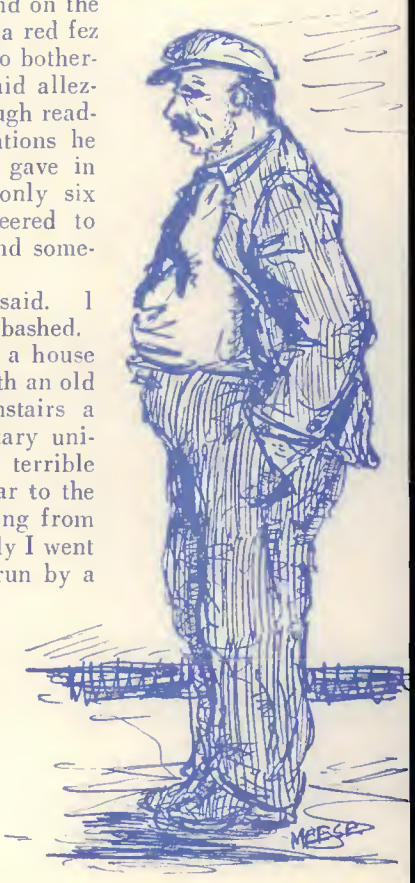
The Room

For a while the street urchins did not pester. Finally one discovered the stranger in their midst. I did not speak and walked fast to find the church. "Ah, the church!" he said, when I turned in to rest out of the sand and wind. But it was locked. He commenced to pound on the door and as he had on a red fez I did not want him to go bothering the priest and I said allez-vite. When I got through reading the Lenten regulations he was still there. So I gave in and told him I had only six francs and he volunteered to find me a nice room and something to eat besides.

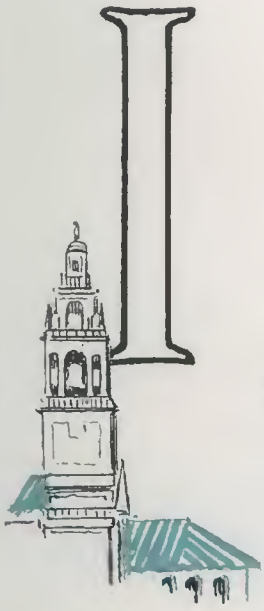
"I am poor," he said. I laughed. He looked abashed.

The boy took me to a house and we argued a lot with an old hag who called downstairs a black negro in a military uniform. There was that terrible wailing singing peculiar to the Moor, flamencon, coming from a photograph and finally I went to the Majestic Hotel run by a relative and got two oranges to boot, all for six francs.

(*Continued to page* 528)



"A MAN WITH A MUSTACHE AND A BIG BELLY AND A CAP"



The Jalifa Returns to Ronda

By Augustin W. Ferrin, *Consul, Montevideo*

IN the municipality of Malaga recently was celebrated the 448th anniversary of the city's reconquest from the Moors.

During the four and a half centuries since Hamet el Zegri surrendered the city to Fernando and Isahel authentic Moors have been rare in Malaga, though one prominent family (Benjumea) claims descent from the Omeya (Jumea) caliphs of Damascus and Cordova, and others doubtless could show Arabian ancestry if their documents were all in order.

Occasionally a Moorish merchant comes over from Melilla for a day or two and always there are peddlers in the Calle 14 de Abril whose red fezzes proclaim, not very convincingly, their faith in the Prophet; but a Moorish prince has not until now been seen in the Christianized former kingdom of the Idrises.

So the official visit of the Jalifa of Spanish Morocco, a Sherif or scion in the direct line of the founder of Islam, which occurred within the octave of the anniversary of the Reconquest, created intense interest. He came on a Spanish warship, accompanied by his black bodyguard in particularly picturesque uniforms, his Grand Visir and other counsellors in white robes, and all enveloped in an exotic aura that made Malaga forget for a moment that it was no longer Moorish.

For three days the city entertained the Jalifa enthusiastically with banquets, bullfights and balls, in which Miss Europe (Alicia Navarro of Tenerife), who won the 1935 Continental beauty crown, participated; then he went to Ronda to rest, he said, in the huge old Moorish house which his agents purchased there last year. It was almost in ruins when the Jalifa acquired it, its wooden floors so thin that one could see through them, but an army of masons has repaired the walls, ironworkers have replaced the rusty "rejas," carpenters have renewed worm eaten beams and artisans of various kinds have recreated a large and lovely central patio wherein the Jalifa instead of resting received the Ronda aristocracy, "completamente loca" with the presence in their midst of a live Moorish monarch.

"Here," said the Jalifa, "everything reminds me of home; I cannot think that I am in a foreign country." And his Sheriffian Highness was right. Everything, almost, in Ronda does remind one of Morocco. Even the quaint old cathedral contains Moorish half domes surviving from when it was a mosque. One walks on or under Moorish walls, one crosses the terrifying Tajo on Moorish bridges and one laps up Moorish legends in the "House of the Moorish King," "The House of the King Abimelech," and the "House of the Mondragon," three well preserved or renovated neighbors of the Jalifa's as yet nameless palace.

The "House of the Moorish King" (Casa del Rey Moro) rising many stories up the side of the deep ravine which divides Ronda into the Moslem and Christian harrios once belonged to a mad American whose history fills two volumes of the Malaga consular archives; afterward it passed into the possession of the dear old Duquesa de Parcent, Ronda's Lady Bountiful, who lately has traded it

to a Malaga millionaire for a villa in Biarritz.

Who was the king from whom the house was named nobody knows; perhaps it was Abimeleeh himself, crowded by an expanding harem out of the nearby palace which still bears his appellation. Whoever it was, he cut a staircase of 300 steps inside the solid rock on which the castle stands down to the river roaring at the bottom of the cañon, as precaution against a possible siege. And many a siege this stronghold must have sustained, for the Moors desperately resisted Fernando and Isabel and rebelled repeatedly after the first surrender. As this is written, it is an abode of perfect peace, its many terraces full of fragrant flowers sown by the benevolent hands of the Duquesa.

THE CATHEDRAL, RONDA

Opposite the lowest terrace is the medieval mansion of the Marqueses de Salvatierra, and below that are important ruins of Moorish baths, connected with the old palace, according to as yet unverified tradition, by a rock tunnel. Amateur archaeologists, seeking the entrance to the tunnel, already have discovered large underground chambers with vaulted rooks upheld by slender columns, capacious cisterns and a still more capacious prison where the Moors kept the Christian captives whose iron fetters, removed by the "Catholic Kings," hang on the outer walls of the church San Juan de los Reyes in Toledo.

King Abimelech, last of the independent Agarene rulers of Ronda, lived in a smaller edifice, between the Casa del Rey Moro and the Mosque, the character of which had been forgotten until its present proprietor started to restore it, revealing Arabic arches long ago blocked up with Spanish brick and Koranic inscriptions covered over with plaster by the pious Castillians of the Reconquest.

In the handsome House of the Mondragon, the illustrious Isabel once resided, subsequently giving it to the Mondragon family, some of whom live there today, under "artesonada" ceilings which make architects mad with admiration. In the pavement of the church of the Espiritu Santo the mark of a hoof is shown, supposed to have been made by Isabel's horse, startled by an Arab arrow as the great queen urged her warriors to the assault on the citadel.

Before the Moors and the Goths Ronda was Roman, and called Arunda. The hotel guide tells gullible strangers that Romans constructed the big bullring. This is not true, though the plaza is old, of stone, and round like the Coliseum. It was built when bull baiting was a gentleman's sport and the equestrian title "Maestrante de Ronda" was nearly equivalent to "Grande de España."

The only real Roman remains in "new" Ronda (it was new in the time of Trajan) are a bridge over the Guadalevin, a few fallen towers and a many arched aqueduct resembling the Claudian at Rome. In "old" Ronda, however, on a mesa some miles away, are vestiges of a vast amphitheatre in which Gallic gladiators sliced one another to pieces under the eyes of the Roman praetor.

One is not surprised that Romans and Moors have resided in Ronda, but that Aztecs have done so is astonishing. The Marques de Moctezuma, direct descendant of the Indian emperor of Mexico, built a palace in Ronda in the seventeenth century and his grandsons or great-grandsons gave

it to the Church. In it the Bishop of Malaga took refuge after his own palace was burned by a revolutionary mob in 1931.

Ronda has also a Moctezuma school, operated by the Salesian fathers, within the precincts of the old Moorish fortress, but this is the gift of the Duquesa de Parcent, whose first husband was an Iturbe and left her a fortune in Mexican mines.

Nature has done more for Ronda than Romans, Moors or Mexicans. Perched on the edge of a six hundred foot precipice, it overlooks a Yosemitic bowl surrounded like an immense arena by magnificent mountains, gazing into which one feels himself another Nero. Many eagles soaring in the serene sky above increase the imperial illusion, but if there are Christians or lions down there the distance makes them invisible. One sees only the grayish green of olive orchards and white walls of "cortijos" whose owners wax fat on the oil of their trees and, in season, the brighter green of wheat fields with Moorish water mills which grind the grain they yield.

THE JALIFA AND FRIENDS. THE LADY IS "MISS EUROPE"—SENORITA ALICIA NAVARRO OF TENERIFFE

The mountains beyond, bare but beautiful, a rampart between Ronda and the Mediterranean, have long been the refuge of smugglers and fugitives from justice, as well as rabbits, foxes, wildcats and other small beasts, so much so that a Spanish cinema company has photographed them to illustrate the tragedy of Flores Arocha, shot in a cave there last year by Civil Guards after a long and sanguinary chase in which several lives were sacrificed. These high hills are honeycombed with caves, some of them containing prehistorie paintings of an unknown ante-Iberian race. Hidden in the hills also are many villages whose inhabitants have Moorish faces and figures, and even habits, in spite of the fact that all Arabs and Berbers are supposed to have been expelled from the Sierra in 1609.

On the other side of Ronda the landscape is less imposing but perhaps more pleasing, a verdant valley of opulent estates whose heiresses are courted by the sons of counts, marqueses and dukes, for their dowries and for their beauty rivalling that of the roses which flourish with exceptional exuberance in the red soil of the Vega.

Behind the city and between it and Malaga lies the wide plateau called "Los Campos de Monda," which many historians believe to have been the battlefield of Caesar and the sons of Pompey, where the fate of the Roman Republic was fixed, though others maintain that this decisive encounter ocurred near Montilla on the Malaga-Cordoba road. Romantic is an overworked word, but I cannot refrain from applying it to Ronda, rich in history, architecture and scenery, and in material prosperity which not only makes the magnates happy but keeps the wolf from the peasant's door, while the encircling mountains silence the sound and fury of the mad world outside.

Ronda was the first place in the province I visited after I came to Malaga; it was the last place in the peninsula that I saw before starting over three weeks of water for Montevideo, peopled by progeny of Rondeans and their Andalucian relatives who carried the flag of Carlos V and Felipe II to the four corners of the earth.

Louis Beaufrere, Paris

THE CROWD ON THE COMMON AT THE PARDON. THE CHURCH IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND

Folgoet

By HERBERT O. WILLIAMS, *Consul, Gibraltar*

THE railroad journey from Paris to Brest is a long one, for the Chemin de Fer du Nord does not run "rapides" on this route. However, one passes through very historic country. Finisterre, the extreme western tip of France, was the refuge of thousands of émigrés during the Revolution, whose descendants now form the upper classes of society there. Orleans brings to mind the tragic story of Jeanne d'Arc. From Le Mans came Charlotte Corday. Morlaix is reminiscent of the historic jealousy between French and English, and there is an interesting bit of pseudo-etymology connected with the name: "Si viennent les Anglais, mords-les."

Between Morlaix and Brest is a little village that serves as a railway junction, Landerneau. From there one takes a narrow-gauge, whose jerky, diminutive, snorting locomotives, and uncomfortable, hard-seated carriages make one glad that the ride to Folgoet, or Le Folgoat, is no longer.

Dominating the plain, as one approaches Folgoet, and seen from many miles away, is the interesting old church of Notre Dame de Folgoet. One is attracted by the oddity of the unmatched Gothic towers—one tall steeple, and beside it a squatty tower—like forefinger and thumb of an upraised hand.

