

Diplomacy as a Career: Hard Work, Hardship, and Happy Times

By

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Part 1. A Young China Hand

Chapter 1. Childhood and WWI (1895-1919)

As I would never have met and married my wife, Anne Covington Clark, had I not entered the Foreign Service of the United States, perhaps I should begin the story by telling how I happened to enter that Service.

I was born in Montgomery, Alabama, November 16, 1895. My father was Thomas Harvey Clark, a promising attorney, at that time Speaker of the Alabama State House of Representatives. My mother was born Caroline Marks. She came from a long line of successful southern planters. There were three of us children. Thornton, my brother, was born five years before me. Catherine, my sister, was born two years before me.

In 1897, we moved to Washington, DC, where my father had accepted a position as Law Librarian of Congress. When I was about to enter school, my mother weepingly agreed that I could have my curls cut off. Most little boys wore curls in those days. She sent me to the barber shop around the corner with instructions to tell the barber to trim my hair. She had just cut off my "beautiful" curls and carefully saved them with loving care.

At that age, the only word connected with hair that I knew was "shave". My father did that every morning. So I went to the barber shop, dawdling on the way, as children will do. When I finally got there I told the barber to shave my head. Fortunately, the barber, sensing that there must be some mistake, sent me back home to make sure that it was a "shave" I wanted. This time my mother wrote her directions on a piece of paper and my hair was trimmed. Thanks to that kindly barber, I was able to enter first grade at Force School on Massachusetts Avenue a few days later without being laughed out of class. At that time we lived around the corner on Church Street, near DuPont Circle.

There is a book privately published by my grandfather, Henry Clark, which gives a lot of information about my ancestors on the Clark side of my family. There is one amusing tale about that side of the family. It seems that one of my Clark ancestors had settled near Savannah, Georgia, and become a wealthy farmer there. It was said that he took off his shoes and went barefooted whenever he felt like it. One bright Sunday, two young Savannah blades drove out with horse and buggy to call upon his two beautiful daughters. When they reached the gate to the plantation, they saw an old man sitting on the fence, whittling. He wore no shoes. They inquired whether they had, in fact, reached the Clark plantation, and, being told that they had, one of them remarked, "If I had as much money as old man Clark, I sure would buy myself a pair of shoes." Whereupon, the old man sitting on the fence, who was "Old Man Clark" himself, replied, "If you had as much money as he has, you would do as you damned well pleased!" They didn't marry his daughters!

There is also some material on my mother's side of the family, but not too much. In my mother's dying days – she died of cancer of the breast when I was only twelve – I helped her gather some genealogical data on her family. Her family was closely related to the Lewises of Virginia, of which came Meriwether Lewis, the explorer who, with William Clark, discovered the Northwest Passage to the Pacific Coast. [James Marks, a brother of John Marks, who was the second husband of Meriwether Lewis' mother.] Mother cautioned me, however, that I should not pride myself on the relationship with Meriwether Lewis. He had consorted with an Indian squaw during his explorations, and had become an alcoholic later on. The family was not proud of the fact, she said.

I remember also quite well an amusing genealogical document prepared by a spinster cousin, Ann Williams: "Cousin Annie", we used to call her. She did a lot of research into the origin of the Marks family, my mother's family. She had made several trips to the British Isles studying ancient church records and graveyard tombstones. She had traced the Marks family back through the generations, and in amusement, she had skipped from the staff side to the distaff side of the family, depending upon which side gave promise of better breeding. She had finally come upon a bastard son of a Plantagenet king of England and dropped further research like a hot coal.

I have the impression that the bastard she discovered was one of the sons of Katherine of France – Fair Kate – who had been Queen to Henry V of England. After the death of Henry V, she had an affair with Owen Tudor, a Welsh nobleman, and produced five bastard children. Two of the sons were later recognized by Henry VI, and elevated to the nobility as the Earls of Richmond and Pembroke. One of these was probably the ancestor Cousin Annie unearthed.

But I should go back to my tale. My father died when I was nineteen [1915], and, with both parents gone, our family never really lived together again. We more or less went our own separate ways and saw each other only from time to time. [After attending the Randolph Macon Academy in Front Royal, VA, about 60 miles from Washington D.C., I studied languages and civil engineering at the University of Virginia for two years. In 1915 or 1916, I spent six weeks at Harvard Engineering Camp, near Squam Lake, New Hampshire.]

When the United States entered World War I, I was in Cuba surveying for a sugar central outside Cienfuegos. Being young and adventurous and, also, I suppose, somewhat patriotic, I dropped my job and hurried to New York to enlist in the Navy on April 12, 1917.

After a couple of frustrating months in the Brooklyn Navy Yard running the Map Room of the Third Naval District while waiting for a promised transfer to Annapolis to study for a commission, I was able to join a crew being sent to Scotland to man a yacht that belonged to an American, Robert Goelet. It was to be converted into a man-of-war for convoy duty. One hundred and thirty-odd strong, under the command of Captain Friedrich, we crossed the Atlantic in the SS *New York* and, after a short time at Queenstown in Ireland, we were transported by rail to Greenock, Scotland, where the ship, the *Nahma*, was tied up.

After several months in Greenock putting the *Nahma* into commission as a war vessel, we were placed on convoy duty between the British Isles and Gibraltar. We would sail due west for two days escorting 30 or 40 cargo vessels, then we would turn south until we reached the latitude of

Gibraltar, when we would turn east and head for that harbor. On our return voyages, the process was reversed. On both eastward and westward parts of our voyages we would be assisted in protecting the convoy by several destroyers, but on the long haul from north to south and vice versa we were on our own. Sometimes we would be taken off convoy duty and go foraging for submarines, or on submarine patrol.

On one of those submarine patrols, when we were off the coast of Spain we spotted distant lights to starboard shortly after midnight. We steamed over to investigate and discovered a large vessel surrounded by submarines. We had no knowledge of friendly submarines in those waters, as we should have had were there any there, and it had been rumored that the Spanish were secretly supplying German submarines off the coast. It was only natural, therefore, for our captain to assume that we had come upon such an operation.

General Quarters was sounded, which meant that every man went to his battle station—I was sightsetter on the 3-inch gun on the quarter deck aft—full speed ahead was signaled, which for us was 22 knots, and the "recognition signal" was flashed from our bridge. Recognition signals were used to identify friendly craft. They were changed each midnight. We received a wrong recognition signal and reply, and the captain immediately gave the order to commence firing. We had the submarines in our gun sights when the order was given, and we are firing almost at point blank range. Before it was discovered that the vessels were not German, we had blown the conning tower off one of the submarines, done much damage to the others, and there were men in the water screaming for help.

It developed later that we had encountered five submarines and their mothership which the United States had given to Italy, and which were being taken by their Italian crews to Italy for service in the Mediterranean. There was hell to pay later in Gibraltar. Our captain was court-martialed and acquitted of error, but nevertheless, he was relieved of command.

The USS *Nahma* was a coal burning vessel, and we "coaled" at Gibraltar, where coal was cheap. The coal barges were brought alongside and the crew worked it into the bunkers. It was hard and dirty work. The worst job, and one quite frequently given to me by a boatswain's mate who did not like the fact that I had been to college, was to descend to the bottom of a bunker, cringe back against the bulkhead while the coal chute was filled level with the deck above, then dig yourself out. We survived, however.

In December 1917, on one of our voyages northward to the British Isles, we were caught in a terrific storm in the Bay of Biscay—the worst storm, it was said, in 20 years. We almost sank. The seas were so high we could not take them on our bow, so, cautiously, we dropped slowly astern through our convoy, with cargo vessels passing perilously close in mountainous seas, until we were clear of the convoy. Then the captain, with great skill, succeeded in coming about and in putting our fantail stern into the seas.

We were blown 300 miles off our course. We lost every one of our lifeboats, washed off their davits high above the deck. Two wooden hatches leading to the lower decks were washed away. As we tried to clear the decks of wreckage, one man was washed overboard and then washed back onboard again. There were so many seas coming aboard that the firemen in the boiler room

were stoking the boiler standing knee deep in water. It was really frightening. Finally, we made port at Plymouth, England, with only four tons of coal aboard. We burned 40 tons a day. There had been talk of tearing up the wooden decks to get fuel for the furnaces.

We stayed in Plymouth several months while the *Nahma* was made seaworthy, then we returned to Gibraltar. Now that we were really seaworthy, we were taken off the tempestuous Atlantic and assigned to convoy duty in the Mediterranean. We would leave Gibraltar with 15 or 20 cargo ships and escort them alone to Italian ports or to those of North Africa. Convoys both ahead of us and astern would lose ships almost every voyage. One of them left Genoa with twelve cargo ships and arrived in Gibraltar with only one.

We lost only one cargo vessel during the entire 18 months that we were in that service. We wondered why. (We used to brag ashore that the Germans were afraid of us.) The time we lost that one cargo ship, we and three British sloops were escorting four cargo vessels from Bizerta, in Tunisia, to Gibraltar. The enemy must have thought that our convoy contained unusually valuable cargo to be thus escorted. He attacked despite the strength of the escort, and he sank one ship. We dropped depth charges on him – it was my responsibility as gunner's mate to drop them – and oil appeared on the surface. We thought that we had gotten him, but we had no real proof.

On Armistice Day 1918, we were on patrol in the Straits of Gibraltar. We fully expected to be ordered back to the United States. We'd had almost two years of active service in the European theater. On the contrary, we received orders to go to Marseille, France, and to pick up Admiral Bristol, who had been named High Commissioner to Turkey, and to take him and his staff to Istanbul.

We were the first American vessel to pass through the Dardanelles since the cessation of hostilities. These waters had been heavily mined. We proceeded with caution. We had minesweepers attached to our bow and a lookout stationed there, but there was anxiety nevertheless.

After three months in Istanbul, during which time we made several voyages into the Black Sea and one back to Malta for supplies, I was finally ordered to return to the United States for release from active service. I had enlisted in April, 1917, as an ordinary seaman. I was paid off in Brooklyn on May 8, 1919, as a Gunner's Mate, 2nd class.

Chapter 2. Entering the Foreign Service (1919-1925)

[After the War] I had taken a job in the cotton business in Montgomery, Alabama, with a well-established firm of cotton merchants. Cotton merchants bought small quantities of raw cotton from smaller merchants about the South, reclassified it, and then sold it in large quantities to cotton mills both in the United States and abroad. My brother, Thornton, and I planned to go into the cotton business together one day.

[In 1924] I was in Bremen, Germany, learning something about the European end of the business and making contacts, when I first became interested in the Foreign Service. The Rogers Act, combining the diplomatic and consular services into one organization had just been passed, and that appeared to offer an interesting and satisfying career. Accordingly, I applied to the Secretary of State for permission to take the entrance examinations and was accepted.

Returning to the United States, I went to Washington in the spring of 1925 and took a cram course on the various subjects upon which I would be examined. On July 1st, I presented myself for the written part of the examination in a large room on the second floor of a war-time temporary building near the old State, War and Navy Building. With a flat roof, low ceiling and only a couple of small ineffective electric fans, the heat was terrific. I had to tie a handkerchief about my forehead to prevent perspiration from dropping on my examination paper. The written part of the examination lasted two days. Then, on July 5th I was called before the Examining Board for the oral examination. Early in September, I was informed that I had passed and would be sworn into office on September 11th. About 250 applicants had taken the examination; 13 of us passed. Now thousands take the examinations across the country and hundreds are accepted.

On September 11, 1925, I took my oath of office in a very solemn ceremony in the Old State, War and Navy Building, across the street from the White House. Then began six months of intensive study in the Department of State and other branches of the Government to fit me for my future responsibilities as a Foreign Service Officer of the United States. I would have to be familiar with our commercial policy, our immigration and customs regulations, our

citizenship, notarial and other laws, and be founded generally in the foreign policy of the United States.

In implementation of the Rogers Act, it had been decided to strengthen the China Language Corps by making it more attractive. Included was an offer of more rapid promotion during the early years of service. The idea of more rapid promotion appealed to me, as did the prospect of getting to know exotic China. In those days, as well as later, the Far East, with its turmoil and disease, was not generally considered a pleasant place to serve, so any "fool" who asked to go there, was sent, as was I.

So I spent two months in the Far Eastern Division preparing for my service in China. I could amuse myself almost every morning by watching Grace Coolidge, wife of the President, across the street in the White House, brushing her hair in preparation for the day. Little did she know that she had a gallery!

My first assignment was as Chinese Language Officer attached to the Legation in Peking. In July 1926, I was given a copy of the Consular Regulations, a book of draftson the Secretary of State with which to pay my passage, and I was wished God-speed. Today there is an entire section of the Department that arranges all transportation for travelling personnel.

As my sister, Catherine, was then living in Florence, Italy, and as I had not seen her for several years, I decided to travel to China by way of Europe, stopping for a visit with her.

This I did. Then, I sailed in a French vessel from Marseilles, in southern France.

After our ship, the SS *Fontainebleau*, had passed through the Suez Canal and was steaming down the Red Sea, smoke was observed coming from one of the forward hatches. It developed that raw cotton we had taken aboard in Port Said, Egypt, had been wet and there had been spontaneous combustion.

The ship's steam cocks in the hold seemed unable to smother the fires. So, the morning of the day we were due to arrive in Djibouti, French Somaliland, the hatch was opened to permit the use of the ship's firefighting equipment. The fire hoses had obviously not been inspected for a long time. They had rotted. They leaked water all over the deck. The sailors plying the water from them into the hold looked as though they were relieving themselves.

Fortunately, we arrived shortly in the harbor of Djibouti. We anchored, additional efforts were made to extinguish the fire, and a fire-fighting tug was hurriedly called from nearby Aden. The Captain of the *Fontainebleau* seemed perfectly calm. He told the passengers that they could go ashore if they wished to look at Djibouti. We would not be sailing until after midnight. By this time the ship had a list of about five degrees. Having served in our Navy, I knew enough about such things to be certain that it would be many days before that ship could possibly sail again.

Accordingly, I, and three others who had consorted together during the voyage thus far, packed bag and baggage and, amidst the ridicule of observing passengers, we hired a boat and took our baggage and ourselves ashore.

Being the first ashore, we got the best rooms in the one and only hotel. About midnight that night the ship turned over and sank. Some of the passengers who had stayed aboard escaped with only their night clothes. The sunken vessel was later made into a pier in the harbor of Djibouti.

During our training in the Department of State in Washington, an Officer had lectured to us on Ethiopia. He had painted a most interesting picture of that country. Therefore, when I was told that I would have to wait two weeks for another ship to take me onward from Djibouti, I decided to visit Ethiopia. Addis Ababa, its capital, could be reached in three days by narrow-gauge railway. So I bought my ticket and was on my way.

Because of the danger from wild animals straying on the tracks at night, the trains ran only during the day. Passengers were lodged at night in a local railway "hotel". On the second night, at a place called Awash, where there was really nothing but the railway station and its "hotel", I was told that I could have a shower bath if I wanted one. It was hot, the train trip had been dusty, and I very much wanted to have a bath. The bathroom was pointed out to me, but when I entered, I could see no sign of plumbing. Then I heard a sound above me. Looking up, I saw a large black man holding a large watering pot. He was waiting patiently to give me my shower when I should signal my readiness. That night I was awakened by a hyena howling just outside my ground-floor window. It was frightening. Fortunately, the window had iron bars, and eventually I was able to get back to sleep.

Upon my arrival in Addis Ababa, I discovered that the Emperor Haile Salassie – then known as the Heir Apparent *Ras* Tafari – had heard of the fire, knew of my arrival in Addis Ababa, and wanted to see me. We had not established diplomatic relations with Ethiopia at that time, although we had the matter under active consideration. The British were looking after our interests. It was they who arranged my audience.

The Emperor was most interested in my narrative of the fire. Not wanting to miss any possibility of influencing us towards a favorable decision on the question of the establishment of diplomatic relations, and, I suppose, not then knowing how unimportant I was as a Third Secretary of Legation, he invited me to dinner at the palace the next night, and he offered to send me on a lion hunt at no cost to me. I declined the lion hunt as it would require at least two weeks and I would have missed my next boat from Djibouti. (I was too young in the Service to know that I could have gone on that lion hunt, arrived later in Peking, and no one there or in the Department would have batted an eyelash).

I was delighted to accept the dinner invitation, but I pointed out that the only clothing I had with me was the golf suit I was then wearing. The Emperor was entirely agreeable, but the British were greatly discomforted. They even offered to try to find a dinner jacket for me.

It was an elaborate dinner. The service appeared to be all gold, even to the blades of the knives. I imagine it was vermeil. I sat next to the Empress, who spoke only Amharic, the official language of Ethiopia, so we had to have an interpreter behind us. She was stout – all North Africans seem to like their wives with plenty of fat on their bones – she was most pleasant and obviously wellborn and cultured in her way. After dinner we had a movie.

There really was not much to do or see in Addis Ababa. It was then still a primitive town, so I did not linger.

Before departing to return to Djibouti I had to go to the bank to get money to pay my hotel bill and to purchase my railway ticket. The only currency in Ethiopia at that time was the so-called Maria Theresa silver *thaler* (dollar), minted in Austria when Maria Theresa was Empress. Although they were no longer in circulation in Austria, they were still minted there especially for use in Ethiopia. The four hundred I had to get from the bank weighed almost more than I could carry. As a memento, I had one of those *thalers* made into an ash tray.

Back in Djibouti I rejoined the other stranded passengers. In a couple of days we boarded another vessel and I continued my voyage toward Peking, via Colombo, Singapore – where I bought my Malacca cane – Saigon and on to Hong Kong and Shanghai, where I arrived in September.

Chapter 3: China

Peking (1926)

Railway communications between Shanghai and Peking were unsafe at that time because of the activities of Chinese warlords, so I took a small coastal steamer to Tientsin in the north. I was met there by an officer of the Consulate General who put me on the train for Peking.

After a few hours I arrived at long last outside *Ch'ien Men*, the southern gate of colorful Peking. There I was met by two officers of my class in the Department who had also chosen Chinese language study. They had travelled across the Pacific in much less time than it had taken me to come via Europe and Ethiopia. They rode in beautiful rickshaws, pulled by gaily caparisoned pullers, and they seemed to speak Chinese fluently. I thought that I would never be able to catch up with them, but I did.

They took me to the “Students’ Mess” in the beautiful little *San Kuan Miao* (Temple of the Three Officials), which was owned by our Government and where we were assigned quarters. This was located within the Legation Quarter near the Water Gate of the Tartar City wall, just across the street from the Wagons-Lits Hotel.

The Legation Quarter had been created after the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 as an area set aside for the residence of the Diplomatic Corps. It was administered and defended by that Diplomatic Corps.

Each Legation maintained a Legation Guard for the protection of its personnel and property. The United States had made use of the Marine Corps for that purpose. The battalion stationed in Peking became known as the “Horse Marines” because some of them were, in fact, mounted on small Mongolian ponies. On parade they made a colorful company. They were mobile, and could easily inspect those parts of the city where Americans resided and the environs for evidence of danger to the American community. “Captain Jinx of the Horse Marines”, written by our very good friend Captain John Thomason, is about this select command, and is well worth reading.

I settled down quickly in the Students’ Mess and began the study of Chinese eight hours each day with the assistance of two Chinese scholars. Also, I started to mingle with the

international social set of Peking, myself now equipped, as were my colleagues, with a beautiful rented rickshaw pulled by a fast, gorgeously caparisoned puller.

First on my schedule was to hire my domestic staff. A “Number One Boy” was waiting for me. The *T'ing Ch'ai*— headmessenger of the Legation — had sent him to me. Ever since the Boxer Rebellion the *T'ing Ch'ai* had been with the Legation as a messenger. Gradually, he

had become head messenger and dominated the other Chinese employed in the Legation. He ruled them with an iron hand. If I had not hired the Boy he had sent to me, I would have found it impossible to find a good Boy elsewhere. All would have been afraid to go against the *T'ing*

Ch'ai. However, the Boy the *T'ing Ch'ai* had chosen for me proved to be excellent. His name was Li. He stayed with me faithfully and served me loyally the entire time I was in China.

The North China Boys took great pride in their work and made excellent domestic servants. Li was not only manager of my household, he saw to it that my linen was laundered, my suits pressed, buttons sewed on, socks darned and my shoes shined. He was a body servant to me, as well. He laid out my clothes, put studs in my evening shirts, drew my bath and was always standing by to make sure that all was well. When I travelled, he packed my bags for me. All I had to do was tell him how long I would be gone and whether I would need evening clothes.

You could keep nothing from those marvelous servants. I remember one day, I encountered a friend on the terrace of the Peking Club after I finished a tennis match. She invited me to dinner that night. It just happened that I was free and accepted with pleasure. Saying nothing to my rickshaw boy, who was waiting for me, I returned home. There I found my dinner clothes already laid out. I said nothing to Li, but bathed and dressed, got into my rickshaw, still giving no indication of where I wanted to go. My curiosity had been aroused by finding my dinner clothes laid out, I wanted to see where I would be taken. I was pulled straight to the house to which I had been invited for dinner.

I might mention here an interesting feature of dining out in Peking at that time. The Boys liked parties. When you dined out you should not be surprised to find your own Number One Boy serving with others at your host's table. They not only were paid for their services, they had a party of their own in the kitchen quarters.

Not only might you find your Number One Boy serving you when you went out to dinner, you might also find your favorite silver candelabra on your host's table. It was a common practice for the Boys to borrow silverware. Everybody did it. It was a compliment that your silverware had been chosen. Even your host would not know from whence the candelabra had come, but you would gain "face" in the eyes of the other Boys.

Immediately upon my arrival in Peking, Clarence B. (Buzzie) Hewes, First Secretary of the Legation, took me in hand. *[Buzzie was also, at that time, Secretary of the Administrative Council of the Legation Quarter. It was a period when military officers of warlord Chang Tso-lin delighted in driving down the paved streets of the Legation Quarter at high speeds with their horns going full blast. They were endangering the lives of pedestrians and disturbing the peace and quiet of the Quarter. To stop this, Buzzie had paved ridges built across the main street intervals. They were like the "Thank you, Mams" of earlier days on roads in the United States. If an automobile hit one of those ridges at high speed it would bounce frighteningly into the air, much to the discomfiture of its occupants. Everyone laughed at Buzzie's innovation and called them "Buzzie's Bumps", but they did furnish a deterrent to speeding on Legation Street.]* He introduced me to the Minister, John Van Antwerp MacMurray, cautioned me that we always addressed him as "Mr. Minister," and invited me to dinner. On my left at dinner was "Kate" Carl, an American woman who had painted a famous portrait of the Empress Dowager Tz'u-Hsi. That was her only claim to fame and she talked about it incessantly. But she was accepted and invited about in the Peking of those days. Kate sprayed saliva when she talked. She was always talking, so she sprayed my soup, which, naturally, I did not like. Several times later, Buzzie asked me to

dinner. Invariably I would find myself sitting next to Kate Carl. Finally, in desperation, I tried (very tactfully, I thought) to suggest to Buzzie that I would prefer a different dinner partner the next time he invited me. He did not invite me to dinner again for more than a year. Finally, I met Buzzie on the street one day, and he asked me if I would drop in for pot luck the next night. I knew that Buzzie was a stickler for formality, so even though he had said pot luck, I went in my dinner jacket. When I entered and he saw me he said, "But, Lewis, there is a Minister coming to dinner! You must go back and change into a White Tie". Fortunately for me, while I was still remonstrating with Buzzie the Minister arrived. He turned out to be the Portuguese Minister, with whom I had spent the previous weekend playing bridge as guests of Juliet Breden at her temple at the Black Dragon Pool. He, too, was in a Black Tie, and dinner jacket. Finally, Buzzie, with much reluctance, let us both stay. After more than a year, Kate Carl had passed completely out of my mind. What was my consternation, therefore, when I found that, not only was she sitting next to me at dinner, there was a vacant seat on her other side. She sprayed my food all through dinner that night. Poor girl, she died horribly a little later, scalded to death in her bath and not found for three days.

Peking at that time was a gay international city. There was a large Diplomatic Corps. Promoters, seeking business with the various war lords, were there entertaining lavishly. There were many tourists with money to spend and there were the numerous foreigners, principally wealthy Americans, who had purchased houses in Peking where they spent the winters and enjoyed the exotic international society with the picturesque Chinese city as background.

Small ponies, fresh from Mongolia, cost only fifty silver dollars. They were bought in large quantities, each participant drawing from a general pool, and special races were held for them. They were called "Griffins" during their first year, and that name came to be applied also to any foreigner during his first year in China. Almost everybody rode to the cross-country hunts – paper chases – held during the cold winter months, raced ponies at the Autumn and Spring Race Meetings at *P'ao Ma Ch'ang*, or played polo on the Legation Quarter *glacis*.

There was the Peking Club, located in the heart of the Legation Quarter, with its tennis courts and badminton courts, its swimming pool and ice-skating rink, with its ball room for dancing and with its attractive terrace as a meeting-place. There were two golf courses, there were antique shops in which to browse, and there were temple fairs where you could mix among colorful Chinese, watch the side shows and maybe find a treasure to be bought for a pittance.

But there was another side of the picture in Peking. First, the streets outside the Legation Quarter were unpaved. Dust rose in clouds wherever you went; or, if it had been raining, there were mires of mud. On windy days you tried to stay at home. Then there were the occasional Gobi dust storms when you would be miserable even at home. Fine dust would be picked up in the Gobi Desert, north of Peking, carried by the wind high in the sky over the mountains, to descend upon the city. Dust was thick like fog and visibility practically nil. Nothing could prevent that fine dust from penetrating every nook and cranny of your entire house. Life was miserable until the storm was over and your house could be cleaned.

There was much disease and great poverty in Peking. Filthy and deformed beggars haunted all market places and temples. You never knew when you might brush against a leper or someone

with smallpox. During the winter months, bodies of people who had died of starvation or of the bitter cold, or both, were daily to be seen lying in the street waiting to be carted away. One had constantly to be vaccinated or inoculated against this or that disease the entire time spent in China.

At night, it was unsafe outside the city walls. The city gates were all closed at dark and no one was allowed in or out until dawn unless in possession of a special gate pass.

Despite all of this, the city was fascinating. First, there were the innumerable palaces and temples to be visited, some in ruins, some still in use. There were the various artificer streets where we could go to have things especially made, such as Silver Street, Flower Street, Furniture Street, and Jade Street, each having its own specialists.

Then there were the narrow colorful streets, called *hut'ungs*, where the city[populace]lived. Here, on streets too narrow for an automobile, you could see the small hot food vender hawking his wares warmed over a small charcoal fire, carried by means of a yoke, *t'iao tze*, over his shoulder. The cost of the fuel was such that it was cheaper to buy from him than to cook individually. There was also the water carrier delivering water in wheelbarrows to those houses not connected with the city water system, and there were the peddlers of all kinds of household needs, and of candies for the children. Finally, there were the “honey” carts, so called because of the stench that arose from them as they squeaked by on their ungreased wheels. (Their content was “night soil”, or human excrement, used all over China as fertilizer.)

Unlike in the occident, Chinese residences were invariably enclosed within high stone walls giving no view inside from the street. All that could be seen was the wall and the gate, often obscuring a magnificent conglomeration of one-storied buildings enclosing beautiful courtyards and gardens. Each hawker had his own special chants to call his wares so that the housewife, behind the high walls and locked gates of the residences lining the *hut'ung* would know what was being offered.

There were also the colorful weddings and funerals. On the day of her marriage, the Chinese bride, who'd had no say whatsoever as to who her husband would be – all was arranged by her parents – would depart in a sedan chair from her own house for that of her husband to be where she would henceforth reside under the close vigilance of her future mother-in-law. She could peek out through the tightly drawn curtains of her sedan chair, but no one could look upon her until she reached her destination. She would be accompanied by her mother and followed by a greater or lesser number of bearers – depending upon the wealth of the family – carrying large decorated red lacquer chests containing the dowry of the bride. If the family was wealthy, the procession would be led by a brass band, blasting away at music incomprehensible to the Western ear.

Similarly, funerals were conducted in much the same way, but preceding the band would be small children in rags scattering circular paper *cash* – ancient Chinese money – to buy off the evil spirits. In place of the bride's dowry, there would be innumerable articles fashioned out of paper, resembling things the deceased would need in the other world, such as household furniture, livestock, a rickshaw with puller, or an automobile if the deceased had been wealthy, concubines, foodstuffs and literally whatever took the fancy of the family. They would all be burned at the

graveside to assure that they would be available to the deceased in the other world. In ancient days the really wealthy would have the actual articles – not paper replicas – buried with them, not burned at the graveside. These graves have been the source of many of the old bronzes and other antiques sold on the market.

For me, life in the international set of Peking at that time was going to be short. A few weeks after my arrival, our Consul in Kalgan, in Inner Mongolia, became suddenly ill, and had to come to Peking for hospitalization. I was selected by the Minister, Jack MacMurray, to replace him in Kalgan. As I must arrive prior to his departure, I was given forty-eight hours to get under way. Fortunately I could get long woolen underwear, sheep-skin lined coats and other warm clothing from the commissary at the Legation Guard. On Thanksgiving Day I was on my way.

Mongolia (1926-1927)

Trains on the Peking-Suiyuan Railways, which I had to use to get to Kalgan, left a lot to be desired. All passenger cars had been seized by the war lords to transport their soldiers, and the only accommodation available was in box cars usually used for freight. Square holes had been cut in the sides of each car to let in light and air, and wooden benches had been nailed down beside each such opening. Those holes, although covered with canvas curtains, let in the cold as well as the light and it was cold outside. There was a small stove at one end of each car, but it gave no real heat unless you sat on top of it. The temperature got below zero after we passed through the Great Wall of China. Was I cold!

It was “six coat” weather as the Chinese reckoned it. As the temperature goes down, they put on another long robe over those already worn. As the temperature rises they shed robes until they are wearing only one. Their measure of cold was not by degrees of temperature, but by the number of coats needed to be comfortable.

After eighteen hours – the journey in normal times took seven – we arrived in Kalgan. It was dark, the temperature was -12°F, a 40-mile-per-hour wind was blowing snow from the Mongolian plateau horizontally toward the south, and the railway station was swarming with poorly-clad Chinese soldiers carrying rifles with bayonets affixed, barking unintelligible orders, apparently looking for spies of another war lord.

The officer I was to replace, Edwin F. Stanton, had left that morning for Peking. No one in the Consulate – there were only Chinese left – had decoded the telegram announcing my arrival, and there was, therefore, no one on hand to meet me.

Fortunately, I had brought with me my Chinese Boy, Li, and a Chinese language teacher. They were able eventually to make the soldiers understand who I was and, finally, to arrange for us to go to the consulate. The only transportation we could locate was a two-wheeled cart. This we hired together with the puller, put our baggage on it, and set out on foot through the blinding snow to the consulate compound where we were able to gain admittance for what turned out to be a dreary tour of duty.

Aside from a few American missionaries who lived “up country,” there were only two foreigners, both American, living in my consular district. Incidentally, the Kalgan consular district comprised at that time the Provinces of Charhar, Suiyuan and Shensi, all of the region then known as Inner Mongolia, which was under Chinese war lord control, and all of Outer Mongolia, where the Chinese exercised practically no control at all. It was an enormous consular district, covering millions of square miles.

This was a period of extreme unrest in that region. Chang Tso-lin and Wu P’ei-fu, two warlords, were disputing for control, and there was much sporadic fighting about the countryside. At one time, when there were visitors in town and we were playing tennis on my court in the consular compound, there was sudden machinegun fire close by. We dropped to the ground with bullets flying overhead. When the firing ceased, we stood up, and looking toward the nearby mountains to the north we could see a group of mounted soldiers about to reach the crest. When later I inquired, it developed that the local military commander had been uncertain of the loyalty of some of his cavalry and was about to liquidate them. They heard of his plans in time and fled, chased by those machinegun bullets that had broken up our tennis game.

Kalgan was on the border of civilization. It was a gateway to Outer Mongolia. Thousands of camels were constantly in the North Pass, leading through the mountains to the Mongolian Plateau. They brought in furs, skins and animal casings (used to make Frankfurters) from Outer Mongolia and Russia, and would carry back north foodstuffs, clothing materials and tea. The tea was pressed into bricks divided into sections. It was served in Mongolia and in large areas of Siberian Russia, not only to make tea but also as a medium of exchange, or currency.

Supplementing the camels, the new motor caravan route between Kalgan and Urga, the capital of Outer Mongolia, was beginning to operate. Dodge five-passenger sedans were used. The rear part of the top was cut away, and the rear seat removed. Then truck springs were added. The rear was stowed with cargo to a height of four or five feet. The cargo was tightly roped down. Then, fifteen or twenty passengers would cling on top of the cargo, bundled up against the cold. It was fantastic transportation, but those cars arrived and departed fully loaded practically every day. There was no road. They just followed the line of telegraph poles, sometimes cruising by compass, across the Mongolian Plateau.

The consular residence and office were both located in a large compound measuring about two acres, surrounded by a high stone wall. At the only entrance gate was a sentry house manned by six Chinese police. Though the police were supposedly there to protect me, I discovered that I was their main support. They spent most of their time inside the sentry house, keeping warm by the stove, the coal for which I had to pay. Also, the periodic gratuity, which by local custom I was expected to give them, was enough to support them and their families.

I took charge of the office on my first morning in Kalgan and then began my round of official calls. I should call upon the Governor, the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, and upon other local officials upon whom I would have to depend for the protection of American interests and for the information I would need in order to keep the Legation in Peking aware of developments in my consular district. My only consular colleague was Russian, and, as we did not recognize the soviet government that time, I could have no contact with him.

Being very young in the Service, I was a novice in matters of protocol. I had been led to believe in Washington that when one paid official calls, one wore a cutaway, striped trousers, spats, and carried a high silk hat. Of course, in Washington they had in mind the customs in Europe at that time. They had not told me that I could forego that misery in Inner Mongolia.

So what did I do? With the temperature well below zero, and the wind still blowing out of the Gobi Desert, I put on my cutaway, striped trousers, and my spats over three pairs of socks. I took my high silk hat and I started out in the only conveyance then available in Kalgan, a very high-roofed closed cab with glass windows on all sides, drawn by one scrawny horse. I was the cause of obvious amusement to all we passed en route and, I imagine, to the startled but smug amusement of the officials upon whom I called.

My responsibilities principally involved following the political and military developments in my consular district, and reporting thereon to the legation in Peking. Also, I must report on economic and commercial developments, must document merchandise being shipped through Kalgan to the United States (all such merchandise had to be covered by a Consular Invoice issued at the port of exportation indicating the value, origin and destination), I must seek to protect the treaty rights of American citizens and must endeavor to settle disputes between American businessmen and Chinese. Americans had extraterritorial rights in China in those days; that is, they were not subject to the jurisdiction of the Chinese courts. The Consul acted as a judge in minor disputes where the Chinese was plaintiff, and I was that judge in Kalgan.

Travel within my Consular District was not without danger. The region was disturbed by banditry and by fighting between rival war lords. I did, however, risk one trip into Outer Mongolia to visit the pastured camels of Roy Chapman Andrews' Third Asiatic Expedition – the one that was first to discover the eggs of the dinosaur deep in the Gobi Desert.

“Mac” Young, Chief of Transportation for Roy Andrews, and I drove in a Dodge truck through the North Pass and across the plateau following the telegraph poles for over two hundred miles to a small wayside village of nomadic Mongolians living in their yurts. There we met with the Mongolian who was in charge of the camels. We spent the night in a small filthy Mongolian inn. It was bitterly cold. Fortunately, we had brought along our sheep-skinned-lined sleeping bags. These we placed on a heated *k'ang*, and passed a night that was not too unpleasant. I might say that a heated *k'ang* in those parts meant a long earthenware bench under which a fire was burning. Fuel was dried camel dung. The odor was not pleasant, but we were tired and we slept despite the fact that there were ten Mongols sleeping along with us on that *k'ang*.

It was in such primitive country that there existed a most curious custom. In the depth of winter, with snow everywhere, and fuel scarce, bathing was difficult. The Mongol nomads, living in their yurts (felt tents) never bathed in the winter months. But in the towns of Mongolia – there were then only three in that vast territory – the problem was solved, much as it is done in the extreme north of Scandinavia. Once each week after dark, the entire family and any guests who happened to be there, would gather in the big room with the modern Russian porcelain stove going full blast. Everyone was stripped, but covered with blankets. With all of the windows and doors sealed tight, the heat would become almost unbearable. When everyone was saturated with perspiration, the master of the household would give the signal, the door would be thrown open,

and all would rush outside, roll naked in the snow until all pores were sealed, then hurry back inside to reclothe.

It snowed heavily during the night, and it was still snowing the next morning. We feared that if we didn't get started back to Kalgan immediately, we might get snowed in and delayed for days until the storm ceased and the snow had been blown away. We would just have to return to see the camels some other time.

We climbed into our truck at an early hour, therefore, and, taking the Mongol along with us, we began our return journey in a real blizzard. Blinded by the snow, we were having great difficulty following the line of telegraph poles, when the Mongol suddenly said "Stop!" Out he got, and, without the slightest hesitation, he started across the open country with unerring homing instinct towards the place where his camels were pastured. Why he didn't get lost, I shall never know, but he found his camels, and had them ready the following year, when Roy once again could explore the Gobi.

It was April at the time, but so cold that Mac Young, driving the truck, despite felt gloves, had his fingers frozen. It had taken us only one day to reach our destination in Mongolia. It took us three days to return to Kalgan. Two nights we spent in Chinese military barracks, sleeping on heated *k'angs*, surrounded by Chinese soldiers. Finally, we reached Kalgan, and Mac went on immediately to Peking by the first train to see about his fingers. Unfortunately, he had to have four of them amputated.

As I said earlier, conditions in and around Kalgan were very disturbed. Bandits' heads were displayed on trees and telegraph poles almost daily, trade was diminishing, and there was a growing atmosphere of uncertainty. It was a dreary, if at times exciting, existence.

There really wasn't much for me to do. There were no newspapers, no radio, and no means of keeping track of developments other than by visits with the local Chinese officials and businessmen. With the exception of political reporting my official responsibilities took little of my time.

My daily routine was to get up at 6:00 am, breakfast, study with my Chinese teacher from 6:30 to 9, then go to the office. Between 9:00 am and 4:30 pm, I paid my visits and did what little paper work was required. The Chinese teacher came again from 4:30 pm to 6:00 pm, at which time, weather permitting, I would walk over to the British American Tobacco Company (BAT) mess. The manager was an American. We would stroll down the railway track for a mile or two, then return to his house, or to mine, where we would be joined by the third member of the foreign community, the director of the Chinese Salt Gabelle, also an American. We would have a drink, dine and then play three-handed Ma Jong. If, as sometimes happened, we had a bridge-playing visitor from the outside world, we would play bridge.

To reach the BAT mess from my compound, I had to pass through the middle of a lonely old cemetery. Many of the graves had been opened by robbers, and there was always danger of stumbling into one of them in the dark. There was no lighting whatsoever. I bought myself a powerful flashlight that would throw a beam well over a hundred yards. Landmarks were just

about that distance apart. I managed not to fall into a grave. It was spooky, however, and I always breathed easier when I was safely across that graveyard and back inside my compound.

It was here in Kalgan that I had my introduction to the Chinese feast. I dined occasionally with Chinese and they came occasionally to me. I needed to know them well in order to gather the information I had to have to keep the legation in Peking properly informed.