Built in the fifteenth century to commemorate a miracle, this church was once the recipient of lavish gifts from kings and lords.

In 1499 Anne of Brittany made a pilgrimage to Folgoet to pray for the intercession of Our Lady of Folgoet that Anne might bear children to Louis XII—her second husband. Queen Anne ordered the completion of the church, including the dome and the little tower, and made donations for the upkeep of the shrine.

The church's treasures were commandeered, or stolen, in the days of the Revolution. The gold and silver vessels were sent to the mint at Nantes to be melted up and coined. But the church still remains an object of historic, ecclesiastical and architectural interest.

One asks why a church of such importance should have been built in this little village. The answer is the Miracle of Folgoet.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth century this part of Brittany was covered with forests. In the early part of the fourteenth century there lived alone in the woods a youth by the name of Saloün—called Saloün the Fool—a weak-minded, harmless boy. "The bare cold earth was his bed; a large stone served him for pillow; and he had no blanket except the leaves of a tree under which he slept at night." So says an old chronicler.

At school he was a dullard, unable to learn anything except the words "Ave Maria," to which he would add, in the Breton tongue, "Saloün would

like some bread." He was accustomed to return to the spring near which he slept and dip his bread in its waters. His sole food, so the story goes, was bread and water.

He loved to hang from the branches of the tree, over the spring, and repeat "Ave Maria" incessantly. He would throw himself into the pool, even in winter, an act of mortification that is said to have been common among the old saints of Brittany.

In 1358 Saloün died. His neighbors found his body lying by the spring. They did not take the trouble to carry his corpse to consecrated ground, but buried it at the foot of his tree, without the customary ceremonies of the church. Some days later, to their great astonishment, a beautiful lily of marvelous whiteness was seen to be growing on his grave. Inscribed on the petals in letters of gold were the words "Ave Maria." When the grave was opened, it was seen that the roots of the lily were in the mouth of poor dead Saloün.

The lily did not fade for several weeks. The fame of the miracle was widespread throughout the whole of Brittany. Priests, lords, and peasants came to admire, and all decided

(*Continued to page* 533)

Louis Beaufrere, Paris

WOMEN OF PLONCOUR-TREZ AT THE FOLGOET PARDON, BEFORE THE OLD CHURCH

WOMEN OF KERLOVAN (FINISTERRE). THESE COSTUMES DATE BACK AT LEAST THREE CENTURIES AND ARE WORN ONLY THE DAY OF THE FOLGOET PARDON OR ON OTHER IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS OCCASIONS

Louis Beaufrere, Paris

The Man With An Idea

By Herbert J. Maughiman

WHEN the little old man came along Ike was under the car with his legs thrust out like a pair of open scissors, and I was sunning myself on the running-board, serene in my ignorance of mechanics. The old man walked as if he had any amount of time, and no worries. If we had been in the West instead of Nova Scotia, I would have said he was a prospector out looking for a strayed burro.

He stopped when he reached the car, looked at me, then at Ike's legs, and then again at me. "Nice day," he said.

"Perfect," I amended.

This was indeed food for thought. Brushing his bristly, burgeoning mustache back from his upper lip, he gazed long and earnestly at me, and then at Ike's legs.

"Going far?" I asked.

"Eh?"

He was deaf. I repeated loudly, "Going far?"

"Vancouver," he said.

"Where!" I exclaimed sharply. I had seen numberless assorted hitch-hikers, and I once knew a couple who went from New York to San Francisco in an electric brougham, but the idea of this little old man ambling from Nova Scotia to Vancouver was too much to absorb suddenly.

Concluding that I also was a victim of his affliction, he raised his voice. "I'm going to Van*cou*ver. Van*cou*ver, B. C."

That explained his contours. Every pocket bulged, probably with socks and toilet articles, and I surmised that his shirt covered a couple of extra shirts and undershirts.

"Can't we give you a lift?" I shouted at him. "Our car will be repaired in a few minutes. I think," I added, leaning over until I could see a few inches of Ike's torso.

"No, thanks."

"It's a long walk," I reminded him.

"I got plenty of time."

"It must be close to three thousand miles."

"Two thousand eight hundred and thirteen," imperturably.

"Where did you start from?"

"Sidney."

I gazed at him in wonder. Sidney is on the east coast of Cape Breton Island, not far from the furthermost eastern tip of North America.

"*Sid*ney!" he repeated more loudly, in deference to my fancied affliction. "I been working in the mines there." He pronouneed it "bean," not "bin."

"What do you plan to do when you get to Vancouver?" I asked.

"Take it easy."

"Oh, you've got some money saved up."

"A little."

"You'll need more than a little," I shouted, inexorably practical. "You've got a good many years ahead of you yet."

"I'll have plenty when I get there," he shouted baek.

I pondered this, while he looked at me, down at Ike's legs, up at the sky, and then back at me again.

"You see," he explained, "I been working in the same mine for nine years. Before that I worked in other mines. So it eame to me the other day I wasn't getting nowhere, and I just decided to quit and go to Vancouver."

He shifted to the other foot, and seemed for a while to be comparing Ike's feet with his own. I nodded, understanding thoroughly, and he continued: "I figured I would meet a million people between Sidney and Vancouver. And I'm going to ask all of them for a dime. So when I get to Vancouver I'll have a hunderd thousand dollars."

My eyes popped open and my jaw dropped. This surpassed any scheme I had yet heard to beat the depression. His mathematies were ineontrovertible. For one throbbing instant I considered abandoning Ike and the car, and trying it myself. I forbore reminding him that his road would lead him through Maine. He would soon enough find that out for himself.

"Here is *my* dime," I said, and never have I given more willingly.

Ike slithered out from under the car, sat up and put his hand in his pocket. "And here is mine," he said.

If I knew where the man was I would send him another.—*The Commonweal.*

LINES INDITED TO HAROLD MINOR

Regarding your versed lamentation
Indited 'way down in Brazil,
The Department is pleased to inform you
Of contact with Capitol Hill.

Now first be assured all despatches
From brethren nostalgic and such,
Are fondled by hands sympathetic,
Yet lacking Aladdin's great touch.

Perforce febrile pleas from the out-posts
All empty replies must endure,
Since neither a lamp nor a jinni
Securely-tied funds can procure.

Behold, then! In wake of a poem
(Perhaps it were willed to inspire?)
Provisions for well-deserved home leave
For Harold B. Minor, Esquire.

Some others there are who will merit
A similar respite from woes,
Although a review of their cases
Reveals predilection for prose.

From Rio you'll soon be departing,
En route to your native domain:
The exile will shortly be ended
On wings of off-duty refrain.

You list an assortment of highlights,
Like Kansas and wide open spaces,
With New York thrown in for good measure,
And hints of a few other places.

Yet somehow it seems you've forgotten
In course of your lay to relate:
"If only once more I could linger,
With you, fair Department of State!"

GEORGE WILTON, JR.
Department of State,
August 3, 1936.

STAFF OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL AT RIO DE JANEIRO

Seated, left to right: Vice Consul Rudolf E. Cahn, Consul M. L. Stafford, Consul General Emil Sauer, Consul Odin G. Loren, Consul Harold B. Minor. Standing: Messenger Eduardo Teixeira Pombo, Clerks Jorge Prescott, E. Victor Saadeh, Maria A. Benazet, Juracy Martins Rodrigues, Susan Barbosa, and Antonio Teixeira Pombo; Messenger Antonio Rocha.

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The American Foreign Service Association

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

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE JOURNAL

Consul General Ernest L. Ives recently presented to the JOURNAL a splendid collection of photographs of Algeria obtained through the official tourist office. With these in hand, it will be possible to illustrate virtually any article which may be received concerning Algeria and from time to time to reproduce photographs from the collection as cover pictures or as photographic studies. The first photograph of the series appears on the cover of this issue.

Thomas L. Wilson, Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel of the Department, has furnished many of the excellent photographs he has taken in various parts of the world. A number of these have already appeared in the JOURNAL and others will be reproduced in later issues.

Peggy Lane, daughter of American Minister Arthur Bliss Lane, has contributed a diversified collection of photographic studies, two of which have been published in recent issues.

Inspector Joseph E. Jacobs, Consul General Arthur Frost, and Vice Consul Glion Curtis, Jr., recently submitted photographs taken in the course of their travels. These will be used as they fit in with other material.

The assistance of the foregoing, *and several other contributors* of photographs, is appreciated.

It is hoped that others will be able to furnish representative collections. While the JOURNAL can not undertake to reproduce any photograph at a given time, the more adequate its files of photographs the better it is in a position to provide well illustrated issues and to supplement the text of articles with appropriate pictures.

Funds are not ordinarily available for the purchase of photographs. Accordingly, in the absence of advance authorization readers are requested *not* to purchase them for the account of the JOURNAL. It is believed that the cost of extra prints, preferably on glossy paper, of photographs taken by readers will not be excessive and that in many countries official photographs are available at slight cost or gratis.

The title, description, "credit line", and name of the contributor should be *lightly pencilled* on the reverse side of photographs. Use of the typewriter almost invariably results in damage.

OLIVER BISHOP HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP

The Advisory Committee of the Oliver Bishop Harriman Foreign Service Scholarship announces that the scholarship for the scholastic year 1936-1937 has been awarded to Messrs. John S. Calvert, Jr., and Robert Gordon Donald.

"We Choose Peace"

The President's Address at Chautauqua

There follows the full text of the President's important declaration on foreign policy delivered at Chautauqua, New York, August 14, 1936:

AS many of you who are here tonight know, I formed the exeellent habit of coming to Chautauqua more than twenty years ago. After my inauguration in 1933, I promised Mr. Bestor that during the next four years I would come to Chautauqua again: it is in fulfillment of this that I am with you tonight.

A few days ago I was asked what the subjeet of this talk would be: and I replied that for two good reasons I wanted to discuss the subject of peace; first, because it is eminently appropriate in Chautauqua and, secondly, because in the hurly-burly of domestic politics it is important that our people should not overlook problems and issues which, though they lie beyond our borders, may, and probably will, have a vital influenee on the United States of the future.

President Roosevelt
"I hate war"

Many who have visited me in Washington in the past few months may have been surprised when I have told them that personally and because of my own daily contacts with all manner of difficult situations I am more concerned and less cheerful about international world conditions than about our immediate domestic prospects.

I say this to you not as a confirmed pessimist, but as one who still hopes that envy, hatred and maliee among nations have reached their peak and will be succeeded by a new tide of peace and good-will—I say this as one who has participated in many of the decisions of peace and war before, during and after the World War; one who has traveled much and one who has spent a goodly portion of every twenty-four hours in the study of foreign relations.

Recalls His Statement On "Good Neighbors"

Long before I returned to Washington as President of the United States, I had made up my mind that, pending what might be called a more opportune moment on other continents, the United States could best serve the cause of a peaceful humanity by setting an example. That was why on the 4th of March, 1933, I made the following declaration:

"In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor — the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and because he does so, respects the rights of others — the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbors."

This declaration represents my purpose; but it represents more than a purpose, for it stands for a practice. To a measurable degree it has sueceeded; the whole world now knows that the United States cherishes no predatory ambitions. We are strong; but less powerful nations know that they need not fear our strength. We seek no conquest; we stand for peace.

In the whole of the Western Hemisphere our good neighbor policy has produced results that are especially heartening.

The noblest monument to peaee and to neighborly economic and social friendship in all the world is not a monument in bronze or stone, but the boundary which unites the United States and Canada—3,000 miles of friendship with no barbed wire, no gun or soldier, and no passport on the whole frontier.

Mutual trust made that frontier—to extend the same sort of mutual trust throughout the Amerieas was our aim.

The American republics to the south of us have been ready always to cooperate with the United States on a basis of equality and mutual respect, but before we inaugurated the good neighbor policy there was among them resentment and fear, because certain administrations in Washington had slighted their national pride and their sovereign rights.

In pursuance of the good neighbor policy, and because in my younger days I had learned many lessons in the hard school of experience, I stated that the United States was opposed definitely to armed intervention.