In those days, Chinese women did not participate in such festivities. The dinner parties were strictly stag. My introduction came when my predecessor, having recovered from his illness and been transferred to Tsinanfu in Shantung Province, returned to Kalgan to pack. The Commissioner for Foreign Affairs gave a farewell feast in his honor. We were invited for 5 pm. I had heard that one did not necessarily arrive at the time indicated for such Chinese dinners, but when my predecessor was still cleaning up in the office at six o'clock, I phoned down to him to ask whether he had forgotten the dinner. "No", he said, "I'll be along in a minute." Finally, at seven o'clock, he came, bathed, dressed rather leisurely, and just before eight o'clock we arrived at the residence of our host.

I discovered that when a Chinese invited you to dinner in those days—this was all before the Kuomintang Government which changed many things—the hour stipulated was the earliest hour at which you should arrive. By inviting us for 5 pm. our host had meant that if we wanted to talk, we could arrive at that hour or thereafter, at our pleasure. Tea and pumpkin and water melon seed were served. One sat around drinking tea, munching seed and gossiping. Dinner would be announced when the last guest arrived. Once seated at dinner, table conversation ceased. All attention was thenceforth directed toward the food and the wine.

The host sat at the foot of the round table; that is, with his back to the entrance. The guest of honor sat opposite, facing the entrance. This was a practical arrangement to assure the guest of honor that no one was going to shoot him in the back. It had been done. Next to the host, on his left, was his drinking representative, or *tai piao*.

The *tai piao* was very important to the host. We were no sooner seated at the table than drinking began. Heated Chinese yellow rice wine was served in delicate small cups. After one "bottoms up" (*kan pei*), drunk by the host to and with his assembled guests – never more than eight or ten at one round table – his *tai piao* would take over. Beginning with the guest of honor and then going around the table, first on one side and then on the other, he would suggest playing the "finger game" (*hua chuan*). This involved holding a closed fist in front of you above the table, and simultaneously with your opponent, opening it up with none or with any number of fingers extended. The object was to guess correctly the total number of extended fingers of both hands. If neither guessed correctly, or if both did, the procedure was repeated with great rapidity until one or the other had guessed correctly by himself. The loser had to *kan pei*. Play was for three wins, but if you won all three, courtesy required that you join your opponent for the final drink. You could, if you wished, insist that instead of *kan pei*, it you would play "drink as you please" (*sui pien ho*).

In Kalgan I learned a sophisticated form of the game, in which the players were called upon to chant a verse before calling out the guess as to the total number of fingers extended. It went:

Yke hama(one frog),

Y chang tsui (one mouth),

Liang ke yen ching (two eyes),

Ssu t'iao t'ueh (four legs),

P'e p'a, t'iao hsiahsueh (p'e p'a, jump in the water).

The players would then call numbers three times, and, if no one won, the verse must be repeated immediately. You would be surprised how easy it is to make a slip along the way. Any player who slipped, lost.

Also, in the finger games you did not just call a number. Each number had to be identified by its prefix. For example, 1 was *y ting kung hsi* (certain happiness), 2 was *lian hsiang hao* (two good friends), 3 was *san hsing* (three bright stars), 4 was *ssu k'e* (four guests), 5 was *wu huei* (five times), 6 *lao loa lao* (six six six), 7 *ch'i ch'ao* (seven bridges), 8 *pa p'i ma* (8 horses), 9 *k'uai fa t'sai* (get rich quick), and 10 was *ch'uan lai tao* (all come down).

Of course, dishes of delicious food were being placed before the guests all the while. As each new dish was placed upon the table, the host would gesture with his chopsticks for everyone to begin to eat it, each using his own chopsticks to get a morsel from the common bowl. Frequently, the host would, itself, pick out a choice morsel, using a special pair of chopsticks, and place it on the rice bowl of a guest.

The *tai piao*, not being infallible, sooner or later was literally drunk under the table, and had to be assisted to leave the room. At this stage, the host took over and the drinking continued. You played the finger game not only with your host, but also with the other guests. It was really serious drinking and eating.

The minute the dinner was over, tea was served and the guests were expected to depart. The guest who did not have to be assisted to his conveyance, or at least pretend that he needed such assistance, was not a grateful guest. This was on a par with another Chinese custom of belching loudly at a table to indicate that the food was so good, you were eating too much.

Incidentally, I might mention that Chinese rice wines vary as do the wines of other countries. Some have a much more delicate flavor than others. In north China, they also distilled a liquor *pai karout* of *kao liang*, a very hard grain. It was reminiscent of the "single run shinny", or cheap corn whiskey of Prohibition days in the United States. It was potent and fiery. It could only be taken in one gulp.

In Kalgan, I had my first consulate armory. Even those disturbed times in China, each consulate was supplied with sufficient arms and ammunition to arm the American community for self defense in case of danger from a hostile native populace. The armory in Kalgan was in terrible condition. No one had maintained it. But I did locate a few serviceable Springfield rifles and a

couple of 38 revolvers. Later, when the situation had really become dangerous and I was alone in Kalgan, I oiled them carefully and picked the spot on my roof to make my "Custer's last stand". Several times, I thought I was, in fact, going to have to use them.

In the midst of this troubled situation, Billy Christian, North China manager of the BAT, turned up in Kalgan. He had a company truck further west, at Ta T'ung Fu, loaded up with cigarettes. The truck had run out of gasoline. It was stalled because the military had confiscated all stocks of gasoline in the area and would sell none to the public. Billy had arrived in Kalgan with 20 gallons of gasoline he was taking to Ta T'ung Fu to extricate his truck. He had found that the transportation of gasoline in the area also had been prohibited by the military. He appealed to me. I contacted the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, and was promised the necessary permit (*hu chao*). The matter was urgent, as Billy wanted to leave that night when there just happened to be a train going west. Therefore, I sent a special messenger to the Foreign Office to pick up the *hu chao*. He returned panting, out of breath, with a large envelope addressed to me in Chinese and containing a document that looked like *ahu chao*. Billy was present, so I handed the document to him – I did not read Chinese at that time – and off he rushed to catch his train.

From Ta T'ung Fu he wrote to me saying that, though several military had examined the *hu chao* en route, he had arrived safely with his gasoline and all was well. He was returning to the *hu chao* to me, he said, because his Chinese agent in Ta T'ung Fu had read it and discovered it directed all and sundry to afford protection to 120 camels belonging to Roy Andrews' Third Asiatic Expedition. Illiteracy sometimes is helpful.

I kept in touch through the years with Billy Christian, and, finally in 1961, I met his charming Russian wife. Billy and I were reminiscing one day, and I recalled the above described incident to him. He said that was nothing; he had made a shipment of cigarettes worth around \$200,000 gold to a market town in Southern Hopei Province south of Tientsin. In order for the cargo to reach its destination, it had to be carried across a corner of Shantung Province. The warlord in Shantung had imposed a high provincial tax on the sale of cigarettes in that province. When he heard of this shipment, he thought he saw an opportunity to collect a lot of money. Accordingly, as the shipment entered Shantung Province, he had it seized, and he threatened to confiscate it if his exorbitant sales tax was not paid. The cigarettes were not to be sold in his province, but that made no difference to him; Billy had gone down to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, and tried unsuccessfully to obtain the release of his cigarettes. When he returned to Tientsin, he went to the publisher of the leading English language newspaper, explained the dilemma, and suggested that the publisher print a fantastic story to the effect that the British fleet was being sent to Tsingtao, the principal port of Shantung, to blockade that port until Billy's cigarettes were released. He was told, he said, that if he would buy one of the Chinese fly-by-night newspapers and have his story printed in it, the publisher of the English language paper could quite properly reprint a translation. So Billy bribed a small Chinese newspaper to print his story. The English language paper, then headlined a translation thereof. This was, in due course, brought to the attention of the Shangtung warlord, who had the fright of his life. He not only restored the cigarettes to the BAT, he paid the storage costs, the cost of coolie hire and the cost of transportation on to destination. This was only one of the numerous subterfuges one had to devise to do business in China in those days.

By late spring of 1927, the turbulence had increased to an alarming extent in my consular district and I was instructed to evacuate all Americans. This I did, hoping that when I reported "mission accomplished" I, too, would be ordered to Peking. No such luck. I spent another two full months as the only foreigner in Kalgan. There was no work to do in the office except to report upon the changing military and political situation, so I spent most of my time studying Chinese and strolling about the town. The townspeople knew me and they greeted me cordially, so I felt no real danger but it was a dreary existence.

Finally in June, a telegram arrived instructing me to go to Peking for consultation. Train service between Kalgan and Peking was still not only uncomfortable, it was also sporadic. There might be two trains one day, and then no train for several days. As soon as I had decoded my telegram, I had my Chinese clerk telephone the railway station to inquire about trains. There was one in the station, and it would be departing for Peking in a few minutes. I told my boy, Li, to pack my bags and take the next train to Peking. For myself, I took off immediately for the railway station. That "few minutes" lasted so long that Li was able to join me aboard the train with my baggage before we departed, seated in the same old boxcar accommodation with which I had suffered during my journey up to Kalgan.

In Peking, I was asked whether I saw any reason why the consulate in Kalgan should not be closed. I said that I did not – there was no business and no Americans left protect – and I was directed to return to Kalgan and close it.

I had two of Roy Andrews' Dodge trucks stored in my compound in Kalgan. Roy asked whether I would drive one of them down to Peking if he sent along a technician to drive the other. I agreed, and returned to Kalgan with the technician.

The technician put the cars into shape for the trip while I paid my farewell calls upon the local officials. This time I did not wear my "glad rags". When all was ready, I sealed the consular premises against looting and burglary, loaded the consular files and my baggage on the two trucks, piled Li on top of it all, and off we set to chart a course to Peking.

I say "chart a course" as there was no road. We would be blazing a trail. We were the pioneers. I drove the first motor vehicle ever to be driven from Kalgan to Peking. We followed camel tracks, ran down dry riverbeds, forded streams, and crossed open country down to the Great Wall of China. Here we passed through the principal gate and bounced slowly down the broad ancient sedan chair stairway route to the Valley of the Ming Tombs

From the Ming Tombs we passed through the walled and fortified town of Nankow at the foot of the pass of the same name, and crossed the dusty plain to the Northwest Gate of Peking and entered the city. It had taken two days to make the trip. The one night we spent in the open by the side of the cars. We were somewhat fearful of wild animals and bandits, but Li stood guard all night, then slept all the next day as only a Chinese can sleep, undisturbed by the swaying and bouncing of the car.

The horn on my car failed just as we entered the city gate, but fortunately, the trucks were equipped with mechanical cutoffs on the mufflers, thus permitting me to announce my passage

with the loud noise of the exhaust of my internal combustion motor. Otherwise, I could not have driven through that heterogeneous traffic then typical of Peking streets, were you encountered everything from automobiles to buses, carts, rickshaws, bicycles, donkeys, coolie carriers and sheep and pigs being driven to market.

Peking (1927-1929)

Back in Peking, I resumed a more normal study of Chinese and Chinese history, culture, economic life and, in fact, everything having to do with China, its people, and the Far East.

Possibly I should recount here, as being typically Chinese, how my Number One Boy, Li, came to be the owner of my beautiful rickshaw.

The Chinese did not pay their debts at the end of each month as we do. There were three annual debt-paying days: Chinese New Year, the fifth day of the fifth month, and the eighth day of the eighth month. The Chinese did not name their months as we do ours. They simply numbered them from one through twelve. Anyone who could not pay his debts on one of these due days was completely disgraced and was expected to commit suicide.

The second year that I was in Peking, Li came to me just before Chinese New Year. He said, "Master, I can buy your rickshaw for \$100 silver? Will you not lend me \$100? I will buy the rickshaw and repay you at the rate of \$10 each month. That is the amount the puller now pays to the owner. He will pay me that \$10 each month and I will repay you. The rickshaw will cost you no more than you are now paying." Of course, I could see through Li's scheme, but I advanced the \$100, and he became the owner of my rickshaw. At the end of ten months he had an excellent rickshaw that hadn't cost him penny. High finance! It didn't cost me anything either, but it gave me a good story.

To facilitate our study of the Chinese written language, we used a system of "character cards." A single Chinese character was written on one side of the card, and on the reverse were written various combinations of that character with others forming various meanings. We carried some of these cards with us at all times, and took glances at them whenever we had a spare moment. Thus we rapidly became familiar with an increasing number of character combinations (*ming tse*).

During World War II, I was discussing with Capt. Henry Moore of the intelligence service of our Navy the difficulty experienced by Navy personnel in distinguishing between enemy and friendly aircraft firing at great speed in the sky; I mentioned our use of the Chinese character cards. He had also been a Chinese language student and he thought the idea a good one, as did the Navy, and Navy personnel were thenceforth required to carry cards showing the silhouettes of the various types of aircraft likely to be encountered, whether friend or foe.

Once again, I resumed participation in the colorful international life of Peking, and from time to time I performed minor consular functions on behalf of the consul general in Tientsin. (We had no consular section in the legation at that time.) For example, I arranged for the burial of an American who had died in the Wagons-Lits Hotel. I checked the marital status of a Chinese

woman who claimed to be the common law wife of an American soldier, and I performed various notarial services. I even bought flowers on the behalf of a swain in Chicago who wanted to impress his best girl in Peking.

In 1928, Roy Andrews decided that the situation in Inner Mongolia had become sufficiently calm for him to pass through there and on to the Gobi Desert. We in the legation agreed; and, as I knew the officials in the area and could now speak Chinese, I was asked to go along to help clear the way. It was spring. Jack MacMurray and his wife, Lois, who had never been to Kalgan, wanted to visit the area and also to wish Roy Godspeed. Jack's sister happened to be visiting and she joined the party. We went by train to Kalgan – passenger coaches were now available – then by motor car through the North Pass and on up to the plateau. We had a military escort all of the way. Calvary was even stationed along ridges of nearby mountains to assure that bandits did not approach.

The soil of the region is a clay called loess. It is so easy to cut, yet so firm when exposed to the air, that whole villages were carved out of the hillside. The North Pass is rugged country. Streams flow through it with the spring thaw, and much of the roadbed, if you could call it that, was covered with stones of various sizes washed down from the hillsides. Except for one small village, there were no inhabitants after Kalgan until we reached the plateau.

We saw Roy take off across the Mongolian plain and then returned to Peking without incident.

I took up golf again that spring. I had always been good at games. I played baseball and basketball and football in preparatory school, and, for two years I played basketball on the undefeated team of University of Virginia. There could no longer be any participation in those games, but I continued to play golf and tennis, and in Peking I was introduced to badminton. Almost everyone stopped work at 4:30 in the afternoon and played bridge, tennis, polo or golf; in winter ice skating and badminton were added. If it rained, the telephones began to ring and everyone played bridge.

We used to play golf on a hilly course near the Western Hills called *Pa Pao Shan* (Eight Precious Mountains) or at *P'ao Ma Ch'ang* (Race Course), located, as the name implies, near the race course. During my golfing career, I had two holes-in-one: one in Montgomery Alabama, on a short hole, and one in Peking, at *Pa Pao Shan* on a long one of 316 yards. I wonder how many, if any, other 316-yard holes have been made in one! Four Japanese were putting on the 17th green when I made that hole-in-one. I ran into one of them years later in Paris. With the typical intake of breath and a smile, he recalled to me my exploit at *Pa Pao Shan*.

I played on the Peking Golf Club team each year. We had two matches with the Tientsin Golf Club each year, one played in Peking and the other in Tientsin. They generally won in Tientsin and we in Peking. There was a lot in knowing your course. The greens were skinned greens; that is to say, they had no grass on them. They were baked clay with a thin layer of sand spread on top. When the wind blew the sand was swept away, leaving the slick clay surface smooth as a tabletop. One day in Tientsin, I was playing a match in a strong wind. I had managed to chip my approach shot onto the green and the ball came to rest about four feet from the pin. When I

putted, a gust of wind suddenly caught my ball and carried it back off the green into the fairway. It took me four more shots to sink that putt. It was some golf, but it was fun.

One of my golfing friends was C. H. Liang, a Chinese of considerable wealth but no noticeable occupation other than playing golf. He married his second wife while I was in Peking, and he invited me and another member of our foursome, Col. "Mink" Moses, to the wedding. We were the only foreigners present. There was no religious ceremony, but the marriage contract was signed by the two families in our presence. Afterward, a bounteous feast was served in the large courtyard to more than 100 guests. The bride must sit through it all without any expression on her face. We were told that as the evening progressed, the bride and her groom would be escorted to the bed chamber, where all would gather and heckle her, making both amusing and vulgar remarks. If she showed the slightest awareness of their activities, she would lose "face." We were asked to stay on for the fun, but we thought better of it and left as it was getting dark.

Speaking of the Moses, there was an amusing incident about that time in the Marine Guard. There was a new quartermaster, Col. Noah, who needed to communicate with one evening with Col. Moses, the Executive Officer. There was a manually operated telephone switchboard in the Marine guard compound. Col. Noah picked up the telephone and asked the operator: "Noah wants to speak to Moses." The newly arrived operator was a Marine private who didn't yet know the names of all the officers. He thought it was a joke and promptly replied, "Oh yeah, and Jesus Christ wants to listen in." He was court-martialed, of course, but the story went the rounds.

In the Student's Mess we had to buy coal for use in the fireplaces and stoves to heat the rooms. I had been told that I would be cheated by the coal merchant if I was not careful. I knew that the Chinese weighed coal on scales exactly like those I had used in the cotton business. Therefore, I looked up the specific gravity of water, made sure that I had ready one of the 5-gallon kerosene cans used by the coolies to water the garden, and I told Li that I wanted to be on hand when my ton of coal was delivered. I watched closely as the coal was weighed, and when delivery was completed I remarked to the merchant that it did not look like a ton of coal to me. He assured me that it was. Insisting that it was not, I had Li bring out my kerosene can full of water and had the merchant weigh it. It weighed 20% more than it should have weighed. I pointed this out to the merchant. He shook his head, smiled, and, without further ado, he gave me 20% more coal. You had to be careful in China. They even blew filthy water into otherwise delicious melons to make them weigh more. They were sold by weight, as was my coal.

During this same winter, 1928, I made the acquaintance of Lady Bredon. Lady Bredon was the widow of a former inspector general of Chinese Customs. My introduction to Lady Bredon was typical of the carefree frivolity of Peking at that time. The man who had taken me to a reception she gave and introduced me to her, noticed that she had her right arm in a sling. Naturally, he inquired what had happened. Lightly, she replied, "Col. Love swore to me that his wife was in Tientsin, but she came back unexpectedly and I broke my arm jumping out of the window!" She was 70 years old at the time. She lived in regal style in the palace of a former Manchurian prince just east of Hataman Street. She entertained there frequently and lavishly. Every New Year's Eve she gave a small ball, to which it was considered to be quite a compliment to be invited. I was fortunately on her list and in fact, a few years later my wife and I attended the last one she gave – a "shipwreck" party. All of her New Year's Eve parties were fancy dress.

It was that winter also that I first met Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Koo. He had been Chinese Ambassador in London for many years and spoke English flawlessly. She was very much impressed with herself and, among other things, insisted on always being guest of honor at any dinner party she attended, and on being the last guest to arrive. She would have her chauffeur ring the doorbell of the place where she was to dine and inquire whether all the other guests had arrived. If any had not, she would drive around the block and return later.

Dr. Koo was the subject of an amusing tale in London. He had been asked to be the principal speaker after one of those famous London stag dinners. He had on his right a true British boor who hadn't bothered to find out who was to be speaker of the evening. Noting that Dr. Koo was Chinese, he started speaking to him in pidgin English, a deformity of the language used by the British in the Orient when speaking to shopkeepers, servants and such. "You likie soupie?", "You likie fish?", and so on. Finally, the dinner was over, Dr. Koo was introduced and delivered an interesting and amusing speech in his impeccable English. As he sat down, he turned to his tormentor and said without a trace of a smile, "You likie speechy?"

Possibly this is a good time to mention my good friend Flavius Josephus Chapman, III, then [in 1927] Assistant Chinese Secretary in the legation, and one of the greatest Sinologues of the time. "F.J.", as we called him, was also a prankster.

During the Sacco-Vanzetti trials in the late twenties, there had been bombs sent to various of our diplomatic missions by communists through the mails, and some had been exploded in our chanceries. Therefore, each time the trial reached a stage when a decision likely to encourage a renewal of violence was anticipated, the Department of State warned our mission to be on the alert.

During one of these alerts, F.J. carefully preserved the wrapping paper from a postal parcel that had arrived for Buzzie Hewes. He then got a shoe box and packed it with a can of tomatoes and an alarm clock. He wound the alarm clock and wrapped the box carefully with the wrapping paper he had saved. He tied everything up nicely and placed the parcel on Buzzie's desk early one morning. He was careful to be on hand when Buzzie arrived at his office. In conversation about something to do with the chancery, F.J. casually picked up the parcel, looked at it, then held it to his ear and said, "But Buzzie, this thing ticks". It did tick, of course, with F.J.'s alarm clock inside. Buzzie quickly called the Marine Guard Duty Officer and asked that someone be sent over immediately, saying that he had just received a bomb in the mail. The Marines rushed over, gallantly took the parcel outside, immersed it in a bucket of water, then took it to the TartarCity wall nearby and dropped it. Nothing happened. They then stood at a distance and fired several shots into it. Still nothing happened. Finally, very carefully, they opened it. Inside they found the can of tomatoes and the alarm clock packed in paper which had obviously come from a waste paper basket.

Then there was really much ado. The paper had typing on it. Eventually, the sleuths were able to trace the paper to the typewriter of the Disbursing Officer. It was at the desk of the Disbursing Officer that F.J. had prepared his lethal instrument. As the poor Disbursing Officer had had nothing to do with the hoax, poor F.J. had to confess, and he was in trouble.

There were other of F.J.'s pranks, but the one that broke the camel's back and led to his leaving the Service was one he pulled some years later, when Nelson Johnson was our Minister. It was customary in Peking, when the moon was full on a summer's night, to invite guests to dinner on one of the large barges for hire on the *Pei Hai*, the lake of the Winter Palace (see map on page 30). Your Chinese servants would bring along a sumptuous meal and you would wine and dine and listen to recorded music as you were poled about the lake amidst the blooming lotus. They were very pleasant evenings.

Johnson was having such a party one night, and he had invited F.J. It just happened that F.J. had been out with a Chinese friend earlier and had imbibed too much beer. He was late for the party. Knowing that Johnson would not be serving beer—he served only cheap, locally produced wines—F.J. arrived at the dock with several bottles of his own. The party had waited half an hour for him and had finally shoved off. Johnson was furious. When F.J. arrived and found that the barge had already departed, he had himself rowed out to it and he climbed aboard with his beer. Johnson wouldn't speak to him.

But that was just the beginning. Johnson preferred his own singing to recorded music, and he had brought along his guitar. When, a little later, he began singing "Frankie and Johnny" — one of his favorites — surrounded by his guests on one side of the large barge, F.J. went around to the other side to answer a call of nature that, with all of the beer he had been drinking, had become most urgent. Suddenly, the music ceased, there was complete silence on the calm lake, except that all could hear the gentle splash of water on the far side of the barge. Nothing was done that night, but the next day F.J. was called on the mat by Johnson and told that he could resign from the Service or he would be dismissed. There went a good man whose weakness got him into trouble with the wrong man. A man of broader vision would have read the riot act to him as Jack MacMurray had done at the time of the "bomb", and kept his unquestioned ability at the service of the Government. Poor F.J. joined the Chinese Salt Gabelle Service—it collected the Chinese salt tax—and later died near Hangchow under circumstances leading to the belief that he was murdered.

When I returned to Peking from Kalgan [in 1928], I had noticed that there was an unused swimming pool across a small lane from my quarters. Investigation revealed that it could be put into operation at reasonable cost. Therefore I got a small group together and, when summer came, we put it to use. We would have drinks and lunch beside the pool, each being served by his own Boy, and when the nights were particularly hot we would have evening swimming parties. Almost everyone stopped work at 4:30 in the afternoon and played bridge, tennis, polo or golf; in winter ice skating and badminton were added. If it rained, the telephones began to ring and everyone played bridge.

On the Fourth of July that first year [1928], I gave a fairly large cocktail party by the pool. Unfortunately, it began to pour down rain and we had to move into my small living quarters. There were too many people for too small a space. They spilled all over the place, even into the bathroom. Col. Holcomb, then Commandant of the Marine guard and who later became commandant of the Marine Corps, was among my guests. At the time he was having an innocuous flirtation with the pretty wife of one of his officers. He just happened to find himself on the bed in my bedroom along with her and another couple. The room was packed with

people. It was steaming hot, and there was a small electric fan on the bedside table, doing what little it could to keep the air stirring. Mrs. Holcomb came along, saw what was going on and, strange as it may seem, that electric fan was suddenly knocked off the table onto the bed and broke up the party. It was the joke of the town for a while.

It was during this period that I began a series of small dinner dances in the Students' Mess. I could get a good five-piece orchestra from the Legation Guard. All I had to pay them was beer and sandwiches, at \$1 Chinese currency per man per hour, after midnight. I would invite 11 guests and seat them at three bridge tables in the large dining room. The orchestra was placed just outside in a covered passageway. These dinners became quite popular and, in fact, when I return to Peking with my wife later we revived the dances, except that she insisted on inviting "enough" people, and I didn't find them as enjoyable as the smaller parties.

I should mention Mei Lang Fang, the greatest of modern classical Chinese actors. The Chinese classical theater laid much stress on symbols and costumes, and the singing was all falsetto by male actors. When I was studying Chinese in Peking, consideration was being given to the possibility of sending Mei Lang Fang to the United States with a small troupe of actors. F.J. Chapman and I were invited to a small luncheon to honor Mei Lang Fang and to discuss the project. It was a pleasant luncheon – excellent Chinese food – and we came away with autographed photograph of the great actor. Our host had been the director of a large Chinese bank in Peking, a Mr. Kan. On the way home I asked F.J., "Who, exactly, is Dr. Kan?" "Oh," he replied "Doctor Khan is Mei Lang Fang's backer, both figuratively and literally speaking." Mei Lang Fang did, later, take a trip to the United States and was an outstanding success.

In October, 1928, I passed my second-year Chinese examinations and replaced F.J. Chapman, the Assistant Chinese Secretary, in the legation. He was returning to the United States on home leave.

My work in the legation included translating all notes to and from the Chinese Foreign Office (*Wai Chiao Pu*). This was done with the assistance of a non-English speaking highly qualified Chinese scholar, and a specialist in Chinese calligraphy to do the actual writing of the notes. It was my responsibility to assure accuracy of the translations so that there would be no misunderstandings as to what we and the Chinese Foreign Office meant to say to each other. That was not easy, as the Chinese inclination was to temper the strong words necessary to convey our irritation at encroachments upon our Treaty Rights.

Quite frequently, notes from the Foreign Office would be delivered to the legation by hand after office hours. These were brought by special messenger to me wherever I might be so that urgent matters could be handled without delay. At dinners or other parties, the delivery of these notes was always noticed by the other guests. I would blandly tear open the envelope and calmly peruse the Chinese text. There are not many foreigners in Peking in those days who could read Chinese, and they marveled that I could do so.

It was during this time that Adm. Lambert Bristol, commander-in-chief of our Asiatic Fleet, visited Peking. Jack MacMurray took him on a tour of the city and he asked me to go along as interpreter. We were in an open car. They sat on the rear seat; I on the jump seat. During a lull

in the conversation, I said to Adm. Bristol, "Sir, you will not remember me, but the last time I saw you we were the only two people on the quarterdeck of the USS *Nahma*". The admiral had been noted for maintaining his quarterdeck to himself. "Really!" he replied, with severity in his voice, "What were you doing there?" "Cleaning the 5-inch gun!" I said, and we had a good laugh. At that time I had been a gunner's mate, second class in the Navy.

This period witnessed the triumphal entry into Peking of the Kuomintang Army (*Kuo-min Ke-ming Chiün*) under the command of General (later Generalissimo) Chiang Kai-shek. From vantage points on the Legation Quarter part of the Tartar City wall, we watched their entry into the city. We remarked their martial spirit and carriage, despite the fact that they were marching with sandals in the bitter cold – a picture so different from that of the sloppy soldiers of warlord Chang Tso-lin to which we had been accustomed. (I was to remark this same difference 20 years later between the demoralized troops of the same Kuomintang under the same Chiang Kai-shek, and the disciplined spirited troops of the Communists.)

Tsinanfu (1929)

In the spring of 1929, F.J. Chapman returned from the United States and I was assigned as Consul to Tsinanfu in Shantung Province, once again replacing Ed Stanton, whom I had succeeded in Kalgan a couple of years previously.

Tsinanfu was deadily dull after the gaiety of Peking, but I managed to get along and to continue my study of Chinese. Tsinanfu was the "hair net capital" of the world. It was the principal source of natural human hair nets, then almost universally worn by American and European women. Aside from my political reporting, my principal task was to issue consular invoices covering shipments of these hairnets to the United States. There were also, of course, American businessmen and missionaries calling upon me from time to time for information or for protection from pressures from minor Chinese officials. I would take their problems to the governor of Shantung Province, and was generally successful in straightening things out.

There was really so little to do in Tsinanfu outside the office that the foreign community was driven for diversion to arranging progressive dinners. We would have cocktails and *hors d'oeuvres* at one house, soup at another, fish at a third and so on. The wife of the British Consul General was not on speaking terms with the wife of the manager of the Standard Oil Company, so, much to the amusement of the others, she would not partake of the course served at the Standard Oil house, nor would the Standard Oil lady go to the British Consulate General. It was a small community, and some small minds.

There was a small tennis club in Tsinanfu – about 30 members – and I played tennis every clear afternoon. Here we did not have the bridge games on rainy afternoons to which I had become accustomed in Peking.

We could go for short walks into the countryside, but we had to be careful not to stray too far as there were bandits all about the city. Even within the city, itself, there was a curfew at 10:00 each night. Coming home from parties after that hour, I would be stopped by frightened young soldiers who would call out for me to halt. Fortunately, all I had to do was to call back "*Mei kuo*

ling shih kuan (American Consul)", and I was allowed to continue on my way. It was not pleasant, however. You could never be sure that a youngster was not going to lose his nerve and pull the trigger.

In fact, the situation was extremely disturbed throughout Shantung province. There were bandits in control of large areas, famine was widespread, and it was not an uncommon sight to see a mother, with her breast bared, surrounded by her children, nursing a child several years old, all in a state of starvation. That seemed to be the most efficient means of distributing to the whole family the little food procurable.

On the Fourth of July [1929] I held an official reception at my residence in the late morning for my consular colleagues and the local Chinese officials. After lunch, I decided that, despite the disturbed conditions, I would celebrate the occasion by setting off firecrackers as the Chinese do for their festivals. Li set out and bought a supply of firecrackers and we began to set them off. They were of a kind that you hold it between your thumb and forefinger. The first explosion sends the cracker high into the air where it explodes.

Almost immediately, a crowd assembled outside my compound walls. It became so dense, the mayor of Tsinanfu, who had attended my morning reception, finally telephoned to me to inquire whether I was in trouble. When I told him that I was merely celebrating the Fourth of July, he seemed relieved, but said, "Please, haven't you celebrated enough?"

In Tsinanfu, I was introduced to what I suppose was the original mentholated cigarette. There was a Jewish hairnet buyer in town. This buyer smoked Murads, which he carried about with him in cans of 50. He was a chain smoker. He told me that he had developed a terrible cough, but had been able to stop it by putting menthol crystals in the bottom of each can of cigarettes. "The trouble is," he said, "I have stopped my cough, but now I am ruining my stomach!"

I had an unusual gatekeeper, or night watchman, in Tsinanfu. Ed Stanton, my predecessor, had heard a noise on the ground floor of the residence one night, and had gone down, gun in hand, to investigate. There, he surprised and caught a young burglar. When asked why he was trying to rob the house, the young man naïvely replied, "Sir, your gateman does not pay dues to the thieves' guild. Someone, therefore, had to rob your house. I was chosen. I bear you no ill will, and really did not like having to rob you." One word led to another and finally Stanton said, "If I hire you as my gateman at the same wage I am now paying my present gateman, will you pay your dues to the thieves guild, and assure me that my property will not be molested in the future?" "Gladly", said the young thief, and he was hired on the spot. From that day onward there had been no further attempt to burglarize the residence.

The only event to break the monotony that summer was the passage through Tsinanfu of the special train carrying the body of Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Republic of China, to Nanking for permanent burial in the magnificent tomb that the Kuomintang Government had erected. Sun Yat-sen had died years earlier [in 1925] in Peking, but activities of the warlords between Peking and Nanking had made it impossible to remove his body. It had been preserved in a temple in the Western Hills through the years and was going to its final resting place. The diplomatic corps, high Chinese officials and notables were aboard the train and elaborate plans had been

made for their reception in Tsinanfu. The consular corps and ranking Chinese officials must be on hand at the railway station: the consular corps to greet their respective ministers, the Chinese to do honor to Sun Yat-sen.

In the autumn [of 1929], Ed Stanton unexpectedly returned to Tsinanfu. He had been due for a transfer, but the authorities in Washington had decided to return him to Tsinanfu. At that time we had a custom in China that when you replaced an officer in a small post, you purchased from him miscellaneous household furnishings at half the price he had paid for them. You sometimes bought things you did not want, but there was generally never much money involved, the system worked, and was generally followed. When Stanton returned, he bought back from me the same things he had sold to me six months earlier, but at half the price. Quite a bargain for Mr. Stanton!

Anyway, Stanton supervised my taking of the written part of my final supplementary Chinese examination. The papers having been sent down from Peking, I took the train to Tsingtao, the principal port of Shantung Province, a boat to Shanghai, where I took the oral part of my final Chinese examination, and then another boat back to the good old USA. I was so glad to be back, I wept as the ship was being tied up in Honolulu with girls on the dock singing "aloha."

I Marry (1930)

In Peking, I had become friendly with Johnny and Beckie Mosher. Johnny was studying Chinese, and they lived in the San Kuan Miao on the far side of our swimming pool. Beckie said that I should get married, and I replied that I was vulnerable. She said that her mother was living in Washington D.C., where I would be reporting when I went on home leave. She would tell her mother to find a wife for me.

When I arrived in Washington shortly before Christmas, 1929, I went to call upon Beckie's mother, Mrs. Robert (Susie) Locke. Mrs. Locke said that her Beckie thought I should get married. Again I said that I was vulnerable. She invited me to dinner that Saturday night to meet "the nicest girl in town." It was there that I met my future wife, Anne Covington. Mrs. Locke had been very kind to me, asking as her fourth for dinner a most unattractive man from the State Department. When dinner was over, he suggested that he would give me a lift to dance we were both expected to attend that night in Georgetown. I said that, if Miss Covington was willing, I would prefer to take her to the Chanticleer, a nightclub, for a dance or two. Miss Covington was willing. So, we got into her automobile, drove by the Mayflower Hotel, where I was staying, picked up a bottle of gin—it was still prohibition—and on we went to the Chanticleer.

We danced and got acquainted until around 4:00 in the morning, by which time, she had agreed to return to China with me, her status to be determined in due course! All went well for a few days. Then, her family took her up to Philadelphia for some purpose or other, and when she returned she was a changed woman. She was cold, she was rude, she wouldn't answer the telephone, and, when she finally agreed to lunch with me she stood me up. I sent her some yellow roses thanking her for such a pleasant luncheon, at which she had not, of course, been present. In complete despondency, I took myself back down to Alabama. She went to Nassau in the Bahamas with her father, to have a good time and to forget that she had ever met me.

However, that was not to be. Not long before I was to depart for the west coast to catch my boat back to the Orient, I wrote one final letter to Miss Covington; a swan song, you might say, trying to plead how wonderful things could have been had she decided to return to China with me.

In return, I had a reply that for the first time seemed to put us back where we had been before she went to Philadelphia. I hastened to cable her in Nassau, saying why not come and catch the *Van Buren*. That was the name of the ship in which I was sailing to the Orient.

That cable arrived in Nassau with the word "catch" changed to "watch." Nevertheless, she cabled back that if I would come to Nassau she would "return with me." Her cable arrived in Montgomery on a Saturday afternoon when I was on the golf course. My sister, Catherine, received it, and, not knowing the content, did not bother to send me word. Finally, I saw the cable around seven in the evening. Despite the vagueness of the language Miss Covington had used, I knocked down all fences trying to find how quickly I could get to Nassau. I could get a train that night for Miami, and then a plane for Nassau the next morning. But where was I going to get the money on Saturday night? Fortunately, a friend was found who would cash a sizable personal check for me. I rushed down to the railway station and just made the train for Miami.

Making my plane connections in Miami, I arrived in Nassau as scheduled. Miss Covington, having received my cable saying when I would arrive, was on hand to meet me.

After a couple of days, we returned to Washington, having cabled her father, Judge J. Harry Covington, that we were *en route* and would be married right away.

We had an uneventful crossing by boat from Nassau to Miami, and then an overnight train trip up to Washington. Miss Covington was much perturbed about the reception she would receive back to Washington. To her surprise, there was her mother waiting on the station platform, smiling and saying that it would be improper for the marriage to take place immediately, but that she had issued an announcement to the press of our engagement to be married, the marriage to take place in three weeks. Poor Judge Covington, who could not remember ever having met me, had been down to see Wilber Carr, the Assistant Secretary of State for Administration, and had arranged for my leave, which was to expire in a few days, to be extended as long as necessary.

Judge Covington came from an old Maryland family. Born on the Eastern Shore, he practiced law there, became a member of Congress, the Chief Justice of the District of Columbia Supreme Court and, finally, he founded the law firm of Covington and Burling, which became one of the largest and most reputable law firms in Washington. His wife, Ethel Rose, came from English stock. She spent much of her childhood in Mexico, where her father, an engineer by profession, was engaged in mining operations.

Miss Covington went to New York to purchase her trousseau. When she returned, there was the usual round of pre-wedding parties. Finally on March 22, 1930, at 12 noon we were married at St. John's Church on Lafayette Square.

After receiving several hundred invited guests in the drawing room of 2320 Wyoming Avenue, the Covington's home, the wedding party had a champagne luncheon on the third floor. Then,

we changed our clothes and took the four o'clock train for Chicago, the first leg of our long journey to Hankow, China, where I had been assigned.

We ran into a blizzard between Washington and Chicago, and were delayed six hours. Fortunately, the conductor on our train telegraphed ahead and the train from Chicago to San Francisco was held for us. When our train pulled into the station in Chicago, our bags—we had a lot of them—were literally thrown to two Red Cap porters. They rushed to the taxi stand, and commandeered two cabs—one for us, and one for our baggage. We jumped in and tore across town to the Burlington Railway Station, narrowly missing a collision at an intersection when our driver went through a red light. At the Burlington Station, the conductor of the Overland Limited to San Francisco was standing in the freight elevator at the lower level where our taxis stopped. Our bags were tossed on the elevator, we jumped on too, and were raised to the train level. Then we rushed to the last car, our bags once more literally being thrown aboard as the conductor signaled to the engineer and the train got underway.

Breathless, we settled down for a three-day train ride to San Francisco. Upon arrival there, we settled in the Hotel St. Francis to await the sailing of the *President Cleveland* of the Dollar Steamship Line. Anne had friends in San Francisco, so we were kept busy with luncheons and dinners.

Best of all was her friend John Kenney, then *fiancée* of a Vassar classmate, who knew a good bootlegger – it was still Prohibition. He required for us a case of Scotch whiskey which we sneaked aboard our boat. It was a great thing to have on the delightful 21 day trip to Shanghai, as the ship, too, was dry. Anne and I, even in those days, liked a little nip from time to time. In the end, John did not marry that girl, but later when he moved to Washington with the one he did marry, we became fast friends.

The sea was smooth as a mill pond and there was bright moonlight. It was idyllic. One beautiful restful day after another. We went ashore in Honolulu on April 4, but did not have the time to swim at Waikiki. At Yokohama, we had time for a visit to the famous Daibutsu – an enormous Buddha. We cruised through the beautiful inland Sea of Japan and on to Kobe, where we went ashore to see the sights and to lunch in a little Japanese restaurant, in our separate room looking out upon a beautiful and typical miniature Japanese garden with its running waterfall.

As we approached the coast of China in the calm blue sea, the water abruptly became muddy. It was as though the blue water was separated from the brown by a sheer wall. We were near the mouth of the great Yangtze River. We entered the Whangpo [Huangpu] River with its teeming river traffic, and proceeded slowly up the stream to Shanghai, with its skyscrapers lining the *bund*—waterfront – and with foreign naval vessels tied up to the buoys in mid-stream, stretching in single file for about a mile.

Our boat anchored downstream from the city proper. We had to transfer to a tender for the final stage of our trip up to the Shanghai Bund. And there we were met by an officer from the Consulate General who assisted us through the customs and to our hotel.

Comfortably installed in the Cathay Hotel, we received a warm reception from the officers of the Consulate General. Consul General and Mrs. Cunningham took us to the horse races, and they and others wined and dined us and took us sightseeing. Shanghai, of those days, had to be seen to be believed. It was called the "Paris of the Orient." In the foreign concessions there were broad boulevards lined with skyscrapers and teeming with an unbelievable variety of traffic. There were magnificent hotels, beautiful clubs, gay nightlife, and much hustle and bustle.

In Shanghai, Anne first encountered the dollar "Mex". In the early days, when clipper ships carried the trade to and from China, the common currency in China was the *tael*. Supposed to be an ounce of pure silver, Chinese *taels* differed from port to port. The Hankow *tael*, for instance, was a little over two ounces. Some standard medium of exchange was, therefore, desirable. To meet this need, use was made of the silver dollars then minted in Mexico. Mexico did not mint enough of dollars to supply the demand, so other nations, including the United States, minted silver dollars called "trade dollars." Nevertheless, all such coins came to be referred to as a Mexican, shortened to "Mex." Eventually, the Chinese government itself, ceased to use the silver *tael* as a medium of exchange, and coined Chinese silver dollars of its own. These, also, were called "Mex." The name stuck even after Mexican and trade dollars were no longer in circulation.

Measurements, also, were different in China. Instead of a "mile" they had a *li*, generally considered to be one-third of a mile. But this *li* was not always the same distance. It was customarily determined by the difficulty of the terrain to be traversed. Uphill, it was shorter than one-third of a mile; downhill, it was longer; and on level ground, somewhere in between.

It was in Shanghai also that Anne was introduced to the China Coast system of chits. No one ever paid for anything at the time of purchase. You just signed a chit (IOU). The man who had sold you the article or rendered the service would call on you later to collect what was owed to him. The one thing you could not sign for in Shanghai at that time was a taxicab. Taxi drivers had had too much experience with people signing "George Washington" or "Thomas Jefferson", and giving a false address. For a taxi, you said where you wanted to go and you paid in advance.

Shanghai, as elsewhere in China, was teeming with beggars, mostly deformed in some way or exhibiting repulsive sores. We ran into an attractive young boy outside a restaurant one day who had been taught by some foreigner to plead with a sorrowful face, "No Mudder, no Farda, no whiskey soda." He had no idea what he was saying, but people were amused and he was doing good business.

We found Admiral McVay, Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Fleet, in Shanghai. Anne and I had known him in Washington, and his son was later to marry one of her intimate friends, Louise Claytor. He had to us over to his flagship, the USS *Pittsburgh*, for lunch one day. Lunch, in China, for some reason was called *tiffin*, never lunch. The word came, I believe, from India.

When we took our passage upriver to Hankow, and Anne discovered that the voyage would take five days on a small river steamer, she almost turned around and went back home. She was a good sport, however, and after all, she had married me for better or for worse.

Hankow (1930-1931)

At Shanghai, we boarded a decrepit old riverboat, the *Kutwo*, and started up on the final stage of our trip down the Whanpoo River and up the Yangtze, towing a barge behind us.

River steamers were pirated from time to time in those days. The Pirates would board the vessel as deck passengers, and then, at an opportune moment, they would rush the bridge, shoot anyone resisting, take over command of the vessel and steer for a pirate lair. The vessel was held for ransom and the passengers were robbed, those known to be wealthy being also held for ransom.

To prevent this, all foreign river steamers had been fitted with iron bars fencing off the bridge from the remainder of the vessel. Our *Kutwo* was thus equipped, and the British captain assured us we were in no danger. Despite these precautions, pirates had been known to succeed, however, , and we were a little bit worried.

The lower reaches of the Yangtze River were uninteresting. We stopped at Nanking, then being reestablished as the capital of China, but we could not go ashore. We stopped also at Kiukiang, where there was nothing to go ashore to see. There was a saying in the Yangtze Valley that "Kiukiang is hell with the roof on; Hankow is hell with the roof off." In other words, Kiukiang was even hotter than we were to find Hankow.

After six uneventful days we finally arrived in Hankow ("mouth of the Han"), and pulled alongside a pontoon, parallel with the bund. No sooner was the gangplank down than a horde of Chinese coolies swarmed aboard looking for baggage or anything to carry ashore.

Fortunately, among them was my Number One Boy, Li. With him was a tall, good-looking man, obviously from the north. (I had not told Li of my transfer to Hankow. He had discovered it, as I knew he would, through what we called the "pontoon wireless".)

Li welcomed me back to China and then, pointing to the tall man, he said, "Master, I have brought you a good cook from Peking. Hankow cooks are no good." I expressed my pleasure at seeing Li again, and welcomed the cook. Then I introduced them both to their new Mistress of the Household.

By this time, the officer from the Consulate General who had been sent to meet us had been able to get aboard through the crush and, after having arranged for our baggage to be taken ashore, he escorted us to the one and only foreign style hotel in Hankow, the Wagon Lits Terminus.

Here, I thought Anne really was going to turn around and go back home. They put us in a small, ground-floor room with a double bed – Anne abhorred double beds – it was noisy, and we had to sleep under a mosquito net with a ceiling fan going. I had a terrific cold, and we could not have

breakfast in our room. It was really pretty bad, but it did stimulate us to find a permanent abode just as quickly as possible.

Hankow was really three cities then known as the Wuhan Cities. There was Wuchang on the south bank of the Yangtze, Hanyang on the north bank west of the Han River, and Hankow, on the north bank east of the Han. Like all Treaty Ports – those the Chinese had been forced by treaty to open to foreign residents and trade – the area set aside for foreign residents was the lowest, flattest and least desirable in the vicinity of the Chinese city. The foreign concessions – places where foreigners could reside under the jurisdiction of their own national authorities – were stretched along the north bank of the Yangtze on mud flats outside the city walls of old Hankow. The majority of the land was below the high water level of the river, difficult to drain, and subject to flooding

Before we were married, I had carefully gone over the Hankow Post Report – a document that was supposed to tell you everything you needed to know about the post. In that document it was stated unequivocally that only the Consulate General had any need whatsoever for an automobile. Accordingly, Anne had turned over to her brother, Harry, the nice LaSalle convertible she had been driving in Washington. Judge Covington had offered to have it shipped to Hankow for us, but there seemed to be no need for it.

The first thing we did was to discover that the Post Report was all wrong. We could not possibly get along without a car. So we bought a secondhand two-door Ford sedan; all that our finances would permit..

Fortunately, within a couple of days we found a very nice house out near the Race Club and we could have immediate occupancy. It was expensive, and in those days the government did not pay rent allowances, but we decided to take it and to save elsewhere.

We had about an acre of land, a nice flower and vegetable garden, and we looked out over the sixth green of the Race Club Golf Course. It was located about two miles from the Consulate General, in a community called "The Jardine Estates," after Jardine, Matheson & Co., which had fostered its development. In addition to the usual rooms on the ground floor, we had three bedrooms, each with bath, on the second floor. Also, there was a garage with ample servants' quarters above.

We had rented the house containing a few pieces of worn-out furniture. We borrowed a bed or two, bought some wicker tables and chairs, and we went to work with a carpenter to fashion bookcases, shelves and small tables from packing cases. My things from Tsinanfu had arrived. The overstuffed furniture was too large for Anne's taste, but it was sturdy, and we had something comfortable upon which to sit. Also, there was a table or two that came in handy. Unfortunately, several dozen beautiful old Chinese plates I had collected in Peking had been poorly packed, and every single one was smashed. Eventually, our things – principally wedding presents – that Judge Covington shipped from Washington arrived, and we were really settled in with comparative comfort.

I had cautioned Anne that we had to be very careful what we ate in China because of the danger of dysentery, cholera and such, so she was delighted to find the vegetable garden where, with many precautions, we could safely grow such things as strawberries, potatoes and peas. Later, also we were able to range with the *comprador* (supercargo) on the SS *Kungwo*, of Jardine, Matheson & Co., to bring us grapefruit and fresh celery that he purchased in Shanghai from American passenger vessels calling there. Otherwise, we could eat nothing that was uncooked.

One time I almost fired the cook over that garden. Strawberries were in season. Yet one day at noon, Cook chose to give us stewed prunes for dessert. I blew a fuse and demanded to know what Cook was doing with those nice fresh strawberries. Li was startled, went hurriedly to the kitchen and came back with several jars of strawberry preserves. Was I angry! Poor Cook, knowing that the foreigner was not supposed to eat raw fruits or vegetables, had done his best to preserve those strawberries so that we could eat them. I was finally calmed down, but strict instructions were issued that those strawberries were to be given to us fresh, as long as they lasted.

With the tomatoes, it was a different thing. We had so many we could not possibly eat them all. So Anne went into the kitchen with Cook and produced some delicious green tomato pickles.

Being on the subject of what to eat and what not to eat, reminds me of a conversation I had with the man from whom we rented the house. Mr. Wilson had been in the lumber business in Hankow for 25 years, yet he was the picture of health. I asked him to what he attributed his good health after so many years in hot, humid, disease-ridden Hankow. He replied immediately, "Lewis" he said, "when I first came to Hankow, I knew that I was going to be taking a certain amount of germs into my system, so I decided that I was always going to keep a certain amount of alcohol in my system too, hoping that the germs and the alcohol would fight each other and leave me alone. You know, they have done just that for 25 years!" Anne and I decided that we would try the same thing. It worked. Anne did catch a terrific cold and finally had to have cold "shots," and I did catch malaria, but we otherwise stayed in excellent health.

It was not only cold "shots" that Anne had to have in Hankow. It was here that she was introduced to the whole gamut of China "shots." Coming into contact with so many diseases we were almost constantly being inoculated against this or vaccinated against that. As long as we were in China, we were revaccinated every three months against cholera. Once each year we were shot for typhoid, paratyphoid, tetanus and smallpox – it was caribou serum, much more powerful than that used in the United States – and from time to time we were vaccinated against human plague. It seemed that we were always being "shot" for something, but we learned to take it in our stride and did not let it bother us.

Being married and having a household to keep, Anne had to learn something about cooking. When we arrived she couldn't boil an egg. Her task was made more difficult by the fact that she did not speak Chinese, and only Li had any knowledge of English. Even Li's English was limited. She pitched in however, and before long she was producing the best meals in Hankow. She even made her own cottage cheese.

In Hankow, we began a custom that we continued as long as we were in China. Guests were invited every Sunday at midday when we served chicken and waffles, that is, waffles with chicken hash, maple syrup or cinnamon sugar. Every Wednesday, we served Chinese food presented in large communal dishes placed in the center of the table, as the Chinese do, and eaten with chopsticks, as do the Chinese. After the first specific invitation, our guests were told to telephone any time they wish to return on a Sunday or Wednesday, and merely ask Li whether there was a vacant seat at the table. I used to say that the Chinese began seasoning where the French left off. Certainly, their good cooking would leave a French epicure gasping in astonishment.

Very early, Anne discovered that the comprador shops – fancy grocers where Cook purchased the household needs – were in the habit of paying 10% *cumshaw*– tip – to the cooks of their customers.

There was an elaborate system for the division of the spoils among the domestic help in China, and this 10% was part of it. Cook got that 10%, but he had to feed the Number One Boy free of charge. The other servants had to supply their own food or pay Cook for it. Empty bottles went to the coolie, etc. Only poor *amah* got nothing but her pay. In China, all domestic servants fed themselves. You did not have to supply them with any food whatsoever.

When Anne mentioned her discovery to me, I confirmed the custom, but said that Peking the *cumshaw* was only 5%. She called in Cook and asked him how much *cumshaw* he was getting from the comprador. Cook was taken aback by this query, but responded truthfully that he was collecting 5%. Much to his surprise, Anne flared up indignantly and said, "But in Hankow, comprador shops pay 10%!" Next day she blew a fuse at the comprador shop and Cook, thereafter, got his 10%. We, of course, paid no higher for the purchases and all was well.

Living out in the country, we felt the need of a watchdog to warn us in case of thieves. Li, knowing this, turned up one morning with a tiny little white nondescript dog he had bought for ten cents Mex. Ten cents in Chinese is *Y mao ch'ien*, so we named the little dog *Y mao ch'ien*. He was obviously a Chinese dog. He would have nothing to do with either of us, and we were both bitten trying to make friends with him. With the Chinese servant he was most friendly. (In China, there was a saying among foreigners: "When the dogs stop barking at you, you have missed your boat. It is time to go home.")

We did not like *Y mao ch'ien* not liking us, so we looked for another dog. It was not long before a friend with dog had a litter, and he gave us one. He was also small, but black instead of white, and he was very friendly with us. As we had paid nothing for this little black dog, we decided to call him *Mei yo ch'ien*, no money.

Even while we were settling into our household, we were drawn into that life of unbelievable social and athletic activity that was typical of the Treaty Ports in those days on the China Coast.

Life in Hankow centered around the Race Club. In addition to the racetrack, the Hankow Race Club had a polo field and a 9-hole golf course inside the racetrack, an 18-hole golf course around and behind the track, 52 grass tennis courts, a cricket field, lawn bowling greens, a swimming

pool and badminton courts. The clubhouse was a sprawling building containing a large dining room and ballroom where there were dinner dances every Wednesday and Saturday night, a card room for bridge on rainy afternoons, and a large veranda where the club orchestra played every afternoon for those members who had finished their athletics and were seated on the broad lawn having tea or cocktails. On nights when it was too hot to dance, people just sat about drinking and listening to the music.

On one of our early days in Hankow I was sitting on the lawn with a friend with whom I had played golf. He suggested that we have something to eat with our drinks, and he proposed club sandwiches. I agreed. He called a boy – you did that at the Race Club by clapping your hands – and to my horror, he ordered a dozen club sandwiches. I could not imagine one eating a dozen club sandwiches. When they arrived I understood. They were delicious little toasted sandwiches about an inch square, containing ham and cheese.

It was at the Race Club that Anne first tasted the typical China Coast hot weather drinks: the gimlet – gin with a dash of Rose's Lime Juice and a lump of ice, served in a champagne glass – and the "Shandy Gaff" – beer and ginger beer poured into a pitcher full of *chow* ice, that is, ice manufactured with clean water. In most China Ports you had to take great care to not let the ice come into contact with anything you ate or drank. All drinking water had to be first boiled, then chilled in the ice box. In Hankow we were fortunate to have chow ice.

It was at the Hankow Race Club that Anne discovered the universal custom in China of paying your bridge losses and collecting your winnings through the Club. At the end of a game, whether played at the club or elsewhere, one of the players, usually a winner, would take the final scores with him to be entered upon one of the special club forms and deposited at the club. At the end of each month, your club bill included your total winnings or losses, as the case might be. We went several months at a time with winnings sufficient to cover our entire club bill and leave something over for the next month, but, as luck would have it, the last month we were in Hankow, when we needed money toward the expense of our transfer to Peking, we lost over \$500 Mex, which we had to pay in addition to our club bill. It hurt!

Like everyone, we frequented the Race Club, played golf and tennis there, dined and danced there, played bridge on rainy days, and just sat around and talked. Anne used to come by the Consulate sometimes early in the afternoon and entice our Chief, Frank Lockhart, out for nine holes of golf on the small course inside the racetrack. The minute they were on their way, I and another officer, usually George Graves, would slip out also and go to play on the big course. Mr. Lockhart was well aware of this, but closed his eyes to it. The office was overstaffed, and there was not enough work to keep us busy all of the time. At that time my responsibility in the office included recording title deeds of property owned by Americans, translating the vernacular press, and reporting on politico-military affairs.

In fact, I had so little to do and so much leisure that I decided to study the law. I enrolled in the LaSalle Extension University for a correspondence course and, in fact, completed it before I left Hankow. As I mentioned previously, we had extraterritorial rights in China in those days and as a consul, I needed a knowledge of the law. The course proved very beneficial to me and was

most useful later on in Peking where I handled cases involving interpretation of treaties and agreements affecting American citizens and their interests in China.

In the Consular Service in China in those days you could always expect the unexpected. One night, when Anne and I were dining peacefully with friends at the Race Club, word came that several American sailors from a gunboat in port were in trouble down on Dump Street, and that one of them had been shot. As the only China language officer in the Consulate General it was my duty to investigate.

I might mention that Dump Street was so called because it was the street on which bars and houses of prostitution were located. Incidentally, the best Russian restaurant in Hankow was also on that street. We dined there quite frequently on caviar and *blinis* and other Russian dishes.

I arrived on Dump Street to find the area cordoned off by Chinese soldiers with fixed bayonets. I stopped the car, got out, walked up to the nearest soldier and announced in Chinese that I was the American Consul come to investigate. He didn't stop me. He let me pass and I found a Chinese officer at the bar where the incident had occurred. It seemed that there had been a brawl and a soldier had been wounded, but the sailors had all returned to their ship, and the matter could be settled in the calm light of the following day. I breathed a sigh of relief and returned to our pleasant dinner party at the Race Club which could have been a thousand miles from the scene I had just witnessed in Dump Street.

This brings me to the Cosmopolitan Club. In my previous posts, I had lived among the Chinese, sharing our official and social lives. In Hankow, foreigners lived completely apart from the Chinese, and saw them only as necessary for the conduct of business. It was unthinkable that a Chinese could be a member of the Race Club.

When we were there, the British and the Russian concessions had been relinquished to the Chinese, but the French and Japanese still retained theirs. (The United States never demanded a concession anywhere in China.) Except for the Jardine Estates, the new development where we had our house, the foreign community lived and did business within these concession areas. There you found paved streets and modern buildings. In fact, you would not realize that you were not in a European community except for the poor Chinese coolies pulling their various vehicles through the streets or carrying their backbreaking loads.

This situation caused a lack of contact with the Chinese except on strictly business matters. For me to do my job, I had to know the Chinese well, and have their trust. To remedy the situation, therefore, I got together with another American and two Chinese who spoke English, and we organized an international club which we called the "Cosmopolitan Club." The principal object of our club was to give Chinese and foreigners an opportunity to become better acquainted. The club got off to a good start. Each of the original four interested two more, we met, agreed upon a constitution and bylaws, including one, suggested by the Chinese, that the names of the membership committee be kept secret. We were in business. Our idea was to move slowly with a dinner once a month, and then, as we went forward, to consider the acquisition of the clubhouse.

It was in connection with the Cosmopolitan Club that Anne first heard of the "Pink Ticket". The United States military at one time maintained facilities at Baguio, near Manila in the Philippines, where families could go for the summer, taking their domestic servants along with them. Those domestic servants were not allowed on the streets at night without the express permission on each occasion of their employer. This was a military security measure. The permission given was a pink-colored form, duly filled in by the employer. The idea had spread to the China Coast, and, when either husband or wife planned to go out in the evening without the other, he or she was, figuratively speaking, required to have a Pink Ticket. Thus, if you wanted to invite either without the other, the simple question was posed: "Can you get a Pink Ticket for..." I had to have one for my stag Cosmopolitan Club dinners.

The Chinese suggestion that the composition of the membership committee be kept secret proved to be a good one. There could be no pressure from undesirable Chinese or foreigners, of whom there were many with considerable influence in the community. We prospered and, after about six months, had created for our club such a position in Hankow that we could with assurance of acceptance invite the several consuls general to become members. They accepted with avidity, and the club came to exercise considerable influence in the community.

One amusing outcome of the club happened later, in connection with the desire of the Hankow Municipal Government to restrict the number of automobiles operated free of license tax by the Japanese consulate general. K.C. Wu, collector of the county taxes at the time our club was formed and one of the original four founders, had become mayor of Hankow. The municipal government sought to stipulate that no consulate general could operate more than one automobile exempt from license tax. We and the Japanese were the only two involved, as the other consulate generals had only one car each. Under extra territoriality, we could not agree that the municipal government had any legal right to levy such attacks, but they could have made matters difficult for us. So, I went to see Mayor Wu. I explained our predicament to him. He smiled and said, "Lewis: As one Cosmopolitan Club member to another, I, myself, will pay for the additional licenses of the cars of the American consulate general. Forget about it. The legal question," he continued, "need never arise." In other words, he would take the money out of one pocket and put it in the other, and he could still harass the Japanese. This was, incidentally, at a time when the Japanese had attacked Shanghai, and were making a lot of trouble in north China. K.C. just sought some way to strike back.

One night K.C. Wu, who later became mayor of Shanghai, and still later governor of Taiwan, came to our house for dinner along with some other Chinese officials and a couple of foreigners. After dinner, I had the ping pong table set up in the dining room and suggested that we play ping pong. The first Chinese I took on was a very poor player and I had great difficulty letting him win. (Of course, in China, my guest must win.) This happened a second time, and then I asked K.C. Wu to play. This time, I thought, I am going to let him win a few points in the beginning, then it will not be too difficult to let him win in the end. This I did, but, when I decided that it was time for me to win a few points, try as I might, I just couldn't do it. He trimmed me unmercifully. It developed that he had been ping pong champion of Princeton University for three years!

Later [1931], we were to attend his wedding to a beautiful young girl from Hanyang. On this occasion, we did not attend the actual wedding ceremony, which was strictly for the two families, but were invited to the wedding feast afterward. The feast was held at one of Hankow's largest Chinese restaurants. There was a large courtyard with numerous small round tables seating about 600 guests. Food and Chinese wine were brought by innumerable waiters, there was Chinese music and, amidst it all, K.C.'s mother, going from table to table, drinking with one and all the happiness of the bridegroom. We were the only foreigners present, and we felt highly complimented to have been invited.

But I should go back to that first summer of 1930 in Hankow. There was almost always an American naval vessel in port, ostensibly for our protection but also to show the flag. We saw a lot of the officers and their wives. In fact, when we went to Chungking, we turned over our house to one of the wives, Mary Howard, who had an amusing experience. Anne has a way of making friends everywhere. She had done that with the traffic policemen in Hankow. One day Mary Howard was driving our Ford in town when she was suddenly stopped by a traffic policeman wanting to know what she was doing driving "Mrs. Clark's car." Speaking no Chinese, she had quite a fright before the matter was cleared up.

Anyway, the gunboats played a part in our life in Hankow. The officers would entertain aboard, and they would dine with us ashore. Aboard ship they were not permitted to serve alcoholic beverages, but they found a way. They rented a large pontoon, tied it alongside the gunboats, and there we had cocktails before dinner, and there we watched a movie and had long drinks after dinner. Anne's mother, Mrs. Covington, when she visited us in Hankow, said, "The curse of China is 'What will you have?'" As a matter of fact, in Hankow we had a bird singing loudly a tune which was interpreted to say "One more bottle, one more bottle!"

That first summer, Jardine Matheson & Co. helped by having an occasional picnic onboard one of its large tugs. We would go slowly upstream for two or three hours with music, food and drink, then return with a strong current in less than an hour. The Yangtze at Hankow had a steady current of around 9 knots, so it took a much shorter time to return downstream than it had to buck the current.

Following the custom established by the Protestant missionaries, most British and other foreign women left Hankow in the summer to avoid the terrific humidity and heat. They either went to the seashore or to the mountains at Kuling, above Kuikiang. Anne and a few others, however, decided to stick it out in Hankow. We had ceiling fans, and the Race Club offered relaxation.

It was unwritten law among the males who remained in town during the summer heat that there would be no black-tie parties. In fact, the custom was for a man to leave off his coat and tie until he arrived before the house of his host. Once arrived, he would put on his tie and his coat and ring the doorbell. As he entered, the first thing his host would say was, "Take off your coat and tie and come on in!" There were ceiling fans and all was well.

There was one British friend of Anne's, however, who insisted on having a black-tie dinner. I rebelled. Finally, I said that I would go provided I could design my own black-tie outfit. Anne agreed, and I went dressed in a soft white shirt, black tie, short white Navy mess jacket (monkey

jacket, we called them), white shorts with black stripes sewn down the sides, long white silk stockings coming to just below the knee, and black patent leather shoes. Not only did I meet with no criticism, I started a fad!

It was about this time that "Teady" West Graves arrived. George Graves, a vice consul of our staff, had been courting her at long distance for some time. She was an old friend of Anne's from Washington. Finally, she had consented to marry George and he had returned to the United States for the wedding. Anne was glad to have another junior wife on the staff, particularly one who was an old friend. When Teady and George arrived, we went down to the boat to greet them and to welcome them to Hankow. Anne is slightly pigeon-toed. As we walked up the gangplank from the ship to the dock, I noticed that Teady was also pigeon-toed. "Are all Washington girls pigeon-toed?" I asked. Anne was positive that they were not, but the two in Hankow certainly were.

Despite all of our social and athletic life, we were living in troubled times in a troubled area. Here is what Anne had to say in a letter to her mother in August of 1930:

These Communist bandits are getting more alarming every day. Changsha fell to them last Sunday and they have burned the entire city and all foreigners were forced to flee for their lives to the few gunboats in the harbor with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Their objective seems to be Hankow and they are predicted to be here within 10 days. The Nanking Government has its few straggling troops up on the northern front, thus leaving Hankow practically unprotected against the bandit communists. The Legation wires that Feng's forces will occupy Hankow in two weeks, so if the bandits stay away that long the northern troops will probably be able to give our property adequate protection. As it is, martial law is in effect from 12 midnight until 9 AM and you are stopped and your car searched at every street corner. Execution squads roam the streets with cocked pistols and an ax, and shoot to kill if the poor devils look suspicious. Preparatory evacuation notices have gone out, giving us the signals that will be fired from the gunboats if evacuation is necessary and what to do when the shots are heard. All it means is to concentrate at the Consulate and be shoved onto a boat. Everyone here is packing up a few valuables and taking them to town but I'll be darned if I can see what good it will do. You are only allowed one suitcase and if the city goes, everything goes. I did pick up my most valuable silver and am taking it with our winter clothes to the Standard Oil installation where it stands the only chance of getting out of here. All of this sounds as if we are in a hotbed of revolution and torment, but things go on just the same. We will probably remain here peacefully and nothing will happen. War here is stupid.

A little later, in the same month, she was to write as follows:

A lawn party we had was a great success. We had 45 people and it was the only night this week that it hasn't rained. There were no cocktails for a change, but a large mint julep silver punch bowl inside the rose arbor and everyone had a straw. Along with this we had sikouska, all kinds of appetizers – caviar, onions, sausage, etc., on the table just outside the arbor. Then we had a long table at one end of the lawn on which we had big

platters of ham, fried chicken, potato salad, vegetable salad, and sandwiches. Then we had chocolate ice cream with marshmallow sauce for dessert. Little cakes also and beer. The whole lawn was fixed up with Japanese lanterns and several colored electric lights. We had small tables all around but it was a serve yourself affair. On each table I had a different kind of gingham tablecloth, which Amah made, and a candle stuck in a bottle to give enough light to eat by. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves and have said it was the nicest and best managed thing of its kind they had ever been to. The Club provided all of the china and glassware, also the ham, sikouska, and the sandwiches – Cook did everything else.

We were rather afraid that martial law would prevent some people from getting out here but they all arrived safely. The Communist bandits are certainly making our lives uncomfortable. They execute about 50 suspects every day and leave their bodies in the street for a while as a lesson. The worst of it is that the executions take place all over town and lately they have picked on the Race Club gates. Yesterday morning on the way to town we were held up for 10 minutes while they chopped off the heads of 16. Fortunately I was driving the car and didn't see them but Winifred (Teady) was right ahead of us and saw them all. (So our normal life went on despite the surrounding turmoil.)

Changsha has been retaken by the government troops, now that the Communists have taken all the loot and burned the town. So Lewis has to go up there for an inspection trip.

Anne was right. There was a question of possible responsibility on the part of the Nanking government for the losses suffered by the American community in Changsha, and I was instructed to go up there and investigate. I didn't like leaving Anne alone in the house out in the country while I was away, so a friend who worked for the Standard Oil Company and who lived nearby moved into our guest room. Fortuitously, his wife was away for the summer and he was glad to accommodate us.

There being no fit commercial steamers between Hankow and Changsha at that time, I was able to get the passage aboard a small Standard Oil Company tanker, and had a very pleasant two day voyage up the Yangtze, across Tunt'ing Lake and on up the Hsiang [today: Xiang] River to Changsha.

On the way we encountered numerous large timber rafts drifting slowly downstream. Inhabitants of villages higher up the Hsiang, amidst the forests of southern Hunan Province, would combine in more or less communal enterprise to cut the timber during the winter months. With spring floodwaters in the river, the logs were fastened tightly together into large unwieldy rafts upon which 10 or more villagers would live while the raft was being navigated downstream to the markets of Hankow or beyond. Large sweeps were used to guide the rafts, which traveled only during daylight. They would moor to the bank of the river each night when navigation was impossible. It was a tedious task requiring much skill.

We also passed numerous fleets of junks engaged in the age-old task of bringing the products of the interior down to the coast to be exchanged for goods needed in the interior. China rivers

were busy thoroughfares. There were few roads in the interior. These junks, like the rafts, traveled only by day. They would tie up along the riverbank at night, staying close together for protection against thieves. These Hsiang River junks were specially designed to navigate local waters and to carry local produce.

Immediately upon my arrival in Changsha, I transferred to the USS *Monocacy*, a coal-burning river gunboat. Those boats were built in the United States for service on the Yangtze River. It had been assumed that along the Yangtze wood would be plentiful, as it was along rivers in the United States. So the gunboats were built to burn wood as fuel. The shores of the Yangtze had been denuded of timber for centuries, so the boats had to be converted to burn coal. It had been anticipated that the wood would be stacked on deck as was done in the United States, so there were no coal bunkers provided. The boats had to carry their coal on deck. It was packed in sacks stowed aft, but it was terribly hard to keep those boats clean.

The captain and officers at the USS *Monocacy* were most helpful to me. They told me of their experiences during the Changsha Incident and placed a boat at my disposal to go ashore.

I surveyed the damage to American property, including the modern hospital and other buildings of the famous Yale-in-China, a branch of Yale University. All buildings had been gutted by fire and everything movable had been taken away. Destruction was widespread, and rebuilding would be costly and would require a long time. I interviewed local officials, missionaries and other local residents, took photographs, and then returned to the USS *Monocacy* to write the notes on which my eventual report to Washington would be based.

After a couple of days, the USS *Monocacy* upped anchor and we steamed downstream to Hankow. I had found no reason to place responsibility for the losses on the Chinese government. Their armies had been attacked suddenly. Being taken by surprise, they had retreated, reformed their lines, and recaptured Changsha without undue delay. I could find no evidence of connivance between the Chinese government military commander and the Communists, and I so reported to Washington.

Back in Hankow, we resumed our normal life amidst abnormal surroundings. We even evolved a new golf game to play against the Navy. We called it "Monkey Golf." We played it on the little 9-hole course located inside the racetrack. The names of the various iron clubs were written on pieces of paper and placed in a hat. Each player drew a piece of paper out of the hat, and he had to play the entire nine holes with the club stipulated thereon. I might draw a putter and be matched against a naval officer or his wife playing with a mashie. These competitions did not offer a very high caliber of golf, but they were occasions of hilarity. The trophy was a large locally-produced silver cocktail shaker. Each player was required to drink two martinis from that cocktail shaker before he was allowed to tee off. Afterwards, there was general refreshment and dinner at the Race Club. It didn't make much difference who won; everybody had a good time.

The Consulate General in Chungking, Szechuan Province, had been closed during the troubles of 1925 and there was frequent talk of reopening it. I, being the only Chinese language officer in the Yangtze Valley, was constantly hearing my name mentioned as the one to go upriver and

reopen it. This we did not like. Chungking lay 600 more miles up the Yangtze, it had only a very small business community, it had streets so narrow and so steep – mostly steps – that no automobile or rickshaw could operate. Travel was by foot or by sedan chair, and there was a warlord governor who only paid lip service to the Nanking government, and was said to be anti-American. Also, there were bandits in the region and the climate was terrible.

We were delighted, therefore, when one day in the autumn of 1930 a telegram arrived directing me to go to Chungking, not to reopen the consulate, but definitely to close the office and terminate the lease.

It would be a beautiful though somewhat dangerous trip, and I would be in Chungking for only a few days, so I decided to take Anne along with me provided I could find decent transportation.

We had made friends with Edgar and Phyllis Hykes by that time. Edgar was manager of Hankow office of the Standard Oil Company. His father had been a missionary in China, and by avocation a horticulturalist. He had improved the standard Chinese melon materially and, when he thought he could make no further improvement, he sent the seed to Luther Burbank, the great horticulturalist in California. Edgar said that Burbank had crossed the Chinese melon with a lemon and had produced the honeydew melon.

It just happened that the Standard Oil Company had a sailing to Chungking about the time I needed to go. Through Edgar Hykes, I was able to arrange for us to take passage in her, the SS *Mei Ping*, a tanker carrying a bulk load of gasoline. There was only one passenger cabin, and I would have to sleep on the upper berth. The voyage would not be too comfortable, and there was danger from the Communists who controlled both sides of the river at certain points, but we decided to risk it.

Ruby Lockhart, wife of our Consul General, had been on the Yangtze River for five years and had never been able to take a trip through the beautiful Yangtze Gorges. She was determined to go along with us. Mr. Lockhart was reluctant, but he finally succumbed, and one morning we all three climbed aboard the little tanker. There being only one cabin, I had to give up my berth to Mrs. Lockhart, and I was planning to sleep on deck. However the captain very kindly put a camp cot for me in his cabin, and I was quite comfortable.

Because of the communists along the river, we had a United States Navy armed guard aboard. The ship's bridge had been armor-plated to protect the captain and the Navy guard, but the remainder of the vessel was vulnerable to rifle fire. For that reason, we spent most of our days on the bridge. At night, however, we had to sleep in our unprotected cabins.

One night, when we were fired upon from the shore and the Navy guard was returning the fire with machine guns, Captain Giliberto, afraid Anne and Mrs. Lockhart might seek the protection of the bridge and get in the line of fire, rushed back to their cabin door and shouted in his best Brooklyn accent, "Youse womens stay where youse at!" They did, hiding their heads under their pillows.

As a matter of fact we are fired upon several times but no damage was done. The Communists were then engaged in their famous 4000 mile "Great March" from Kiangsi Province, southeast of Hankow, across Hunan, Kweichow and Szechuan Provinces to Shensi, in the far northwest. From time to time we would see evidence of their passage. There were mutilated bodies strung up on trees lining the shore bearing large signs damning all foreigners and the Nanking Government. One day we saw some of the Chinese communists on the march. There were several hundred of them, all completely naked. We assumed they marched naked because they were compelled from time to time to cross streams and wade through rice paddies. They carried umbrellas as well as guns, and they balanced their clothing on the top of their heads as protection against the sun. The Navy guard had strict orders not to shoot unless fired upon, so we had to let those communists march peacefully on their way despite the fact that their comrades had been shooting at us the previous night.

Finally we arrived at Ichang [today: Yichang], where we were to spend the night, and tied up to the Standard Oil Company dock. The manager of the Standard Oil installation at Ichang, Jess Pool, asked us to dinner along with officers from the United States gunboat that was in port. Jess was known as an eccentric character on the Yangtze, and he certainly proved himself to be such that evening. After many drinks and a good Chinese dinner, we were sitting in his drawing room when the subject of horses came up. Jess had just acquired a new Mongolian pony, and nothing would do but he must have it brought to the drawing room for us to see. The drawing room was rather small, and we came much too close to that pony's hindquarters.

Later, Jess went home on leave and returned with a wife he had picked up in California. She was a nice-looking little Mexican type girl, but she brought her mother along with her. Her mother was a lush. I ran into Jess Pool in the Cathay Hotel in Shanghai sometime later, and I asked him how his marriage was working out. "You know, Lewis," he said, "my wife is trying to get a divorce. But I don't need a divorce from my wife. Her mother is a troublemaker. What I need is a divorce from my mother-in-law. I'm on my way now to see Judge Purdy (Judge of the United States Court for China) to see whether I can persuade him to give me a divorce from my mother-in-law!"

Later on, I saw Jess in Hankow, where he had been placed in charge of the Standard Oil installation. "Yes," he said, "I succeeded in getting a divorce from my mother-in-law (Judge Purdy had threatened her with jail if she did not leave the country) and my wife and I are getting along fine."

In Ichang, we bought four scrolls made of thinly sliced bamboo sewn together and artistically painted with birds and flowers. They were evidence of the cheapness of human labor in China, that such talent should be diverted to such a lowly medium. The cost was determined by the medium. The labor was incidental.

We slept on our little tanker that night, and early the next morning we took onboard a special Chinese river pilot to guide us through the treacherous Yangtze Gorges. Then, we got underway for the really interesting part of our trip.

The scenery is beautiful and magnificent in the gorges, but the swiftly flowing water is dangerous. Many junks are lost each year. Pilots with special knowledge of the navigational hazards at all stages of water were a necessity for modern vessels

We passed first, uneventfully, through Ichang Gorge, then on upstream through Kung Ling Gorge and others bearing such picturesque names as Yellow Cat, Ox Liver, Witches Mountain, Wind Box, and Horse Lung. Going through Horse Lung Gorge, we came finally to the Yeh Tan Rapids, where we had our first trouble.

The current in the Yeh Tan was so swift, that with both engines going full speed under forced draft and the vessel quivering all over from the effort, we were making absolutely no headway in very turbulent water. The inhabitants of a nearby village were quickly attracted. They lined the bank about 20 feet away from us just waiting for us to give up and ask for help. Finally, the captain became convinced of the hopelessness of the situation, and signaled to those on shore to stand by to catch a line. We would have to "heave" the rapids.

First, a small line was cast to the shore. To it was tied a steel cable. The cable was then hauled ashore and grabbed by a couple of hundred "trackers," who scrambled over the rocks upstream with it to a large boulder above the rapids, where it was made fast. The end of the cable on board ship was then put around the anchor winch. Still under forced draft, quivering all over, the cable was slowly hauled in by the anchor winch, and gradually we were heaved over the rapids, foot by foot, and into calm water above.

Once above the rapids came the time for settlement with the villagers. The village leader came aboard, went to the captain's cabin, and the dickering began. There had been no time to agree in advance on price. The village leader, of course, wanted as much money as he could get, and the captain wanted to get off as cheaply as possible. It would have been inconceivable for either to agree too soon to a figure. Each knew what the traffic would bear, but each hoped for a better bargain. Half-an-hour and three cups of tea later, the captain handed over 300 silver dollars. The contented village leader then went back to shore, and we proceeded on upstream.

We were told that the level of water in the river determined which rapid would be the most troublesome, and that there were different methods used to overcome the current at each rapid. At the Yeh Tan, we heaved. Elsewhere, hundreds of trackers were used to pull the vessels past the rapids! This was their livelihood. Chinese junks, which composed most of the river traffic, had to depend entirely on manpower to get past the rapids. A junk might require two months to make the trip we made in three days. The water level of the Yangtze in the gorges has been known to rise 275 feet in one spring freshet, and high water marks could be seen way up on the cliffs containing the river. It was perilous navigation.