We have negotiated a Pan-American convention embodying the principle of non-intervention. We have abandoned the Platt amendment which gave us the right to intervene in the internal affairs of the Republic of Cuba. We have withdrawn American marines from Haiti. We have signed a new treaty which places our relations with Panama on a mutually satisfactory basis. We have undertaken a series of trade agreements with other American countries to our mutual commercial profit. At the request of two neighboring republics, I hope to give assistance in the final settlement of the last serious boundary dispute between any of the American nations.

Throughout the Americas the spirit of the good neighbor is a practical and living fact. The twenty-one American republics are not only living together in friendship and in peace; they are united in the determination so to remain.

Holds Pacts Violated Regardless of Honor

To give substance to this determination, a conference will meet on December 1, 1936, at the capital of our great southern neighbor, Argentina, and it is, I know, the hope of all chiefs of State of the Americas that this will result in measures which will banish wars forever from this vast portion of the earth.

Peace, like charity, begins at home; that is why we have begun at home. But peace in the Western World is not all that we seek.

It is our hope that knowledge of the practical application of the good-neighbor policy in this hemisphere will be borne home to our neighbors across the seas.

For ourselves, we are on good terms with them—terms in most cases of straightforward friendship, of peaceful understanding.

But, of necessity, we are deeply concerned about tendencies of recent years among many of the nations of other continents. It is a bitter experience to us when the spirit of agreements to which we are a party is not lived up to. It is an even more bitter experience for the whole company of nations to witness not only the spirit but the letter of international agreements violated with impunity and without regard to the simple principles of honor. Permanent friendships between nations as between men can be sustained only by scrupulous respect for the pledged word.

In spite of all this, we have sought steadfastly to assist international movements to prevent war. We cooperated to the bitter end—and it was a bitter end—in the work of the general disarmament conference. When it failed, we sought a separate treaty to deal with the manufacture of arms and the international traffic in arms. That proposal also came to nothing. We participated—again, to the bitter end—in a conference to continue naval limitations, and when it became evident that no general treaty could be signed because of the objections of other nations, we concluded with Great Britain and France a conditional treaty of qualitative limitation which, much to my regret, already shows signs of ineffectiveness.

Calls Us "Isolationists" Only Concerning War

We shun political commitments which might entangle us in foreign wars; we avoid connection with the political activities of the League of Nations; but I am glad to say that we have cooperated whole-heartedly in the social and humanitarian work at Geneva. Thus we are a part of the world effort to control traffic in narcotics, to improve international health, to help child welfare, to eliminate double taxation and to better working conditions and laboring hours throughout the world.

We are not isolationists except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war. Yet we must remember that so long as war exists on earth there will be some danger that even the nation which most ardently desires peace may be drawn into war.

I have seen war. I have seen war on land and sea. I have seen blood running from the wounded. I have seen men coughing out their gassed lungs. I have seen the dead in the mud. I have seen cities destroyed. I have seen two hundred limping, exhausted men come out of line—the survivors of a regiment of one thousand that went forward forty-eight hours before. I have seen children starving. I have seen the agony of mothers and wives. I hate war.

I have passed unnumbered hours, I shall pass unnumbered hours, thinking and planning how war may be kept from this nation.

Declares Aggressor Forfeits Our Sympathy

I wish I could keep war from all nations: but that is beyond my power. I can at least make certain that no act of the United States helps to

produce or to promote war. I can at least make clear that the conscience of America revolts against war and that any nation which provokes war forfeits the sympathy of the people of the United States.

Many causes produce war. There are ancient hatreds, turbulent frontiers, the "legacy of old forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago." There are new-born fanaticisms, convictions on the part of certain peoples that they have become the unique depositories of ultimate truth and right.

A dark old world was devastated by wars between conflicting religions. A dark, modern world faces wars between conflicting economic and political fanaticisms in which are intertwined race hatreds. To bring it home, it is as if within the territorial limits of the United States, forty-eight nations with forty-eight forms of government, forty-eight customs barriers, forty-eight languages and forty-eight eternal and different verities, were spending their time and their substance in a frenzy of effort to make themselves strong enough to conquer their neighbors or strong enough to defend themselves against their neighbors.

In one field, that of economic barriers, the American policy may be, I hope, of some assistance in discouraging the economic source of war and therefore a contribution toward the peace of the world. The trade agreements which we are making are not only finding outlets for the products of American fields and American factories, but are also pointing the way to the elimination of embargoes, quotas and other devices which place such pressure on nations not possessing great natural resources that to them the price of peace seems less terrible than the price of war.

New Weapons Provided to Maintain Neutrality

We do not maintain that a more liberal international trade will stop war but we fear that, without a more liberal international trade, war is a natural sequence.

The Congress of the United States has given me certain authority to provide safeguards of American neutrality in case of war.

The President of the United States, who under our Constitution, is vested with primary authority to conduct our international relations, thus has been given new weapons with which to maintain our neutrality.

Nevertheless—and I speak from a long experience—the effective maintenanee of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State.

It is elear that our present policy and the measures passed by the Congress would, in the event of a war on some other continent, reduce war profits which would otherwise accrue to American citizens. Industrial and agricultural production for a war market may give immense fortunes to a few men; for the nation as a whole it produces disaster. It was the prospect of war profits that made our farmers in the West plow up prairie land that should never have been plowed, but should have been left for grazing cattle. Today we are reaping the harvest of those war profits in the dust storms which have devastated those war-plowed areas.

It was the prospect of war profits that caused the extension of monopoly and unjustified expansion of industry and a price level so high that the normal relationship between debtor and creditor was destroyed.

Warns Against Plea for Profits from War

Nevertheless, if war should break out again in another continent, let us not blink the fact that we would find in this country thousands of Americans who, seeking immediate riches—fools' gold—would attempt to break down or evade our neutrality.

They would tell you—and, unfortunately, their views would get wide publicity—that if they could produce and ship this and that and the other article to belligerent nations, the unemployed of America would all find work. They would tell you that if they could extend credit to warring nations that credit would be used in the United States to build homes and factories and pay our debts. They would tell you that America once more would capture the trade of the world.

It would be hard to resist that clamor; it would be hard for many Americans, I fear, to look beyond—to realize the inevitable penalties, the inevitable day of reckoning that comes from a false prosperity. To resist the clamor of that greed, if war should come, would require the unswerving support of all Americans who love peaee.

If we face the choice of profits or peace, the nation will answer — must answer — "we choose peaee." It is the duty of all of us to encourage such a body of public opinion in this country that the answer will be clear and for all practical purposes unanimous.

With that wise and experienced man who is our Secretary of State, whose statesmanship has met with such wide approval, I have thought and worked long and hard on the problem of keeping the United States at peace. But all the wisdom of Ameriea is not to be found in the White House or in the Department of State; we need the meditation, the prayer and the positive support of the

(*Continued to page* 534)

News from the Field

SHANGHAI

While Independence Day usually ushers in the "great heat" of Shanghai, this year the temperature dropped and a heavy rain fell. This forced the cancelation of the flag raising ceremony and parade of the Fourth Regiment, United States Marines, at 8:30 a. m., the baseball game at 2:30 p. m., the polo game at 5:00 p. m., and the grand display of fireworks at the Columbia Country Club at 9 p. m., but it provided cool weather for the Consul General's reception at noon and the reception at the American Club immediately following. About 600 persons of practically all nationalities joined Consul General Gauss in the toast to "The President" while a somewhat larger number had buffet tiffin at the American Club. The Marine Band furnished music for both occasions.

At a large cocktail party held in the Haig Court apartment of Dr. and Mrs. O. C. Lockhart on the evening of July 2, 1936, Judge Milton J. Helmick of the United States Court for China was called upon to announce the engagement of Vice Consul F. Russell Engdahl and Miss Lee Lockhart, one of Shanghai's most popular society girls of the younger set. After completing her education at home, Miss Lockhart has spent the past two years in Shanghai, her father being an adviser to the Ministry of Finance of the Chinese Government.

Desertions from the ranks of the bachelors have been frequent in China of late, among the more recent ones being Consul General Spiker, Consul Stanton and First Secretary Merrell. Stalwarts to the cause are Second Secretary Robert Lacy Smyth, Consul Louis H. Gourley, and Consul Whitney Young while Third Secretary Kenneth J. Yearns and Vice Consul Elvin Seibert seem to be trailing faithfully in their wake.

R. P. B.

JAMAICA

The Consulate staff, and, it is believed, the local residents also, greatly enjoyed the three-day visit to Kingston of a flotilla of six American destroyers, led by the U.S.S. *Tarbell*. A reception was held at the home of Consul George Alexander Armstrong, to which leading civil and military officials, American residents, and prominent Jamaicans were invited to meet the officers of the flotilla. A team made up by the sailors was, doubtless to the surprise of many, decisively defeated by the baseball champions of Jamaica.

Mr. William Dawson, Minister to Colombia, and Mrs. Dawson, and Consul General and Mrs. Robert Frazer, paid brief visits to Jamaica en route to the United States, and Vice Consul J. Brock Havron called on his way from St. John, New Brunswick, to Port Limon, Costa Rica. Representatives of the General Federation of Women's Clubs also made a short stay in the island during the course of a goodwill tour following the Federation's Convention in Miami.

Mr. Armstrong claims to be the first American Consul in Kingston to set foot on the famous Blue Mountain Peak (altitude 7,390 feet), the highest point in the British West Indies. Since the ascent was made on muleback, there is still an opportunity to better this record for any Consul who wishes to make the attempt on foot.

J. S. L.

RIO DE JANEIRO

At the close of the academic year the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Romance languages was conferred by the Johns Hopkins University upon Mrs. Lorna Lavery Stafford, wife of Consul Mauriee L. Stafford, Rio de Janeiro. Before her marriage in 1931, Mrs. Stafford was Assistant Professor of Spanish language and literature in Wellesley College.

BUDAPEST

Budapest has played host to several international conferences during the past few weeks, and consequently there have been numerous American visitors to this post. From July 3 to 8 the 32nd meeting of the Interparliamentary Union was held, the American delegation thereto being the following:

Senator Alben W. Barkley and Mrs. Barkley.
Senator Elbert D. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas.
Senator Burton K. Wheeler and Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Colman (daughter of Senator Wheeler).
Representative Thomas S. McMillan.
Representative Bryant T. Castellow.
Representative William E. Richardson.
Mr. Arthur Deerin Call, Permanent Executive Secretary.
Mr. Jack McFall, Secretary of the House Committee on Appropriations.

Notwithstanding the fact that the week was crowded with official and social functions, each Senator and Representative made several visits to the combined offices of the American Legation and Consulate General, and each one was pleased with the fact that all United States Government activities in Budapest are now centered in one office. Of course, Senator and Mrs. Barkley were considered members of our service family because of their connection with the Foreign Service through the marriage of one of their daughters to a young Foreign Service officer.

Senator Thomas, being a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, is making the most of

(*Continued to page* 535)

KAUNAS, LITHUANIA

Photograph taken before the Presidential Palace at Kaunas, Lithuania, following the presentation of credentials by the Honorable Arthur Bliss Lane, on June 24, 1936. Left to right are: Major Gustav B. Guenther, Military Attaché; the Honorable Arthur Bliss Lane, American Minister to Lithuania; Mr. C. Porter Kuykendall, First Secretary of Legation and Consul; Mr. John Hubner II, Third Secretary and Vice Consul; and Mr. Stasys Girdvainis, Director of Protocol of the Lithuanian Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

Photographer of Notables

George W. Harris, well known Washington photographer, recently accepted the invitation of the National Broadcasting Company to tell some of the incidents and experiences of his colorful career. He was introduced to the radio audience as the Washington Cameraman who has posed and "shot" more famous personages in America and Europe than any other one man.

In the Spring of 1906, young George Harris stood nervously before President Theodore Roosevelt in the Cabinet Room of the White House, intent upon starting his first important assignment, a picture of the President and his full Cabinet seated in their official chamber. Sensing the youth's lack of assurance, the President flashed one of his famous smiles and said "You can do it, young man! Make up your mind that you can make any picture in photography!"

The President's Secretary had explained that no satisfactory photograph had ever been made of the seated Cabinet and here was an opportunity to make good. What with the handicap of the bulky furniture of the day, and ten imposing gentlemen in a room leaving little space for photography, Mr. Harris took the first successful picture of its kind ever made. From that day on, succeeding Cabinets depended upon him for the official pictures.

One day while he was making a portrait of William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, Mr. Taft was called to the telephone. Sensing something unusual, the cameraman "shot" three successive poses of his subject at the phone, in the last of which he registered a broad smile. Told about the "smile" picture, Mr. Taft said, "Well, why shouldn't I smile? That was Mr. Roosevelt telling me I've been nominated for the Presidency at the Republican Convention!"

Calvin Coolidge proved to be one of the best subjects and friends made by Mr. Harris during his nearness to Presidents. Mr. Coolidge being a great "window-shopper" surprised Mr. Harris one day when he asked him when his new studio building would be completed. Quickly Mr. Harris asked, "Won't you come in and be the first subject in our new building?" The President again stunned him by answering "All right. Name your own time."

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THE HONORABLE CORDELL HULL, AS A MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM TENNESSEE, 1907

Mr. Harris recounted stories of photographing the Prince of Wales, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and other world celebrities, including many of the crowned heads of Europe. Lindbergh's Washington reception at 6:00 A. M. upon his return from his famous flight and attended by the elite of the Capital, proved unusually interesting. The famous Lone Eagle had a particular aversion to photographs, but being enticed by a replica of the Spirit of St. Louis made of pastry, posed good naturedly, first with the model and then alone.

Probably the outstanding story spun by the famous "Photorian" was of his trip with President Wilson to the Peace Conference in Paris. Lloyd George, famous English statesman, and Clemen-

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THE HONORABLE WILBUR J. CARR, AS CHIEF OF THE CONSULAR BUREAU, DEPARTMENT OF STATE, 1906

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THE HONORABLE ELIHU ROOT, AS SECRETARY OF STATE, 1907

ceau, the lion of France, were among the first to be photographed, both proving to be as magnificent personally as they were known generally.

President Wilson's party hurriedly left Paris for London via Calais, with neither water nor food on board. After a bad night on the channel, they arrived at Dover miserably unkempt, hungry, and sadly in need of shaves. The English General who received the correspondents and photographers had an excellent luncheon served, then directed them into waiting automobiles in order to arrive at Buckingham Palace before the President made his official entrance. Rushed through lanes and back streets, they soon arrived at a large side door of the Palace only to find it securely fastened. Everything from pushing and prying to ringing the door bell proved fruitless, as the entire staff of the Palace had collected to greet the President and his suite at the State entrance. Realizing the gravity of the situation regarding the newspaper correspondents and photographs of the occasion which the public looked forward to seeing, the English General summoned a number of "bobbies" and they were ordered to hurl themselves en masse against the great oaken door. In little or no time the party swarmed in, all intent on covering their important assignments for the press. Mr. Harris, using only such mild explctives as could be uttered in such stately quarters, stumbled over something and nearly lost his balance. That "something" proved to be the KNOB from the huge door, which the cameraman viciously kicked aside.

Close by, Montague Glass mournfully wailed "Great guns, man, you've kicked away one of the world's greatest souvenirs!"

Mr. Harris, founder, with Martha Ewing, of a Washington photographic firm, recently celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of its establishment.

Foreign Service Changes

The following changes have occurred in the Foreign Service:

George V. Allen of Durham, N. C., American Vice Consul at Patras, Greece, assigned Vice Consul and Third Secretary at Cairo, Egypt.

Stuart Allen of St. Paul, Minnesota, American Consul at Tientsin, China, assigned American Consul at Chefoo, China.

Daniel V. Anderson of Dover, Delaware, American Vice Consul at Lisbon, Portugal, now in the United States, assigned American Vice Consul at Bombay, India.

Joseph W. Ballantine of Amherst, Massachusetts, American Consul General at Mukden, China, assigned to the Department of State, to proceed upon the completion of a period of temporary duty as First Secretary of Embassy at Tokyo followed by a period of leave of absence.

Wade Blackard of Jackson, Tennessee, American Vice Consul at Southampton, England, now in the United States, appointed Vice Consul at Geneva, Switzerland, instead of Seville, Spain.

Leonard G. Bradford of Boston, Massachusetts, American Vice Consul at Budapest, Hungary, appointed Vice Consul at Genoa, Italy.

Robert Y. Brown of Dothan, Ala., Third Secretary of Legation and American Consul at Bogota, Colombia, assigned Third Secretary of Legation at Panama, Panama.

Vinton Chapin of Boston, Massachusetts, an American Foreign Service Officer now on duty in the Department of State, designated Second Secretary of Legation at Prague, Czechoslovakia.

Norris B. Chipman of Washington, D. C., Foreign Service Officer assigned to the Department of State, designated Third Secretary of Embassy, Moscow, U. S. S. R.

Courtland Christiani of Washington, D. C., American Vice Consul at Curacao, Netherland West Indies, appointed Vice Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

Albert J. Cope, Jr., of Salt Lake City, Utah, clerk in the Consulate at Stuttgart, Germany, appointed Vice Consul at that post.

The assignment of Everett F. Drumright of Drumright, Oklahoma, as American Vice Consul at Chefoo, China, has been cancelled. Mr. Drumright will continue to serve as American Vice Consul at Shanghai, China.

John W. Dye of Winona, Minnesota, American Consul at Melbourne, Australia, assigned American Consul at Nassau, Bahamas.

Howard Elting, Jr., of Chicago, Ill., American Vice Consul at Istanbul, Turkey, assigned Vice Consul at Batavia, Java.

Charles H. Heisler of Milford, Delaware, American Consul at Hamilton, Bermuda, assigned Consul at Hamilton, Ontario.

Frank Anderson Henry of Wilmington, Delaware, American Consul at Nassau, Bahamas, assigned American Consul at Melbourne, Australia.

L. Randolph Higgs of West Point, Miss., American Vice Consul at Batavia, Java, designated Third Secretary of Legation and American Vice Consul at Helsingfors, Finland.

The assignment from Swatow, China, to Shanghai, China, of Consul Frederick W. Hinke of Auburn, New York, has been cancelled and he is assigned American Consul at Tientsin, China.

Robert P. Joyce of Los Angeles, Calif., Secretary of Legation, Panama, assigned to the Department.

John B. Ketcham of Brooklyn, New York, American Consul at Tientsin, China, assigned Consul at Swatow.

Bertel E. Kuniholm of Gardner, Massachusetts, Second Secretary of Embassy at Moscow, U. S. S. R., assigned to the Department of State.

William H. Langdon of Dedham, Massachusetts, American Consul at Seoul, Chosen, assigned American Consul at Mukden, China.

Frederick P. Latimer, Jr., of New London, Conn., Third Secretary of Legation and American Vice Consul at Helsingfors, Finland, assigned Vice Consul at Istanbul, Turkey.

John P. McDermott of Salem, Massachusetts, clerk in the American Legation at Ottawa, Ontario, appointed Vice Consul at that post.

Harry D. Myers of Joplin, Missouri, American Vice Consul at Panama, Panama, will retire from the Service on October 31, 1936.

The assignment of J. Hall Paxton of Danville, Virginia, as American Consul at Shanghai, China, has been cancelled. He has been assigned instead to Nanking, China, where he will serve as Second Secretary of Embassy.

Mahlon F. Perkins of North Adams, Mass., Foreign Service Officer Class I, now assigned to the Department, assigned as American Consul General at Barcelona, Spain.

The assignment from Shanghai to Swatow, China, of Consul James B. Pilcher of Dothan, Alabama, has been cancelled and he will remain Consul at Shanghai.

Harold Playter of Los Angeles, California, American Consul at St. Michael, Azores, assigned Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

The assignment of Joseph P. Ragland of Washington, D. C., as American Consul at Sydney, Australia, has been cancelled. He has been assigned American Consul at Brisbane, Australia.

Samuel Reber of New York City, Second Secretary of Legation at Bern, Switzerland, now in the United States, designated Second Secretary of Embassy at Rome, Italy.

Winfield H. Scott of Washington, D. C., American Consul at Rangoon, India, assigned Consul at Tenerife, Canary Islands.

Harold Sims of Sparta, Tenn., clerk in the American Consulate at Barbados, British West Indies, appointed American Vice Consul at Barbados.

Merlin E. Smith of Ohio, American Vice Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne appointed Vice Consul at Curacao.

Paul C. Squire of Boston, Massachusetts, American Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne assigned Consul at Nice, France.

Harold H. Tittman, Jr., of St. Louis, Missouri, First Secretary of Embassy at Rome, Italy, assigned to the Department of State.

Harold L. Williamson of Chicago, Illinois, First

Secretary of Embassy at Paris, France, now in the United States, assigned American Consul, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Kenneth J. Yearns of Washington, D. C., Third Secretary of Embassy at Nanking, China, assigned American Vice Consul at Tientsin, China.

The following Foreign Service Officers, American Vice Consuls at their respective posts, have been assigned to the Foreign Service School, effective September 29, 1936:

Hector C. Adam, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cindad Juarez.
M. Williams Blake, Columbus, Ohio; Montreal.
William F. Busser, Philadelphia, Pa.; Warsaw.
Glion Curtis, Jr., Webster Groves, Mo.: Budapest.
Perry Ellis, Riverside, Calif.; Habana.
Alhert R. Goodman, Peekskill, N. Y.; Santiago, Cuba.
Norris S. Haselton, W. Orange, N. J.; Guadalajara.
Robert B. Memminger, Charleston, S. C.; Toronto.
Marselis C. Parsons, Jr., Rye, N. Y.; Naples.
Carl W. Strom, Decorah, Iowa; Vancouver.
E. Paul Tenney, Seattle, Wash.; Hamburg.
S. Roger Tyler, Jr., Huntington, W. Va.; Toronto.
T. Eliot Weil, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Marseille.
Ivan B. White, Salem, Oregon; Mexico City.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CHANGES

Trade Commissioner C. E. Brookhart, who recently left the United States for his post at London, is now relieving Commercial Attaché Klath at Copenhagen while Mr. Klath is making a special trip in Norway.

Assistant Trade Commissioner Henry E. Stebbins sailed on July 29 for his post at London.

Mr. H. C. MacLean, Commercial Attaché to Paris, returned recently to the United States for statutory leave.

Mr. R. Horton Henry, Assistant Trade Commissioner from Mexico, is in the United States for leave and itinerary.

Miss Aldene Barrington, Assistant Trade Commissioner at Rio de Janeiro, was married in that city on June 26 to Mr. William T. Leslie.

PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE CHANGE

Passed Assistant Surgeon George W. Bolin, relieved from duty Manila, P. I., proceed when directed by the Chief Quarantine Officer of the Philippine Islands, to Hongkong for duty in the office of the American Consulate under the Act of July 15, 1893, as amended July 9, 1936.

BIRTH

Born to Consul and Mrs. Lynn W. Franklin on July 28, 1936, at Marseille, France, a son.

A Political Bookshelf

CYRIL WYNNE, *Review Editor*

EUROPE AND EUROPEANS. By Count Carlo Sforza. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York, 1936, pp. x, 326. index, $2.75.)

Readers of Count Sforza's other works will probably see in this, his latest, also his best. It is an appraisal of the contemporary European scene looked at across the long vista of events in which for thirty years (from the Conference of Algeciras in 1906) the author himself has had a part. It is not, however, in any sense a memoir or a brief written by a defendant who is his own attorney. Count Sforza appears as only one of the actors on a full stage. Against the background of a full life an urbane, tolerant, hopeful mind surveys the present and scans the future.

The sub-title "A Study in Historical Psychology and International Politics" reveals how the author intends to treat his subject; if it suggests that he is harnessing a centaur with a stallion, in other words, linking a subjective creation with an objective reality, any such suspicion is unfounded. There is no attempt to psychoanalyze either history or historical personages, and about the only psychological term in the book is the accepted stand-by "inferiority complex." Although rich in anecdotes, for the work is a mine of pat remarks that one great or near-great man said to or about another, the style is not pyrotechnical. Unlike many who are writing books about Europe and Europeans the author does not burn Roman candles at both ends.