We anchored in quiet water near shore that first night, and early the next morning, we got underway for Wanhsien, the next large town on our way to Chungking.

We were able to go ashore in Wanhsien. It was a pleasant city. Here we visited large warehouses, bulging with raw opium, waiting to be smuggled downriver to the big cities. In those days that section of Szechuan was controlled by warlords who wanted to make as much

money as possible, just as quickly as possible. The opium trade offered the surest means to that end. The warlord took no risk. He forced the peasant to grow the opium poppy. He processed the poppy and stored the resulting raw opium in warehouses under his control. He then sold it for delivery on the spot in Wanh sien. It was up to the purchaser to get the opium downriver through governmental barriers to the markets. A pound of raw opium in Wanh sien might sell for \$25 Mex, but by the time it got to Shanghai it would be valued at, say, \$1000 Mex. Although we were allowed to visit the warehouses, we were not permitted to take any pictures.

Another day through less spectacular scenery and less swift water and we were in Chungking, where once again the current was very swift, at a steady 11 knots.

We moored on the south bank, and we had to cross by motorboat to reach the city of Chungking. It was quite a task. We would go way upstream in the eddies along the shore, then strike out for the other bank being carried rapidly downstream by the swift current. Fortunately, I had been able to hire a good boat, and we made it safely to the far bank, each time.

To reach the city proper, located high up on a hill to avoid floods, you had to climb or be carried in a sedan chair up steep slippery steps for several hundred feet. The steps remained constantly slippery because of the water spilled by carriers bringing water from the river up to the city. There was no city water works in Chungking at that time. All water came from the muddy Yangtze.

Sleeping aboard the *Mei P'ing*, we crossed the river each morning, were carried up to the Consulate General in sedan chairs, and I went about my business of winding up our affairs. I had to call upon the Governor and inform him of the decision to terminate our lease on the consular property and definitively to close the office. He did not like the idea, but he put no hindrances in my way. The combination of the large steel safe in the office had rusted and the lock would not function, so I had to get someone to break it open. There was nothing inside. I had to pay off the caretaker and six chair bearers who had been kept on the payroll, and I had to pack and remove a few things I found on the premises.

The Consul General's sedan chair was a large thing carried by four bearers, accompanied by two out-runners. The out-runners were also bearers, and all six shifted position from time to time. The streets were extremely narrow and full of people at all times. The out-runners would run in front of the sedan chair calling loudly, "Make way for the American Consul!" We would be moving rapidly, and they would push people aside with an arrogance that was somewhat frightening to me, a foreigner in a faraway land. Nevertheless, it gave me a false sense of importance to be carried through the streets looking down upon the multitude.

Fortunately, I was able to finish my task by the time the *Mei P'ing* had unloaded its gasoline, so we were able to return in our same little tanker.

Going downstream was equally as frightening as coming up. In several places, (the Wo San was one) the current was so swift the boat was swept rapidly along, apparently out of control. We would veer over toward the sheer rock wall that forms the bank. It looked as though we would inevitably be dashed against it. Just a few feet from disaster, the pressure of the water between

the side of the boat and the sheer rock wall of the bank became so great that the vessel would ease off and once again we were in midstream. Sometimes a vessel would not make it and would crash against the rock wall. We passed one such in the Hsin Tan.

Shortly after we left Chungking, the executive officer found opium on board the *Mei P'ing*. As I mentioned earlier, opium was worth much more in Shanghai or Hankow than in Szechuan. Smugglers would go to great lengths to get it through to the coast. In this case, a member of the crew had hidden six 5-gallon cans full of raw opium in one of the fuel tanks. Carlson, the executive officer, had been tipped off. He asked whether we would like to go below and watch while the search was made. Of course, we did.

One member of the crew stripped, climbed down into the fuel tank, and felt about for the cans. As he found one he would pass it up to another member of the crew. When all six cans had been found, Carlson had them carried out on deck where, in the presence of the members of the crew, the contents were dumped into the river. Had the ship been caught by the Chinese authorities with that opium onboard, the fine would have been tremendous, and there was the possibility that the ship might have been confiscated.

Anne wanted a souvenir of the experience. She persuaded Carlson to let her keep one cake of the opium. This she wrapped carefully and hid in one of her suitcases. It reeked to high heaven, but she was determined to bring that souvenir back to Hankow to show to her friends.

As we proceeded downriver we became aware that we were frequently being stopped by Chinese officials who made a thorough search of the ship except for Anne's cabin. At last it dawned upon us that the crew knew that Anne had that opium and, having been deprived of theirs, they were determined in their way to expose her. Finally, Carlson persuaded her to return the opium to him. Then, in the presence of the head Chinese and members of the crew, he threw it overboard. Sure enough, thereafter there was no further difficulty with the Chinese authorities.

Otherwise, we had an uneventful trip downriver, except for the sporadic firing from the shore below Ichang, returned of course, by the machinegun fire of our naval guard. By that time we were veterans, and it did not disturb us too much. As we approached Hankow, we began to see the open country on both sides of the river that was so frequently subject to flooding, and to observe the fishermen along the dyke seeking sustenance.

We had had a most interesting, and at times exciting trip. Commemorating it, we used that year a picture of me and Anne standing on the bow of the SS *Mei P'ing*, as our Christmas card.

There was an unexpected remuneration from our trip. Those who had been in Chungking during the troubled times prior to and during 1926, had formed a club. Because of the hardships incident to living in Chungking in those days, they had called their club "The Hard-Boiled Egg Society" (*Lao Tan Hui*). Two years of residence in Chungking was required for eligibility. The symbol of the club was a small ivory egg engraved with the Chinese characters for *Lao Tan Hui*. If, at any time, a member was caught without his egg in his possession, he was required to give a dinner for all other members who happened to be in the same port where the offense occurred.

When I returned from Chungking, having braved the wrath of the local warlord and closed the Consulate General, I was deemed to be sufficiently "hard-boiled" to qualify for membership, and I was duly elected. It was an amusing organization, with no aim except to have a good time. I only got caught once without my egg, but that was in Paris, where the only other member present was the one who caught me, so I only had to buy dinner for two.

Back in Hankow, we found Cook sick. He was confined to his room and drinking a horrible looking concoction given to him by a Chinese native style doctor. It looked like a brew of entrails. With his permission, we called in a United States Navy doctor, Capt. Groesbeck, who immediately diagnosed with malaria, and prescribed quinine. In those days the usual treatment for malaria was a course of quinine over a period of precisely 52 days. The quantity to be taken was determined by the physical stature of the patient. Dr. Groesbeck did not know the Chinese tolerance of quinine is less than that of an American. As a result, Cook was cured of his malaria but, thereafter, he said that he had bells in his ears as though he were constantly in a Chinese theater. The excessive doses of quinine had made him deaf. We never knew whether Cook did not resent having been cured in the "foreign way" when he might have gotten well under the care of the Chinese doctor and still have had his hearing unimpaired.

As I said earlier, we lived during troubled times in the Yangtze Valley. In fact, the situation became so grave that we recommended to the missionaries in the interior that, "unless they had compelling reasons to the contrary," they leave the interior and concentrate in the Treaty Ports where they could be offered protection. One such missionary, a God-fearing woman, wrote to say, "I have faith in the Lord to protect me, Mr. Consul, but if the situation gets much worse, then I will take your advice and come to Hankow."

It was during this period that two missionaries were kidnapped by bandits in the region of Sinyangchow, north of Hankow, on the Peking-Hankow railway line. Pressure had been put on the Department of State in Washington to do something to obtain their release. Accordingly, once again I was elected and told to go to Sinyangchow to see what I could do. It was about a 12 hour trip. I was met by a very nice and very hospitable missionary. He took me to his house, fed me, and we discussed the problem. There was obviously nothing whatsoever I could do to assist the informal efforts he was already making to obtain the release of the two missionaries. In fact, my intervention might have made his informal task more difficult. So, the next day I returned to Hankow.

In Washington they seemed to think that I should have stayed in Sinyangchow at least a few days, just to give the impression that I was working on the case and thus ease the political pressure in Washington. There was even talk of sending me back up there. A few days later the couple was released, and I was off the hook.

That Christmas, 1930, the servants having noticed that we have not gotten around to buying lighting fixtures for the dining room, had sent to Peking and had especially made three of the most hideous Chinese lanterns you can imagine. Each had six sides, each inside a rectangular piece of painted glass showing flowers, framed and carved wood, equipped with brightly colored tassels hanging from top to bottom, plus additional sets of tassels in different colors – a color for any occasion. We could not offend them, so we had to let those lanterns hang in the dining

room. In fact, they were already hung when we descended on Christmas morning. We had to live with those monstrosities in some part of the household until we left China. We finally disposed of them in Paris, when Li was no longer with us.

National patriotism was strong among foreigners in China, so far away from home. Each large group celebrated a national festival, the principal ones being those of Great Britain, Scotland and the United States. There was the St. George's Day Ball to celebrate the greatness of Britain, there was the St. Andrew's Ball to celebrate that of Scotland, and not to be outdone, there was the George Washington's Birthday Ball, to honor the United States. Much thought, effort and money were expended to make these balls the highlights of the social season, and they were elaborate. The Scots went so far as to have their haggis, their national dish, brought all the way from Scotland, and they were always able to provide Scottish bagpipes from a Highlander regiment stationed in China, to "pipe in the haggis." They were the big "do's", and everyone who was anyone was invited and expected to attend in his best "bib and tucker." With full dress uniforms, the white ties, and the *décolleté* of the ladies, they were brilliant affairs. Looking back, those balls seem to have been over-ostentatious, but they were deadly serious. All far away from home, each proud of his heritage and trying to outdo the other.

That spring, 1931, we acquired Niger, our Alsatian dog. We'd had to get rid of Y Mao Ch'ien, who stubbornly refused to become friendly, and poor Mei You Ch'ien had turned up one morning so chewed up by some other dog we had to put him out of his misery.

An English friend of ours, "Hobby" Hobson, was going home on leave and was not certain that he would return to China. He had a beautiful Alsatian police dog. Did we want him? We said that we would be delighted to have him. So Hobby brought Niger over to our house, introduced him to us, and left his bed to make him feel at home. Niger was unhappy at first, and drifted off looking for his master. In a few days, however, he took his new home in his stride, and became a devoted member of the household. He was allowed to roam about the Jardine Estates at will, but whenever we had been out in the evening and were returning, he would always come running down the road to welcome us, and would jump over who was not driving onto the back seat with joy. He had recognized the noise of the motor of the car, or the lights or something, because he never failed to meet us at least half a mile from our house.

The Great Yangtze Flood (1931-1932)

We had been trying for almost a year to persuade Anne's family to come to Hankow and visit us, but it had not worked out. They could only get away in the summer, and summer was just too hot and humid in Hankow. Finally, in July 1931, it was decided that they would travel to Japan, and that we would meet them there. We took one of the riverboats – this time a good one, the *Kungwo* – to Shanghai, then sailed from there in one of the Dollar Line vessels Yokohama. We then took a train up to Tokyo where we joined the Covingtons at the Imperial Hotel.

Anne's mother had brought along some very pretty dresses for Anne. Anne had been eating too well in Hankow. She had put on so much weight she could not get into those nice dresses. There was consternation! Finally, it was decided that she could keep the dresses provided she had lost enough weight during our planned trip to enable her to wear them.

They all had a good laugh at my expense. We were dining out one night when I was expected to wear my Black Tie. I had become so accustomed to China to having Li lay out my clothes for me, that I had made the mistake of putting my vest buttons in my shirt. I thought that they looked rather large, but I was not sure.

We arrived in Japan during the rainy season and air sightseeing was greatly hampered. We did, however, go to a few places near Tokyo, such for instance, as Nikko, a Buddhist temple where neophytes were trained for the priesthood. It was most interesting to observe them in their religious ceremonies, chanting their weird prayers in most exotic surroundings, and dressed in colorful yellow robes.

We had planned to spend several weeks with the Covingtons in Japan, playing golf, sightseeing and what not, but the rain continued. We went up to Kariuzawa, where the diplomatic community of Tokyo spent the summer, but it rained even harder, and we were stuck in the hotel. Discouraged, it was finally decided that we would return to Tokyo, go thence to Kyoto, the ancient and beautiful capital of Japan, and on to Peking.

From Kyoto, we went first to Seoul Korea, then under Japanese domination. Here there was not much to see, but the Consul General was an old friend, and he showed us about, and we bought two unusual Korean chests, said to have come from the Royal Palace.

From Seoul, we took a train to Mukden, in Manchuria. Here also, there was not much to see other than the tombs of the Manchu dynasty, the last of the Chinese imperial dynasties. P'u Yi, the last of the line, was later to become a Japanese puppet as Emperor of "Manchukuo" under absolute Japanese domination.

At last, we boarded the train and traveled down the coast past the eastern terminus of the Great Wall of China at Shanhaikuan, and on to Peking.

When Yung Lo, the last of the Ming Dynasty emperors, moved the capital of China in 1421 A.D. from Nanking up to the north, he named his new capital Peking, or "northern capital," to distinguish it from Nanking, or "southern capital." When the Manchus conquered China they retained the capital in Peking and kept also its name.

It was a joy for me to return to Peking, and I was anxious to show it to Anne and her family. Peking that was in effect a nest of cities. First there was the Forbidden City, surrounded by a wide moat and crenellated walls, containing the Imperial palaces. Surrounding this was the Imperial City, where only members of the royal family, very high officials and the Manchu military banners, charged with the protection of the Emperor, could reside. Then, surrounding both was the Tartar City, preserved during the Manchu dynasty for Manchus, for Chinese officials of high rank and for additional Manchu Banners. In those days no business was permitted in any of these three cities. This changed after the establishment of the Republic, and business was permitted within the Tartar City. Within the Tartar City also lay the Legation Quarter, where all the foreign diplomatic missions were housed. It had its own walls, was administered by the diplomatic corps, and was cut off entirely from the remainder of the Tartar City.

Under the Manchus, no Chinese other than a high official was permitted to reside in any of the cities. The Chinese lived in a special "Chinese City" that grew up south of the Tartar City wall. This, also, was surrounded by high walls. Here were the best restaurants, the Chinese theater, the various artificer guilds, the public baths and the Sing Song houses. This was the business center of a nest of cities.

In the Forbidden City had resided the Emperor and the Imperial family, and from here they had ruled the vast Chinese empire. Ritual assumes great importance and it was carried on amidst amazing luxury made possible by the enormous amount of tribute coming to Peking from all over the empire.

Being a "old resident" of Peking, it was, as I have said a pleasure for me to show Anne and her family about. I took them to several Chinese restaurants to introduce them to really excellent Chinese food. We went antiquing, and to Silver Street, outside Chien Men in the Chinese City, where my little silversmith, who had made my large punch bowl, was glad to make 18 silver service plates for Mrs. Covington. (Many years later, Anne's brother Harry, feeling a need for two more matching service plates, bought them in Paris, paying more for the two than his mother had paid for 18.)

The Minister and officers of the Legation were most kind and invited us to their houses. We stayed at the Peking hotel, where there was much gaiety and dancing on the roof every night. We each rented a rickshaw to take us about the city. Mrs. Covington felt so sorry for her puller that she endowed him for life when we left.

Anne had laughed at me one time when I told her that at times in Peking it rained mud. On this trip, she had proof of my contention. At times great dust clouds blow up from the plains surrounding Peking and hover over the city. Sometimes these dust clouds would be below rain clouds. When it began to rain, the rain drops would pass through the dust cloud and descend upon the city as mud drops. Anne and I were riding in our rickshaws one day when that is actually what happened. We were both so bespattered with mud we had to return immediately to the hotel and change our clothes.

At lunch one day in the San Kuan Miao someone brought in a copy of the Tientsin Chinese newspaper that carried a story to the effect that the Yangtze River had broken its banks at Hankow, and was flooding the region. It showed a photograph of what purported to be the residence of the American Consul at Hankow. The building was half submerged in water. It was our house!! We had heard that the Yangtze was in flood, and a dyke near Hankow had broken, but we had had no details until we saw that picture and the Chinese newspaper.

The minute I saw that picture I knew that my vacation was over, and that I would have to get back to Hankow as soon as possible. It was agreed that I would return immediately via Nanking – the railway between Peking and Hankow was not open – and that Anne and her family would go more slowly to Shanghai, and there await my report on conditions at Hankow.

Taking a train from Peking, I arrived 24 hours later in the north bank of the Yangtze, where I was met by an officer of the Nanking Consulate General. He hired a sampan (small rowboat)

and we and my baggage made a hazardous crossing of the broad turbulent river, maneuvering to avoid the floating bodies of human beings, beasts and other objects being carried downstream by the floodwaters.

The lower parts of the city of Nanking were flooded, so we had to stay in our sampan until we were some distance into the city. Finally, we came to a wooden walkway that had been erected above the floodwaters. There we were put ashore, and it was an easy matter to walk a short distance and then drive to the house of officer who had met me, "Tom" Wailes, who years later became a quite good friend.

The Consul General, instructed by the Legation, had arranged for me to sail the next day in the SS *Kungwo*. Aboard the *Kungwo* I had a pleasant but heartbreaking voyage upstream.

This was the worst flooding of the Yangtze in years. The water had risen above the dikes on both sides of the river, which had become so wide in places we could not see the shore on either side. The river was full of bodies and debris and, in places where the dike had held, it was packed with starving refugees patiently waiting to be rescued.

Finally arriving in Hankow, I had to take a sampan to get ashore from the *Kungwo*. But ashore all was water too. That sampan took me right up to the front door of the Consulate General, where I stepped out onto the entry, which was about 3 feet above street level. The only way anyone could get about in Hankow was by boat, and I discovered that the Consulate General had already rented two sampans so that it could continue in business.

I was taken to the bachelors' mess on the second floor of the Consulate General building. Immediately, I set about to find out the condition of our belongings.

Fortunately, as a precaution against stealing by communist bandits who were within 15 miles of Hankow when we left, we had put our silver in the bank, packed our winter clothing and rugs in tin-lined hermetically-sealed boxes, and left them with the manager of the Standard Oil Company, who lived on the top floor of their large office building. Also, we had turned our house and automobile over to two Navy wives.

We had been most fortunate. When the dyke broke, downriver from Hankow, word was passed immediately to the Jardine Estates as it was certain that within a matter of hours the entire area would be underwater. The two Navy wives, to whom we had loaned our house, hurriedly packed their belongings into our automobile and fled into the city, which was on higher ground. Having no use for the car in town, they placed it in storage in a large garage. Being placed in storage before it was known that the city, itself, would be flooded, our car was put on the top floor of the garage out of the way, and it was one of the few that came through the flood undamaged.

Also, the manager of the National City Bank, where we had stored our silver, being a golfing friend of mine, took the responsibility of removing our silver from the vaults in the basement, which was later flooded, and kept it in his own apartment on the top floor the bank. So our silver came through safely as well.

There remained our household furnishings and clothes unaccounted for. I took one of the Consulate General's sampans and went out to the Jardine Estates to investigate. *En route* I passed through the city, along Race Club Road and passed the Race Club itself, all underwater. The poor souls along Race Club Road had fled their homes to higher ground in Hankow, had put together their straw huts along the road, only to be flooded out a second time, with no place to go.

When I arrived at our house, the servants on hand to welcome me; Li beaming, because he was able to tell me that all of our things were safe on the second floor of the house. When news of the approaching flood came, Li and the others immediately began carrying our things to the second floor. (They did not bother with a single thing belonging to our landlord.) It just happened that a coolie of enormous stature had been visiting with them at the time. With his help they were even able to get our newly-purchased electric refrigerator upstairs. The second floor never did really become flooded, although waves did wash over the passageway between the second floor of the main house and the servants' quarters over the garage.

Niger had proven to be a valuable watchdog. There had been looting of deserted houses in the Jardine Estates, but our house came through untouched. When Niger heard the oars of a boat approaching at night, he would bark. Li would fire my 45-colt automatic in the direction of the noises, and the thieves were frightened away. Everything was safe. Now the problem was how to get our things into town. Waves had already knocked a large hole in the wall of the dining room on the ground floor, and there was the possibility that the entire building might crumble at any time.

Back in town, I was able to arrange to have our things stored temporarily in the building of the Consulate General. So I hired two river junks, sent them downstream through the break in the dike, and back up to our house. Li and the others had packed our small things in open boxes. The furniture was loaded as it was. Those two junks safely delivered everything to the Consulate General. Only later did we begin to miss small items. We surmised that one or two of the small boxes must have fallen overboard *en route* from our house to town. There was no thought that the Chinese boatmen might have stolen them: those Chinese were just too honest to do such a thing.

Li, Cook and the coolie were able to find a place to stay in town. Amah was a native of Hankow, so she just went home. The gardener could have done likewise, but I needed someone to take care of Niger. Finally, I was able to clean out a room above the garage behind the Consulate General and install Niger and the gardener there. Niger, thereafter, was the gardener's dog. He was no longer housebroken, and we had a hard time later bringing him back into our family. In fact, we never did succeed in completely re-housebreaking him.

Having retrieved our effects and taken care of our servants, I was able to settle down to work in the Consulate General. By this time, the Lockharts had been transferred to Tientsin, and had been replaced by Walter Adams, a bachelor. Dick Butrick had been transferred, and I had become number two, or Executive Consul. We were still overstaffed and, other than the routine of political and commercial reporting, issuing passports, registering American citizens, recording

title deeds and documenting merchandise, there was not much to do. Our principal worry was how long it would be before the floodwaters would recede.

During the height of the flood, "Lone Eagle" Charles Lindbergh, first to fly the Atlantic Ocean nonstop from New York to Paris in a single engine plane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and his wife, Anne, turned up in Hankow. They had just completed their flight from the United States in a single engine plane over a northern route to China. Anne Morrow Lindbergh's little book North to the Orient tells of the trip. They had come to Hankow to assist the Chinese in making an aerial photographic survey of the extent of the flood.

Their visit was cut short when their plane suffered a mishap while being lowered into the water one morning from a British cruiser which happened to be in port, and which was equipped to handle seaplanes. A guy rope caught on a wing of the plane and capsized it, dumping the poor Lindberghs into the water. Fortunately, both Lindberghs were pulled out of the filthy Yangtze, but the plane suffered such damage they could not continue their flight.

I saw quite a bit of the Lindberghs while they were there. One day, he came to my office and asked whether I would cash a small personal check for him. I agreed, and he remarked, "Please do me the favor of cashing this check. You know, I find it terribly difficult to balance my bank account when my checks are preserved as souvenirs." Later on he said that he was even having difficulty getting his shirts back from the laundry. Apparently, the laundry could sell the shirts for more than it cost to reimburse Lindbergh.

We had some really frightening moments that summer. One was during a violent storm. There was a high wind blowing from the south straight across the river which now stretched beyond the horizon. The wind caused high waves to crash unrelentingly against the outside walls of the Consulate General. We watched those outside walls crumble under the irresistible attack, and then we saw the same attack begin on the foundations of our building. There was little sleep that night. Fortunately, the foundations were of sturdy construction and they held.

Another memorable moment came when the Standard Oil installation, just below the city, caught fire. This was at night. The flames and boiling smoke rising to the heavens was spectacular, but it was frightening as well. Fortunately, the wind was blowing downstream that night. Had it been otherwise, the entire city of Hankow, and us along with it, could have gone up in flames.

Gradually, we adjusted ourselves to the abnormal situation and settled down to a routine. We used our hired sampans to go where necessary, including the Race Club, which stayed open, the main floors never having been flooded. Gradually, the water began to recede.

In the meantime, Anne and her family had reached Shanghai. I reported on conditions in Hankow. It was decided that Judge Covington and Harry would return to the United States, while Anne and Mrs. Covington would take a trip to the Philippines and South Asia to await the return of more or less normal conditions to Hankow.

They visited Hong Kong, the Philippines, French Indochina – where they took in the ruins of Ankor Vat – and went on to Singapore. While in Singapore, they threatened to go on through the

Suez Canal and back to the United States. I did not like the idea, so I cabled to them that Hankow would be habitable in another month. My cable must have been persuasive, as they did return.

As Anne and her mother began to wend their way back to Hankow, those of us in the Consulate General had a dreary time. We watched the bodies float by in unending numbers, and we surveyed the activity of the unsightly Bund in front of the Consulate General. As the water receded the mud banks revealed much odoriferous flotsam, it was only the "Old China Hands" who did not complain.

In anticipation of Anne's return, I arranged for the lease of an entire floor in the Lutheran mission; a hotel, more or less, maintained by the Lutheran Missionary Society in China to house missionaries coming in from the interior or *en route* there.

It was not much. When I first moved in it could only be reached by boat. But it would be a roof over our heads until we could find more permanent accommodations. Dogs were not allowed, but there was a back stairway and Li, who could always find a way to do things, brought Niger up the back way. The management of the Lutheran mission, needing the rent, closed their eyes to this breach of their regulations and said nothing. The apartment had the advantage of being completely furnished.

By the time Anne and her mother arrived I was installed in the apartment with Li, Cook, and the coolie, but we were not comfortable despite the fact that we were located in the center of the former British concession with easy access to everywhere we needed to go.

Mrs. Covington was a great churchgoer. She insisted on attending a service in Hankow, so we took her to a service where the Episcopal bishop to China, Bishop Roots, was to preach. She was so impressed with the service and with Bishop Root, way out there in the wilderness, she put a \$100 Mex bill in the collection plate. The Bishop was so surprised to see a \$100 bill in his collection that he thought someone put it there inadvertently. Having seen me in church, he telephoned to me and asked whether I knew anything about it. I was able to confirm that Mrs. Covington had intended to give that amount.

Things were not too pleasant still. Although the water had receded from the foreign sections of the city, it is still necessary to take a sampan to get to the Race Club and to our former house in the Jardine Estates. One look at our house convinced us that we would never be able to live there again. Even after the water had drained off, it would require many months to repair the damage. Also, our lease had expired. We decided not to renew the lease, but to look elsewhere for a place to live.

Fortunately, Walter Adams was agreeable to our suggestion that we divide the Bachelors' Mess on the second floor of the Consulate General building into two parts, we taking half and fixing it to our needs. This we did, and as soon as Mrs. Covington departed, we moved in. We had to camp out at first but eventually we were able to arrange a quite comfortable home.

In Hankow we had not only to have ceiling fans, but we must have mosquito nets over our beds as well. We had not been long in our cozy little apartment in the Consulate General when, one

night, I was reading in bed under a mosquito net – Anne in the adjoining bed, likewise under a mosquito net – with the windows of the sun porch opened to let in the fresh air. Suddenly, in flew three bats attracted by the lights. Anne screamed as the bats circulated about the room. I had to get out of bed and chase those bats back outside.

We could not sleep without the windows open – there was no air-conditioning in those days – so right there and then we decided to screen the sun porch. As a matter of fact it became a very useful room where we could sit quietly and watch the exotic traffic passing on the busy Yangtze, and longshoremen unloading cargo junks.

One of the first things we did after settling in on the Bund was to find something for the gardener to do. In the back courtyard of the Consulate General there was an unused plot of ground completely barren of vegetation. I obtained the permission of the Consul General, and then hired coolies to dig out that barren soil to a depth of two feet. Then I had them go down to the bank of the Yangtze and get some of the rich silt remaining from the flood to fill in the plot. Before long, we had a thriving vegetable garden where there had been barren soil, and our gardener had something to do.

Life gradually returned to normal in the foreign community. But the Chinese had suffered tremendous loss and it would be some time before they could recover.

I fear that I took advantage of this situation to acquire wrought iron pictures I had been dicker for over a long period. On one of my browsing visits to the antique dealers' section of the Chinese city, I had noticed hanging from the ceiling in one shop four lanterns, each framing four beautifully wrought iron pictures representing the four seasons. These were totally unlike the ones customarily offered for sale in China. They were wrought with exceptional skill, presenting the pictures that were like gossamer. The artist had even succeeded in putting wings on a butterfly and on a grasshopper.

When I first priced the lanterns, I was told they were family heirlooms and not for sale. Each time I returned to that shop to browse, I inquired about those lanterns. Eventually the antique dealer named a price so high he knew I would not buy. Thereafter, each time I would inquire the price would go up still higher.

After the flood, I went once more down into the antique dealers' district and to my shop of the lanterns. This time the owner needed money and he was willing to talk business. After lengthy dickering – always necessary in China – I was able to buy all four lanterns for \$500 Mex, or about \$125. I did not want all the lanterns – that meant 16 pictures – but quickly found a friend to take two of them.

There was a nice legend about those pictures. It seems that there was a young apprentice blacksmith working in Kuikiang. He was most unhappy with his life in the smithy. He loved nature and longed to live among its beauties. When he could get away he always walked out into the countryside. One day, while he was seated on a stone admiring the beauty of nature, a fairy appeared before him and he told her of his unhappiness. She advised him to give up his job as apprentice blacksmith and go into the hills to place called Ching Teh Ch'en (famous for its

chinaware). When he got to Ching Teh Ch'en, he was to set up a forge and fashion the beauties of nature as he saw them. This he did, and lived happily ever afterward. Our pictures are some of those he wrought in iron at Ching Teh Ch'en. I have only seen one other set and that was in the possession of a connoisseur in Hankow.

As the waters of the Yangtze continued to recede, navigation for small steamers became more hazardous because of the changes in the riverbed caused by the floodwaters. Missing his channel one day, the captain of a Yangtze Rapids Steam Navigation Company vessel ran aground in a section of the river controlled by communist bandits. They immediately kidnapped the captain, and they held him for ransom. Both the captain and the vessel were American, so we in the Consulate General had to try to do something to secure their release.

Fortunately, as it turned out, I remembered a comparable incident I had run across while studying for the Foreign Service examinations. When Teddy Roosevelt was President, the local pirate in Tangiers, Morocco, one Raisuli, had kidnapped a Greek-American merchant named Perdicaris. We had extraterritoriality in Tangiers then, just as we did in China when our captain was kidnapped. Roosevelt had cabled to the officer in command of our naval forces along the Barbary Coast that he wanted "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." It had worked, and Perdicaris had been released. I pointed out to Walter Adams, my chief, the similarity between that case and the one confronting us. He agreed to send a radiogram to Washington citing the precedent and suggesting that the Nanking Government be held responsible for the kidnapping and required to take steps to obtain the captain's release. Much to our surprise and joy, it worked. Not having any other way to obtain the release of the captain, the Nanking Government finally paid in wheat the ransom being demanded by the communist bandits, and the captain and his vessel were released. Thank goodness for Perdicaris!

The old League of Nations was considering Japanese aggression in China at that time, and it had dispatched a commission to China to make an investigation on the spot. That commission visited Hankow, among other places, and I had the pleasure of meeting with its members. Among them was Count Ciano, the Italian Consul General in Shanghai. I had known Ciano quite well in Peking where he was the third secretary in the Italian Legation when I was a language officer. He had returned to Italy, married a daughter of Mussolini, and had come back to China as Consul General at Shanghai. A few months later he became Italian Minister in Peking, and was still there when Anne and I returned. (Count Ciano, it will be recalled, eventually became Foreign Minister in Italy under Mussolini, and was deep in the fascist movement until he saw the collapse of Italy in the offing and tried to come over to our side in the war. Unfortunately for him, Mussolini got wind of what he was up to and had him executed.)

One of the Chinese members of our staff and the Consulate General had proven himself to be quite useful to us in our commercial reporting and I thought it desirable to have him become a member of our Cosmopolitan Club. He knew many of the members and would meet more who would be of value to him in his commercial reporting. So I arranged for his election to membership. He must have found out about this, although I never mentioned it to him, and one day he invited me and Anne to lunch with him in a Buddhist restaurant. It was an unusual meal. No meat or seafood whatsoever was served. Buddhists are not allowed to eat anything that has been killed. Each dish was presented in the usual Chinese style representing something made of

meat or fish that had been prepared entirely of vegetables or other flora. Although the food was delicious, it was strange to be eating a dish that looks like something known, but that had a flavor so totally different from that anticipated. We were grateful for having had the opportunity to eat a real Buddhist meal.

Life went on much as usual through the winter of 1931-1932, and on into the spring. We played a lot of golf and won some prizes. We also played a lot of bridge, and I finished my law course. We had decided to take home leave that summer at our own expense. The [US] government did not at that time pay the cost of home leave for Foreign Service Officers. Home leave would mean two months in the United States, plus travel time, also about two months, each way. I had made the necessary with request of the Department of State and my leave had been approved. Then, suddenly, the Department issued instructions stipulating that everyone must take a month's leave without pay and that travel time between the post and United States when on home leave would henceforth be without pay. Therefore, if we carried out our plans, we would have to forgo all pay for six months! Our exchequer wouldn't stand that, so we had to change our plans.

As summer approached, Anne let an English friend persuade her that it would be much more pleasant in the mountain summer resort of Kuling playing bridge, than in sweltering Hankow. So Anne made plans to go there for a few weeks with a bridge foursome and leave me to swelter alone in Hankow.

The mountain summer resort at Kuling, down the river from Hankow, was founded by missionaries. In our community in Hankow it was only the women and children who fled from heat. But among the missionaries all over China, except for the Roman Catholics, the custom had developed for all of them, men, women and children, to leave their missions during the hot weather and repair to cooler climes, either in the mountains or at the seashore. The hard-working businessman derided this custom of the male missionaries, charging that their main interest was in their own well-being, not in religion. W. Somerset Maugham wrote about the summering missionaries in the delightful short story entitled "The Stranger".

Fortunately for me, Anne never got to Kuling that summer. Before the time for her departure, instructions arrived from the Department transferring me to the Legation in Peking. I was to be replaced in Hankow by the same Edward Stanton whom I had replaced in Kalgan and in Tsinanfu, and who had returned to replace me in Tsinanfu. Now we were to exchange places.

We were delighted with the transfer and set about immediately to arrange the shipment of our effects for our own transportation. Our effects were to go via the Peking-Hankow Railway, now once again precariously open. We were to travel downriver to Shanghai and there take the Peking-Shanghai Railway, which once again had three trains with Wagons-Lits [sleeping] cars. You crossed the Yangtze at Nanking by train ferry.

There was the customary round of farewell parties in Hankow and, at last, on August 4, 1932, we went aboard our river steamer. It customary in Hankow, as other China coast ports, for friends to come aboard your steamer to wish you a final farewell and *bon voyage*. Custom required that those departing supply food and drink to the well-wishers. It was costly, but it was pleasant, and we managed to survive until the vessel got underway. Anne received so many flowers from

friends coming to say goodbye, that she remarked that it was reminiscent of the letters of appreciation she had had to write after our wedding.

We had an uneventful trip down river, and were met in Shanghai by friends from the Consulate General. We spent a week in Shanghai meeting Dick Butrick's new wife, who was charming, and seeing quite a lot of two bachelor friends, Bob Smyth and John Muccio. Finally we took the train for Peking. Much to our surprise, we found the Wagons-Lits cars to be new and very comfortable. We crossed the Yangtze at Nanking on the ferry without incident – with the strong current it was an operation requiring much skill – and finally the morning of the second day we arrived at Ch'ien Men Station in Peking, where we were met by Li, with Niger, and by Leon Ellis, Bob Buell, F.J. Chapman and Paul Meyer, all officers of the Legation staff.

Peking (1932)

As there was no house immediately available to us in the Legation Compound or San Kuan Miao, we moved into the Wagons-Lits Hotel, a modern European hotel, and quite comfortable.

We lunched that first day with “Bob” Buell. Bob had constructed a rectangular fishpond in his garden, had installed lights in it, stocked it with exotic Chinese goldfish, and had a glass topped table made to fit about one-foot above the pond. On occasion, he would have lunch or dinner served here. His guests were required to remove their shoes and stockings and, as they ate, dangle their feet in the water among the goldfish. Some did not like the idea, but Bob was careful in choosing his guests for such occasions, and there was generally much merriment.

We had dinner that first night with Leon Ellis in his beautiful house in the San Kuan Miao, which was later to become ours after a short time.

The next night, on the occasion of the Lotus Festival, we dined with FJ Chapman on a barge floating along the Grand Canal outside the Peking city wall. There was a full moon. Hundreds of small boats filled with Chinese, or with foreigners like ourselves, drifted amongst flickering candles floating in profusion on the water to light the way for the spirits of ancestors who drowned at sea, whose bodies had not been recovered, and who, therefore, had not had a proper ritualistic burial. Here, as at Chinese funerals, articles of household use, food, junks and all sorts of things made of paper were floated on the water to assure that the deceased would have them in the other world. The shores of the Grand Canal were lined with thousands of Chinese spectators, and even some participants who submitted their offerings from shore. It was a fascinating evening. Our dinner, as always on such occasions in China, was nicely served by the Chinese Boys of our host.

This was our entry into the maelstrom of life in the exotic society of the international set of Peking – now renamed Pei P'ing (Northern Peace) by the Kuomintang Government in Nanking. Although we began to call it Pei P'ing, we always thought of it as Peking and, in fact, when the communists took over China in 1949, they moved the capital back to Peking and restored the name.

There is only one word to describe the life in Pei P'ing of those days: fabulous. The cost of "high living" was low, there was an unlimited supply of efficient domestic help, and there was the exotic background of the beautiful city and its environs. The Diplomatic Corps, with the exception of ourselves and one or two other missions, did not have much work to do and sought diversion. There was the Peking Club, located within the Legation Quarter, with its tennis and swimming in summer, and its ice-skating and badminton in winter. There were the various Legation Guards. The British were famous for the precision of their military tattoo, and our own Marine Guard was proud to be the only "Horse Marines" in the world.

There was polo on the *glacis* east of Legation Quarter in summer, horse racing at the *P'ao Ma Ch'ang* in the spring and autumn, and there were hunts – paper chases – during the winter. There was always golf. Also, there always parties: weekend parties in the temples of the Western Hills, or in the bungalows at *P'ao Ma Ch'ang*, luncheons, cocktail parties, dinners, dances, costume parties and whatever the ingenuity of the human mind might conceive. When Anne left Pei P'ing, April 6, 1934, to return to the United States with our daughter, I looked through my engagement book and discovered that from January 1 until her departure in April, we'd had only two meals at home alone. That does not, of course, include breakfast, which was always served to us in bed.

Added to the Diplomatic Corps were the tourists coming at odd times or on "around the world" cruises; there were the speculators seeking concessions, and there was a group of wealthy Americans, mostly widows, who either owned or rented large Chinese houses in which to spend the winter and to entertain.

One was a Mrs. Fisher, widow of a president of the Southern California Edison Company. She had had hard luck, or should I say, bad judgment. After her husband had amassed his wealth and had retired, she had bought a beautiful villa in Florence, Italy, and had taken her two daughters there. As might have been anticipated, they each married an adventurous fortune-seeking Italian, and each lived to regret it. One of them, Drika Della Noce, married a dashing Italian cavalry officer, who was with her in Pei P'ing, having obtained release from active service.

Among these more or less permanent residents was "Aunt Lucy" Calhoun. Her husband had, at one time, been American Minister to China, she had loved the life in Pei P'ing, so when he died leaving her not too well off, she returned and bought a spacious Chinese house on *Ma Ta Jen Hu T'ung* (Land of an Important Man). Aunt Lucy was charming. She took in "paying guests". It was at her house that we first met Madam Tan Mao-lan, who had been a lady-in-waiting to the Empress Dowager Tze Hsi. She was accomplished in the stylized court dancing of the Ch'ing Dynasty Imperial Court and had performed before the Empress dowager many times. That evening she danced for Aunt Lucy's guests. It was most interesting.

Later, we got to know Madam Tan and her husband quite well. Not having any children of their own to carry on her dancing, Madam Tan had adopted the daughter of a cousin to ensure its survival. The daughter, Lydia, eventually also became a friend of ours, as did her real parents, her father then being an official of the Pei P'ing branch of the new Chinese Foreign Office.