Count Sforza's opportunities to observe his continent and his fellow-craftsmen in the art of international politics were manifold; among other positions he had been Italy's Minister to China and to Serbia. Commissioner at Constantinople, Foreign Minister of his own country and her Ambassador to France at the inception of the Fascist régime. He was also Senator until late in 1925, or to quote his words (p. 15), "as long as public discussion was allowed." What he has done in this book is to affirm confidence in the ultimate triumph of liberal and democratic government. His "historical psychology" reduces to one thing; autocratic régimes can not maintain themselves against a state of mind which, in the long run, demands freedom instead of a strait jacket. Why, then, is the strait jacket worn at all? Fear, he answers, and weariness. Then, quite properly, he analyzes the reasons for fear, and finds that they have arisen chiefly from the blunders of the shepherds in whose care the safety of the flock has been confided.

Of the twenty-two chapters the best are, in the reviewer's opinion, those dealing with the Balkans. Propinquity and national feeling have contributed to draw from the author a penetrating analysis of a situation historically and actually complex. As the title implies, there is little in the book directly touching the United States. Chapter III, "Wilson's Fourteen Points and the Peace of Versailles" is a not very important exception, and there is a piquant anecdote of Henry White, American Ambassador in Italy in 1906, who "had been my patient golf teacher in Rome" (p. 151).

Rich as the book is in historical material, it can hardly be called a history. There is space for the interesting suggestion that French Syria would be a better refuge for the Jews than Palestine (p. 274); on the other hand the book performs the truly extraordinary feat of discussing the last decade and a half without mentioning Ramsay MacDonald. The author is frankly pleading a cause and pointing a moral; he makes no claim to Jovian detachment. "Impartiality in history writing," he says in his preface (p. ix), "probably does not exist"; a writer can, however, set forth "the authentic sources of facts, and in the case of this book, those events which the author has witnessed or in which he has taken an active part." To bulwark his case for the "moral law" of freedom as against dictated government he adduces both the events of international politics and the state of mind of history.

The book is dedicated "To all those who still want to hope."

GEORGE VERNE BLUE.

DICTATORSHIP IN THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by Guy Stanton Ford. (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1935, 5 p. l, 3-178 p.)

This book, edited by the Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Minnesota, and consisting of seven essays by seven professors in as many universities, is a thoughtful, informing discussion of a subject which becomes of increasing interest with each passing day. What is the genesis of dictatorship? What its technique? What its

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philosophy? What are the chances that established dictatorships will last? That dictatorship will spread? What is the difference between communist and fascist dictatorship? What are the prospects for democracy? These questions and others are discussed in an objective, scholarly manner by men who have thought long concerning them, and can write with good humour and conviction.

Professor Ford writes the editorial foreword in which he says, "the chief thing we need to get over in our New World attitude toward dictatorship is our amazement. There is nothing new or novel about it." Professor Max Lerner, in the following essay, "The Pattern of Dictatorship," writes, "Dictatorship is undoubtedly old as democracy is old, or kingship. It has a tradition of its own," and proceeds to explain the building and maintaining of modern dictatorship, ending on a note that must sound strange to many: "It is possible that democratic government has been able to survive as long as it has only because it has operated under the surplus economy of the period of an expanding capitalism."

Following Professor Lerner's essay is one by Professor Ralph H. Lutz, entitled, "European Dictatorships," in which the fact that dictatorship is not a modern phenomenon is again brought out, and the discussion proceeds from Cincinnatus, Sulla, Augustus, Charlemagne, Cromwell and Napoleon to modern dictatorship in Italy, Russia, Germany, Spain and Turkey. The comparisons made of the latter group are necessarily brief, but they are clear and forceful, and will bring order out of many readers' confused thinking on such subjects.

Professor J. Fred Rippy has an essay on "Dictatorship in Spanish America," a subject concerning which there has been little scholarly, dispassionate investigation. After a general discussion there are sketches of Francia (Paraguay), Rosas (Argentina), Paez and Guzmán Blanco (Venezuela), Santa Cruz and Melgarejo (Bolivia), Santa Anna and Diaz (Mexico) and Flores and Moreno (Ecuador).

In "The Mussolini Regime" and "The Origins of Dictatorship in Germany," by Professors Henry R. Spencer and Harold C. Dentoch, respectively, there is informed discussion of dictatorship as practiced in Italy and Germany, containing judgments that, while logical enough, are likely to be new to many.

Professor Hans Kohn's "Communist and Fascist Dictatorship: a Comparative Study," is one of the best comparisons to be found, not only of communist and fascist dictatorships, but of those of modern and older times.

The volume ends fittingly with an essay by Pro-

fessor Denis W. Brogan on "The Prospects for Democracy." Professor Brogan, an Englishman with a knowledge of American Government and language, sees the defects of democracy and writes of them, but does not hesitate to affirm his conviction that it will triumph over other forms of government. The attitude of democracy, he nicely states, is "Less one of faith than of doubt, for democracy seems to me to live less by what it believes in than by what it doubts, less by its confidence in the many than by its doubts of the few."

YALE O. MILLINGTON.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, AN INQUIRY INTO THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH IN THE UNITED STATES, Fourth Edition. By H. L. Mencken. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1936, pp. 769, $5.00.)

Most Americans who read this book when it ran through three editions found it delightful. A few found it irritating and expressed their irritation with alleged appropriate references to the pure English diction of Mr. William Shakespeare (Shakespere). The fourth edition of the book is even more stimulating than its predecessors because in the first place it is not a fourth edition at all as Mr. Mencken has not only greatly enlarged but has practically rewritten the book and in rewriting it has modified his former views on one fundamental premise at least. The modification involves his old prediction that "the differences between American and English would go on increasing. That was what I argued in my first three editions. But since 1923 the pull of American has been so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it and in consequence some of the differences once visible have tended to disappear. The two forms of the language, of course, are still distinct in more ways than one . . . But the Englishman of late has yielded so much to American example, in vocabulary, idiom, in spelling and even in pronunciation that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American."

Even the suggestion of such a development may offend a few Americans (such as, for example, those who like to suggest in a tactful sort of way that the British leave "P. C." cards at an American diplomatic mission or consular post on the fourth of July) but as Mr. Mencken points out, English writers themselves have noted the influence of the "American dialect." In this regard the author observes that "the English writers who note this change lay it to the influence of the American 'movies' and 'talkies' but it seems to me that there is also something more and something deeper.

(*Continued to page* 530)

The Feast of Aid es Seghir

Photo-Maggio, Tunis

THE BEY OF TUNIS AND MEMBERS OF THE BEYLICAL COURT AT THE PALACE OF LE BARDO AFTER THE RECEPTION OF THE FEAST OF AID ES SEGHIR, TUNIS, TUNISIA

The feast of Aid Es Seghir marks the end of the Moslem fast of Ramadan, the date of which changes from year to year according to the moon. The Ramadan lasts for one lunar month and during this period no true believer who observes the Coran either eats any food, or drinks any liquid, or smokes, from one hour before sunrise until sunset. The only persons excused from fasting are young children, soldiers, persons traveling, and invalids and aged persons whose state of health does not allow them to keep the fast. Fasting during the month of Ramadan is one of the absolute requirements of the Moslem religion.

On the morning of the feast of Aid Es Seghir, the Bey of Tunis holds an audience at his palace at Le Bardo at which he receives the French Resident General and his staff, the Commanding General of the French troops in Tunisia and the Admiral in command of the French Naval Base at Bizerta and members of their staffs, the members of the Consular Corps, the Directors General and the Directors of the various departments of the local government, and numerous other French and Arab officials.

—Lawrence S. Armstrong.

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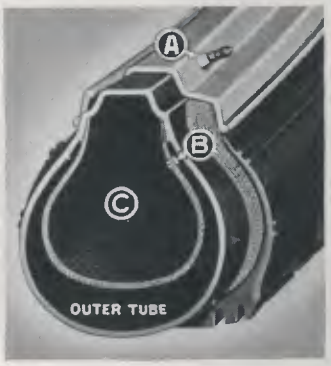

GOODYEAR

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

(*Continued from page* 491)

49 feet high, will guard the entrances. Furthermore, the building is an all American production. Just as the various states gave us problems and the papers that deal with them, the states gave us all materials and the artisans. From Bedford, Indiana, comes the limestone of which the edifice is built. The base is of granite known as Melford pink, from West Chelmsford, Massachusetts. At least 14 states have contributed prime products, but from all over the Union materials are found. The vault lights come from Boston, Massachusetts. The artificial stone, used in the coffers and elsewhere, is from Syracuse, New York. The bronzework is from Chicago, Illinois, and the woodwork from Michigan. The workmen represented all the 48 states.

As to the interior, and its arrangements, the building is essentially a double one, consisting of two huge cubes, one within and projecting above the other. The inner cube is an immense concrete vault, containing 21 levels of stacks which begin 20 feet below ground and run some 95 feet up to the top of the building. These levels are subdivided by fire walls and concrete floors into numerous smaller vaults or stack sections. The rest of the building is devoted to administrative offices, search rooms, a reference library, and exhibition hall.

The exhibition hall, which is entered through the portico on Constitution Avenue, and designed in monumental proportions in character with the exterior of the building, was planned for the display of documents of particular public interest. It is semicircular in shape, and its ceiling is a half dome 75 feet above the floor. On the north side of the room facing the entrance is a huge green marble slab, on each side of which are marble columns of rose and green and in front of which is a large central display case. It has been said that the architect designed this case to house the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Around the walls on each side of the central case are smaller cases in which interesting documents will be placed. These exhibits will be changed from time to time and an effort will be made to have the documents exhibited conform to the various historical occasions of the year.

The building itself provides all the safeguards necessary for the physical preservation of archives. A ramp running from the street to the basement will enable trucks, transferring documents from their present depositories to the Archives building, to deliver their cargoes to a large

receiving room. Here they will be carefully checked, classified, and examined, and those that require it, cleaned, and fumigated. Many will have to be dampened and pressed, and mended when necessary, with a fine silk tissue which gives the original paper strength without obscuring its contents. From this room these thousands of documents will be shot up in elevators—a round dozen of them—to their places in the stacks. These stacks will hold approximately 2,500,000 cubic feet of archives. Each section will be like a sealed room into which no person except employees of the archives establishment will be permitted to enter. Any unauthorized person attempting to do so will immediately set off an electric alarm that will give warning to the Captain of the Guard in his office on the basement floor. Frequent inspection of the stacks by watchmen, together with an automotive alarm system, will afford adequate protection against fire. The building will be air-conditioned throughout so that the temperature, the humidity, and the chemical content of the air can be so regulated as to prevent deterioration of the papers stored in it. Sunlight will be excluded from the stacks for the same reason. By these and other devices it is believed that the chances of loss of records by theft, fire, insects, dampness, exposure to light, or in any other way, have been reduced to an absolute minimum.

For the purposes of administration, ample powers are conferred upon the archivist. Under his "charge and superintendence," the National Archives Act places all archives or records belonging to the Government of the United States, "legislative, executive, judicial, and other." He is given "full power to inspect personally or by deputy the records of any agency of the United States Government whatsoever and wheresoever located"; he has the right to "the full cooperation of any and all persons in charge of such records in such inspections"; he may "requisition for transfer to the National Archives Establishment such archives or records as the National Archives Council . . . shall approve for such transfer"; and, finally, he has "authority to make regulations for the arrangement, custody, use and withdrawal of material deposited in the National Archives Building."

These powers are subject to two restrictions. The first is found in the powers of the National Archives Council, composed of the several members of the Cabinet, the chairmen of the Senate and House committees on the Library, the Librarian of Congress, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and the Archivist of the

United States. In this Council is vested the power to "define the classes of material which shall be transferred to the National Archives Building"; to "establish regulations governing such transfers"; and "to advise the Archivist in respect to regulations governing the disposition and use of the archives and records transferred to his custody." The Council having defined the "classes of material," the Archivist, as stated, has full power to requisition for their transfer and to make regulations governing their administration after they have come into his custody.