Unfortunately, Lydia had been stricken with polio during her infancy and, although she learned to dance creditably, Madam Tan had to give up the idea of treating a successor having her own perfection. Lydia finally entered the Chinese diplomatic service and acquitted herself with honors. We last saw her in Paris where she was a Secretary in the Chinese embassy. Later she married a Belgian and, we were told, was very happy.

More of Madam Tan: when I had been in Peking as a bachelor, I had met and gotten to know Lucille Swan, an American sculptress who had visited there, liked what she saw, and had stayed on to work. Among her works was a small bronze statue of Madam Tan. It is a charming little piece. We ran into it years later when we rented an apartment in Geneva, Switzerland, from one Herbert May, who had also known Lucille, and had persuaded her to part with the little masterpiece. It was in the apartment in Geneva and we loved it. When we had to move to Libya, and May decide to sell everything in his apartment, we deputized Betty Vincent, wife of our then American Minister to Switzerland, and an old friend, to purchase the statuette for us. This she did, and it remains one of our prized possessions. Incidentally, we ran into Lucille Swan years later in La Palma, Majorca, and she expressed pleasure that her little statuette was in the hands of someone who had known Madam Tan.

Although we had telephones in Pei P'ing at the time, they were manually operated, and very difficult to use unless you spoke Chinese. To avoid difficulty with the telephone, everyone maintained a chit book: a book in which you listed the names of the persons to whom you were sending a communication. There was a place provided where the recipient could either initial to show that he had received the communication, or, if it was an invitation, he could, if he wished, signify his acceptance or his regrets. These chit books, with their accompanying communications, would be carried about by a coolie who would wait for the responses. You could look at the list of names and know who was being invited to the party. If you did not like the looks of the list, you could decline the invitation. That was accomplished with risk, however, as it was customary, if you declined, to say where you had a prior engagement. In such a tightly-knit community, you had to be careful, or your would-be hostess might discover that you are lying. Many was the time, when Anne and I did not want to go where we were being invited, we would simply decide to have a party of our own that night. On that, your would-be hostess could not check.

Coming back to Pei P'ing, I might repeat that living there was easy. You employed a good Number One Boy, and you more or less left the running of the household to him. He would hire and fire the other servants, with your concurrence, of course, and he was responsible to see that there was no thievery and no damage to your possessions. It was not usual to tell your Number One Boy at five in the afternoon that there would be 12 or more people for dinner that night. You had run into someone at the club who was not engaged that evening, and you had suddenly decided to have a party; maybe bridge, maybe poker or Mah Jong, or maybe just to get together. Neither your Number One Boy nor the cook would bat an eyelash. If there was not enough food in the household, Cook would very quickly find out, as only the Chinese could do, who was coming to dinner, and he would canvass the various household supplies. Also, if the party was going to be large, the Number One Boys of your guests would come along, assisting the service and having a party of their own in the kitchen.

In China, you were never allowed to wear or use anything washable more than once. A towel, once touched, must be replaced. A shirt or summer suit, once worn, must be washed. In fact, anything washable was picked up and washed immediately after you had taken it off. We were spoiled, and we loved it.

This mode of living made it easy to have houseguests. With us in China, it was much as it had been in the southern states of the United States in antebellum days: before the War Between the States. No one would think of visiting for less than a few weeks or months. A shorter stay would be taken as an indication that the guest did not like the hospitality offered. For example, we had not long been Hankow before my sister, Catherine, arrived for a visit. She stayed from November 1930 until June 1931! We put her in the guest suite, the servants took care of her, and we had her to our luncheons and dinners when it was convenient, and when it was not, she either went out or was served in her room. In Pei P'ing it was the same. We were rarely without a houseguest from somewhere. They would come for shorter or longer periods. Here again, my sister, Catherine, came and stayed for over a year. Kitty Dunlop, a close friend of Anne's, came for nine months, and we had many others. We would put them in the guest suite and try to make them at home. They would even entertain in our house at times when we were out, repaying hospitality that had been offered to them.

But to go back to our arrival in Pei P'ing. We were told that we could have the house in the San Kuan Miao then occupied by Larry Pond as soon as he finished his language study, October 1. It was a nice house, so we marked the time in the Wagons-Lits Hotel across the street.

We spent our first weekend with Leon Ellis, the Second Secretary of the Legation, at his temple, *Pao Chu Tung* (Temple of the Pearl Grotto), in the Western Hills at *Pao Ta Ch'u* (Eight Precious Palaces). His was the highest of all the temples at Pao Ta Ch'u, and, clustered as it was among the trees at the very top of the range, afforded from the terrace a magnificent panorama of the plains looking toward Pei P'ing.

It was quite a climb to reach the temple, so we hired either sedan chairs or sturdy little donkeys with tinkling bells to carry us. You sat on the donkey's rump, gripped tightly to the small saddle and rode precariously up the narrow paths to the peak with the donkey boys whipping their charges to keep them moving. It was amusing, but many preferred "shanks mare" or the swaying of a sedan chair to the rump of a diminutive donkey.

The following weekend we spent with Larry Pond at his temple, *Shih Tze Wo* (Lion's Nest). Of Shih Tze Wo, Juliet Bredon says:

"The climb to Shih Tze Wo is far more interesting than the place itself, which is devoid of traditions.... But from the gallery (modeled on the one at the Summer Palace) that winds along the hillside, the view of the plain below which broadens greenly to the distant city, is like a leaf from some old Chinese picture book."

(I might add a footnote here on Juliet Bredon. She was married to a French man, Charles Lauru. We knew them quite well and played bridge with them frequently. One night when we were entertaining at dinner Juliet Bredon arrived, without Charles, when we were still having

cocktails. We had not invited her, but I told Li to set another place at the table, and I hurriedly changed the seating arrangement. When I returned to chat with Juliet, suddenly she said: "But, where is my host?" "I am your host" I replied. "But," she said, "I am supposed to be dining with Paul Meyer!" Paul lived next door. It was easy to mistake the entrances to the various quarters in the San Kuan Miao. Juliet rushed off to her proper dinner, and we removed the extra place in the table. No damage had been done, but there had been a moment of uncertainty. Households ran so easily in Pei P'ing, that an additional guest was no problem.)

During this time, Anne got busy with plans to fix up Larry Pond's house in the San Kuan Miao, and we had our first dinner with the Minister, Nelson Johnson, given in honor of visiting Admiral Taylor, Commander-in-Chief of our Asiatic Fleet.

We took the admiral's aide, Henry Moore, and his wife, old friends from Washington, outside Ch'ien Men in the Chinese City to the *Lao Pien Yi Fang*, a Chinese restaurant that has been existence for over 400 years. Lao Pien Yi Fang was famous for its Peking Duck.

Peking Duck at the Lao Pien Yi Fang was an experience not soon to be forgotten. To be proper, the duck must have been penned up, much as is done with the geese in Alsace to provide the fine *foi gras*, and it must have been fed a special diet to produce an exceptional flavor to the meat. At the restaurant, several duck are presented to you, and you choose the one you wished to have. That duck will be the *pièce de résistance* of the meal. While you are enjoying the preliminary dishes, it is being grilled before a charcoal fire and constantly being basted with a special sauce. When ready to serve, it is presented to you for further approval, then, the skin, grilled to a delicious crispness, is carefully carved into small squares easily picked up from the duck with your chopsticks. You take an extremely thin doily made from millet flour and smear on it some vermilion sauce. Then, with your chopsticks, you pick up a square or two of the skin, place it on your doily, add some sliced onion, roll it into a patty and, taking this patty between your chopsticks, you may enjoy one of the greatest delights of the dinner table.

Generally the skin, only, is eaten at the restaurant. The rest of the duck is left to be sent later to the home of the host, to be eaten by his family and servants. This was likewise true of the uneaten remains of the numerous other dishes. (Whenever we entertained at a Chinese restaurant, I always had Ernest Tung help me. Ernest had been with me in Kalgan and, when I had closed that office, I'd had him transferred to the Legation in Pei P'ing. He would consult with the manager of the restaurant and we would agree on a menu. Ernest was always an invited guest to assure that all went well. In return, the leftovers from our dinners were sent to his house rather than to mine. There was no thought of leaving them at the restaurant.).

While Admiral Taylor was in Pei P'ing, our naval attaché was able to arrange a flight over the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall of China in two Ford tri-motor airplanes belonging to General Chang Hsueh-liang, the warlord then controlling Pei P'ing. It was an interesting trip and Anne's first view of the Great Wall at Nankow Pass. We boarded the planes south of the city in September, and flew over it at low altitude, viewing the various palaces, gardens and lakes for the first time from the air. Then on to the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall. It was wonderful to see the panorama of Pei P'ing and its environs from the air at such low altitude.

About this time Teady Graves arrived with her brother from Hankow. They joined us and Larry Pond for a trip over the first range of the Western Hills to *T'an Cheh Ssu* (Monastery of the Oak Root) and *Chieh T'ai Ssu* (Monastery of the Ordaining Terrace), two temples of outstanding beauty. We drove to *Pa Ta Ch'u* in our automobiles and there hired donkeys to carry us across rough terrain to the foothills. We were late getting started and had to hurry so as to reach our destination before dark. The donkeys galloped at full speed cross country, and Anne and I, not being expert horseman, had all we could do to stay mounted. Once across the flat country, the terrain became precipitous, so we dismounted and began to climb on foot followed by our donkeys and little boys who attended them.

Just before dark we arrived at Chieh T'ai Ssu, delighted to find that the servants Larry had sent ahead were there to receive us with drinks and a warm bath. We had dinner that night in the beautiful mountain setting, surrounded by whispering trees and the sound of rippling water, with the chanting of the priests in the background.. (This was the temple that had so charmed Allan Priest, a friend of long standing and who later became Curator of Oriental Art at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, that he had obtained permission of the priests to be buried in the temple grounds, and had then taken out a policy with an insurance company which guaranteed that no matter when or where he died, his remains would be shipped to Chieh T'ai Ssu and buried there.)

We thought Chieh T'ai Ssu delightful, but our pleasure could not last. In the middle of the night it began to rain. As usual in China, we had too many engagements. We had accepted to lunch with the Minister the next day. So, despite the torrential downpour we had to start back to Pei P'ing early the following morning. We had planned to stop by T'an Cheh Ssu on the way back but the rain made that impossible. As Anne wrote at the time:

We got up at 5:30 and after breakfast, left a little before 7:00 am. It was awful! We slipped and slid downhill and couldn't ride until we got down to the plain. Then, after three hours of drenching rain, the cars, because of flooding, couldn't get to where we had left them, so we had to ride for another hour.

At last, we reached our automobile and sped into town, arriving with just time for a hot bath before lunch with the Minister and Mrs. Johnson. That should have taught us a lesson, but it didn't. Anne loved parties, and so did I. We had many other occasions when we had to leave the place where we were having a wonderful time earlier than we would have liked, because we had commitments elsewhere.

By October 1932, we had settled into our temporary house in the San Kuan Miao. Our new car, a Ford V-8 sedan, had been delivered, Anne had begun the serious study of Chinese, and we were residents in good standing of the community.

I never knew the name of our chauffeur, K'ai Ch'e Ti, in Pei P'ing. This was also true of the cook, who was known only as Chu Tze, of the maid, who is simply Amah, of our daughter's nurse, who was Nei Nei, and of the coolies, who were just "coolie". But with the others we used their family names.

K'ai Ch'e Ti was a good, almost too cautious, driver, although he did occasionally imbibe too freely when he had driven us to a good party. [Remember? Visiting servants gather in the kitchen for a party of their own on such occasions.] More than once, I or Anne had to drive the car back home when, on departing, we found K'ai Ch'e Ti too drunk to do so.

With our own car, we could get about more easily, so we began once again to visit places of interest in and about the city and to go *tung hsi* hunting (antiquing). *Tung hsi* literally means East-West, but it also means "things". In other words, we were hunting for things. Anyway, that was a favorite and frequently profitable sport when it rained, and we could not play golf or tennis or whatever sport had been planned for the day.

Rainy days were also occasions for hurriedly-organized bridge fours. The minute it began to rain, telephones would start ringing and a bridge game was arranged for right after office hours. These games were in addition to the weekly games organized by various members of the diplomatic corps who did not have much work to do. Anne had two or three of these regular afternoon games each week, which she slipped in between her golf matches.

Just before Christmas [1932] we were able to move into Leon Ellis's nice house, as he had been transferred and left Pei P'ing. Anne got busy fixing it up, and we really settled in to enjoy our tour of duty in Pei P'ing to the fullest.

Our little compound was really quite spacious and comfortable, but we required a large staff to make it function properly.

From the first inner courtyard, you had to turn to the left to pass through a second gateway to reach the second inner court. That was to prevent evil spirits from entering. Remember, evil spirits cannot turn corners. As an additional precaution, there were two fierce gods, one on each side of an inner wall. They were supposed to frighten away any evil spirit venturing that way.

In anticipation of the birth of our child, we had built a nursery and bath in one section of our compound, and had hired a special baby nurse, called Nai Nai, and a special coolie to take care of Niger, who had become a problem in the city where he could not run freely about as he had done in Hankow. Thus we had quite a staff of domestic help.

The nursery was on the right of the inner courtyard. The building had been used as a storeroom. We partitioned it so that Nai Nai could have a room connecting with the baby, and we added a bathroom in a small structure we built on the far side of the building in a little courtyard looking off the formal dining room.

It was here that we had our first Chinese shadow pictures to entertain our guests after dinner. A Chinese theater group would rig a large white cloth screen, and behind this they would arrange a stage, and manipulate colored figurines much as is done with marionettes in the Western world, while they chanted some ancient tale of love or war. The color of the figurines was visible through the thin screen, and the effect was much like that of an animated motion picture in color. Of course, the chanting was all in Chinese, so we had the tale translated into English for the benefit of those not understanding Chinese.

Usually he would complete his act by coming from behind his screen and starting to produce various things out of thin air: everything from artificial fruit and flowers, to bowls of water of Another means of entertaining guests after dinner was to call in a Chinese magician, called *Yi Ke Lung Tung*, because as he performed he would constantly chant "*Lung tung, lung tung, yi ke lung tung, tui tui tui, yi ke tui tui.*" The chant had no meaning, but it was his symbol. He was really a remarkable magician. Some of his tricks had to be seen to be believed! At one stage, having performed numerous magical tricks, he would suddenly turn a complete somersault and come up with a goldfish bowl full of water containing several fish swimming about in lively fashion, of varying sizes, which seemed impossible for him to have concealed under his long gown. Then, when it seemed that he could not possibly have anything else under that gown, he would suddenly produce from nowhere a bowl of water 18 inches in diameter and 10 inches deep, weighing 20 pounds. I know, because I had it weighed one night. No one ever saw how he produced all of those things, but there they were. There was always astonishment, and great applause when his act was finished.

As many of our friends had rented temples in the Western Hills, we decided that we, too, would like to have one there. In January 1933, we found a very nice one – Pi Mo Yen – only a short distance up in the hills. Buddhist monks still lived there and carried on their services, but we could have a section apart which some foreigner had remodeled and equipped with baths. We rented it for the large sum of \$120 Mex per year. Of our Temple Juliette Breeden wrote:

Pi Mo Yen, the "Goblin Cliff", lies on the further side of the valley, a little apart from the other monasteries – apart in conception, too, which resembles an old fortress, rather than a Temple, with caves and rock chapels chiseled from the cliffs. The hill on which it stands, the *Lu Chin Shan*, takes its name from Lu, a celebrated poet of the Sui Dynasty (about the end of the sixth century A.D.).

Almost every weekend we would send the servants out ahead of us on Friday morning, and then, in the afternoon we ourselves would drive out in the car with K'ai Ch'e Ti at the wheel. The climb to our temple was not too steep nor too long. We did not have to hire donkeys or sedan chairs as did people climbing to the temples higher up in the hills. Most weekends we would have houseguests, or would invite friends over from other temples for lunch on Sunday. Also, the golf course at Pa Ta C'hu was nearby, so we never lacked for something to do.

With Anne now pregnant, she had to take long walks. We did that winter and spring in Pei P'ing. K'ai Ch'e Ti would drive us to a likely spot and we would get out of stroll. Sometimes it would be in the country and sometimes we would visit old temples and palaces, take a walk at the Temple of Heaven, in the grounds of the Pei Hai (Northern Sea), or at the Summer Palace. It is worthy of note that we could go anywhere and everywhere in and about Pei P'ing at that time without the slightest fear of misadventure. The people were always cordial, curious and courteous.

It was at this time that we finally discovered the nature of an ailment that had been bothering me for almost nine months. Sometime before we left Hankow, I fell suddenly ill with chills and fever, and spasms so severe I could hardly walk. I went to bed, took aspirin, and in a couple of days I was all right again. Then, a month later, the same thing happened. This time we called

the doctor. He tested my blood for malaria but found nothing. Once again, I was back on my feet in a couple of days. I had a third attack before I left Hankow, and in Pei P'ing they continued at about monthly intervals until I was down to 135 pounds in weight.

Finally, Doctor Willcutts, the Navy doctor attached to the Legation Guard, told me that the next time I felt such an attack coming on I should contact him immediately. The next attack began while I was at work at my desk in the Chancery, and I called Willcutts immediately. He was in, and I went straight to his dispensary. There he took my blood while I was still having chills and spasms. Then he sent me home to bed. The next morning he came to see me. He said that he'd had a hard time analyzing my blood, but that at 11 o'clock the night before he had definitely established that my ailment was a peculiar type of malaria.

He put me on a 52-day course of quinine, and I was my old self again. Incidentally, I never had a reoccurrence of malaria until 15 years later when I returned to the Yangtze valley at Nanking. I always thought those malaria bugs lay dormant only so long as they were on foreign soil. The minute they sensed that they were back in their native Yangtze valley, they revived to molest me. By that time, however, medical science had devised a simple cure for malaria and my case presented no difficulty.

I mentioned earlier how careful we had to be about the things we ate in China. Well, my friend F.J. Chapman had a friend who had a friend who was a Chinese oyster fisherman off the Liaotung Peninsula of Manchuria. This friend of a friend of a friend gathered oysters in the clean waters of the Gulf of Liaotung during the cold winter months; he packed them in seaweed; they froze quickly in the subzero weather (Chinese deep freeze) and he shipped them to us by means of a special arrangement with the Tientsin-Mukden Railway, so that the oysters arrived frozen and safe to eat. The minimum purchase was a *picul*, or 133-1/3 pounds. That was a lot of oysters!

When our shipment arrived, we would place the sack in a shady part of one of our inner courtyards so that they would not thaw out, and then we would begin to eat oysters. We didn't have them for breakfast, but we almost did. We had oyster stew, fried oysters, oysters Rockefeller, oysters-what-have-you at least twice a day. We presented to oysters to friends, only to be invited to lunch and fed oysters. By the time we had finished that *picul* of oysters we had them running out of our ears. Nevertheless, it was such a delight to be able to taste oysters for a change we came back for more each winter.

It was the same first winter in Pei P'ing that we discovered the bookbinding orphanage maintained by the Roman Catholic Church. Then they taught young Chinese boys how to bind books. It cost a small sum of \$2 Mex to have a book beautifully bound in leather. We decided that here was an opportunity to have our best books presentably bound. So, we started with a few at a time and before we left Pei P'ing most of our prized volumes were nicely bound in leather.

It is at another Roman Catholic orphanage, this one for girls, that Anne discovered how reasonably she could buy Venetian Point tablecloths, mats and other things. I had quite a supply for my bachelor days at Peking, but "they were not large enough", or "the design was not

pleasing." Anyway, Anne set about stocking up for life. It was a good investment as we constantly used the things she bought throughout our career. Upon retiring, however, we had to be careful, because we discovered back in Washington it cost \$40 to have one Venetian point tablecloth laundered.

Anne also discovered that she could have needlepoint done at ridiculously low prices at still another orphanage in Pei P'ing. She persuaded her mother to send her canvases with a pretty design, and wool, and she had seat covers made for our 18 dining room chairs.

The winter of 1932-1933 witnessed further expansion of the Japanese incursion into North China. On a trumped up excuse, they occupied the Chinese province of Jehol, just north of Pei P'ing, and Pei P'ing, itself, seemed threatened. At that time I wrote to Judge Covington:

We have just witnessed a debacle in Jehol of what looked at one time as though it might be real resistance to the Japanese advance. The Japanese said all along that they would have no trouble in taking Jehol, but almost everyone else who knew the elaborate preparations that were being made by the Chinese thought there would be a scrap of some sort. However, the Japanese seem to know the Chinese better than anyone else, for they walked right through Jehol without meeting any resistance whatever. We are glad in some ways, for that should mean that they will not molest the regions inside the Great Wall, and we should have peace in Pei P'ing. North China is still a tinderbox, however, and with the present temper of the Japanese military, almost anything may happen. You need have no worry for us, however, as we are probably safer in the Legation Quarter in Pei P'ing than we would be anywhere else in China.

There were tense situations in other parts of China at the same time and one would have thought that the dangers of civil and international strife would have affected the social life in Pei P'ing. It did not. The carefree existence went on just as though China was sublimely peaceful instead of being, as she was, in the midst of violent upheaval.

Looking back I sometimes wonder how I could have accomplished the really vast amount of work that I did in the Chancery at the Legation and still attend all the parties. I do remember one night when we were dancing on the roof of the Peking Hotel and I had been importuning Anne to thank our hosts and go home. Finally, she came back to our table on the dance floor and said, "Lewis, drink up and let's get home." My reply was in essence "Must I drink up in order to get home?" (She had been raised during the Prohibition Era, when it was considered a crime to leave unfinished drink on the table.) Youth just must have had stamina.

I had been made Chief of Chancery when we first arrived in Pei P'ing. That position involved direction and supervision of all the operations of the Legation. All incoming communications came first to me. I routed them to the officers who should see them with an indication of the officer who was to take action, if action was needed. Also, all outgoing communications came to my desk and could not be dispatched without my approval. When I differed with officers of the Legation senior to me, the argument was settled by the Counselor of Legation.

One of the first things I did was to make a thorough physical survey of the Chancery. In the attic, I found cases of old records dating back to the first American Commissioners sent to China in the early 19th century by the United States in our efforts to participate in the then profitable "China Trade". They were valuable to the historian, but they were just lying there unnoticed and risking destruction. The Bureau of Archives in Washington was delighted at the discovery and we were directed to inventory the papers and ship them to Washington. There were many other things unearthed and many innovations I instituted as Chief of Chancery, always, of course, with the approval of the Counselor.

In addition to my administrative responsibilities I was charged with handling what we then called the "cases." These are problems involving treaty rights raised by our consular offices in China. We were going through a period when the Kuomintang Government in Nanking was nibbling away at the rights foreign nations had acquired by what the Chinese called the "unequal treaties," signed under duress during the early days of foreign penetration. The consular officers were constantly being presented with concrete cases of this violation of our treaty rights, and, when local protest proved of no avail, the matter was referred to the Legation to be taken up with the Foreign Office in Nanking. When the consular officer was in doubt as to what he should do, he would present the case to the Legation and ask for instructions.

It was my responsibility to interpret the applicable treaty provisions, to direct a protest to the Chinese Foreign Office, or to instruct the consular officer concerned, as the case might require. In each case, I would report to the Department of State in Washington the problem presented and the action taken, always, of course, over the signature of the Minister. I had to be thorough and familiar with our treaty rights. As a matter of fact, one of my first cases was one I had submitted from Hankow before I left there. I had, in effect, to instruct myself what to do.

As many of the encroachments on our treaty rights were being inflicted upon the nationals of nations having similar treaties with China, I made it a practice to consult with someone in the most important missions to assure that we followed a consistent line in our protests to the Chinese Foreign Office.

I remember well one time when I was calling at the British Legation to check in with Sir Eric Teichman, the Chinese Counselor, on one of our problems. Sir Eric had been in China for 30-odd years, spoke fluent Chinese, and was one of the really great Sinologues. We found ourselves in agreement on the position we should take on that particular question. I was able to assure Sir Eric that the position would be that of the United States. There was no question but that I, a second secretary, could speak for my Legation, because I was the only officer there interested in such problems. On the other hand, Sir Eric, so much better founded on the subject than I, had to qualify his agreement on the proposed action on the subject by saying that he would have to obtain the concurrence of Harold Caccia, Third Secretary of his Legation, who happened to be in charge of the British Legation because the Minister and other senior Diplomatic Secretaries were absent.

Here was a Sinologue with vast experience and profound knowledge of China, the Chinese, and British rights under British treaties, who had to defer to a junior officer in a different branch of the same service before he could commit his legation. Incidentally, Harold Caccia later became

British ambassador to the United States Sir Eric, unfortunately, was shot during World War II, on his own property to which he had retired, by an American soldier who was poaching.

My duties as Chief of Chancery kept me busy during normal office hours. My cases, I had to handle afterwards. At 5:00 pm, the others would leave the Chancery. Not I. Clarence Gauss, the Counselor, would hear my typewriter going upstairs on my cases and he would come up for a chat. We would talk until 7:00 pm or later. That meant I had to work late again the next day, when, once again, the same thing would take place. How I ever finished my cases I shall never know, but somehow I did.

As I have said, life went on much as usual in Pei P'ing. Anne and I continued our walks, and finally, on June 10, her mother arrived to be on hand for the birth of her first grandchild. We had a few parties to introduce her to our friends, and she settled down in the guest section of our compound.

Late in June we spent a weekend at our temple, Pi Mo Yen. It rained torrents that first night. The usually dry stream bed passing by our temple became a torrent of washing rushing water, and made such a great noise that Mrs. Covington was very firm the next morning we must return to the city. She was afraid we might get cut off by a flood and prevented from returning to Pei P'ing. She did not want her first grandchild to be born in a Buddhist temple without benefit of an obstetrician.

On July 5, 1933, Anne had one of her weekly bridge games, played at this time at our house. She had bid and made two grand slams and one small slam during the afternoon. She was bragging about it to me and to her mother after dinner when she began to feel the pains preceding childbirth. They seemed to be coming at very short intervals, so I got out my watch and began to time them. They were almost continuous. She said that she thought she had better go to bed to be ready for eventualities. I concurred, but insisted that she could to bed at the PUMC Hospital where the delivery was to take place.

Anne agreed. We put her things together, and I drove her over to the hospital. As we entered, Anne as large as a house, the girl at the reception desk glanced casually at her and inquired, "Are you a patient?" Finally, we persuaded her to let us go to the maternity ward where everything was in readiness. I had telephoned to announce our arrival. The intern on duty examined Anne and told me that I should return home. If anything should happen during the night, which he thought unlikely, he would telephone to me. So I went back to the San Kuan Miao. It was a terrifically hot night, with the temperature well above 100° Fahrenheit. So I stripped, took a plunge into the swimming pool, and then jumped into bed still wet and chilled by the cold water, hoping that I could get some sleep. (I might mention here, that during the spring of that year, I had discovered that the Marine Guard compound had much more artesian water that it could possibly use. The Commandant agreed to supply artesian water to the San Kuan Miao compound if the State Department would pay the cost of installation. The State Department had agreed, and we not only had clean artesian water in our household, we also had it clean and very cold in our swimming pool. So when I dived in that night, the water was actually chilling).

I was just about to doze off when the telephone rang and I was told that I was the father of a beautiful baby daughter. I jumped into some clothes, drove over to the PUMC, and was there as they wheeled Anne out of the delivery room. She was weak, but happy, and she wanted a cigarette. We smoked a couple of cigarettes, I was shown the baby, and then I returned to the San Kuan Miao to give Anne a chance for some sleep. For me sleep was out of question. I was too excited.

Early that morning, I returned to the hospital to see the mother and, of course, to have another look at the baby. Much to my surprise, I found that a friend of ours, Mayo Newhall, had gotten there before me. He had heard of the birth, by Chinese wireless, I suppose, that is from our Number One Boy to his, and had rushed into the room breathless, saying, "Is it true that you made two grand slams and one small slam yesterday, and that the baby was born under the bridge table?" How gossip flies in an integrated community such as was that of Pei P'ing at that time.

We had decided that if the child turned out to be a boy, we would name him "Covington Lewis Clark." We had been unable to agree on a name for a daughter. That decision had to be taken before we could send the cables to the United States announcing the arrival of our daughter. I wanted her named after my mother, but Anne held out for Gillian. We compromised by giving her the name of her mother, "Anne Covington Clark." To distinguish between the two Annes became immediately a question. At first we called the baby "Covy", as her mother had been known before she married me. That soon gave way to her Chinese "milk" name, Mei Li (beautiful and filial). All Chinese babies had to have a milk name which was used only during childhood. Later they were given another, grown-up name.

We had arranged for a special Chinese trained nurse, Miss Lo, to come from the PUMC to be with Little Anne during the early days to teach Nai Nai how to care for the baby. She was as capable as she was pleasant, and she succeeded quite quickly in training Nai Nai how to take care of our child. Of course, Anne loved to bathe the baby, and she had to breastfeed her as the doctor had stressed that a breastfed baby enjoyed all of the immunities of its mother, a very important consideration in disease-ridden China.

We also had worried a little about Niger. Someone had told us that a dog became jealous and dangerous when a baby arrived to replace him in the affections of the family. We need not have worried. Although Niger horrified Mrs. Covington by licking the baby's face, they got along famously. Later, when Little Anne began to walk, but was still uncertain on her feet, Niger would frequently knock her over by wagging his tail expressing his delight.

In Pei P'ing, it was customary to invite silk merchants, antique dealers and such to come to your house and display their wares. You would merely tell your Number One Boy, and the merchant would appear. This was generally done when you had house guests or visitors, although it could happen whenever the spirit moved you, or when a merchant just dropped by hoping to make a sale.

Our beautiful ivory inlaid screen was bought from one such merchant. He had dropped by with it hoping that I would be interested. I wanted it, and was haggling over the price, when Mrs. Covington, who didn't speak Chinese, intervened and asked what price was being demanded.

I told her that the merchant was down to \$125 Mex but that I thought I could buy it for less. She did not agree, and said that she would buy it for me as a present. That ended the haggling, of course, because the merchant understood some English, but the screen is worth many times that amount.

It was not long after Little Anne's birth before we were back in the full flood of the exotic life of Pei P'ing. Mrs. Covington stayed only long enough to assure that our daughter was christened. This was done in the British Legation Chapel. She feared that we might overlook that ceremony.

In the spring of 1934, with a financial crisis in the United States, we had to accept a 15% cut in our pay. I told Li of this, and insisted that our household expenses are going to have to be reduced. They were, immediately, and by exactly 15%. About a year later, the cut in pay was restored. I said nothing to Li about it, but our household expenses immediately rose 15%. The Chinese were a wily race.

Anne was to have her difficulties with Cook. He was a big, genial soul from Shantung Province, but he was Chinese, and he was going to make as much money as the traffic would bear. As with other Chinese cooks, he had no interest in hygiene as we know it. To persuade him to keep flies out of the kitchen, Anne would fine him 10 cents Mex for each fly she found there. That didn't bother Cook. He just added that much to his weekly bill.

There was a story, said to be true, of an Englishwoman who settled in Pei P'ing, and announced that she was going to see to it that her kitchen was kept clean. She went to work on her cook, and finally, after great difficulty, she achieved her clean kitchen. Whenever she inspected it, she found it spotless. She was so proud of herself, she bragged to her unbelieving friends. To convince them, she invited several to lunch one day. The guests arrived, and during cocktails, our hostess said, "Now come along. I will show you my spotless kitchen." They repaired to the kitchen and, sure enough, it was spotless. But nothing was cooking on the stove. In consternation, our hostess called for the Number One Boy and cried, "But doesn't Cook know that I am having guests for lunch today?" "Oh, yes," replied the Boy, "Missy wants clean kitchen. Cook keep kitchen clean. He cook in his bedroom."

But coming back to Anne and our cook. Cook's bills would gradually rise each month, until she would blow a fuse. Then they would drop materially, only once more to start an upward trend. One time, when she had blown a fuse and seen the bills come down, she said, "Now, Ch'u Tze, we have eaten just as well this month as we did last month, and your bill is much less. From now on, we are going to do as some of our friends do. We are going to "board" with you. I will pay you each month the same amount you charged me for the last month, and we are going to eat just as well. For each luncheon guest I will pay you so much, and for each dinner guest so much, and you will provide the menu I want." Cook smiled, shook his head, accepted the inevitable, and that is the way the household was run from then on.

Finding that many of our friends spent more their weekends in P'ao Ma Ch'ang than in the Western Hills, we eventually began to look about P'ao Ma Ch'ang for a place for ourselves. It just happened that the French Minister was returning to France on leave in 1934, and we were able to rent his nice bungalow. It was not particularly comfortable, but the garden had been planted so that each weekend a different color predominated. It was really quite attractive.

That spring, however, Anne received as a birthday present from her parents an offer of passage to the United States and return for her, Little Anne, and Nai Nai. Therefore, we did not get to use the house in P'ao Ma Ch'ang as much as we had anticipated.

Before going to the narrative of Anne's visit to the United States, it might be well to go back to the kind of social life we were then living in Pei P'ing. As I mentioned previously, there were many visitors. They provided an additional incentive to party giving, if any were needed. We or our friends, depending on who happened to have visitors, would take them sightseeing, give parties for them, take them into the Chinese city to shop and to dine at a good Chinese restaurant, giving them the opportunity to experience the exotic appeal of the Chinese city with its winding lanes, strange signs, bright neon lights and loud Chinese music.

In the Chinese restaurants, as in the Chinese theaters, you were, from time to time, given a steaming hot towel with which you could wipe your face and head and hands. A hot towel is really very refreshing. Of course, for sanitary reasons you were careful not to wash your eyes or your mouth. In the theater the men would come down the aisle during the play, paying no attention to the actors on the stage, one staying in the aisle with a large supply of steaming hot towels, the other easing his way along in front of the spectators in each row of seats. The man in the aisle would toss a hot towel over the heads of the spectators to the other, who would catch it and hand it to the spectator in front of whom he stood. After the spectator had wiped his face with a hot towel, he would hand it back, and it would be tossed once again over the heads of the spectators to the man in the aisle. Their aim was perfect. No towel ever fell upon a spectator's head, but many is the time I found myself ducking.

Remaining from the days of the Manchu dynasty, there were in Pei P'ing restaurants specializing in the food of the various sections of China. They had originally been established to cater to the desire of Chinese officials visiting the capital of business and wanting to enjoy the food of their native province. Thus, we could dine at a Szechuan restaurant and eat the highly spiced food peculiar to that large province; we could go to a Cantonese restaurant and enjoy their superior seafoods; we could go to a Mongolian restaurant and eat mutton, which we cooked ourselves over an open fire; or we could go to one specializing in Shantung food, which, by and large, we preferred. Then, too, there were restaurants where one could order almost anything. They had special cooks for the dishes of each region.

The restaurant we patronized most frequently was one of these latter. It was called the *Wu Hsing Lo*, or "House of Five Fragrances." As you entered the courtyard, you could pick out your own fish from amongst those swimming about in a large open tank. The Peking duck was delicious. They could be counted upon to provide other dishes of excellent quality. They appeared to be more or less sanitary and, once they had gotten to know us, the service was without equal. We found that in China, as in France, when you dined out and encountered an excellent wine, you

purchased some on the spot and took it home with you. Chinese rice wines differ from each other, as do those in the United States or of Europe. Yet unlike the United States or Europe, Chinese wines were not advertised. The only way you could buy a good Chinese rice wine was through a friend, or by discovering it yourself in a restaurant. For our weekly Chinese luncheons at home, we made it a practice always to have on hand some good wine we had discovered at the Wu Hsing Lo, or elsewhere.

During my student days, F.J. Chapman and I made it a practice to dine outside Ch'ien Men from time to time, in order, among other things, to give me an opportunity to speak Chinese. After dinner, to which we always invited a Chinese friend or two, we would visit the houses of the Singsong girls nearby. Each house had a sign hanging outside, giving the names of the girls to be found within, all very flowery, such, for instance, as "Precious Jade," "Heavenly Beauty," or something similar, attempting to entice patronage. These girls had, by and large, been sold into this life by their parents during a time of famine, and when they were very young. Girl babies were not highly thought of in China, and such a sale would bring the wherewithal to buy food for the remainder of the family. They had been raised since childhood in these brothels, for that is what they were. Some attracted wealthy Chinese who bought them out of that life and installed them in their homes as concubines. Others, less fortunate, suffered, as do most of that oldest of professions, and eventually became the old amahs, taking care of the newer generation.

You would enter the outer court and the gateman would show you into a small reception room, where you would be seated facing the entrance. Then, he would cry out loud voice, "Lai K'e" (guests have arrived). Whereupon, inmates of the house would enter the small reception room one by one, the gateman calling out the name of each as she entered and made her bow. Once the parade was over, you either left, or you named the girl or girls you would like to have entertain you. You were then taken to an inner and larger reception room, where you were served tea or you could buy beer. Here you talked and sometimes the girls would sing or play a musical instrument. After a while, you took your leave, being careful to place a small sum of money, usually a few silver dollars, on a side table.

When we returned to Pei P'ing, Anne and I followed a similar practice. We took the Brazilian Minister and Madam Velloso on such a tour one night after we had dined at the Wu Hsing Lo. It was the Chinese custom for girls to strap their breasts tightly so as to give the impression that they had none at all. Madam Velloso happened to be a woman with extremely large breasts, and the girls were understandably interested.

Except for Anne, I was the only foreigner present who spoke Chinese, so one of the girls asked me about the phenomenon. I suggested that if she wanted to investigate, she should go over and feel them. She did, much to the embarrassment of Madam Velloso, and to the amusement of the others. I must say however that Madam Velloso took it all in good spirit. One girl having broken the ice, the others also satisfied their curiosity, much to the amusement of all of us except the victim.

Early among our famous visitors was Barbara Hutton, Woolworth heiress, and her husband, Prince Mdivina, a Russian from Georgia. We were told that if you owned a horse on the steppes of Georgia, you could call yourself, Prince. Anyway, we got to meet the Mdivinas through Cecil

Lyon, the Third Secretary of Legation, who knew Barbara's cousin, Donahue, who was traveling with them. We dined with them one night at the Peking hotel, but Barbara tired early and went to bed, leaving her husband to entertain her guests. It was already evident that Barbara's first marriage was headed for the rocks. She stayed much to herself, and refused to go to Cecil Lyon's house for a small dinner and dance, though her husband and Donahue came and appeared to enjoy themselves.

Then came the Princess Henry the 33rd of Reus. She was a wealthy American widow who had married the Prince, tired of him, divorced him, and was traveling around the world. It just happened (*sic*) that a very good friend of hers, Count Kotzebue, a Pole, was on the same ship with her when they embarked at San Francisco. They had come to Peking together. We took them out to the Ming Tombs for a picnic lunch one day and got to know them quite well before they left. They were coming to us for dinner one night when, at the last moment, we received a message that neither the Princess nor Count Kotzebue would be able to dine that night. We discovered later that they had suddenly decided to get married, and had gone off on a wedding trip. We had never thought that she would give up her high-sounding title of Princess Henry the 33rd of Reus in exchange for one of Countess, but she did.

We saw the Princess and her Count in Paris later when we were assigned to our embassy there, and we had several meals with them at her beautiful old palace in the heart of Paris. When we next saw them, he smiled, and said, "You were not very surprised, were you?" (It was at the Countess Kotzebue's château in Switzerland that Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernard got to know each other. Their meeting had been arranged by Countess Kotzebue specifically to get Juliana and opportunity to know Bernard, and to decide whether she would agree to marry him.).

Now we must go back to the departure of Anne and our daughter for the United States. Just prior to their departure a table we had had relacquered was returned to us. Anne was very susceptible to lacquer poisoning. She had made the mistake of thinking that the lacquer on that table was dry, and she ate off it a couple of times. She broke out in a rash on both arms and neck so severe that we feared she would not be able to depart as planned. However, a dermatologist at the PUMC gave her some medicine, bandaged her up, and said that she could go as scheduled. They boarded the train on April 6 [1934], and off they went, not to return until autumn.

Nothing of much importance happened to me that summer. My work in the Legation went on, I played golf and bridge, and most weekends, I went to our bungalow at P'ao Ma Ch'ang.

I did, however, take one trip of several days into the third range of hills west of Pei P'ing. The trip was organized by a secretary in the British Legation, Jack Behrens, who arranged for us to spend each night at the house the British maintained in the area for British language officers. Unlike our students, they were removed from the temptations of Pei P'ing and required to study in the environment where they would have constant use of the language as they learned it

First, we drove automobiles to the foot of the first of the Western Hills. Here awaited us donkeys to carry our supplies and some of us, and sedan chairs to carry others. I chose a sedan

chair. After crossing the first range of hills, we descended to a narrow river which we crossed a in small ferry boat, handled, as so often in China, by a woman.

After crossing the second range of hills, we encountered another river, but this time there was a dilapidated bridge. I was constantly in fear that my bearers were going to dump me into the water.

It took a full day of hard travel to reach the British Student's house, which we reached just before dusk. The Chinese Boys made haste to unpack the beverages so that we could quench our thirst and enjoy the beautiful mountain view. Our dinner that night, as was customary on such outings, was served by the Chinese Boys just as though we were in Pei P'ing sitting down to a formal dinner; and the wines were as excellent.

I had noticed a small clear stream flowing past the house, so next morning I got up early before the others, and went down to it for a bath. It looked like a nice clean stream, so I bathed, shaved, and then brushed my teeth in the water. What was my consternation after breakfast, when we started on toward Miao Fang Shang and Pi Yuen Ssu, when I found a little Chinese village straddling my nice stream just around the bend from where I had bathed. That water had been clean only in appearance, as I discovered to my sorrow when my mouth developed an infection. I took no more baths in that stream.

After several hours of climbing we reached our goal, *Pi Yuen Ssu* (Monastery of the Azure Clouds). We had a very pleasant luncheon at Pi Yuen Ssu in one of the pavilions overlooking the great plain below, and then we went our way back to the British student's house, where we again spent the night. The next morning, early, we began our return trip to Pei P'ing via the same route we had traversed earlier, again stopping, as we had done on the upward journey, at a favorable spot to be served cocktails and luncheon by the Chinese Boys we had brought with us.

Meanwhile, my two Anne's had arrived in Washington. They were welcomed with open arms, and much was made of Little Anne, she was really, in fact, a beautiful child.

The Covingtons were very fortunate in having brought with them from the Eastern Shore of Maryland some excellent domestic help and, having been kind to them and thoughtful, had kept them for years and years. They were staffed, therefore, to take care of my two Annes and Nai Nai. Old William, the butler, was with Judge Covington for more than 50 years before he was retired with pension to the care of a niece in Baltimore. Portia had been cook for 40 years when she died. Reynolds, the chauffeur, after more than 20 years of service, left after the death of Judge Covington in 1942.

Shortly after their arrival in Washington, my two Annes journeyed along with the Covingtons up to Craftsbury Common, Vermont, a quaint little village situated on top of a hill where Mrs. Covington had purchased and remodeled an old colonial house, and where she had created a beautiful flower garden. There was a magnificent view across the hills to Mount Mansfield, and the sunsets, on occasion, were striking. Also, she was surrounded by cousins and there was a congenial family gathering.

Cocktails were served on the terrace looking toward Mount Mansfield. The place was most attractive, and it provided an atmosphere to which Little Anne was to return many times, and which she came to love. Mrs. Covington always referred to the cottage as that of Anne II's, and spoke of willing it to her. However, a few years after the death of Judge Covington, and of several of the cousins, she finally decided to sell the place, which she did, lock, stock and barrel, except for a few things Little Anne prized and was allowed to remove.

In September, 1934, my two Annes and Nai Nai returned to China. While they were in the United States, Nai Nai's husband died. I had written to Anne, but she quite wisely, I believe, feared that Nai Nai would collapse completely, weep continuously for three days, as was the Chinese custom, and would be of no use during that time. Also, Anne had to have her appendix removed at just about that time, so that Nai Nai's services were essential.

It was finally decided that I should bring the trained Chinese nurse, Miss Lo, with me to Shanghai when I went there to meet them. Miss Lo would tell Nai Nai of her bereavement and would be on hand to take charge of the Little Anne during the traditional weeping.

I was in Shanghai with Miss Lo when they arrived. Miss Lo also lost her nerve, and refused to inform Nai Nai of her loss. We all discussed the matter and decided that probably it would be better to withhold the sad news until we reached Pei P'ing.

Once arrived in Pei P'ing, I told Li of the fact that Nai Nai was still unaware of her husband's death, and I suggested to Li that he tell her. Li would have none of that! He sent word to Nai Nai's brother to come at once to her house in the San Kuan Miao to tell Nai Nai, and to take her home. The brother finally arrived, but he too chickened out. He said nary a word to Nai Nai about her husband, but put her in a rickshaw and started with her in the direction of her home.

Nai Nai thought nothing of it until they passed the *hutung* in which she lived without stopping. Still, her brother said nothing about the death of her husband, but insisted that she must see her mother before returning to her own house. At long last her mother broke the sad news, and Nai Nai, as had been anticipated, collapsed to the floor weeping loudly as required by custom.

She was supposed to be in a state of extreme, inconsolable grief for three days, but that was not to be. Little Anne had become so attached to her Nai Nai, she developed a high fever when Nai Nai failed to appear. Her mother could do nothing. We and the servants became very disturbed. What should we do? Finally, Li sent word to Nai Nai that she had to cease her wailing and come take care of her ailing charge. So Nai Nai returned after only one day of mourning, and immediately Little Anne's temperature went down and all was well.

Nai Nai's husband had not been a good husband. He drank too much, refused to work and was generally a burden to her. In the end we thought she welcomed the excuse not to continue her wailing and to return to her dearly-beloved charge.

But, if I may go back a bit; Anne had succeeded in persuading one of her life-long friends, Catherine Dunlop, to return with her to China. "Kitsi," who, incidentally, is one of Little Anne's godmothers, was still a spinster at that time. Anne thought she might find a nice husband in

China. We, of course, had plenty of space in our house, domestic service was no problem and, even if she did not find her man, it would be a pleasure to have her as our guest and to give her an opportunity to enjoy the fabulous life of Pei P'ing.

On the boat coming back to China, they had met a Mr. Langhorne Bond, who was managing director of the China National Aviation Corporation, a Chinese corporation being managed at the time by Pan American Airways, for whom Bondy actually was working. Pan American had a large interest in CNAC despite the fact that the latter was a Chinese corporation controlled by the Chinese government. Kitsi and Bondy were immediately attracted to each other, and by the time the steamer docked in Shanghai, they were fast friends and on the way toward romance.

After a few days in Shanghai and a short visit to nearby Hangchow, we all took the Peking-Shanghai Express back our lovely house in the San Kuan Miao. Our return was the signal for a round of parties to introduce Kitsi, and to accept the welcome back of Anne by her many friends.

We took Kitsi outside Ch'ien Men one night for Mongolian food, and we had a riot. In Mongolian restaurants braziers are set out in the courtyard, and the patrons cook their own slices of mutton over charcoal fires. Each is given a long fork to hold the meat over the fire. Various spices and sauces are available, including garlic buttons. Kitsi was new to such things. She innocently asked how you ate the little garlic buttons. She was told that they were just like radishes; you ate them whole. She did, and we had to quarantine her for a week.

Anne continued to study Chinese. She also took up Chinese cooking at a school conducted by a prominent Chinese woman, and she began the study of Chinese art. Bondy flew up about once a week from Shanghai, substituting for the copilot on the little CNAC Shanghai-Pei P'ing plane, a DC-2. He and Kitsi would spend the entire night on the town or in our drawing room, getting better acquainted, until Bondy just had time to hurry out to the airport to resume his duty as copilot for the return flight to Shanghai. We always accused Bondy of sleeping all the way back to Shanghai, but that did not seem to bother the pilot, and there were no incidents. This went on all winter and into the spring [of 1935].

In November of that year [1934] we finally acquired a bungalow of our own at P'ao Ma Ch'ang. It was a nice little place, and very comfortable. We had been seeing more and more of the people who preferred P'ao Ma Ch'ang to the Western Hills, and we were delighted to have found such a nice place.

It was customary for someone with a place in P'ao Ma Ch'ang to offer a stirrup cup before the hunt each Sunday during the winter months so that everyone interested, both hunters and spectators, could assemble and enjoy the fun. We gave such a stirrup cup on one occasion [January, 1935], and it proved quite successful. Anne managed wonderfully well.

These hunts were in reality "paper chases." The Master of the Hunt would go early on Sunday morning and mark the course by dropping small pieces of paper at reasonable intervals. The hunter must follow the course marked to a finish line where we spectators and the judges would be awaiting them.

There was an interesting, but for China not unusual, custom in P'ao Ma Ch'ang. Our houses were only used over weekends, so there was always the possibility that they might be burglarized during the middle of the week when no one was residence. This problem was solved with typical Chinese practicality. Each house had to fly two flags from its gate post. There was the white flag of the local police force, with Chinese characters indicating that the householder had made his monthly contribution to the local police force, and then there was a yellow flag of the Thieves Guild, indicating that, likewise, he had made a similar contribution to that organization. If the householder fell in arrears with either payment, that flag would be removed and his house would be robbed forthwith. As long as both flags were flying, he could leave his house unoccupied for as long as he wished in full confidence that everything would be left completely undisturbed. It was a good system, and it worked.

Throughout China, night watchmen patrolled the streets from dusk to dawn. They would beat drums or symbols or otherwise make sufficient noise to warn any thieves of their approach. It was a most sensible way to avoid the disagreeableness of direct confrontation.

Each spring and autumn, a gymkhana was held in Pao Ma Ch'ang at the racecourse. They were always amusing. Participation was only by members of the "International Set," and brains were racked to think up strange events. One was always a relay race, each portion calling for a different means of transportation. One portion would be, let us say, on donkeys, the next on bicycles, the third on ponies, and the final in donkey carts. There was also a camel race, a rickshaw race, and whatever the ingenious mind could conceive.

The autumn and spring race meetings at Pao Ma Ch'ang were events of the social season. Only "gentleman" jockeys rode, and most of the owners of racing stables had *pungs* erected beside the grandstand. I might mention that the "gentleman" jockey was usually an expert horseman who had been given a job with one of the larger foreign firms operating in the Treaty Port, and whose principal, if not only, responsibility was to ride the horses of the manager of the company. A *pung* was a rectangular straw tent erected with bamboo poles and straw matting, open on the racecourse side, and furnished with

Oriental rugs and wicker furniture. Here the Chinese Boys would dispense food and drink just as they would do in the city. There was also much mingling between the people of the various *pungs*. Everybody knew everybody, and all were welcome everywhere. Chinese spectators were not allowed in this area, but were restricted to the grandstand and the paddocks.

You could place a bet on an individual horse in the pari-mutuels, or you could take a ticket on the sweepstakes. In the sweepstakes, as many serially numbered tickets as possible were sold for each race. After the race the stubs of the tickets sold were placed in a revolving drum and, in full view of the public, one was withdrawn. That winning number took the pot, minus, of course, a commission to the Race Club. It was a lot of fun, and sometimes you could be lucky in the sweepstakes, or, on a tip from your host, win at the pari-mutuels.

The winter of 1934-1935 was a busy one for us. There were numerous going-away parties, and we both played a lot of golf. Anne was particularly successful that winter. She won every one of the principal cups offered in the women's competitions. She also played in the Pei P'ing

ladies team in the inter-port competition with Tientsin. Most of Anne's trophies were won on the Pao Ma Ch'ang golf course where, in addition to the normal traps, there were railway tracks, camels and other unusual hazards.

In February, we entered the Ely Culbertson "World Bridge Olympic." We played North and South against our good friends the Brazilian Minister and Madam Velloso. We won the North-South Championship of China in that competition and received two silver trophies in evidence thereof.

In those days, anyone would give a party at the drop of a hat. The slightest reason, and off went the invitations! Where there was so much social activity, there was always the temptation to try to do the unusual. One such occasion was a "horsey" party we gave for the Secretary of the Netherlands Legation, Herbert Bosch van Drakestein. Herbert was very much a horseman. He played polo, he rode to the hunt, and he talked "horse" without end. So, a group of his friends, including us, decided to give him a Horsey Party. We went to the Chinese market at Tung An Shih Ch'ang, and had papier-mâché horses heads made. We bribed his servants to prepare, at our expense, a dinner in his house without letting him know anything about it, and we persuaded his Minister to invite him out to dinner that night. When we were all gathered in Herbert's house and seated at his table, we telephoned across the street to the Dutch Minister, who told Herbert, as prearranged, that he had better return to his house, as word had just come that something was wrong over there. Herbert hurried over, and was completely surprised to find uninvited guests seated at his dinner table, with horses heads masking their identity. He took the whole thing very well, however, broke out some of his best wine, and hilarity reigned supreme.

Costume parties were frequent. Getting into costume seemed to lower barriers of dignity or shyness. Going-away parties for those departing the city were constantly taking place. As soon as it became known that someone was going to leave, parties would begin, and would continue even to the farewell at the railway station, where champagne would be served amidst much gaiety.

When Adrian Holman, a Secretary in the British Legation, was to leave for London, the parties started three months in advance of his anticipated departure. One week prior to his impending departure his orders were changed, and he was told to remain for three more months in Pei P'ing. So, once again, the round of parties began to see him off. We were seeing Adrian off for a full six months.

During the second round of farewell parties, Adrian had a birthday. The Brazilian Minister was giving him a dinner on that occasion. Adrian was quite a horseman, playing polo, riding to the hunt and in the races at Pao Ma Ch'ang. Looking around for something amusing to make his birthday party a memorable one, we decided to present him with a donkey.

We found a nice little donkey, dressed him up with a hat, long stockings and bikini, and had him delivered to the Velloso house after dinner, at a time when we were all having coffee and liqueurs. On the donkey's side we hung a printed sign "Surprise, out of Drakestein, by Della Noce-Clark." *Bosch Van Drakestein*, the Della Noces and the Clarks made the presentation. There was much laughter as the donkey was presented in the courtyard of the sitting room, but

finally he was led away and taken to the British Legation where, for a long time, children of the staff there rode him joyfully about the compound. We had a lot of fun arranging for the presentation, and the cost, as with most things in China at that time, was pennies.

This brings me to the Della Noces. Drika's mother, Mrs. Fisher, as mentioned earlier, had taken a residence in Pei P'ing, and Drika and her husband, Camilo, had come along. Camilo had been an officer in the Italian cavalry when Drika married him, but shortly afterward he had obtained release from the active service, and was enjoying Drika's money. He played polo, they had a place at Pao Ma Ch'ang, and he rode in the hunts. They entertained well and often, and we saw lots of them. However Camilo was a philanderer, and finally Drika decided that she had had enough. She returned to the United States and divorced him.

After her departure, I was having cocktails at Camilo's house one day, when I admired a beautiful silver cigarette box he had a table. He said that it was a 16th-century Italian jewel case that has been given to them as a wedding present. I remarked that I would certainly like to have it copied by my little Chinese silversmith. Camilo scoffed at the idea, saying that it could not be done. I wagered him a bottle of champagne that I could have its exact replica made within a week for less than \$100 Mex. I went away with the box under my arm.

Nellie Hussey, a Canadian living in Pei P'ing, had asked me to give her a lift home from that party. She carried on a kind of curio business, and she had heard my wager with Camilo. She said that she had a piece of rare Ch'ien Lung glass that she would give me to go in the center of the top of the box. Camilo's box had a small piece of semi-precious jade in its center, and it might take some time to find something similar.

I picked up the piece of glass at Nellie's when I dropped her at home, and then I went straight onto the silversmith on Silver Street, outside Ch'ien Men. He agreed to make a replica and, five days later, I had a beautiful silver cigarette box for which I had paid \$91 Mex, and Camilo had to buy me a bottle of champagne.

Speaking of the Nellie Hussey, reminds me of one time I sat next to her at dinner with Baron Guillaume, the Belgian Minister. For one course, Guillaume used Chinese plates with a red goldfish design. Anne had been collecting plates just like those before us, but was having difficulty finding them. I asked Nellie where Guillaume could possibly have found so many. We were 18 for dinner. She replied, "I sold them to him. They are genuine Ch'ien Lung." I had turned my plate over as it was placed before me, as was the universal custom in China. You complemented your hosts by showing interest in the reign during which the plate had been made. My plate was clearly marked as having been made during the reign of Kuang Hsu, around the end of the 19th century. Ch'ien Lung had reigned over 200 years earlier. I could not resist remarking to Nellie that I didn't see how they could have known in Ch'ien Lung's time that 200 years later there would be an emperor named Kuang Hsu, as indicated on the bottom of the plate. She professed to be startled, and said hurriedly, "Then I'll take them back again. I sold them as genuine Ch'ien Lung." "Fine," I said, "you do just that, and then sell them to me."

Anne was also trying to collect another Chinese plate that had a very attractive design done of *Pai T'sai* (Chinese white cabbage). She had gotten several from a little merchant, but suddenly,

he said that he could not let her have anymore. "Mrs. de Oxholm, wife of the Danish Minister," he said, "is collecting that same plate. Being a Minister's wife, I can charge her twice what you have been paying me." So, in the end, Anne let Mrs. de Oxholm have the few she had already collected.

Owen Larimore, author of many books of Mongolia, Manchuria and China, was in Pei P'ing while we were there, and we got to know him and his wife quite well. He had us to dinner at his house one night with the Living Buddha of Mongolia. We were the only other guests. We had a long conversation with the Living Buddha, who seemed to be indeed a saintly man. Owen had to interpret for us, as the Living Buddha spoke only Mongolian. It was interesting to meet a man who, at that time, was considered by hundreds of thousands to be the living God on earth. Also, we got quite an insight into the political conditions in Mongolia, which were disturbed and complicated at the time.

Owen was a member of the *Chao Tze Hui*, an eating group organized by our Minister, Nelson Johnson. They would meet periodically and be served nothing but *chao tzes*. (A *chao tze* is a meat dumpling similar to the ravioli of Italy. There was a saying in China, that Marco Polo, the great Italian traveler, had introduced spaghetti into China, where it had become the Chinese noodle, and, that in return, he had taken the *chao tze* back to Italy, where it had become ravioli). This group would compete to see who could eat the greatest number of *chao tze*. Each would don an apron to protect his shirt front, and then pitch in. The host kept count. The winner had the pleasure of being host at the next contest. Owen Latimore held the record when we were there. He had eaten 155 *chao tze* at one sitting. Hu Shih, the great modern Chinese philosopher and one time Chinese Ambassador to Washington, was a member.

In the spring of 1935, our friend the Brazilian Minister was able to arrange for a special trip to the famous Yung Kan caves near Tatungfu, in Inner-Mongolia, my old stamping ground. We had two private cars attached to the regular train. We took along our Chinese Boys to make us comfortable and to feed us, and we were off early one morning.

When we reached the foot of Nankow Pass, our two cars were switched to the front of the train and pushed through the pass, stopping at the Great Wall of China to permit us to visit that wonder of the world. The Great Wall stretches from the sea at Shanhaikuan across the northern border of China for thousands of miles to Tibet. Construction was started two centuries before the Christian era by the Emperor Ch'in Shih Huan Ti to keep the Tartars out of China. Work was continued under succeeding emperors until the Mongols finally broke through and established their dynasty. Coming, themselves, from the north of the Wall, they left it unrepaired. But once the Mings drove them out, the Wall resumed importance and was kept in repair.

Despite the Wall, however, China was overwhelmed again and again during the more than 2000 years of its existence. Still, as a rampart against petty raids, it was often valuable, and the moral effect on the would-be conqueror must have been tremendous.

Once through the Nankow Pass, we crossed the plains to Kalgan, my earlier post, and thence over another range of mountains to Tatungfu and the Yung Kan caves.

After visiting the various caves, we had lunch in a Chinese restaurant in Tatungfu, then reboarded our private railway cars trip back to Pei P'ing. It was a most interesting and enjoyable experience. Our berths on our private cars had been fairly comfortable, our Chinese Boys had taken good care of us, and we were delighted to have had this opportunity to see these marvelous caves so far off the beaten tourist track.

It was about this time, April 1 [1935], that our Minister, assisted by Cecil Lyon, played an April Fool joke on me that could have had serious repercussions. We had dined with the Johnsons the night before. When I reached my desk in the Chancery the next morning, I found a telegram from the Department of State transferring me as Consul to Yunnanfu, way off in southwestern China. I immediately thought of April 1, put the telegram aside and went about my work. Cecil came in after a while and congratulated me on my transfer. I said, "Get of here Cecil. I have work to do, and I have heard of April Fool jokes." Cecil insisted that the telegram had been received from the Department and was no joke. Finally, I was persuaded to go to the code room and, sure enough, there I found a coded text of the telegram. I still thought there must be some hoax, as I knew I had been doing a good job in Pei P'ing, and a transfer to Yunnanfu would be a slap in the face. So, I went back to my office and gave no further thought to the matter, until I received a telephone call from the Minister. He had seen a copy of the telegram, said he did not like the idea of my transfer to Yunnanfu, didn't I want to talk with him about it? I said I would, but could I go over to his office, which was in his residence, in about half an hour. I wanted time to think. If I was, in fact, being transferred to Yunnanfu, he, Nelson Johnson, had arranged it, and that meant that he or someone else wanted me to resign from the Service. I felt sure that he must be the one behind the move. Should I tell him what I thought of him? Or should I be discreet, hold my tongue, and wait to see what he had in mind?

Fortunately, I chose the latter course. When I entered his office, Johnson immediately asked with thought of the transfer. I replied that either it was an April Fool joke, or the Department wanted me to resign. He called for his secretary, Miss Arguello, who entered carrying in her hand another telegram, which the Minister glanced at and then handed to me. It read: "Reference Department's number 468. Clark's transfer Yunnanfu canceled," and it was signed "Hull, Acting." Cordell Hull was then Secretary of State. If he had dispatched the telegram, it would have been signed simply: "Hull." "Acting" was only used by a subordinate acting for the Secretary in the latter's absence. It was Nelson Johnson who had been acting.

So, that passed off alright, even though it had been dangerous. Well, two weeks later, we were spending the weekend in P'ao Ma Ch'ang. Saturday afternoon, we attended a cocktail party at Arthur Worton's. Arthur had the only telephone in P'ao Ma Ch'ang. It rang during a cocktail party, and it was Paul Meyer, the officer of the Legation on duty that weekend, asking for me. When I went to the telephone Paul said: "Lewis, a telegram has just come in from the Department transferring you to the Embassy in Paris." "Listen, Paul," I said, "this is not April 1st, what are you up to?" Paul swore that he would take an oath on the Bible that there was nothing wrong with telegram, and that I had, in fact, been transferred to Paris. What could be more delightful!!

I went back to join the others, and I conveyed the information to Anne. After I had convinced her that it was true, both of us began to celebrate. We had dismissed Kai Ch'e Ti that afternoon,

saying that we would drive ourselves to the cocktail party down the road, and then on to the dinner to which we had been invited nearby. We got to the dinner all right, but during dinner a Boy came to me and said, "Mister Clark, your chauffeur is here and would like to have the keys to your car. He will drive you home." Those remarkable Chinese!! Word had gotten about and Kai Ch'e Ti had come to make sure we got home safely.

The telegram assigning me to the Embassy in Paris had cautioned me to seek to improve my knowledge of French as much as possible before my arrival in Paris. I inquired about, and found a more or less suitable teacher, and began to brush up on my French. Unfortunately, my continued responsibilities in the Legation and the round of farewell parties made it difficult for me to find sufficient time, and I had to continue French lessons after our arrival in Paris.

We had been told not to depart from Pei P'ing until after the arrival of my successor, who was due in August, but our impending departure put pressure on the love affair that had been developing between Kitsi Dunlop and Langhorne Bond. Our imminent departure made it necessary for them to decide one way or the other. Were they going to marry, or weren't they? Finally, Bondy popped the question and, after a maidenly delay, Kitsi said "yes." We cabled Kitsi's parents in Washington saying that we thought her decision a wise one. Our cable arrived before Kitsi's cable saying that she was to be married, to whom, and why. Her parents, when they received our cable, thought that Kitsi had merely decided to stay a little longer. They were surprised when her cable arrived the next day, but they were pleased with the news, and agreed to come to China for the wedding.

Kitsi and Bondy were married May 15, 1935 in the Chapel of the British Legation, and held their wedding reception in our house. Mister Dunlop provided quantities of champagne and other beverages for the wedding reception, and some of the guests got a little high. It was a day of the week when polo was to be played on the *glacis* east of the Legation Quarter, and a couple of the guests had their ponies at the field in readiness for the game. They stayed so long at the wedding reception that they did not have time, or they just didn't want to bother, to change, so they went straight to the polo field in their silk hats, morning coats, striped trousers and spats, and played polo thus attired. Sir Eric Teichman, an ardent polo player and a stickler for maintaining appearances, was so disgusted he took his ponies and went home. The rest of them had a good time, although the polo could not have been of a high standard. I doubt whether polo has ever before or since been played in silk hats, morning coats, striped trousers and spats.

The day after the wedding, the packers moved into our house in the San Kuan Miao to ready our effects for the shipment to Paris. We had loaned Kitsi and Bondy our bungalow in P'ao Ma Ch'ang for their first few wedded days, so we visited friends that weekend. On their first night a group of us went over to serenade them and to throw pebbles at their windows. We thought to embarrass the newlyweds, but they turned the tables on us by inviting us in for a drink. That chased us away in a hurry, and we left them in peace.

It is now our turn to be subjected to the round of farewell parties in our honor. We had made many friends during our stay in Pei P'ing, and the parties were almost continuous.

Our Number One Boy, Li, sent to Shanghai for his son to return to Pei P'ing to take charge of the family, as Li was sure that we would be taking him to Paris with us. He was deeply disappointed when I had to tell him that we could not take him along. Li also advanced the date of his daughter's marriage so that we could participate, and, of course, so that we could pay as well. Anne saw the daughter on her wedding day, dressed in her finery and looking woe-begone at the thought of marrying a young man she had never seen. The marriage was arranged by the parents as was always the case in China at the time. She had her sedan chair and her dowry bearers, but we had not given enough money to provide a brass band.

Just prior to our departure, Cook disappeared. Anne had had her troubles with Cook, but he had been a good cook. We discovered that he hadn't paid the comprador's bill and owed him several hundred dollars. Of course, we had to pay the bills, but we did owe Cook for about a week's food, for which he never collected.

Although the railway train to Shanghai, where we would board our steamer – there was still no transpacific air transportation – was now running with regularity, our pediatrician at the PUMC said it would be safer for Little Anne to fly to Shanghai than to run the risk of catching some contagious disease on the long train ride. So, at 5 AM one morning we assembled at the airport, said goodbye to our Chinese staff and to the few friends who had arisen that early to see us off. We climbed aboard a tiny plane, a DC-2, and were off for Shanghai.

Little Anne did not like her first flight in an airplane one bit, particularly when we ran into a thunderstorm and bounced about a lot. However, seven hours in a plane seemed to us better than 57 hours in a dirty Chinese train, and we were glad to arrive so quickly in Shanghai.

We were met in Shanghai by Kitsi and Bondy, and by Harold Bixby, Vice President of Pan American Airways and a friend. (Bixby was one of the principal supporters of Charles Lindbergh on a nonstop flight from New York to Paris, the first nonstop flight over the Atlantic.) We joined Miss Lienza, a Dutch-trained nurse and missionary, whom we had hired to take care of Little Anne during the trip from Shanghai to Paris. We were to pay her passage in return for her services.

After a round of parties in Shanghai with friends, we finally went down to the dock where we were to board the tender to take us to our ship which lay further down river. Earlier that afternoon, we had put Little Anne, Ms. Lienza, and our baggage aboard. Here at the tender, Dick Butrick had brought several bottles of champagne and we and friends who had gathered had our final "stirrup cup" before departing China.

At that time, autumn of 1935, I wrote the following about the situation in China:

Since its advent to power in 1927, the National Government, under the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek, who is now virtually a dictator, has busied itself with efforts to unify and pacify the country. These efforts towards unification and pacification have caused much, though gradually diminishing, civil strife, but have resulted in a very material increase in the sphere of influence and control of the National Government. For the first time since the Republican Revolution of 1912, there is a government in China

which performs many of the functions of government within the areas under its control. There has been a unification and simplification of taxation; education has been subsidized and placed upon a modern basis; communications facilities, particularly highways, have been constructed upon a scale hitherto unthought of in China; for the first time, municipal improvements are being carried out practically everywhere and on an unprecedented scale; there is apparently honest effort to govern the country in contrast to previous regimes which have bled it and given nothing in return.

At present, the National Government exercises actual control over seven provinces bordering the Yangtze River (Chekiang, Kiangsu, Kiangsi, Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Anhwei) and a tenuous control over the other original 18 provinces, the extent of which varies in each case.

In the north, there is a general in control of each province, who has been appointed to his position as Provincial Chairman by the National Government, primarily because his troops were already in actual possession of the province. These generals acknowledge the authority of the National Government only in so far as it suits their convenience, and the National Government is unable to enforce national laws in these provinces without the consent of the provincial chairman, which usually can only be obtained when some quid pro quo is offered. For example in the matter of national taxation, other than the Customs and Salt tax, under the various agreements between the provincial Chairman and the National Government, the tax is collected by bureaus of the National Government, but, in return, the provincial chairmen receive a subsidy from the National Government approximately equal to the amount of the tax collected.

Inner Mongolia, a region north of the old provinces of Hopei and Shansi, has been divided into several newly established provinces over which the National Government has made a rather abortive effort to assert jurisdiction. True to the old Chinese tradition, the Government has made many promises to the Mongols, and kept few, if any, of them. As a result, there are indications that the Mongols of Inner Mongolia, under Prince Teh (Teh Wang), having obtained no help from the Chinese, are preparing to accept Japanese assistance and declare their independence.

In the Northwest, Sinkiang has been gradually coming under the influence of Soviet Russia, and, although the National Government has made several efforts to assert some authority there, they have met with little success.

The Southwestern Political Council, a governmental organization set up to control the provinces of Kuantung and Kwangsi in South China, controls those two provinces in defiance of the National Government, although certain of the national taxes, such as the Customs and the Salt tax, are collected by bureaus of the National Government under agreement whereby the revenues, with certain exceptions, is remitted to the Southwest Political Council.

Yunnan and Kweichow, in the extreme Southwest, are governed by generals who, while acknowledging the authority of the National Government, maintain very friendly

relations with the Southwest Political Council. Although recent operations against the Communists in that region have given the National Government somewhat more influence than formerly, its authority there depends entirely upon the amount of military force which it may be able to exert in the event that its authority should be questioned.

Szechuan, in the extreme western part of China, is now, for the first time, being brought under the control of the National Government. When the Communists were driven out of Kiangsi, they fled through Southern Hunan, across Kweichow and Yunnan, into the southern Szechuan. As the provincial troops were unable to cope with the situation, the local authorities requested the assistance of the National Government, and General Chiang Kai-shek, responding immediately, has secured a control in that province which may bring it under the actual jurisdiction at the National Government.

COMMUNISM

Since the separation in 1927 of the radical element from the Kuomintang, or National Government Party, certain areas of China have been controlled by radical groups, spoken of as "communists." At one time they controlled very large areas in the provinces of Kiangsu, Hunan, Hupeh and Honan, where they established "Soviet Governments," but they have gradually been eliminated from these regions until at present they occupy only three small areas, namely, (1) northwestern Hunan, (2) southern Szechuan, and (3) northern Szechuan along the Szechuan-Shensi, Kansu borders, and barring unforeseen developments, the National Government may be expected gradually to establish control over all of these areas.

SINO-JAPANESE RELATIONS

"... there has been increasing evidence that Japan intends to assert and maintain hegemony in China. It would appear that she now desires, without further delay, to have complete and unequivocal political and economic cooperation from China, and that she is determined to obtain it by fair means or foul. Unwillingness of the warlords then in control of Manchuria to cooperate with the Japanese lost that region to China, and unless the Chinese now cooperate in a manner satisfactory to the Japanese, they may expect to lose control of additional regions. There is already talk of independent Inner Mongolia; and north China, including the provinces of Shantung, Hopei, Chahar, Shansi, Shensi and Suiyan, is becoming increasingly subjected to Japanese influence to such an extent that the National Government would find it impossible to resist any form of encroachment which the Japanese penetration into that region may take.

It would appear that the National Government, having no other recourse, has endeavored to convince the Japanese that it is ready to cooperate. There is evidence, however, that in truly oriental style, the Chinese have no intention of cooperating any more than they are forced to do, and, as one Chinese put it to me, "It would be much easier to cooperate if we knew exactly what the Japanese wanted."

There is an element of danger in this insincerity of the Chinese, and in the uncertainty surrounding the Japanese program. There would appear to be a basis for the belief that the National Government will procrastinate to such an extent that Japan will be led to further encroachments, economic, if not territorial, on the mainland, probably first in Inner Mongolia and then, possibly, later, in north China, north of the Yellow River.

That was the picture of China as I saw it at the time of my departure for Paris. Of course, later, the Japanese did just what I had forecast.

We had an uneventful Pacific crossing and landed in San Francisco with 47 pieces of miscellaneous baggage, which I had to sort out and pass through customs. We then crossed the continent on a comfortable train. It was during this last stage of our journey to Washington that an amusing incident took place. Little Anne had acquired the habit of coming to us just before her bedtime to have a final conversation. She would stand up in front of us, gesturing with her little hands and haranguing us in fluent baby Chinese. She didn't speak a word of English. One night, after her dinner and before she was taken to bed, she came to the Club Car and began to harangue us as usual. When Miss Lienze came and took her away, the lady across the way from us leaned forward and said to Anne, "I have great sympathy for you. I have taken care of backward children myself." Of course, she did not understand Chinese, and thought Little Anne was speaking gibberish.

After two weeks in Washington, where we stayed with the Covingtons, Anne and I proceeded to Paris, leaving Little Anne in Washington in the hands of Mrs. Covington and Miss Lienze. They would follow us as soon as we found a place to live in Paris.

Part 2. Mid-Career and World War II

Chapter 4. Paris [1935-1937]

We crossed the Atlantic to Le Havre, France, in the SS *Washington* of the United States Line. On board, we met Ernest Ives and his wife, Buffy, who were returning to their post in Algiers. (Buffy, who was a sister of Adlai Stevenson, twice the Democratic nominee for the presidency of the United States and, later, under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Ambassador to the United Nations, was apparently a difficult person to get along with. Several years later, when Ernest was Counselor of the Legation in Stockholm, she insisted that the wives of the officers on the staff telephone to her each morning by 9 AM and tell her where they had spent the day and night previously, and what had taken place. There must have been other things also, for eventually all the officers of the Legation, without exception, signed a petition to the Secretary of State requesting a transfer elsewhere, citing the activities of Buffy as the reason. I was in the State Department [in Washington DC] at the time. The petition first caused concern, then amusement, and finally admiration at the temerity of the officers signing it. They were not transferred, but Ernest was. He went posthaste to the Consulate General at Belfast, Northern Ireland, and he retired a few years later.) He showed us pictures of Algiers, told us of the skiing there five

months each year, and of the sea bathing in summer. He suggested that we come down from Paris and pay them a visit. Little did we know that 18 years later we would, ourselves, be assigned to Algiers.

While in the United States we had bought one of the most striking automobiles of the day and had had it shipped aboard the SS *Washington* along with our other baggage. It was a Buick four-door sedan, with two spare wheels mounted, one on each side of the hood. After so many years in China with a chauffeur, we were appalled at the thought of driving in Paris. Therefore, we had arranged to have a chauffeur meet us in Le Havre to drive us up to Paris.

After clearing our baggage through the French Customs, we sought out our chauffeur and saw to the unloading of the car. That car may look odd today, but at that time, it was probably the most beautiful automobile in Paris. It produced "ah's" everywhere we went, and a crowd gathered whenever we stopped.

Our chauffeur, Ryan, was quite good, but he talked politics too much and he drank. He had been a doughboy in our army during World War I, had married a French girl and had stayed on in France after demobilization. He was a good driver when he was sober, and he instructed us into the intricacies of Paris traffic. Paris traffic was easy once you understood it, but it was appalling in the beginning.

We kept Ryan for several months and, finally, at his request, we repatriated him and his son to the United States. He had said that his wife was dead, but I discovered many years later that she was very much alive, and that he had not bothered to divorce her. Anyway, while he was with us he had, despite his shortcomings, proved to be so valuable that we felt willing to help him return to his native land.

Once our Buick was unloaded, gassed, and the battery connected, we were off to Paris, where we had arranged to stay at the *Hotel France et Choiseul* near the Embassy. Someone had recommended it to us. It was terrible. We had a small room and bath facing the Rue Saint-Honoré— a very noisy street — it was dark, the breakfast was almost inedible, and we were immediately unhappy.

Our inadequate temporary lodging gave impetus to our search for a permanent abode. Right away, Anne started looking for a place for us to live. I think she looked at over 200 houses and apartments before she finally found what we both agreed we could live with. In fact, the place we eventually took turned out to be very comfortable and attractive.

At the time we packed our goods and chattels in Pei P'ing, there were no lift vans, so we had to be satisfied with innumerable boxes and crates. Our shipment arrived in Paris at just about the time we found our apartment, so unpacking began immediately. One by one the boxes were opened. The Chinese appreciate good porcelain, and know how to pack it. All of our chinaware, silverware, and glassware came through without a scratch, but the furniture was tragic. The Chinese did not know how to brace the pieces within the cases, and there was hardly a piece without a broken leg or two. Actually, the damage was not as great as it appeared at first glance, and within a short time it was repaired and we settled into our apartment at l'Square Lamertine.

Then the question of domestic staff arose. Finding a charwoman to do the heavy cleaning proved quite easy. Then we found Antoinette, from south France, who came as cook. She stayed with us, the Rock of Gibraltar, despite the tumult that arose from time to time as we changed butlers. We had brought with us a nice Frigidaire and had it installed in the kitchen. Would Antoinette use it? By no means! She kept her food in the *garde manger*, a wire cage placed outside the kitchen window. That was where all good French cooks preserved their food. Antoinette, and French housewives, for that matter, went to market each day to purchase supplies needed for that day only, including, of course, those long loaves of delicious French bread, which must be eaten on the very day it is baked. So, there was, in fact, never much food to be preserved. The only things kept in our nice Frigidaire were ice, of course, and a couple of bottles of champagne, which we always had available in case of unexpected need.

One of Antoinette's first demands was for a *batterie de cuisine*. With scholastic rather than household French, Anne was slightly puzzled, but finally discovered what was missing. There were no cooking utensils among our effects. In China, the cook owned all his pots and pans. We had lived there so long that we had forgotten that in Europe, as in the United States, it was the master of the household who supplied these culinary necessities. Posthaste, Anne took Antoinette to the Trois Quartiers and nearby hardware stores, where they invested in a moderate supply of "everything" at vast expense. However, Anne says that to this day, some of those first purchases for the kitchen in Paris are still in use, and are far superior to any that have been acquired in later years. The *moulin de legumes* bought in Paris in 1935, she says, does a much better job than the more recent and more complicated one bought in 1958.