The second restriction on his authority relates to the use of certain classes of documents in his custody which may be of such character that they must be considered as confidential. Authority, therefore, is conferred upon any head of an executive department, or other agency of the Government to exempt such documents transferred from his office from examination or consultation by any official or private person, but to prevent the abuse of this power, and in the interest of legitimate research, no official may extend such exemption beyond his own tenure of the office involved.

A section of the Archives Act which has aroused interest is one which authorizes the Archivist to "accept, store, and preserve motion picture films and sound recordings pertaining to and illustrative of historical activities of the United States." The Archives building contains eight storage vaults and a projecting room for these purposes. The possibilities which motion pictures and sound recording open for the future historian are too obvious to require any lengthy discussion. However, the framers of the Archives act probably did not fully realize what was involved when they wrote that section. On first thought it seems a simple matter to acquire motion-picture films and phonographic records, tuck them away somewhere for safekeeping, and now and then run them through some sort of machine upon suitable occasion. But the problem is not quite so simple. It involves several major branches of scientific learning.

Another creation of the Archives Act which will make an especial appeal to scholars is the National Historical Publications Commission. The functions of this Commission are to make plans, estimates, and recommendations for such historical works and collections of sources as they think appropriate for publication, and these recommendations the Archivist is required to transmit to Congress. It is safe to assume that the work of the Commission, to quote President Roosevelt's statement of the objects of the Committee of 1908 on Documentary Historical Publications, will result in "the adoption of a more systematic and effective method of dealing with the problems of documentary historical publications of the United States Government, so as to secure a maximum of economy and efficiency," and "will represent the deliberate judgment of historical experts and serve to guide subsequent governmental work of this kind into the best channels."

To undertake the task of developing a professional and administrative organization to handle the multitudinous activities of this great institution, which has been named The National Archives, President Roosevelt appointed Dr. R. D. W. Connor, Archivist of the United States. For twelve years a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, and for the previous eighteen years archivist of the State of North Carolina, Doctor Connor brought to this task a background of historical study and actual archival experience.

Some conception of the magnitude of the problem with which the Archivist is faced may be gained from the estimate made in 1930 of the total volume of archives of the executive branch in the National capital. The grand total was 3,673,633 cubic feet. Of this total 108,701 cubic feet were created prior to 1860 and 923,255 cubic feet were created from 1861 to 1916, or a grand total of 1,031,956 cubic feet down to January 1, 1917. From 1917 to 1930, the total amounted to 2,641,678 cubic feet, or almost twice the amount of the earlier period, and the anticipated annual accumulation was then estimated as 200,000 cubic feet.

To organize and centralize this vast collection of public records and documents, now scattered in rented as well as public buildings in halls, cellars and attics in Washington, and in depositories of the Federal Government, throughout the forty-eight states as well as in Embassies, Legations, Consulates and other American offices in foreign countries, is an enormous task. Undoubtedly it will require many years to locate and to survey all of the thousands of collections of our government archives.

The question is often raised whether these documents, after they have ceased to be of use in the current business of the government, are worth preserving. In considering this question it is well to bear in mind that the national archives include that vast accumulation of official records that have been made day by day in the transaction of the business of the government from its beginning to the present time. These records vary in value and interest all the way from unused and obsolete blank forms, duplicate canceled checks, form letters, and other useless papers, to letters, orders,

reports, accounts, land grants, judicial records, laws, treaties, and other documents of vital importance not only to the government itself, but to the people of the United States. The destruction or loss of these records would seriously affect not only the interests of the government, but also the rights and liberties of the people. Upon their preservation depends the orderly procedure of the current business of the government. They constitute its chief protection against ill-founded and fraudulent claims. In international affairs they are the principal source of authentic information on the foreign policy of the government, and they furnish evidence of precedents, from which arguments may be drawn in support of the rights and interests of the nation. They contain the evidence in support of the just claims which a citizen may have against his government, and they are the basis of the titles to millions of acres of land and to thousands of patent rights upon which the industries of the country are dependent.

The convenience of this new archival system to those engaged in the business of government will be immeasurable. But it is the service to historians and students that appeals most to the imagination. What may the scholar not find among these old papers that have lain hidden for so long?

The most important of our documents have, of course, for some time been on view. The Treasury has glass cases in its corridors which show old bills, the check that paid for Alaska, receipts signed by each incoming Treasurer for the staggering sum of the national wealth turned over to him. The Navy has a library, albeit rather difficult to find, where lie diaries, log books, letters of marque and reprisal, these latter granted by the government to individual privateers in a day when it did not take thousands of steel tons to start a sea fight.

Records like these tell stories even to people who may not know much of our national background. But there are other imposing documents whose very titles strike at the heart of history. Most of these lie in the vaults of the State Department, because of its functions which attract vital papers and because it was the first governmental department to be established.

Perhaps the most important document preserved in the State Department is the Emancipation Proclamation, for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are now no longer there. These last two were transferred to the Library of Congress in 1903. The Proclamation is a simple paper, five pages long, written by hand, bearing little evidence of its startling value except that it is signed with Abraham Lincoln's full name instead of his more customary "A. Lincoln." It is bound into a red morocco book along with other Presidential Proclamations, and it carries the marks of endless interested thumbs.

The most picturesque papers in the Department of State are, however, the treaties. There is the single, stark page of the joint resolution of Congress declaring that "a state of war exists between the Imperial German Government and the people of the United States of America." Compared with this, the Kellogg Pact is in a green and gold morocco cover and case as though to make more binding the ceremony of exorcising wars. The nervous signature of Mr. Kellogg, the shaking hand-writing of Australia's McLachlan, the name of Italy's Manzoni, all are there to tell the story of high hopes.

The treaties with Far-Eastern potentates are as fascinating in their own way. A long roll of parchment contains a treaty with Siam signed in 1833 and written in Siamese, Portuguese, Chinese, and English, running lengthwise in parallel columns. It is decorated with fine tracery and intricate Oriental designs. There is an exotic letter, a protestation of peace and amity, from Burma, covered with gold-leaf and crimson, folded into an ivory box tipped with a carved lotus bud.

But there are other romantic treasures in the State Department vaults, letters to George Washington from that Carlos that Goya painted, letters to George Washington from Louis XVI telling in a conversational manner bits of interesting news. Then there is a letter from Robespierre, written at white-heat, and carrying the slogan, "Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort."

All the governmental departments will dislike to part with such priceless documents, and not the least of the Archivist's problems will be to wrest them away without leaving any hard feelings. He will, however, have to get a special act of Congress to remove the Constitution and Declaration of Independence from the Congressional Library, because these specifically were left unmentioned in the original act.

Now, in these stirring times, when no man knows how the world's face may change by tomorrow, more than ever is needed a safe repository for our records. At last Congress has acted, not in niggardly fashion, nor along circumscribed lines, but with the liberality of ideas characteristic of a great nation. It is quite fitting that the best equipped building in the world should be our monument to history and orderly government.

Acknowledgment is made of assistance courteously rendered by Mr. Thad Page, Administrative Secretary, the National Archives.

ISLE OF THE WEST

(*Continued from page* 496)

The wind blew hard all night through the opened window and in the morning there was sand on the floor. During the night a man jumped out of one of the hotels and fell four stories to his death.

About the Bus

So I went to the Bank d'Etat and exchanged the five dollars for francs and went to ask the consul if he knew a cheap way of returning to Casa, found there was no consul but there was an English-speaking correspondent but he had gone somewhere. I got a bus ticket.

The people came and dropped the last mail in the box in front of the bus. Then the driver came in and started up the motor and we went north through the beautiful hills and then through the flatter lands toward Casa.

We went through Safi. And Mazagan the town in which centered the Portuguese influence in the old days and which town the Portuguese kept the longest in Morocco. A pretty girl came in the bus and took a seat next to a young soldier with glasses. There was a clamor of natives at every bus stop, arguing, yelling, shouting, trying to crowd in the back of the bus where the soldier and I had been billeted.

It seemed like a wild country when you listened with your ears and looked with your eyes but how can a country be dangerous when it has Texaco and Nestle's Chocolate and Model A's and Laurel and Hardy? I got to thinking of home and figuring out what to do and pretty soon we were out of the steep hills, and it was getting dark. I heard the soldier and the girl talking together, the girl very loud and laughing full-voiced as if she were all alone in the bus, but everything in fast French which shut me out altogether.

I wanted to do some painting in oils at Casablanca and I did paint some but the long and short of it was the paintings were not appreciated and finally I got a good for nothing tout in the native town to help me sell them and he wanted to make a contract with me painting and he selling. The Mohammedans wanted pictures of their mosques and holy places and we would go after while into that town in the desert full of men with long white beards and he would get me a girl and we'd live cheap and have a Hell of a time, what the Hell?

North to Tangiers

If anyone ever asks you if you know who left the painting kit in the jockeys' weighing-in room at the Casablanca race-track don't tell them I did. That's who it was but don't tell them. I left everything but my palette-knife, and set out without worries or luggage, once more a free man.

The route lay through Rabat-el-fath—"Camp of Victory," the capital of Morocco and where the radio station is. Across the river is Salé, the town of the corsairs, in the 17th century an independent republic of pirates who went north as far as Devon and Cornwall.

". . . *our ship making her course . . . between those islands* (*Canaries*) *and the African shore was surprised in the grey of the morning by a Turkish rover of Salle who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make . . . our ship being disabled and three of our men killed and eight wounded we were obliged to yield and were carried all prisoners into Salle, a port belonging to the Moors.*"—Robinson Crusoe.

It was a hell of a long hot walk out of Rabat to Salle but after the camion picked me up I didn't think of it any more. At Port Lyaulty I went to the souk where I was the only white man in a thousand natives and bought oranges, cakes and peanuts and eating the peanuts asked a Mohammedan at the Vcedol pumps if camions went through in the night to Tangier. He said no. In the morning, at seven hours.

Next morning I walked miles out of town and saw a truck coming down the road and jumped up and waved. I waved at many. A native foot traveler offered me half of his piece of bread. Finally a truck stopped. Jules Martinez of Port Lyaulty with two others with him on the seat was driving a truckload of oil drums to Larache near the border. Before we got there the mountains of the Riff came into view.

In an encyclopedia I read where Larache was the Garden of the Hesperides and that the golden apples they talk about were probably oranges. You don't find things like this out from the people who live in places like Larache and don't let anyone fool you. And if anyone would tell them about it they would probably think it was a lot of hooey.

At this town they showed me where I could get a bus for Tangier and I walked into a bus-place and shaved and walked out again. After waiting for some hours in vain on the side of the road north, I started to walk to Tangier, a hundred-mile-walk through the fields of knee-high wheat and the shepherds and the shrines hemmed in by cactus and hills full of dark, long-legged, self-confident hillsmen who in 1919 had turned against the Spaniards and were brought to a spear-head point under Abd el Krim.

Finally a truck stopped as I rested and took me five miles and I walked again and a sleek auto took me to the border customs of Tetuan. Busses

ahead. Baggage being checked and soldiers and guards and police.

"Passport? How did you get here? Automobile? Where is your car? Oh, a private car," said the man who spoke English. "How are you going to Tangier?"

"On foot."

"On foot! A pied!"

They grew silent and thoughtful till I laughed and said probably few ever do it. The Spaniards were doubtful. They said how far it was. There was a bus ready to go. Twelve francs was very cheap.

I shook my head and tried to think what the words were in French to give them the idea they shouldn't worry about me. Finally the passport was finished being looked at and the two who were solicitous came and said they had spoken to the bus driver and it would be o. k. for me to go on the bus if I wished. They were very nice and bashful and tactful in the way they did it. And that's the kind of people Spaniards are.

So I rode in on the bus and even then didn't get in till after dark. The language changed now into Spanish and the suggestions in the towns and the route markings were all of Spain.

TANGIER

The first day there were many places where no help was needed. I think I found them all. The English dog hospitals, the artist Apperly on the Marchand, the garages, and the newspapers, and a brace of fellow-countrymen at a hotel whose name I have forgotten.

Where I slept the first night was filled up so I went to El Delerio, a hotel with a name. The meal was very good, soup, meat, fish, coffee and to sleep for six francs fifty. There was a picture of Ortega the bullfighter on the wall.

Next morning I bought a typewriter pad and eraser and paper clips and started my career as a portraitist.

One portrait was taken by a lady and her man at the Café de Paris, one by a money-changer who'd only give me one franc, one by a young Islamic gent in black. Then a man with a mustache and a big belly and a cap stopped me as I was going back toward the Café de Paris and said I could make the money. He would see me at the cafe place down the hill at six and he asked two young men going down to show me the place.

I did some more portraits and got to the cafe place after six but found the gent with the belly

and mustache there and with him a thin-faced hungry looking friend and they told me we were going to make too much money. Sit down. Have a beer. Have a coffee. A waiter came up.

"Get him a beer. Two beers," said my mustached friend.

"I don't want any," I said.

They said yes, go on, and told the waiter to get two beers. They were very much and painfully my friends so when the waiter went in to get the beers I got up and said I was going to see my English-speaking friend across the cafe place.

He was a waiter and was the reason for the sign, "American spoken here." He said, push it yourself. Have nothing to do with those two gents or anyone else. Go alone. He thought there was a fortune in it. He told me where to go and how to make the money. But don't have anyone with me. While we were talking my other friend came up. The one with the hungry face.

"Your beer . . ." he began.

"I don't want any beer," I said.

"You don't want any beer?" he said as if he couldn't understand it.

"You damn fool," I said.

Next morning I left on the black Bland Line steamer for Gibraltar. There were money changers at the boat. One held his hand out to me when I was a block away, smiling, and I thought, look at the glad-hander, and was passing him by when he said, how's the pictures and I saw it was the money changer I had sketched for a franc, very friendly. His wife must have been pleased with his picture.

GIBRALTAR

I was hunting a cheap room.

"Don't go into the Spanish town," said a cockney Britisher. "They'll rob you over there." He showed me where I could get a very cheap room for about four times the amount of money I had to spend on a room and left me, convinced he had done his good turn for the day.

In the Spanish town of La Linea de la Conception, province of Cadiz, I met a man selling home made toffee and peanuts on a corner. He had worked at a Chevvy factory in New York State three years ago. He was glad to see an American again and joyfully started to swear in my native tongue.

He showed me to the Café Seville where I got a room up over the cafe for one peseta fifty and I took it for a week. Thereupon they showed me a place where I could eat for the same. Neither place spoke the English or the French. I used the universal language of gestures and they brought me eggs, potatoes, bread, coffee.

I walked to Gibraltar in the morning and sometimes back and forth at noon when it was very hot, but the best time was in the evening after bugles when the sun was down and lights were lit, but it was not quite dark and the sound of horses and wooden wheels and incoming cars stopping at the north gate and the gardens and long, low kiltie barracks behind the hedgerows.

The business of slaughtering people is made very attractive in Gibraltar. There are at least a dozen different costumes the soldiers wear. It is like chorus girls. All for the King. In the daytime airplanes fly around promiscuously and after dark there is the thunder of guns doing their kind of Czerny.

In Spain it was as bad. Going back to La Linea every night they searched me. Once I had to take my little Zeiss camera inside for them to look at more closely. This got to be very tiresome but finally I was lucky and shipped on a fishing boat for Greenport, Long Island, and have never been back to that part of the world since.

CONSUL GENERAL NEW AND VICE CONSUL JOHNSTONE

Our old friend P. T. Barnum has brought his London season to an end amid a blaze of glory. The crowds at the concluding performance of the Greatest Show on Earth were simply enormous, and I suspect that the old gentleman comes pretty near the truth when he says that one hundred thousand people were turned away from the ticket-office during the last week. At the final performance the wealth and fashion were present in full force. Barnum's private box was occupied by the Lord Mayor and his wife, Lord Chief Justice and Lady Coleridge, Consul-General New, Vice Consul Johnstone, Dr. Playfair, and Mr. Fullerton of New York. There being a great clamor for Barnum, the crafty old showman made his appearance and spoke honeyed words. Later at night the Lord Mayor gave a swell dinner in honor of Mr. Barnum, and the interchange of compliments would have made a barrel of molasses turn sour with envy. You must pardon me for using that word "molasses." Having lived six months in Britain, I should have said "treacle." . . .

(March 10, 1890. From Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats.")

POLITICAL BOOKSHELF

(*Continued from page* 519)

The American people now constitute by far the largest fraction of the English speaking race. If only by the force of numbers they are bound to exert a dominant influence upon the course of the common language hereafter." C. W.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL
(September, 1926)

● Who remembers Wells and Evans? Their photograph and some notes by Angus I. Ward on the Harbin-Yokohama leg of their record-breaking trip around the world appeared in the September, 1926, issue of the JOURNAL. Mr. Ward referred to the signature by Consul Sokobin of a 3,500 gold yen contract on behalf of the modern Phineas Foggs with the South Manchurian Railway for a special train upon the simple request of the travelers prior to their arrival in Mukden, where incidentally they tarried only for minutes.

● Minister Lewis Einstein contributed a poem "At the Lincoln Monument."

● An illustrated article by Herbert O. Williams on Brussels appeared in this issue.

● Gilson G. Blake, Jr., contributed "Diamonds in British Guiana."

● "There is, in the Protestant Cemetery in Valparaiso, Chile, a monument erected in 1881 to the memory of the officers and men killed on board the U. S. frigate *Essex* in the harbor of Valparaiso on February 28, 1814, in an engagement with the British frigate *Phoebe* and the brig *Cherub*," said George A. Makinson in an article on "Farragut's First Battle." The monument was erected by a former Consul, L. H. Foote, and others.

● Dragon Boat Day was described by Frederick W. Hinke, then at Canton.

● A memorial "To the Memory of Gustavus III the First Monarch to Extend the Hand of Friendship to the United States of America at the Close of the War for Independence" and a memorial to George Washington were presented to the City of Goteburg, Sweden, on July 14, 1926, by Assistant Secretary of State Carr on behalf of American citizens. Mrs. Carr unveiled both memorials. Mr. and Mrs. Carr were received later in the day at Saro by the King of Sweden.

● On June 26, 1926, Ambassador Herrick officially presented a monument at St. Nazaire, commemorating the arrival of the first American forces in France in 1917.

● Maurice P. Dunlap reported certifying a consular invoice at Port-au-Prince covering flags of Haiti and the anchor of the *Santa Maria*, flagship of Columbus.

CONSUL GENERAL GAMON

Consul General John A. Gamon has now established permanent residence at 927 Mendocino Avenue, Berkeley, California.

FOLGOET

(*Continued from page* 501)

that a church must be built to commemorate the miracle.

The spot chosen was the spot where his body was found. And today the healing waters of the spring gush from beneath the high altar and are caught in a basin on the outside of the apse of the church.

September 8 is the day of the Pardon of Folgoet. From miles around on that day the faithful throng the church and the village and come to dip their fingers in the waters of this sacred spring and kiss the image of the Virgin.

Because the church can not accommodate the crowds, there has been constructed an open shrine on the common of the village. Here mass is celebrated before the multitudes of devout peasants.

There are two unforgettable features of this pardon: the singing of the crowd, and the dress of the women. Bretons are favored with good voices and are fond of choral singing. The great crowd sings the "Hymn to Our Lady of Folgoet" in the Breton tongue, unaccompanied, and with precision as to tone and time.

The gowns of the women are of embroidered silk, handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter, generation after generation, and rarely, if ever, worn, except on the day of the pardon. Each parish, too, has its peculiar style of coif. These are kept of spotless white and starched. The women form the picturesque feature of the pardon.

Folgoet is only one of several villages in Brittany famous for their "pardons." The name is given because of the indulgences granted to the faithful who attend, and the "pardon" is always connected with some shrine. To tour Brittany without seeing a pardon would be as great a calamity as to visit Rome without going to St. Peter's.

MARRIAGES

Woodford-Pauli. Married at Norfolk, Virginia, July 29, 1936, Consul Archer Woodford and Miss Edith M. Pauli.

Wilson-de Korányi. Married in Paris, France, June 19, 1936, Edwin C. Wilson and Miss Edith de Korányi.

IN MEMORIAM

With deep regret the JOURNAL records the deaths of:

Claude M. Thomas, former American Consul, who died at Paris, Ky., June 21, 1936.

Samuel C. Reat, Foreign Service Officer, Retired, who died July 24, 1936.

"WE CHOOSE PEACE"

(*Continued from page* 507)

people of America who go along with us in seeking peace.

ASSERTS WE WILL DEFEND OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

No matter how well we are supported by neutrality legislation, we must remember that no laws can be provided to cover every contingency, for it is impossible to imagine how every future event may shape itself. In spite of every possible forethought, international relations involve of necessity a vast uncharted area. In that area safe sailing will depend on the knowledge and the experience and the wisdom of those who direct our foreign policy. Peace will depend on their day to day decisions.

At this late date, with the wisdom which is so easy after the event and so difficult before the event, we find it possible to trace the tragic series of small decisions which led Europe into the great war in 1914 and eventually engulfed us and many other nations.

We can keep out of war if those who watch and decide have a sufficiently detailed understanding of international affairs to make certain that the small decisions of each day do not lead toward war and if, at the same time, they possess the courage to say "no" to those who selfishly or unwisely would let us go to war.

Of all the nations of the world today we are in many ways most singularly blessed. Our closest neighbors are good neighbors. If there are remoter nations that wish us not good but ill, they know that we are strong; they know that we can and will defend ourselves and defend our neighborhood.

We seek to dominate no other nation. We ask no territorial expansion. We oppose imperialism. We desire reduction in world armaments.

We believe in democracy; we believe in freedom; we believe in peace. We offer to every nation of the world the handclasp of the good neighbor. Let those who wish our friendship look us in the eye and take our hand.

COVER PICTURE

Photo de l'Ofalac-Alger. Office Algérien d'Action Economique et Touristique

A CAMEL RIDER OF THE GHARDIA REGION, ALGIERS

This is one of a series of photographs obtained by Consul General Ernest L. Ives, for the JOURNAL.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

(*Continued from page* 509)

his trip abroad and the Senator and Mrs. Thomas are stopping off at several cities en route to port of embarkation.

Representative McMillan, as Chairman of the Sub-Committee of the House Appropriations Committee, showed a keen and sympathetic interest in the Service.

Judge Castellow and Representative Richardson were the first to leave Budapest as their itineraries included visits to Bucharest, Istanbul, Athens, Sofia and Belgrade.

Our delegates were very popular, they were showered with Hungarian hospitality, and we were all very sorry to see them leave.

The following are among other recent visitors:
Minister Wilson from Belgrade.
Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Feis.
Consul General and Mrs. Makinson.
Consul General and Mrs. Madsworth.
Secretary Oakes from Tirana.
Secretary Huston en route to Bucharest.

J. B. S.

The marriage of Miss Clara Cecelia Goddard, daughter of Consul General and Mrs. James B. Stewart, to Dr. Stephen Lawrence Kallay will take place in Budapest September 12, 1936.

Once upon a time—very recently, to be exact—an American Minister and his Military Attaché, in company with a British Minister, were about to pass a shooting gallery in Budapest. Instead, however, they stopped and decided on the spot that a little target practice might not be amiss in these uncertain times. The Chiefs of Mission exclaimed that the approaching contest would be far too one-sided as they could not hope to compete on even terms with one trained to warfare. However, after much bantering, Sir Patrick Ramsey picked up the rifle and, bing, hit the bull's-eye. Mr. Montgomery followed, and again the bell clanged. Smiling triumphantly, they stood aside and with deep bows cordially invited Colonel Shallenberger, the expert, to step forth! Paying no heed to taunting remarks and asides, the Colonel, according to Mr. Montgomery, slowly raised the rifle to his shoulder, took very deliberate aim, and fired! The bell did not ring. There was no clang, no clank, not even a clink! In fact the Minister claims that not even the target was hit. On all sides he has told how humiliated he was at the unexpected poor showing of the American Army. But it must be admitted that there is force in the Colonel's contention that it was the diplomat and not the soldier who participated in the contest.