One day when Anne was giving instructions to Antoinette, she noticed a startled expression on Antoinette's face. In China, Anne had always given her household instructions in Chinese. Unthinkingly, she had lapsed into that language and poor Antoinette didn't know what to make of it. She thought Anne had suddenly lost her mind.

Finally, we located a *maitre d'hotel*, or butler-valet, who came highly recommended and who seemed to work well. Unfortunately, all too soon he came down with tuberculosis and had to leave. From then on, we had a succession of butlers, none of them satisfactory. One of them, hired shortly before we left for the United States on home leave and paid during our absence, gave parties in our apartment, drank our champagne, and then left just prior to our return, having had a job elsewhere the entire time we were away.

While Anne was searching for a place for us to live, I was making the customary calls within the Embassy. First, I called upon the Counselor, "Ted" Marriner, later assassinated in Beirut where he had been assigned as Consul General. (At that time it was the announced policy of the Department not to nominate any career officer to be a chief-of-mission unless he had had some experience in the Consular Branch of the Service. Ted was one of those who had served only in diplomatic posts, so he had come to do his service in Beirut before he could be nominated to a diplomatic mission. Another friend of ours, Pierpont Moffatt, under whom I later served in Ottawa, had to go to Australia as Consul General for the same reason. Of course, after Ted had been assassinated, the Department changed its ruling, a career officer could be nominated to the position of chief-of-mission on his qualifications, and regardless of his prior service. But Ted could not be brought back to life again.) Ted Marriner introduced me to the Ambassador, Jesse

Strauss, one of the owners of Macy's department stores, and then to my other diplomatic colleagues in the Embassy. At that time we numbered a total of six career officers and the Ambassador. There was, in addition, a Commercial Attaché with a staff of four officers, an Agricultural Attaché with two officers, a Treasury Attaché, by himself, and there were the Military and Navy Attachés with their assistants.

There was also the Consulate General on the ground floor. But that functioned, as did the attachés, separate from the Embassy proper. Consolidation of the offices as envisaged by the Rogers Act of 1924 had not yet taken place in Paris, and there was ill will between the officers of the Embassy and those of the Consulate General.

The Consul General was an old friend of mine from China, Clarence Gauss. He had done his best to avoid being assigned to Paris, but had been unable to stop it. He was assigned as "Economic Counselor and Consul General," but Ted Marinner had assured the Department that the *Quai d'Orsay*— French Foreign Office — would never understand any such title and had, on his own responsibility, notified the *Quai d'Orsay* that Gauss had been appointed merely as "Consul General." Gauss was bitter. There was a great difference between being on the Diplomatic List in Paris, and not being on it. Those on the Diplomatic List had the right of "free entry," that is, they could import any of their needs free of customs duties. Those of the Consulate General did not have that privilege. Also, being on the Diplomatic List assured various other advantages such, for example, as Diplomatic license tags for your car, and a *coupe fils*, which was a card directing police and other officials to render you all proper assistance. All of those things make a considerable difference in your life in France, where great attention was paid to the amenities, and Gauss had good cause to be bitter.

(The police of Paris were most polite, particularly when Anne was driving the car. One day, with her at the wheel, we were looking unsuccessfully for a parking place near the department store *Trois Quartiers*. A policeman stopped us and said, "Madam, how long do you expect to be in the store?" Anne replied, "Certainly not over half an hour." "Then park here in front of the entrance," he said, "I will watch your car." So we parked where parking was forbidden, and had an officer of the law to protect us.)

When I went downstairs to call on the Consul General, he expressed his extreme surprise. "Do you mean to say that a Diplomatic Secretary would deign to call upon a mere Consul General?" I smiled, and replied, "I'm calling upon an old friend. Forget it." He gave in, obviously pleased to see me. We had a pleasant chat, and he told me of his unhappiness.

After a while, I expressed a desire to meet the other officers on his staff in the Consulate General. He called in Bob Murphy, his Executive Consul, whom I had known quite well in Washington. He said, "Bob, here is a phenomenon. Here is a Diplomatic Secretary in the Embassy upstairs who wants to meet my staff!" Bob laughed, greeted me cordially, and then took me about the Consulate General to meet the other officers who, like me, were career officers of the Foreign Service, but assigned for the time being to a consular, rather than to a diplomatic, office. Among them was an old fraternity brother of mine from the University of Virginia, George Tait. He was in charge of the visa section of the Consulate General. (Clarence Gauss finally succeeded in getting away from Paris, and eventually became

Minister to Australia, and later, Ambassador to China during World War II. Bob Murphy headed our mission in North Africa during World War II, was later Ambassador to Bonn and to Japan, and then Undersecretary of State, before he retired. It is evident that they were qualified for more than consular work!)

When I had completed my calls within the Embassy and the Consulate General, I made an effort to get to know my "opposite number" in various Embassies where I thought such contacts would be of value to me in my political reporting. Likewise, Anne, in the midst of her house hunting, had to begin her round of official calls, first upon Mrs. Strauss, then upon the wives of the officers in the Embassy who outranked me, and on those of some French officials. In addition to personal calls, our official visiting cards to the number of about 500 were delivered by hand to all members of the Diplomatic Corps who outranked me, and to important officials of the French government. In those days your arrival in town was really announced with much effort and expense. That is no longer true now, at a time when the staff of the Embassy in Paris has ceased to be small and housed in one building on the *Place de la Concorde*, but numbers thousands and occupies innumerable buildings scattered all over the city.

And since we signed the lease on our apartment at Number 1, Square Lamartine, in the XVI^e Arrondissement, a fashionable and very pleasant section of Paris, we cabled to Mrs. Covington to bring Little Anne over. By the time they arrived early in December, we were more or less settled in our apartment, and we had hired an Austrian nurse to take care of Little Anne. I was then absent on a courier trip to southeastern Europe.

I had been assigned to political work when I first reported for duty in the Embassy. In preparation for that work, I was told to read all the reports coming into the European Economic Center (EEC) which had been established in the Embassy at Paris, and which received copies of all reports submitted to the Department of State by the various diplomatic missions in Europe. The EEC was charged with analyzing these reports in an effort to bring to light trends in European political and economic evolution. I was to become thoroughly informed of conditions in various countries, and then I was to serve as "Officer Courier" on each of the three diplomatic courier routes then operated out of Paris. One was to southeast Europe, another to northern Europe including Scandinavia, and a third to Russia, Poland and the Baltic states. I would carry only "classified" mail. And each capital, I would be received by the Chief of Mission and by his political and economic reporting officers, and I would be briefed by them on the current situation in that country. At each succeeding post, I would pass on the information I had received earlier and, upon my return to Paris, I was expected to write a report to the Department analyzing the information I had collected on my trip.

As my first courier trip was to be to the Balkans, I concentrated on southeastern Europe in my early reading. About mid-November I took off, taking the famous Orient Express to Vienna, in Austria. There, in addition to my interviews with George Messersmith, the Minister, and his staff, I had the opportunity of attending a performance in the famous Vienna Opera House. Walking back to my hotel after the opera I had a hard time fighting off the innumerable girls following the "oldest profession" for which Vienna was then famous.

Continuing on the Orient Express a couple of days later, I went on to Buda-Pest in Hungary. There, I arrived at 10:10 PM and was met at the railway station by a secretary of the Legation and his charming wife. They had just left a cocktail party. We were to take my diplomatic pouches to the Legation to be locked up in the vault, but, then, did I want to go back with them to the cocktail party, or would I prefer to go "out on the town"? I said that I was overwhelmed by their hospitality, that I placed myself entirely in their hands, and would do whatever they preferred. They said that if we went back to the cocktail party, supper would be served around midnight and we would not be able to leave before 4 or 5 AM. If we went out on the town, we could go home we wanted to. So we went out on the town, listened to some enchanting Hungarian music, drank some delicious Hungarian wine, and got to bed around 3 AM. They led a Bohemian life in Buda-Pest.

I spent three days in Buda-Pest, then proceeded on my journey to Sofia in Bulgaria, and on to Istanbul in Turkey. I had been in Istanbul when I was in the Navy during World War I, and I was delighted to see it again. Mrs. Walter Washington, whose husband we had known in the Far East, took me in tow and showed me about town. Also, Betty Carp, an institution in the legation who spoke most of the local languages, took me to the rug market and helped me bargain for a beautiful little Persian rug, which I hid in my diplomatic pouch and carried back to Paris as a Christmas present for Anne. From Istanbul, I took a small Italian vessel to Athens, in Greece. From there, I took another Italian vessel to Naples in Italy, where I was met by an officer of the Consulate General and assisted on to Rome.

The Ambassador in Rome at that time, Breckenridge Long, was a very good friend of the Covingtons. He not only talked freely with me, he had me to a very nice dinner at his residence. Mussolini was in full power at that time and was engaged in his conquest of Ethiopia. Italy was running short of gold, so he appealed to the patriotism of the women and urged them to give their gold wedding rings to the State in return for steel rings, thus assisting the prosecution of the war in Africa. They were turning them in at the monument to Victor Emmanuel when I was in Rome. It is alleged, probably with justice, that many Italian wives purchased new gold wedding rings and turned them in, treasuring their real rings, even though they could not be worn during the war.

Also, Mussolini had decreed that automobile horns should not be sounded in Rome. The unusual silence was startling. A quiet Rome was unthinkable, and, as might be expected, when Mussolini fell, Rome became once more a bedlam of noise. The Italian once again honked his horn and sped ahead.

In Rome, I ran into old friends from Peking days, Berenguer de Cesar, a Brazilian, and Camilo della Noce. It was suggested that I meet them after dinner in the bar at the Excelsior Hotel, where I was staying. This I did. They had been drinking. There was a Russian across the way. Camilo knew who he was, disliked him, and called him a lousy communist spy, in tones loud enough for the Russian to hear. Finally, the Russian came over and said something to Camilo in Italian. Camilo rose to his feet and slapped the Russian's face. The Russian was furious, handed Camilo his card, and said that he would send his seconds to see him. (I discovered later that Camilo had saved his skin and had avoided the duel by successfully maintaining before the Italian military that the Russian was not a gentleman.)

Berenguer, a good bridge-playing friend of Anne's, took delight in telephoning her in Paris the next morning and telling her of the incident, saying that I was in real trouble. I was not, of course, as by that time I was safely in the train on my way to Geneva in Switzerland.

In Geneva, I received a telegram from Anne saying that the Austrian nurse had proven to be entirely unsatisfactory and had been fired. Would I try to find a Swiss nurse to take care of Little Anne? I inquired about and discovered that one of the best Swiss schools teaching baby nurses was the *Pouponniere des Amis des Enfants*, located right there in Geneva. I went out and talked with the headmistress. She said that she had exactly what I wanted, but the girl had just returned from the United States, and she was not sure whether she would be willing to leave on a new job so soon before Christmas. She showed me a picture of a girl. I was pleased with the impression given by the picture, and she agreed to telephone, at my expense, to Zürich, where the girl lived, to ascertain whether she was available. I had insisted that the nurse be in Paris before Christmas. It was then December 20. The headmistress telephoned, the nurse was willing to forgo Christmas with her family, and to be in Paris before Christmas. I hired Hedwig Erni on the spot.

Our apartment in Paris developed into a really nice place to live. It had a *gran salón*, a *petite salón*, a dining room seating 18, an ample kitchen, four bedrooms, three baths, a hallway, *vestiaire*, servants' rooms under the eaves, and a large wine cellar. Also, we were able to rent a garage for our car in the building next door.

Judge Covington arrived just before Christmas to escort Mrs. Covington back to the United States. He did not speak French and felt uncomfortable in France, so they took off shortly for England, where they both loved to shop for antiques.

Upon my return to the Chancery after my courier trip, I entered immediately upon my duties as a political reporting officer. Not only must I read everything available on the various political subjects of interest, I must get to know as many Frenchmen as I could, and as many of the varied American community of Paris as possible.

It was not long before McCeney Woerlich, who had entered the Service at the same time I had and who was then in charge of the administration of the Embassy, died. He was not immediately replaced, and I had to take over his work in addition to my own. Then later, Harold Williamson, who had been doing the economic reporting, was transferred to Guatemala, and I had to take over his functions as well. I was busy; and I was still trying to improve my knowledge of French one hour each morning with my French teacher, Yvonne Aynaud. In fact, I became so busy, I never was able to take the other two courier trips originally planned for me.

The Ambassador, Jesse Strauss, gave me an additional task. He said that he was convinced that the Hoover Moratorium had cost the United States taxpayer more money than the first four years of the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt. He asked me to prove that for him. I did, but, when I handed him the completed paper, I cautioned him that it was full of questionable assumptions that would not hold water. He liked the paper, and it was, as a matter of fact, used in the next Presidential campaign.

Although I was busy in the Chancery, I did find time to join the golf clubs at St. Cloud and at Mortfontaine, and to play golf over the weekends. At St. Cloud, Anne had to be admitted to membership separately, and she was not given any reduction in the fees to be paid. For me, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, they were waived, but the French, fearing that members might bring their mistresses to the club, had decreed that no woman would be allowed the privileges of the club at any time unless duly elected to membership in her own right.

We both played a lot of golf while we were stationed in France. The French custom was for a newcomer to turn in four scorecards. He was then given a golf handicap based on those four scores. That handicap remained the same until he won some competition. Both of us had to follow this custom, with the result that, for a long time, we both had much higher handicaps that were warranted by the quality of golf we were playing.

I played on the team at Mortfontaine, a delightful course at the *château* of the Duc de Gramont, and we both played there in mixed foursomes most weekends when the weather was good.

On the Mortfontaine team, I was required to play 36 holes every other Sunday throughout the winter. These were inter-club competitions among the golf clubs located in the environs of Paris. We played at a different course each time against the home team. It was quite strenuous at times, as we found ourselves playing in sleet and in snow, as well as in rain. Through these competitions, I met quite a few very nice Frenchman. One of them, Gabby de Gramont, a nephew of the Duke, became a very good friend. He was then in the political section of the Foreign Office and we were each able to be of assistance to the other in the performance of our respective official tasks. In addition to our weekend games, Anne managed to slip in many morning games of golf at St. Cloud during the week. St. Cloud was very near to town. I even sneaked out myself, occasionally, for a game during the lunch hour.

I won the *Coupe Diplomatique* golf competition at St. Cloud in 1936, playing with Ted Chandler, then Assistant Naval Attaché. This was 2-ball foursome competition restricted to members of the *corps diplomatique*. I won it again in 1937, this time playing with Stanley Hawkes, who was a Secretary in our Embassy. I also won the *Coup Puifocat* that year. To win it, I had to eliminate eight players at Mortfontaine. The prize was a tiny little silver jigger, and the donor, a prominent silversmith of Paris, wouldn't even engrave my name as winner on it unless I paid the cost. Paraphrasing later words of Winston Churchill, "never did I work so hard for so little."

I fared better, however, later on at Lys Chantilly, when I played as representative of Mortfontaine in the *Coup Figaro*, donated by the important French newspaper of that name. At each of the several golf clubs in the environs of Paris, a competition was held to select players to compete in the Figaro competitions. One competition was played "scratch," that is, without the benefit of handicap. The other was with benefit of handicap. In other words the competition at each club should result in the selection of two players: one who would play in the scratch competition, the other in that to be played with benefit of handicap. My handicap at the time was 10. I had submitted my first four scorecards, and had been given a

handicap of 14. My winnings under the French system, had gradually reduced my handicap to 10. I was, by that time, playing much better golf than anyone should play with a 10 handicap.

Well, at the Mortfontaine test for the *Coup Figaro*, I won both the handicap and the scratch competitions, and thus would represent the Club in both of the *Coup Figaro* matches.

The match to be played at the Lys Chantilly course was 36 holes. It was played with benefit of handicap. I had never played the course, so, I persuaded Kippy and Kay Tuck to go out with me on Saturday, the day preceding the competition, and play around. (Anne was in the United States). We did not have time to play the full 18 holes, but I did get acquainted with the first 9. Next morning, I drove out early so as to have some practice before the beginning of the match. Par for the course was 72. I shot a 71 the morning round, and a 69 – tying the course record – in the afternoon. With my 10 handicap, it was a walk-away, and I came home with a very nice solid silver cigarette case. Also, my French national handicap was immediately reduced to 3!

(It was in Paris that we first met and got to know Kippy Tuck. Kippy was born in Cairo, Egypt, where his father was a judge on the International Court. He had been raised in Europe and was thoroughly at home in Paris. We liked him immediately. Very early, also, we met Mrs. Katherine Demme Douglas. “Kay”, as she was called, was an American divorcee living in Paris. Kippy and Kay finally got together and decided to get married. After the wedding they were to live in the house Kay was renting in Paris. The house had been built to house the mistress of a wealthy French banker, and it had to be remodeled to accommodate a man and his wife. Kay was installing a dressing room and a bath for Kippy. She showed them to us just prior to the wedding. They were quite nice, but I remarked that the bathtub, built into an alcove, narrowed down to the bottom in such a way as to leave a width of only about 18 inches. I said: “Kay, if Kippy ever sits down in that tub he's going to get stuck.”

“Ridiculous,” she replied, and laughed. They were married, went away on their wedding trip, returned, and shortly thereafter gave a housewarming to which we were invited. The housewarming included a tour of the remodeled house. When we reached Kippy's bathroom, the first thing I noticed was that the tub had changed. No longer was there that narrow-bottomed tub. There was a full-sized one in which Kippy could bathe with ease. Kay would never admit it, but we were always convinced that he had gotten stuck in the earlier tub and had had to yell for help.)

When it came to playing the scratch competition at Fontainebleau, near the *château* of that name, I did not do so well. There was there too much heather on the course, or something, I came in third.

There was a mixed foursome competition played on handicap at Mortfontaine each year that everyone wanted badly to win. A Mrs. Carrigan, widow of a wealthy self-made steel man, presented the prizes. That year, 1937, the first prize for the lady winner was a beautiful pair of diamond and platinum clips; for the man it was a solid gold Cartier cigarette case. We had both been playing such good golf that we could not help but win.

The match was to be played on a Sunday morning. So, instead of going out on the town, as we usually did on Saturday night, we stayed at home, and were in bed by 10 o'clock. Next morning we awoke early, had a hearty breakfast, and drove out to Mortfontaine full of strength and determination. We were too strong; and playing with us was a very objectionable English couple, which didn't help matters. We got into every trap on the course, and we are constantly in the heather of the rough. Stroke piled up upon stroke, and, if it would not have been unsportsmanlike, I think we would have dropped out of the competition. Nevertheless, with our handicaps, we still came in third, just too far down to win a prize.

Later, in 1937, at Mondorf-les-Bains in Luxemburg, Anne played in the first competition to be held on the newly created golf course there; the only one in Luxemburg at the time. Both men and women competed on equal terms. The competition was with handicap. Anne won easily. We had played in the morning, expecting to start back to Paris immediately after lunch, but we had to delay our departure so that Anne could receive the silver cup offered by the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and to be presented by her Master of the Household. Quite a ceremony was made of the presentation. Anne, in responding to the remarks of the Master of the Household, talked more with her arms and hands than she did with her voice, but then she was speaking in French, in which, at that time, she was not as fluent as she became later on.

It was our custom over long weekend holidays to go to Le Touquet on the English Channel coast, and there play golf on the really difficult shore course. In the evening we would gamble at the casino. Our friends, John and Dorothy Lithiby, had a small house there, adjoining the hotel where we stayed. (John, an Englishman, was then dealing in securities in Paris. Dorothy had been an American. John was with the Bank of England later when I was assigned to the Embassy in London, and we saw a lot of them there. I always felt sure that John was a member of the British Intelligence, but, of course, I had no proof.) They both played golf well, and it was they who had interested us in such long weekends at Le Touquet.

Le Touquet was patronized principally by the British, but we generally had friends with us from Paris. We would drive down, check in at the hotel, then go next door to the Lithiby's for a drink and to make up our golf foursomes for the following day. After we had had our drinks and had settled our foursomes, we would return to the hotel to bathe and dress for dinner. A dinner jacket was required for admission to the casino, for, although this was France, British influence was controlling. One dressed for dinner!

It was during our first spring in Paris [1936] that Little Anne wandered into the *vestiaire* one morning before we had finished our breakfast, which was always brought to us in bed. Our charwoman had carelessly, and contrary to strict instructions, left in the *vestiaire* a bottle of *espirits de sel*—muriatic acid—used to clean the toilets. Curious, Little Anne picked it up. It was heavy and she dropped it. The bottle broke, and the fumes and some of the strong acid flew into her face. She screamed. Hedwig ran to her assistance. We dumped our breakfast trays and ran to see what was the matter. Hedwig held Little Anne on her lap in her bathroom while I poured warm water over the child's face and eyes, while Anne frantically searched in a book on first aid to determine what should be done. The book said to apply

ordinary cooking soda and warm water until the physician arrived. So I applied soda and warm water while Anne telephoned urgently to the American Hospital for help.

It just happened that attached to the staff of the American Hospital was a French doctor who, during World War I, had been one of the outstanding specialists on burns. He was available and he came promptly. He was a nice old man, and he gave Little Anne bonbons, but we had qualms as to his ability. We need not have, however. He said that we had done the right things while awaiting his arrival. He put a salve all over Little Anne's face, bandaged her so nothing showed but her eyes and mouth, and said that he would be back next day. He comforted us somewhat by saying that she would not be blind, but he said that he could not be sure that she would not bear permanent scars.

He was diligent in his care through the trying weeks ahead, and when, finally, after about six weeks, he removed the bandages, there were scars, but not bad ones. Mrs. Covington, back in Washington, was frantic when she heard of the accident. She telephoned from Washington to know whether there was anything she could do. She also spoke to a mutual friend whose family manufactured medicines, and he gave her an ointment not yet on the market that he said might help. It was hurried to us, the doctor approved, and it may have helped. Anyway, a few years later you would never have known that Little Anne had had her accident. Weren't we fortunate!! She could easily have been blinded for life, or have had her beauty permanently marred.

At about this time a mole on Anne's neck began to worry her, and we decided to have it removed. She went to a specialist in Paris, a Dr. Rabeau, who, using an electric needle, effectively removed the mole. We did not receive his bill immediately, but did not think too much of the fact, as in some foreign countries doctors' bills are not submitted each month as in the United States. Then, later, in the excitement of our transfer to Washington, we never thought of Dr. Rabeau. It is only when we were assigned years later to Algiers that we discovered that a French physician just does not submit his *honoraire* unless you ask him for it. To do otherwise, in the eyes of the French, belittles the medical profession.

It was in Paris that we first met Bob and Anita English. Anita was a daughter of Joe Grew, a long-time member of our diplomatic service, who had served as Ambassador in many places and finished his career as Undersecretary of State. At the time Bob married Anita, Joe was Minister to Turkey and living in Istanbul. They were now in Paris, and we were very pleased to know them. Later, when their son, Joe, was born, they asked me to be a godfather, and I agreed. I am afraid that I did not assume too many of my responsibilities in that connection however, as we drifted apart during the years, they were divorced, Bob remarried, and I just did not come into contact with Little Joe English, although we see Bob and his new wife, Dorothea, from time to time.

(We had served in Peking with Cecil Lyon, married to Elsie, another Grew daughter, and we served later in Ottawa, with Pierrepont Moffat, married to Lila, the eldest living Grew daughter. Joe Grew made it a practice to religiously write in a diary and send copies to each of his daughters. This was the way Joe let his daughters know what was happening where he was stationed, and it took the place of individual letters, although there must have been some

of those as well. Each son-in-law took up the practice with his wife, and they all exchanged diaries. As a result, each part of family knew what was happening to the others, regardless of the part of the world in which they were serving. For example, Mrs. Covington heard from Joe Grew, in Washington, about the April Fool's joke Nelson Johnson and Cecil Lyon played on me in Peking before Anne had time to write home about it. Having been mentioned in those diaries in Peking, from Paris, and then later from Ottawa, I said to Joe Grew one day: "All I need now is to serve with you somewhere, and I will have completed the circuit!")

Kitty Charlton, who we got to know quite well and saw often in later years, was social secretary to Mrs. Strauss when we arrived in Paris. Kitty was quite a character. She started life as a Shakespearean actress. First, she married a fellow actor, then an Italian who she divorced in Rome, and stayed on as social secretary to the wife of our Ambassador there. Later, she married Peter Charlton, a retired major in the British army who, after World War I, had become a professional golfer. He was teaching at a small golf course in Rome when Kitty met him. She was a great help to us in Paris, and in years to come they visited us in Washington, in Ottawa, in Geneva, in Tripoli and in Algiers.

There was a large expatriate American colony in Paris. They had wealth, they entertained lavishly, and seemed always to feel that prestige was added to their parties if there was present a diplomatic secretary from the American Embassy. So, Anne and I were very much in demand.

Among this expatriate American colony where the Littauers, with a large palace in the heart of the city. When we dined there, the costume was invariably "white tie" for me and full evening gown for Anne. As we entered we were greeted by a liveried footman, who relieved us of our wraps and ushered us to the foot of a broad winding marble stairway. As we mounted to the floor above, we passed a liveried footman on every other step standing rigidly at attention. As we entered the *Gran Salón*, our names were called out loudly by another man in livery. At the table, there was a footman turned waiter for each diner, and there was a *maitre d'hotel*, like a general, directing the service. The courses were many, and the wine of the finest.

There were bridge dinners where we didn't sit down to the bridge table until after midnight, which meant that we didn't finish until three or four in the morning, and I had to be at the Embassy at work by nine!! There were the formal receptions, and the cocktail parties – then called a *coupe de Champagne*– not starting until 7:30 PM, generally with a dinner following at 8:30 or 8:45 PM. There were our own parties, given to return hospitality or on the occasion of the visit of a friend. Sometimes, I would sneak home from the Chancery around 7 PM, undress completely and go to bed for an hour's sleep, before starting another evening's activities. I was so exhausted, I would be sound asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow, but that little snooze and a bath would revive me to confront another social evening.

Anne didn't think that our dining room seating 18 was large enough for a real party, so one night she invited 45 for dinner. We set up small tables in the *Gran Salón* and the *Petite Salón*, in addition to that the dining room. Not content with offering just dinner, we had to

have music, and a caricaturist we had found up in Montmartre to draw amusing pictures of our guests while seated at table.

Almost all French dinner parties include a cheese course. We always went to Androuet's on the Rue Amsterdam for our cheeses. He maintained a large underground cave to preserve them. When you ordered, he not only wanted to know the day upon which you planned to serve them, but the hour as well. The cheeses would be delivered only a few hours in advance of your meal. That may sound ridiculous, but it did make a difference, and the French like their food properly presented.

Among the Americans in Paris at the time was Eddie Close, first husband of the famous, much married Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton Davies May, who inherited the Post Toasties fortune. It was rumored that her father felt so sorry for Eddie when Marjory divorced him, he had given Eddie a million dollars. Eddie, when we knew him, was Director of the American Hospital in Paris, and was married to a charming second wife.

Then there was Mary de Gestes, and her friend, Arnaud Faure. Mary had more money than was good for her, and Arnaud got about a bit. It was he who introduced me to a friend whose Aunt produced on her place in the Cognac region some of the best brandy I have ever tasted. The friend played tennis, and, in order to help defray his expenses, his aunt would let him, in the polite French phrase, "dispose" of some of her brandy. It came in small bottles with simple labels bearing the handwritten inscription, "Domaine Disedon." My French guests marveled at it and would say, "But, Lewis, where did you get this 'pure' Cognac?" It was not blended, as was the French Cognac sold commercially. Every drop was 20 years old.

(Mary got into trouble later during World War II, when she was convicted of collaborating with the Nazis and was sent to prison. Mentioning Mary as a collaborationist reminds me of Colonel and Madam McMahon, who were in Ottawa when we were there years later. The Colonel was the grandson of the Great Marshal of France of Napoleonic times. She was a Belgian princess, familiarly called "Chou Chou Magenta." They had remained in France after the German occupation, and he had been quite active in the French Resistance. She had lived with her four children in their château in Normandy. She had finally fled the country with her husband and children only hours before the German Gestapo net was to close upon them. I mention this because of her definition of a collaborator. Chou Chou said, that to stay alive in France during the German occupation, you had to collaborate more or less with the Germans. Her definition of a collaborator was "someone who had collaborated more than you had.")

There was Eleanor de Barillet-Ricou, an American girl who had married a French title and lived to regret it. Her mother came over to visit her and brought along a new Packard automobile for Eleanor. When she arrived, Eleanor sent her chauffeur down to Le Havre to drive the new car up to Paris. When the chauffeur arrived with the car, he said to Eleanor, "Madam, I don't know what is the matter with your new Packard. Try as I might, I could not get it to do over 100." He thought that the speedometer registered in kilometers. It registered in miles, of course, but fortunately the road between Le Havre and Paris was good, and no serious damage was done to the car.

Quite frequently, we would go for a weekend or for a Sunday to visit with friends in the country. Very early and often, we went on Sunday to the Benedicts, at their farm northwest of Paris. We would drive out, play tennis, or swim if it was hot, then have a delightful midday dinner of delicious French cooking. Trying to time our return so as to avoid the massive weekend traffic entering Paris by its several gates – relics of walled city days – we would return reluctantly to the turbulence of the restless city. Margaret Benedict, daughter of the family, did valiant service in the resistance during World War II and lived on to be so well known in Paris that her calling card carried only the notation "Miss Benedict." There was only one. Her death in 1961 brought sadness to all who had known her. It was the father of the Benedict family who, while a real estate man in Paris, first concocted that divine and later famous dish, Eggs Benedict.

France, at this time [1936], was in political turmoil under a *Front Populaire* government, headed by Leon Blum. It was a period when the communists were trying to infiltrate and take over control of the government. There was much unrest, mass meetings, strikes, demonstrations in the streets, some youths riding about standing up in taxis waving clenched fists – a communist gesture – and shouting "*Front Populaire*" – read "Communist" – slogans, and elements of the French riot police – the *Guard Mobile* – rushing hither and yon, trying, with more or less success, to maintain order. At times, it was not pleasant.

Those demonstrations and the participation by the Communist Party in the government, caused such fear among members of the propertied class that few *châteaux* were open, and those family heirlooms had been brought to Paris and placed in the vaults of the banks for safekeeping. Some *châteaux* had been burned by rioters, and there was uneasiness everywhere.

Nevertheless, some owners continued to visit their properties over weekends or on Sundays. We had friends among these. We spent many happy times with Maurice and Muriel Fould – large as he was, he was called "Baby," but he didn't seem to mind. His grandfather had supplied the steel for the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and Maurice still had large steel interests in Alsace. (Being a Jew, he had to flee when the Germans occupied France, but he was able to get to the United States, where a friend in the steel industry found a job for him until the war was over and he could return to France.)

There was the Countess de Marenches, formally an American, who had a fabulous château not too distant from Paris. We went there often. She had two sons from two different marriages. They fell out, caused much dissension, and she finally turned the château over to one of them and went to live in Tangiers, Morocco, where, years later, we saw her several times.

Another American with French associations we had gotten to know quite well was Donald Harper, who had become a prominent lawyer in Paris. He had married a Frenchwoman. His son, Raymond, also a lawyer, and his wife and children, were most friendly. One of the daughters was with Little Anne at Saint Timothy's. We spent a very pleasant weekend with them, and enjoyed walking in the extensive woods of their château, and fishing in the little

trout stream which meandered past the old fortress, for that is what it was. It was still surrounded by a moat.

There was also the Clemenceaux. Michel was the son of the great "Tiger" Georges Clemenceau of World War I fame. Annette was an American. They had a delightful little place on the swiftly flowing stream at Morrey, near Fontainebleau. We went there with friends for a long weekend, one time. The house was not large enough to put us all up, so some of us stayed at a hotel in Fontainebleau.

Jessie Straus, our Ambassador, entertained well and frequently. Often we were called upon to help out. It was part of our duty as members of the staff of the Embassy. An invitation from the Ambassador was a command. I remember, as though it were yesterday, one reception he gave. Each officer of the Embassy had, as usual, been assigned definite responsibilities. That afternoon as the party began, my responsibility was to greet the guests as they arrived, see that their wraps were properly checked by the cloak room attendants, and then escort them to where the Ambassador and Mrs. Straus were receiving. Then I would return to the entrance to repeat the performance. Three of us were assigned to this task. Of course, we were dressed in our cutaways, with striped trousers and gray spats.

As the guests began to depart, my role changed. I was to escort those departing towards the cloak room, and ask whether I could have their car called for them. Each had a check for his car as well as one for his wraps. I would take the car check, hand it to one of the liveried doormen, asked that the car be called, and then return to make sure that the departing guest was getting along all right. One of them slipped me a silver five franc piece as he departed. I could not be rude and refuse it, for to do so would be to call his attention to his error. So, I pocketed that five franc piece, and I have treasured it ever since as money earned in the service of my country.

It was the custom of the President of France occasionally to offer his box at the opera or at the *Comédie-Française* to one of the foreign ambassadors. Sometimes it would be offered to Ambassador Straus. If he did not care to use the box that evening, he would inquire among officers of his staff as to whether anyone was interested. More than once, the box was offered to us, and we would have hurriedly get together a party for dinner and the opera or the *Comédie-Française*, as the case might be. Sitting in the Presidential Box meant we had to put on white tie and tails, and that ladies had to dress accordingly. But it was worth it.

Similarly, the Ambassador would, from time to time, receive an invitation to attend this or that function. If he could not or did not wish to go, he would invariably be requested to send someone to represent him. The functions varied, and some of them were real *corvées*. The Ambassador would inquire around, and if no one volunteered and it was considered desirable that he be represented, then someone would be detailed to the job.

I well remember one such occasion, when we were representing the Ambassador at a gourmet dinner given by the wine growers' association of Burgundy. We were confronted with about 10 courses, each course designed to complement the Burgundy wine served with

it. I must say that most of the wine was good, but some of it should have been left in Burgundy.

I sat that evening next to a large woman dripping with jewelry, whose sole topic of conversation was food and wine. She belonged to a group of gourmets which went once each month to a chosen *château*, where they would revel in the wines of its cellars and in the proper dishes to be eaten with them. Each month the feast would be held at a different *château*, and my dinner companion hoped eventually to have wined and dined at every important *château* in France.

In between these official and semi-official functions, we quite frequently played bridge. Anne had her weekly afternoon games, and often we played after dinner. There was the Culbertson World Bridge Olympic, then held each year all over the world. We entered the competition in Paris one year. We did not win the French Championship, as we had won that China a few years earlier, but we did win the North-South Championship of the Paris area.

Mrs. Covington invited Little Anne to spend the summer of 1936 with her in Craftsbury Common, Vermont. We had asked for home leave – at our own expense, of course, as the government still would not pay travel expenses on home leave except from far distant posts – and we planned to depart for the United States in the autumn. We decided, therefore, to send Little Anne on ahead with Hedwig, thus giving her the benefit of a pleasant summer in Vermont.

Believing that it was part of my job to get acquainted with the country to which I was assigned, I obtained the Ambassador's permission to take a trip into eastern France. Shortly after the departure of Little Anne, we climbed into our car and set off across the verdant countryside east of Paris.

We wanted to visit the famous caves at Eperney – 14 km of them – where the Moët et Chandon champagne was matured and bottled. As we emerged after our tour, a man came up to us and asked whether we were the ones who owned the car with diplomatic license tags? We said that we were, and he invited us to the office of the president of the company, where we were made welcome and served with a delightful glass of their best vintage champagne. The president had noticed our tags and had wanted to show courtesy to a member of the diplomatic corps. It may be, also, that he admired our beautiful car and wanted to know who owned it. Or maybe, he was just trying to interest us in his champagne. Their Dom Pérignon, named for the priest who first discovered the process for making champagne, later became known to us, and is still, the “king” of all champagnes.

From Epernay, we went on to Rheims to see the beautiful cathedral there, and then to Nancy, where the best beer in France is brewed. It is also renowned for some of its architecture. The Place Stanislaus, with its iron grillwork, is one of the most unique sites in Europe. Strasburg was our next stop. We spent the night there. It is an un-interesting city, although it is the home of *foie gras*. We were, however, interested in the bridge over the Rhine between France and Germany, and in the Rhine River itself. We could not cross the bridge because, as a result of the tension in Franco-German relations, it was guarded by the military on each

side, and only those bearing a special permit could cross. We were impressed by the swift current, the great width of the river, and by the amount of traffic it carried.

Finally, after a short visit to the Burgundy region, we returned to Paris and I resumed my work in the Embassy. We planned to take similar trips to other sections of the country, but developments within the Embassy kept me so busy we were unable to get away for sufficient time.

We were able, however, to make a weekend visit to the Calvados region of Normandy along the English Channel, and one to Holland. We drove down to Deauville with the Count and Countess de Danne, and the Shoemakers. Shoemaker was Assistant Naval Attaché for Air in our Embassy. We visited the ancient Inn of William the Conqueror, and we had a delicious lunch in the restaurant that had been established in the garden. The Count de Danne was, at that time, deeply involved with the *Cagoullards*, a clandestine organization trying to overthrow the *Front Populaire* with its communist associations. During World War II, he was to play a heroic role in the French underground.

A classmate of Anne's at Vassar, Elizabeth Lewis, had married Jack Cabot, an officer in our Service who was then assigned as a Secretary in our Legation in The Hague. Elizabeth had visited us in Paris, and she had insisted that we find time to visit them in The Hague. Therefore, when my work let up a little in the Embassy and I felt that I could get away for a long weekend, we 'phoned to the Cabots and the trip was arranged. We traveled by train. They met us and drove us all over tiny Holland. Unfortunately the tulips were not in bloom, but the scenery was most picturesque, and the Dutch people most cordial.

While we were there with the Cabots, Princess Juliana announced her engagement to marry Prince Bernhard. The leaders of Holland, wishing to demonstrate their pleasure at this happy event, organized parades of various elements of the people from all over the small country. They converged on The Hague the Sunday morning that we were there, and they had to pass the Cabot's house in order to reach the palace where Juliana and Bernhard watched from a balcony as the groups filed past.

(We came to know Princess Juliana quite well later in Ottawa, where she was a refugee with her family from war-torn Europe. Later still, we ran into Juliana in Taormina, in Italy. By that time she had become Queen of the Netherlands, and there were rumors that all might not be well in the Royal Household. I mentioned to her the fact that Anne and I had been in The Hague on that day, and had witnessed the demonstrations. She was so affected by the recollection, tears rolled uncontrolled down her cheeks.)

This was the year [1936] that the French franc was devalued. When Jessie Straus was Ambassador, Mrs. Straus bought all of her clothes from the couturier Mainbocher. Because of this, Beegie de Wardner, *directrice* of Mainbocher, gave a large discount to the wives of officers in the Embassy. It was one way of advertising her wares. Anne took advantage of this discount and purchased her clothes there. It just happened that, at the time that the franc was to be devalued, she had had several things made and owed Mainbocher a lot of money. I was doing economic reporting for the Embassy at that time, and I knew that the franc was

about to be devalued. I could not tell anyone, even Anne. But, knowing Anne's habit of paying her bills the minute she knew the amount thereof, I suggested that she delay paying Mainbocher at least a few days. She did, and when, a few days later, the franc was devalued, she was able to pay her bill with considerably fewer United States dollars. Beegie said later that she was delighted with the franc devaluation: "Now, some of my wealthy French customers who owe hundreds of thousands of francs, may settle their accounts!"

The Ambassador and Mrs. Straus returned to the United States in the summer of 1936, and Edward Wilson was in charge of the Embassy, when the sad news was received that Ambassador Straus had cancer, and would have to resign.

The question of the utmost importance to us was, "Who will replace him?"

We did not have long to wait. Bill Bullitt, then Ambassador to Moscow, was to be our next Chief, and he was not long in arriving. With him, he brought Carmel Offie, who had been with him in Moscow and had proven too valuable to the Ambassador as personal secretary to be left behind. They settled into the Embassy Residence and immediately began to clean house. The new broom was going to sweep clean, and we had better be on our toes. There would be changes and, sadly, Kitty Charlton was the first to go.