LEIPZIG

On Friday, July 31st, 5-7 p. m., Consul General and Mrs. Ralph C. Busser entertained at their home the American delegates to the World Poultry Congress and other Americans attending the Congress, numbering altogether 67 persons; also Herr Karl Vetter, the new President of the Congress, other high officials of the Reich's Ministry of Agriculture, Vice Consul Harrison Lewis, a few American residents of Leipzig, and several professors from the Agricultural Department of the University of Leipzig.

Dr. J. R. Mohler, on behalf of the American members of the Congress, presented an antique silver goblet to Mrs. Busser in recognition of her courtesies toward the American members of the Congress and their families.

Many of the American members of the Congress were accompanied by their wives. The American delegates included their chairman, Dr. J. R. Mohler, Chief, Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Vice Chairman of the delegation, Professor James E. Rice, President, North-East Poultry Producers Council; Secretary of the Delegation, Dr. H. C. McPhee, Chief, Division of Animal Husbandry, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Dr. C. W. Warburton, Director of Extension Work, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Mr. John A. Hannah, Executive Secretary, Michigan State College of Agriculture; Dr. G. D. Buckner, Professor of Animal Nutrition, University of Kentucky; Professor R. B. Thompson, Oklahoma State College of Agriculture; Dr. J. R. Beach, University of California; Mr. J. T. S. White, Representative, Institute of American Poultry Industries; Mr. Sidney A. Edwards, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, State of Connecticut; Mr. L. B. Kilbourne, President, Association of Refrigerated Warehouses; Dr. O. B. Kent, Director of Research for the Quaker Oats Co.; Mr. Samuel L. Althouse, Representative, Poultry Publishers Association; Mr. J. A. Hanson, Representative, U. S. Record of Performance Federation; Dr. Thomas W. Heitz, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Mr. Robert H. Nesbit, Representative, American Poultry Association; Mr. Gardener Poole, Representative, American Institute of Refrigeration; Mr. John C. Marquis, Delegate of the United States, International Institute of Agriculture, Rome, Italy. Those in charge of exhibits at the Congress included Dr. H. W. Titus, Dr. C. W. Knox, and Dr. T. C. Byerly, all of the Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Dr. G. F. Heuser, Professor of Poultry Nutrition, Cornell University; and Mr. M. L. Chapman, poultry breeder, New Jersey.

BAHIA

One often reads in the JOURNAL of the winning of tennis or golf championships by officers but Vice Consul Worley is one of the first to receive medals for being on a championship basketball team.

During the past two years he has been captain of the championship Bahiano de Tennis basketball team which is considered the best in this State and also in the State of Pernambuco.

G. H.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Minister and his mother, Mrs. Totten, received about 100 American and South African guests at the Legation on Independence Day. Among the guests was Consul General Joseph E. Jacobs, who has been inspecting the various offices in South Africa for the past six weeks, and Mrs. Jacobs.

South Africa marks the last outpost on the westward swing around the world of Consul General and Mrs. Jacobs. Their itinerary has taken them to all American diplomatic and consular establishments in Australasia, India and South Africa, as well as numerous way stations. After completing the inspection of the offices in South Africa, Mr. Jacobs will visit Lourenco Marques to inspect the office there, while Mrs. Jacobs plans to proceed to Southern Rhodesia on a visit to Bulawayo (where Cecil Rhodes is buried in the Matopos) and Victoria Falls. Mrs. Jacobs will meet her husband at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia, Kenya Colony. After inspecting that office, they plan to sail from Mombasa back to the Far East and a long round of inspection in China.

Consul John Corrigan, until recently assigned to Venice, and Mrs. Corrigan, arrived in Durban at the end of June, and Mr. Corrigan took over charge of the Consulate there. They are to be congratulated on their well-timed arrival, for July is Durhan's month in South Africa's social and racing calendar.

Vice Consul Lampton Berry, who has been in charge of the Consulate at Durban since the departure of Consul Hugh S. Miller to the Consulate General at Johannesburg at the end of March, has been temporarily assigned to Johannesburg until September 1. Thereafter he will be temporarily assigned to Lourenco Marques during the absence of Consul Ebling on home leave. F. P. S.

AMERICAN EMBASSY, TOKYO

Joseph C. Grew

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VISITORS

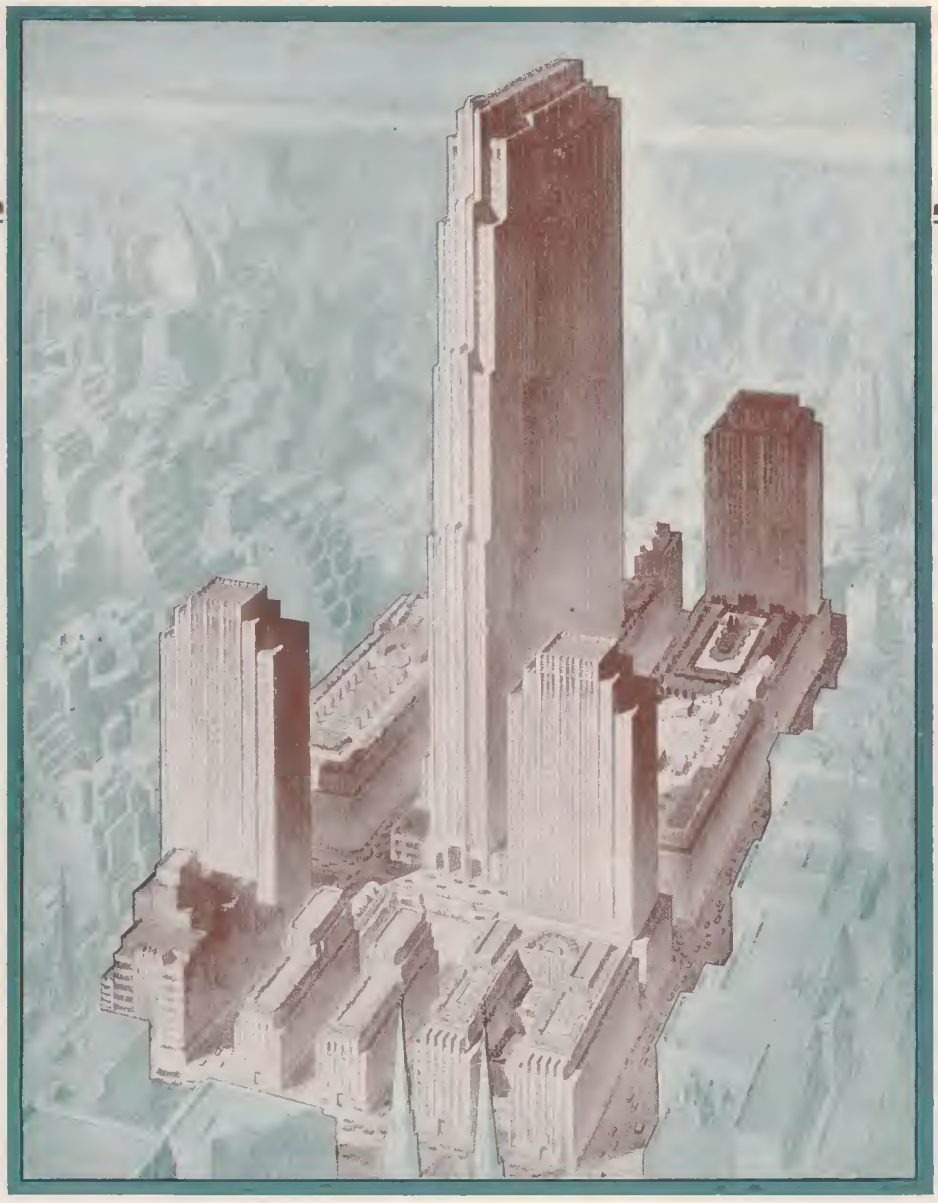
The following visitors called at the Department during the past month:

	July
Daniel V. Anderson, Bombay	16
Leonard N. Green, Strasbourg	16
George A. Gordon, Port-au-Prince	16
Elizabeth Johnson, Prague	17
Lewis V. Boyle, Agua Prieta	17
S. E. O'Donoghue, Guatemala	20
Thomas H. Robinson, Nogales	20
Robert F. Woodward, en route to Bogota	20
Kathleen D. O'Shaughnessy, Istanbul	20
J. P. M. Marsalka, Moscow	20
Nathaniel Lancaster, Jr., Bombay	20
Robert Frazer, London	20
Charles H. Derry, Mazatlan	21
Malcolm C. Burke, Hamburg	22
Leslie W. Johnson, Gibraltar	22
M. P. Hoover, La Paz	23
Nelson R. Park, Torreon	23
Robert S. Johnson, Lima	23
James W. Gantenbein, assigned to Department	24
John McArdle, Sofia	27
Dayle C. McDonough, Guayaquil	27
F. C. Fornes, Jr., Hong Kong	27
Maurice E. Banigan, Paris	27
Reginald S. Kajanjian, en route to Sao Paulo	28
William S. Farrell, Beirut	30
Lee Murray, Moscow	30
Walter Thurston, Department	31
	August
Alvin W. Bandy, Peiping	3
Erich W. A. Hoffmann, Tirana	5
Harold S. Tewell, Habana	6
Homer Byington, Jr., London	6
Lincoln MacVeagh, Athens	7
Lewis B. Mazzeo, La Guaira	8
David H. Buffum, Leipzig	10
Harold L. Williamson, Hamilton, Bermuda	10
Lindsay Riley, Paris	11
George C. Minor, Moscow	11
W. S. Chase, Department	13
J. F. Harrington, Mexico	13
P. Knabenshue, Baghdad	14
Aubrey E. Lippincott, Madras	15
Samuel Reber, Rome	15
Walter H. McKinney, Yarmouth	17
Jack Wade Dunaway, Montreal	17

International News Photos, Inc., Paris Office

CONSULAR CONFERENCE, PARIS, JUNE, 1936

Left to right, first row: Samuel H. Wiley, Hugh S. Fullerton, John P. Hurley, S. Pinkney Tuck, Addison E. Southard, Ambassador Jesse Isidor Straus, H. Merle Cochran, Robert D. Murphy, Charles J. Pisar, James G. Carter, Harold D. Finley. *Second row*: Lewis Clark, Leonard N. Green, Davis B. Levis, Charles L. DeVault, Leonard G. Dawson, George Tait, Edwin A. Plitt, John R. Wood, Benjamin M. Hulley, John H. Fuqua. *Third row*: Marc L. Severe, Ernest de W. Mayer, Robert English, William P. Snow.



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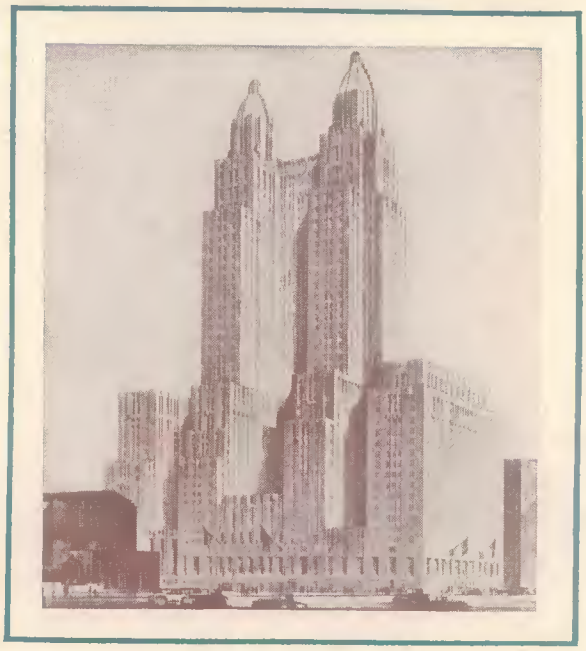

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