One of the ambassador's first official duties was to present his Letter of Credence to the President of the Republic. The ceremony was to take place at 11 AM at the Élysée Palace, not far from the chancery. Having to be at the chancery at 9 AM, and not wanting to return all the way back home to change my clothes, I dressed for the occasion when I got up that morning. French protocol required that, not having a diplomatic uniform of our own, I wear my "white tie and tails," but with black shirt studs, rather than white, and that I carry my silk hat.

(The fact that our Diplomatic Service had no diplomatic uniform, and that the offices were, therefore, left to the mercy of local protocol, had from time to time led officers to write memoranda suggesting one or another type of dress for formal functions. One such suggestion came to the desk of Elihu Root, when he was Secretary of State. The memorandum went into great detail of description, including sketches, suggesting striped trousers and a cut-away coat, covered with gold facings of various types, including oak leaves on the lapels, laurel in other places, and gold buttons embossed with the eagles in the rear just above the tails. Mr. Root read the memorandum through to the end, and then he noted on the final page, "I will approve this uniform provided mistletoe is placed around the gold buttons above the tails." No one since had dared raise the question.)

I was sitting behind my desk in my unconventional outfit that morning when callers were announced. Two cousins of mine from Alabama, Florence Pratt and Clement McPherson, were ushered in, and they immediately broke into gales of laughter. They pretended not to accept my explanation, but insisted that I must have just got in after a night on the town. When they got back to Alabama, they pretended, with amusement and elaboration, that my work in the embassy required me to wear full dress at all times.

Those of us who were to accompany the ambassador when he presented his Letter of Credence left the chancery five minutes ahead of him, so as to be in the proper position and inside the Élysée Palace when the Ambassador arrived. Our car pulled into the courtyard of the Palace and stopped near the front entrance. I got out and put on my high silk hat. Immediately, the captain of the Guard of Honor called a command, and the band began to sound the ruffles due an ambassador. Before the ruffles could be finished, someone spoke quickly into the captain's ear, he gave another command, and the ruffles stopped short. He had thought that I was Ambassador Bullitt.

We did, in fact, resemble each other, and I had several amusing incidents in the months to follow. I was taken for him on numerous occasions, and one of his old girls started to reminisce with me at one of his receptions. Afterward, when I told Bullitt of this, he took me before a large mirror and, examining our reflections in the glass, he said, "I believe there is something to it after all. I am going to leave you to perform some of my onerous tasks, and I am going up to Montmartre and be carefree Lewis Clark." "Alright Mr. Ambassador," I replied, "provided you protect the good name of Lewis Clark!"

One night, we were dining with Bullitt at St. Firmain, a small *château* he had rented on the grounds of the Château de Chantilly. It was a small intimate party. The guest of honor was Myron Taylor, president of American Telephone and Telegraph. As usual, when we were invited to the Ambassador's, we arrived well before the hour stipulated. The Ambassador was a little late coming downstairs that evening, and the Myron Taylors arrived before he had appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Taylor walked straight up to me and said, "Mr. Ambassador, I brought you a posy." She handed me a beautiful red rose. Things finally got straightened out, and we found ourselves in the Taylor's Christmas card list for many years thereafter. Once, they even invited us to the New York City Opera.

When Bullitt had been appointed to Paris, I discussed with Edward Wilson the question of my home leave. He agreed with me that it would be better to postpone my leave, as the Ambassador would probably want to have his full staff on hand during the early days of his mission. Therefore, I drafted a dispatch to the Department saying that I wished to defer my home leave and giving my reasons therefore. This dispatch went in a routine manner to the Ambassador's desk for signature. He sent for me. "You have a contract with the Department that says you can have home leave every two years," he said. "If you want to take your leave now, take it. No one is indispensable. We will get along without you until you return." I said, "Thank you, Sir. Then I shall depart as planned."

We spent our two month's leave in Washington at 2320 Wyoming Avenue [with the Covingtons] where Little Anne was, along with Hedwig. We saw many of our friends, played golf, and took a few trips into the country. Christmas was coming, and we wanted to see to it that Little Anne had a pretty tree, and lots of presents.

By January our leave had expired, and we had to return to Paris. We sailed in the *SS Europa* of the North German Lloyd Line, and took Little Anne and Hedwig along.

At the time we sailed in the *Europa*, you could buy German "tourist" *marks* for about half of the fixed exchange rate for the regular *mark*. Also, if you chose to eat in the Ritz Restaurant on the Boat Deck, you ate *à la carte*, but at the end of the voyage the purser would refund to you \$25 per passenger. We decided to eat in the Ritz Restaurant, and we purchased enough German tourist marks from a bank in New York to take care of our anticipated needs. On the voyage, we had breakfast in our cabin each morning, wine with every meal, and we gave two dinner parties of six each, yet when I came to pay my bill in the Ritz Restaurant, the total was less than the \$50 refund given to me by the purser.

We had a stormy crossing. The *Europa* rolled way over in the troughs of the high seas. One night after dinner, Anne and I were sitting at a table next to the dance floor of the Grand Salon having coffee and liqueurs, while waiting for some scheduled entertainment, when suddenly the ship took an unusually strong roll to port. Anne, seated at the edge of the dance floor with her drink in her hand, began to slide across the floor. I couldn't reach her, but could only watch in consternation as her speed increased. Fortunately, friends of ours, Steve Morris and Howland Shaw, the then Counselor of Embassy in Istanbul, were seated directly opposite us. They saw Anne coming and rose to the occasion. They eased her arrival on the far side of the dance floor, and she did not spill a drop of her drink. Otherwise, it was an uneventful crossing. Little Anne and Hedwig spent most of their time in the play rooms and on deck, and ate, of course, in the Children's Dining Room.

Back in Paris, we picked up life about where we had left it.

One night, we were returning with the Shoemakers in their car from St. Cloud, where we had dined with friends. While passing through the Bois de Boulogne, we suddenly had two flat tires. Stopping, we discovered that someone had placed a wooden plank studded with long nails right in the center of the dark road. Two of the tires had passed over it and been punctured. This was obviously an act of the Communists, who had been causing considerable trouble in the wealthier areas of Paris. Was a trap? We didn't know. We only had one spare tire. What to do? Jimmy Shoemaker did not speak French, but he did have a gun in his car. It was decided that he would remain with the car and the two ladies, while I walked through the Bois to find a public garage for help. The Bois de Boulogne is a wilderness even in daylight. It was really frightening in the middle of the night with no lighting, particularly during such disturbed times. Murders there were frequent occurrences, and there was no police protection. I tried to keep my sense of direction as I walked, and finally, I came out into a section of Paris I knew. Quickly, I found a garage and was able to persuade the mechanic on duty to return with me to the place where I had left the others. He took one of the punctured tires back to his garage, repaired it, then returned to mount it on the car. In the meantime, Jimmy Shoemaker had mounted the spare, so we were able at last, to escape from what could have been a disastrous situation.

It was this year [1937] that we had the miniature portrait of Little Anne painted on ivory. It was done by a member of the Russian nobility, Count Meyendorf, who had had to flee Russia with the advent of communism, and who we met at one of our bridge dinners. Mrs. Covington liked it so much, we finally let her pay for it and keep it, knowing that it would come back to us someday.

In Paris, as elsewhere, we had our houseguests and our visitors. Anne's brother, Harry, came twice, the Cabots came, as did my sister, Catherine. We had a visit from the Spikers – he had been an usher in our wedding, and I had been Best Man when he married in Pei P'ing – and from another "old China hand," Sophie Swan Kernan. Sophie had been one of the wealthy widows in Pei P'ing. She played a good game of bridge, and we had seen quite a lot of her.

Whenever someone turned up and wanted to see the famous nightlife of Paris, we had a set route we took them on. If we thought that they would be shocked by some lowest dives we would omit those, but, if our guests wanted to "see the works," we even took them to a place where the waitresses, literally, wore nothing but their shoes. These tours became not only boring to us and expensive, they also kept me, a working man, up too late at night. But then, you could not refuse a friend if he threw himself on your mercy to see the nightlife of "Gay Paree."

It was the custom in Paris at that time for most merchants to give discounts to members of the diplomatic corps. All you had to do was show your "Coup Fils," and ask for it. Most nightspots did the same thing, so that our tours with visiting firemen cost us less than they could have. One night, we went to the Sphinx (rather disreputable) with some acquaintances we did not know too well. When I felt that the time to go home had arrived, most of the others seemed to be just starting the evening. So, after whispering to Anne, I took the *maître d'hôtel* aside and said, "I would like to pay the bill up to this moment. Would you please give me the benefit of any discount you may give to members of the diplomatic corps? I am from the American Embassy." Then he said, "Would 50 percentage discount be agreeable?" I said "Yes!", paid half the amount of the bill that would have been otherwise presented, and we went on our way home.

Later on, when our friend Cecil Lyon turned up in Paris, we had a different experience. Cecil and his wife, Elsie, happened to arrive just after the death of King George V of England. We were in "official mourning" for the death of the King. That meant that we could not go to a dinner of more than 12, the dinner must be either "easy dress," as we had come to call ordinary business suits, or "black tie." It could not be "white tie." Nor should we appear in public places of amusement. Cecil wanted to go "out on the town." Could we do it? We suggested that if any member of the British Embassy encountered us "out on the town," he, also, would be out of order, and could not report us for fear of getting into trouble himself. So, "out on the town" we went. At Scheherazade, the last place to which we went, Cecil did the ordering. He would not agree to ask for the diplomatic discount. After several bottles of champagne, at exorbitant prices, our money ran out. We counted our collective funds and found that we did not have enough French *francs* for another bottle of champagne. The *maître d'hôtel* sensed our difficulty, felt sorry for us, and offered us another bottle of the same champagne "on the house." He had gathered that we were members of the diplomatic corps, and could not understand why we had not asked for our discount.

When our period of mourning was over, and the affairs between the Prince of Wales and Wallis Simpson had become public knowledge, everyone in France followed developments with avid interest. Wally had gone to the Riviera to await the decision of the new king, Edward VIII, as to whether he was going to marry her.

Naturally, the French listened to their telephone conversations. One of my friends from the *Sûreté* [civil police force detective] had told me that one of his responsibilities had been to review the recorded telephone conversations between King Edward and Wally Simpson. He said that when Edward had called Wally to tell her that he had definitely decided to abdicate and was about to announce the fact that nation over the radio, her prompt response had been a curt "You God-damned fool!" Whether true or not, that seemed an interesting commentary on what had been going on between them. We gathered that she had refused to become his morganatic wife, and wanted to be Queen. The latter had been found by Edward to be impossible, and he had chosen to abdicate. When the final decision was taken and the king had decided to abdicate "for the woman I love," his abdication was the prime subject of cocktail conversation in Paris.

(In those days of such functions were called a "coup d' Champagne." They served only sherry and champagne. It was only years later that the French accepted wholeheartedly the idea of the "cocktail party," and even considered it quite the thing to ask for "un petit whisky." Furthermore, they did not know the strength of whiskey, and to them, a "little whisky" could be a water glass half-full.)

Life under Ambassador Bullitt was much the same as it had been under Jesse Straus, except that we had to be careful to have the answer to all questions. He seemed to have taken a fancy to Anne, and he made it a habit of asking her at the last minute to his official dinners to act as his hostess. Why he had to wait until the last minute to press Anne into service, we could not understand, but a request from the Ambassador was a command, and she had to go.

One night, he was entertaining the Prime Minister, Leon Blum. He telephoned at 7:00 that same evening to ask Anne to come and be his hostess. It was in the line of duty, of course. It just happened that we were having 18 people to dinner ourselves at 8:30 that same night.

On another occasion, we were to dine with a charming old couple we liked very much. At 7:30, just as we were about to leave for our engagement, the telephone rang, and Bullitt wanted Anne as hostess. I had to go on to our intimate dinner all alone, bearing flowers I purchased *en route* to assuage the ire of my hostess. The charming couple took Anne's absence nicely and pretended to understand, but I'm not sure that they did.

The summer of 1937, Anne decided to go alone with Little Anne and Hedwig to the United States. Once again, I was to pay the cost of their transportation, as the Department still did not have sufficient funds to order officers home on leave from relatively nearby places. I was able, however, to arrange with the French Line for them to have a suite on the *Normandy*— then the pride of the French transatlantic passenger fleet — for the voyage to the United States, and a nice double cabin and bath for Anne in the *Isle de France* for her return voyage to France, paying the minimum first class fare minus a 25 percentage diplomatic discount.

Just prior to their departure, we dined with a friend with whom Anne had played bridge several times. It was a "white tie" party. I found upon arrival that I did not know a single one of the 36 guests, not even the hostess. Such was Paris after almost two years. As we

were having cocktails, in walked Lady Decies, who had been married at one time to Henry Lehr of Baltimore, an old *roué*, well known in Paris. As she entered, with her head held high in the air, she glanced about the room through her lorgnettes, spoke to the hostess, then walked slowly over and took a seat by herself on a divan. I was with a group of men. Nobody made a move to join Lady Decies so, after a slight hesitation, I went over, being the "diplomat," and asked whether I might sit beside her. She nodded assent, but continued to survey her surroundings through her lorgnettes. I would say something to her. She would indicate that she had heard, but made no effort to assist the conversation.

I began to pray for dinner to be announced so that I could be freed from this most difficult partner. What was my horror, when dinner finally was announced, to discover that I was to be seated beside her at table. What was I going to talk about through a long French dinner?

Lady Decies – she was jokingly called Lady Diseased – was dripping with diamonds, so I mentioned how beautiful they were. That got her started. She talked about diamonds for a couple of courses. Then, as that subject had just about been exhausted, I suddenly remembered that she had recently married her Lord Decies. The gossip was that she had paid him £1 million to marry her. Certainly the minute the wedding was over, he returned to England, and she to Paris. Anyway, knowing that she had just acquired a title of nobility, I asked her something about French titles. French titles meant absolutely nothing. Those holding them today were *parvenu*. But now English titles, they were something entirely different! They meant heredity and breeding, and on and on and on, through the remaining courses of a long dinner. Finally, our hostess rose from the table, and I was delivered from my travail.

Anne had a pleasant few weeks in the United States and then returned to me in France, bearing with her a nice new set of golf clubs as a present.

Anne was hardly back in Paris when Carmel Offie invited us one afternoon to Embassy Residence for a quiet drink in the garden. After the first drink, Offie came to the point. He said that the Ambassador had been unhappy with the functioning of the State Department and of his responsibilities, and had been trying to get the Department to name a good man to be "backstop" for him in Washington. Several names have been suggested to him, but he had turned them all down. Finally, the Department had said, "Alright, you suggest the man you want on the French Desk, and we will assign him there." Bullitt wanted to know whether I would accept such an assignment. I said that I was quite happy in Paris and would like to stay longer, but that if the Ambassador thought I could be of service to him in Washington, I would be delighted to go.

That was that. Two weeks later we were on our way back to the United States. Anne had crossed the Atlantic five times within a year, four them at our expense.

Chapter 5. Washington, French Desk [1937-1941]

Stopping off first at Craftsbury Common to see Little Anne and the Covingtons, we went on down to Washington to look for a place to live. While doing so, we stayed at the Covington's at 2320 Wyoming Ave.

Soon we found a house at 2214 Massachusetts Avenue that we thought suitable. It belonged to a naval officer who had been stationed in Washington, but who had just been transferred to Honolulu. We agreed to sign a four-year lease – the length of time I expected be in Washington – but we insisted upon the inclusion of a "diplomatic clause" permitting us to terminate the lease after due notice in the event of our transfer elsewhere prior to the expiration of the four years. The owner was agreeable, but he, in turn, insisted upon the inclusion of a "service clause" permitting him to terminate the lease and reoccupy the house in the event of his reassignment to Washington before the expiration of the four years. I inquired at the Navy Department, and was told that the owner had not had a good record during his duty in Washington, and that, most certainly, he would not be stationed there again. So, I signed the lease. (Little did I know that his record was so bad that two years later he was "selected out" of the Navy, and chose Washington as the place to which he would retire. That was considered as "assignment" to Washington, and we had to find a new place to live.)

Our drawing room at 2214 opened onto a small veranda at the rear, with steps leading down to a little garden. One nice summer evening, we started a vogue when we hired five Hawaiian musicians and placed them on the veranda to play while about 20 of us dined in the garden below, with exotic Chinese lanterns for illumination. It was attractive, and several of our friends copied the idea.

From this house, we had grandstand seats for the visit of the King and Queen of England, who came to Washington in 1938. Also, it was quite near Sheridan Circle, where Hedwig could take Little Anne to play with other children of the neighborhood. There were other Swiss nurses too, so that Hedwig had companionship and some with whom to enjoy her days off.

An amusing thing happened involving those Swiss nurses. Madam Peter, wife of the Swiss Minister, came to Anne one day and complained that we were creating discontent among the Swiss nurses, because we paid Hedwig so much more than the others were getting. When we came to Washington, we had raised Hedwig's wages from \$35 a month to \$40, but we thought that quite reasonable. It developed that the nurses had been bragging among themselves one day in Sheridan Circle about how much they earned. The other nurses were all earning much more than Hedwig, but she was not to be belittled. She had boasted that she was getting \$100 a month.

(Hedwig was a wonderful girl, and most valuable to us. She would take Little Anne to Sunday school at St. John's on Lafayette Square, and, when the pianist failed to show up, Hedwig would play the piano for the children to sing the hymns. She finally left us and went back to Switzerland. She said, "I am a baby nurse. You won't have any more children. Anne is growing too old for me. You don't need me anymore." We tried to persuade her to stay on, but she was firm and finally, left us, shortly before we were assigned to Ottawa. We parted with great

reluctance. We always kept in touch with Hedwig, and when we were in Geneva, years later, we took Little Anne on a special trip to Zürich to see her and to meet her husband and daughter.)

There was a nursery school just up the street from our house, and we enrolled Little Anne there. Of course, she had some difficulty in the beginning. She had gone from speaking Chinese into French, and she spoke only very little English.

At about this time, I discovered that Little Anne had never ridden in a streetcar, or a bus, or in a taxicab. I decided to remedy that situation without further ado. So I took her across the street, and there we boarded a bus that took us up Massachusetts Avenue to Wisconsin, where we descended and, boarding a streetcar, we went downtown to the State Department. There we changed to a taxi for the trip back home. Thus, in the course of one afternoon, she was able to use three modes of transportation heretofore denied to her.

We were no sooner settled in our house on Massachusetts Avenue than we were caught up in the swirl of Washington social events. Anne had been raised in Washington and had many friends there. In addition, as I was "desk officer" for France, Belgium and Luxemburg, we had certain diplomatic social responsibilities. Also Anne, always having been civic minded, immediately renewed her participation in various civic enterprises. She was an active member of the Junior League, and she was one of the "guinea pigs", or first class, of Red Cross "Nurses' Aides," which did so much good work during World War II and thereafter, and she worked for the Community Chest. Later, she was General Chairman of the Third All Hallows' Guild Flower Mart, held on the Pilgrims' Steps in the Bishop's Garden at the National Cathedral of Washington. Being General Chairman required a tremendous effort to coordinate the activities of the various garden clubs participating, and she was busy.

The number of officers in the State Department in those days was much smaller than it became in later years. I remember one time, when the Foreign Service Association wanted to honor Harry McBride on his retirement as Executive Secretary to Cordell Hull, then the Secretary of State, we decided to invite everyone in the Department from the Secretary on down. Harry was beloved of them all, and they should all be invited. We issued 500 invitations!! Not many years later the number would have been in the thousands.

I mention this because, being few in number, Foreign Service Officers assigned to the Department were invited to innumerable functions to which their successors of later date were not invited. We went to all of the Diplomatic Receptions at the White House, and we went there for teas and occasional small parties. Also, Little Anne went there to play with little Diana Hopkins, daughter of President Roosevelt's special aide who then lived in the White House, and she went there when the President's grandchildren were in town.

We were immediately invited to join the exclusive "Three Dances;" a "white tie" subscription dance given at the Sulgrave Club by a small group of old Washingtonians. Friends were beginning to bring out their daughters, and we went to numerous debutante parties. Just prior to the outbreak of World War II, we found ourselves driving home from these debutante parties five Sunday mornings in succession, with dawn breaking in the east.

We played golf. We played badminton in the gymnasium at Saint Albans school. I played squash rackets at lunchtime with Theodore Achilles at the YMCA near the State Department, and we bowled at the Chevy Chase Club. Socially, we were busy, as was I in the Department.

I even won the only prize at a small costume party when I went as "Agnes." We rented a red-haired wig. I found women's stockings and shoes large enough for me to wear. I manufactured bosoms by cutting rubber balls in half and inserting them in a ladies brassiere, and I put on one of Anne's "Gay 20s" dresses with no waistline. (Little Anne, watching the operation, telephoned to Mrs. Covington in great perturbation saying "Grandmother, Daddy is making bosoms out of my rubber balls!" Of course they were not her rubber balls; I had bought them that afternoon to be fashioned into bosoms. I think the reason I won the prize was that I danced through half of the evening with the men present, and no one, as well as they knew me, recognized that I was not a woman. The *dénouement* came when the story appeared in the press a couple of days later, and I had to face my secretary.

Anne always insisted that her Christmas Trees must touch the ceiling. To get one tall enough, we needed a 19-foot tree. A 19-foot tree is a big tree! But a 19-foot tree we had, each of the two years we were on Massachusetts Avenue. One year, Little Anne started pulling things off the tree, and it began to topple. Fortunately, I was on hand watching, and I was able to jump up and catch the tree in time to prevent falling down on her.

Each summer during the first three years we were in Washington, Little Anne went to stay with Mrs. Covington at Craftsbury Common in Vermont. Mrs. Covington took great pride in her garden at Craftsbury Common. She spent endless hours and many dollars to keep it in bloom. She would go up early in the spring each year to supervise the planting of annuals and the fertilization of the perennials. The garden was really beautiful.

One summer at Craftsbury Common, Little Anne had the pleasure of the company of some of the French children with whom she played in Sheridan Circle. Gaby de Gramont, my friend from golfing days in Paris, was assigned to the French Embassy in Washington shortly after I returned to the Department. Sanche, his eldest son, played with Little Anne at Sheridan Circle and went to the nursery school with her. One summer, he and some other children from the French Embassy came to stay at the inn in Craftsbury Common, and they used to go swimming with us in Lake Eligo, not far away, where Judge Covington and the cousins had bought 50 acres on the shore front, and had created what was called a "beach." It was a rock beach, and the water was dreadfully cold. Nevertheless, we all went there to swim. At first, Sanche de Gramont spoke no English, and he was delighted to have Little Anne to talk to. He learned quickly, however, and it was not long before they played entirely in English.

(Years later, we saw Sanche in Algiers, where he was doing his French military service. He was doing quite well. In fact, he won a Pulitzer Prize for literature a couple of years later with a book he wrote on international espionage. Later still, he married an American graduate of Vassar, and served as representative of the New York Herald Tribune in Paris.)

The fourth year [1940] we sent her for the first time to Camp Quinbeck, also in Vermont, located on Lake Fairlee. She loved Camp Quinbeck so much we sent her back for five summers where learned to swim, and she left reluctantly when she finally outgrew it.

Little Anne was a precocious child. After we had been forced out of our house on Massachusetts Avenue by the return of the landlord, we moved to a house on the corner of California and 23rd St., 2301 California St., and she entered first grade at Potomac School. She used to listen to a radio program called "Jerry of the Circus." The sponsors, Chestnut Farms Dairy, held a competition for children under 10 years of age. They were required to write a letter explaining why they preferred Chestnut Farms Dairy milk.

We encouraged Little Anne to enter the competition. All by herself, she wrote her letter, sent it in, and she won the prize, a little Scotch terrier puppy. We really didn't want the responsibility of a puppy in our household at that time. Little Anne was not old enough to train it. That meant that I would have that responsibility. But she had won it, and we must let her have it. Was she thrilled!!!

Arrangements were made for the formal presentation so that the sponsors of the program could get the publicity they desired. We dressed Little Anne in her best bib-and-tucker, and took her down for the presentation, and the picture taking.

Adding to our festivities was the 10th wedding anniversary dinner-dance Anne's brother, Harry, gave for us at the Sulgrave Club on March 22, 1940. He had 90-odd for dinner, and he asked possibly 50 additional guests in after dinner to dance. Meyer Davis, with Meyer, himself, leading the orchestra, provided the music. It was a memorable evening.

Do not get the impression from what I have been writing of our life in Washington, that I did not have work to do in the Department of State. On the contrary, I was quite busy. In addition to my responsibilities on the French desk, I had to handle all matters dealing with Belgium, Luxemburg and I used to add Monaco, which was, in fact, a responsibility of mine, but not one causing much trouble.

When I reported for duty in the European Division where I was to serve, I sensed an air of suspicion. "Here was that man Bullitt had picked for the job. He is he going to work with us, or is he going to try to operate as a Bullitt 'lone wolf'?" I hastened, therefore, to stress to my chief, Pierrepont Moffat, that I was not a "Bullitt man," that I was an officer of the career Foreign Service merely doing what he was instructed to do, that he could be sure I was on his team, and would put forth my best effort in behalf of the team. Bullitt had issued instructions that I was to see all cables from the embassy in Paris, without exception, even those marked "Eyes only the President," and those being sent direct to the Secretary of the Treasury by Merle Cochran, a First Secretary of the Embassy, functioning as a specialist in finance, under the special instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury. These latter were seen in the State Department only by the Economic Advisor and by me. The "Eyes only the President" ones were seen only by me. I told Pierpont that while I was not authorized to show him the text of those cables, I would certainly keep him informed at all times of their content.

So, I went to work. All incoming dispatches and cables from my three countries crossed my desk. If action was required, I took that action and cleared it with my superiors. If the cable or the dispatch was of a character to interest my superiors, I would make a brief summary of the contents and route the paper to those I thought should see it.

I sat, as chairman, on the trade agreement committees for France and for Belgium when, with other interested departments of the government, we were preparing to negotiate trade agreements with those countries. I set in motion the procedures for modernizing the structure of our treaty relations with France. Our treaties covering most phases of our relations with France dated back over 100 years, and badly needed modernization. I represented the European Division at all conferences dealing with trans-Atlantic commercial aviation, which was just about to be inaugurated. I handled all matters having to do with the political aspects of commercial shipping between the United States and Europe. I was likewise the one responsible for the censorship of documentary motion picture films being selected for shipment to European countries. In sum, anything having to do with any of my three countries, or my special subjects, was my initial responsibility. I must keep my superiors informed of what was going on, and I must propose the line of policy to be followed. I must maintain such intimate contact with events within my areas of responsibility that I could give an immediate answer to any question that arose.

Among my first problems was a strike of employees at the Casino de Paris in New York, just before the Christmas season of 1937. The Casino de Paris in New York and the Bal Tabourin in Paris were managed by the same people. Both places had a floor show accompanying dinner. The Casino was stuck because some of the performers came from France and did not belong to an American labor union. When the French Embassy brought the situation to my attention and pleaded for help, I went to call upon officer of the AF of L. I explained to him that the French performers did belong to a French labor union, and that, besides, there were many American performers belonging to an American labor union acting at the Bal Tabourin in Paris. To strike the Casino would inevitably lead to a retaliatory action by the French labor union against the Bal Tabourin in Paris, because non-French-union Americans were performing there, and nobody would benefit. He said that the AF of L Headquarters in Washington could not control the action of the union involved, but that he would telephone to the president of the union in New York, tell him what I had said, and endeavor to persuade him to call off the strike. This he did, and the strike was called off. I had won my first case. The French Embassy was delighted, as, of course, was the management of the Casino de Paris. Word was passed on to me that if I would come to New York, the facilities of the Casino would be placed *gratis* at my disposal.

I also played a part in getting the appropriation from the Congress for Admiral Byrd to make his trip to the Antarctic in 1938, which paved the way for the eventual permanent American settlement there. The congressional committee was being difficult. What material benefit did we expect to derive from the visit of Admiral Byrd? I replied, off the cuff, that the best answer I could give was to cite our experience with Alaska. We had purchased Alaska from the Russians, it was known as Seward's Folly. (Seward was Secretary of State at the time of acquisition). "Look what had happened in Alaska", I said. "We know no more about the Antarctic now, than Seward did about Alaska then. It could turn out to be equally valuable." Whether that did it, I do not know, but Admiral Byrd went to the Antarctic. Admiral Byrd was so grateful, he said would name a mountain down there after me.

Ambassador Bullitt would return to the United States from time to time for consultation. He consulted mostly at the White House and rarely came to the State Department, as he had a real feud with Sumner Wells, then Undersecretary of State. He always stayed at The Anchorage, on the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Q. Street. Frequently, when he was in town, he would telephone to me in the Department during the morning and say that he had something he wanted to discuss with me. Could I come up to the apartment? Of course, I could. Then, he would say, "But don't you think we could discuss our problems just as well on the golf course out at Chevy Chase?" So, I would have to telephone to Anne, get our car, pick up Bullitt at The Anchorage, and take him out to the Chevy Chase Club for a round of golf. It did enable us to combine business with pleasure, even if I did have to pay his greens fee and buy him a drink, but in the Department there was some "lifting of eyebrows."

On one of these trips to the United States, Bullitt had gone down to Florida for a short vacation. He telephoned to me long-distance and asked, "Have you a secretary can trust absolutely?" I said that I wasn't absolutely sure. What did he want? He had a telegram he wanted sent to the embassy in Paris. He said that it was short, so I suggested that then possibly it would be better for me to take it down myself. Bullitt then started dictating slowly the text of a telegram inviting the then Prime Minister of France, a labor leader and suspected communist, to visit the United States and stay with the President [FDR] in the White House. When he had completed the dictation, he said, "What you think of that?" "It stinks," I replied. "He won't be in office long enough to make the trip, and to give him that prestige would harm, not help our cause." "I agree fully," he replied, "but the President wants the telegram dispatched. I think Sumner Wells is behind this. Why don't you take the telegram to him and try to stop it?" I knew that there was no love lost between Bullitt and Wells, but I had my instructions. I persuaded Pierrepont Moffatt to go along with me to lend support, as he, too, agreed that the invitation should not be issued. When we were admitted to Sumner Wells's office, I handed him the telegram, told him how I had received the text and my reasons for thinking that it should not be sent, mentioning, of course, that Bullitt agreed with me. Wells, only half listening to what I had to say, glanced at the text and said, "I agree with the President," and signed the telegram. Poor Pierrepont; he didn't have time to get a word in. My judgment proved correct however. Three days later that Prime Minister was thrown out of office, as I had said he would be, and of course he never came to visit the President.

As we saw World War II approaching in Europe, it was decided to set up a night watch in the office of the Secretary of State. Officers of the European Division were charged with maintaining the watch. There were four watches each night: from 4 PM to 8 PM, from 8 PM to midnight, from midnight to 4 AM, and from 4 AM until 8 AM. The duty officer was charged with reading all incoming telegrams, keeping his ear glued to the radio – there was no television in those days – and standing ready to alert the Secretary of State and senior officers of the Department in the event of occurrences demanding immediate action.

I had the watch from 4 AM to 8 AM on the day World War II was declared [September 1, 1939]. The Germans were attacking in Poland, and everyone waited with bated breath to know what the British would do. Robert Coe, who had the midnight to 4 AM duty, was reluctant to leave, as we could both see the likelihood that war would be declared within the next few hours. Prime Minister Chamberlain was about to address the House of Commons. Bob went on home,

however, and, when Chamberlain made his speech announcing that a state of war existed, it was I, listening to the radio in the Secretary's office, who started the machinery rolling to assure that the State Department was functioning to meet the emergency.

By 7 AM all the principal, and many of the subordinate, officers in the Department were on hand to meet their responsibilities. In theory, I was free to go back home and get some more sleep. But sleep was out of the question. There was too much to do in the Department, and my "desk" was in the midst of it.

Then came the Phoney War and eventually the ferocious German attack and the collapse of France. Ambassador Bullitt chose to remain in Paris when the French Government removed to Bordeaux, and Tony Biddle, who had fled from Poland with the exiled Polish Government when the Germans occupied Warsaw, assumed charge at Bordeaux of our representation in France. These were hectic times. My desk was flooded, and I had to work all hours.

One time, the Germans got hold of some Polish archives and discovered telegrams sent to Warsaw by the Polish ambassador in Paris, reporting conversations he had had with Ambassador Bullitt. Bullitt, who had been our ambassador in Moscow, was quoted as having said some terrible and embarrassing things about the Soviets, who were now our "friends," as well as about the Nazis.

The publication of these telegrams by the Germans caused a furor in Washington. Three of us in the European Division, Sam Reber, Bob Coe and I, were told to drop everything, go to the code room, and stay there until we had read every telegram and every dispatch that had come in from Warsaw and Paris during the period covered by the exposed documents. We were to ascertain whether there was any basis for the German allegations. You must remember that many of Bullitt's telegrams were not read in the Department by anyone but me.

Well, we three settled at three desks in the code room and went to work. We read, and we read, and we read. By 3 AM we had read everything. To us, trained diplomatic officers, it was perfectly obvious what had happened. Bullitt and the Polish ambassador to Paris had met from time to time to discuss the situation. They had obviously found themselves in agreement. Bullitt's telegrams quoted the Polish ambassador as saying the same things the Polish ambassador attributed to Bullitt. With a clear conscience therefore, we signed a statement to the effect we had found no evidence in the files indicating that Ambassador Bullitt had said any of the things attributed to him in the published documents. Then, we had some more coffee and went home and to bed.

It was a period of great activity at my desk. There was American property to be protected in German-occupied France, Belgium and Luxemburg. There were the frozen bank accounts in the United States of citizens of those occupied countries. There was the Vichy French government to deal with. There was French North Africa. There was a French naval fleet intact at Toulon, and there were French naval vessels at Martinique, a French island in the Caribbean, loaded with precious fighter planes and quantities of gold.

When the Germans occupied France, Belgium and Luxembourg, we notified all Americans owning property there that they could, if they wished, apply to the American embassy or to the nearest consulate for a certificate, signed and sealed with the official seal, indicating that the property involved belonged to an American citizen and was entitled to the protection of the United States. We were not at war at that time, and there was every reason to believe that the Germans would respect such official certificates.

We issued a great number of these certificates abroad, but I was surprised at some of the requests that came to me in Washington. One was from Pierre Cot, the communist-leaning Minister of Air in the *Front Populaire* French Government that had fled to Bordeaux. He was the man generally considered responsible for the sorry state of French military aviation at the outbreak of hostilities. Everything he owned in France, he said, belonged to his American wife. She was along with him when he came to see me, but she stayed in the background and let him do the talking. I told him, as I told the others, that before I could authorize the issuance of a certificate of American ownership, I would have to have conclusive proof that the property did, in fact, belong to an American citizen. Eugene de Rothschild, of the fabulously wealthy Rothschilds, was among those who turned up in my office wanting protection for much of his real estate in France, saying that, strangely enough, it all belonged to his American wife. Neither of these two, nor many similar claimants, returned after they discovered that proof of American ownership must be forthcoming before protection could be afforded.

The frozen bank accounts presented an easier problem. Most cases were handled in the Treasury Department by special units. Occasionally, however, someone I had known, or known of, would come to me, having failed to obtain relief through normal channels. When I was convinced of the *bona fides* of the case, I would telephone to the chief of the special unit in the Treasury Department, and at my request he would order the release of the entire account or a part of it, as seemed to be warranted. In this respect I was able to be helpful to my old friend Maurice "Baby" Fould.

We are having a lot of trouble with the French naval vessels at Martinique. Admiral Robert, in command, sided with the Vichy government, and he wanted to sail to a French port with those precious fighter planes and all that gold. We had to stop him. The economies of Martinique and the adjacent French islands were suffering badly as a result of the inability of France to supply them. We took advantage of the situation and we finally reached an agreement with Admiral Robert. In return for a promise to ensure the viability of the economy of the islands, he agreed to unload and dismantle the planes and to deposit the gold in a bank on shore. We had to send a special consular officer down there to see that the agreement was carried out, but it was, and those assets never reached the Germans.

Finally, we come to the Vichy Government. We did not want the French North African territories to fall into German hands, nor did we want the French naval fleet, then safe in Toulon [on the Mediterranean coast of France], to suffer a similar fate. All of our relations with the Vichy Government were centered on those two goals. We were unable to get the fleet to sail for African ports, but we finally got agreement, for what it was worth, that the fleet could be scuttled before it would be allowed to fall into German hands. Also, we agreed to assure the economic viability of French North Africa, provided the French were able to persuade the Germans not to

interfere in that region. My old friend Bob Murphy was sent to North Africa to implement that understanding.

In our efforts to exert the most possible pressure on the Vichy Government to avoid complete subservience to the Germans, and to assure, if possible, that the French fleet did not fall into German hands, we sent retired Admiral Leahy to Vichy as Ambassador. We hoped that he would be able to influence the aging Marshal Petain, who had become President of France, to take all measures necessary to save that fleet. That fleet, in German hands, could do immeasurable harm to the British in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. We were neutral in name only.

Leahy came to the Department for his of tutelage, and I was charged with seeing that every facility was made available to him. After about two weeks, he came to me and said, "Mister Clark, I want written instructions. The President tells me one thing, the Secretary of State tells me another, and Sumner Wells tells me still something else. I want to know the policy I am to follow, and I want it in writing." I replied, "Admiral, we have not given written instructions to an ambassador for over 50 years." "Nevertheless," he insisted, "I am an old sailor accustomed to written instructions and I want them." "Very well," I said, "I shall pass your request to higher authority."

This I did, through Pierrepont Moffatt, to Jimmy Dunn, then Political Advisor, to Sumner Welles, the Undersecretary, and thence to the Secretary of State himself. The Secretary, Cordell Hull, sent word back down the line that if the Admiral wanted written instructions, he should have them. That decision of the Secretary finally arrived back on my desk, and I was told to write the instructions. This I did, and they went back up the line and over to the White House for signature by the President without an *i* being dotted, or *t* crossed. When Jimmy Dunn read the instructions I had drafted, he remarked, "I didn't believe it could be done." You will find the text in Foreign Relations of the United States covering that period.

Another bit of drafting at which I took pride and amusement was that I had to draft the customary 14th of July [Bastille Day] message of good wishes from the President to the Chief of State of France. What are we going to say to the "captive" French Government at Vichy? You didn't wish them well at all!

The Vichy Government, under pressure of the Germans, had changed the time-honored French motto, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," to a groveling one pleasing to their Nazi masters. The idea struck me of a way to kill two birds with one stone. I had the President tell Petain that he wished "the French people long life and well-being under Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." The cable caused much amusement in that Department, and President Roosevelt sent it on its way, I suppose, twisting his cigarette holder in his mouth and smiling as he signed it.

With the increase of our activities and the interest we had in French North Africa, it became imperative that we know intimately what was transpiring in that area. The staff Bob Murphy had gathered was keeping us excellently informed on Morocco and Algeria, but the Consul General in Tunisia was not a political reporting officer. He just did not seem to be able to stay on top of

events in his district. Occasionally, therefore, I would draft a telegram to him asking for specific information.

Primary responsibility for Tunisia in the Department lay with the Near Eastern Division. The area was Moslem, and should be handled by those knowledgeable of Moslem affairs. Therefore, my telegrams to Tunis should be cleared with that Division before being dispatched. But the situation had changed. The problems there were not Moslem alone, they dealt primarily with the German threat of occupation. Every now and again, I would be so busy I would forget this routine clearance requirement and would send a telegram off to Tunis without clearing it with the Near Eastern Division. Invariably the next day would come a four-page memorandum from the Chief of the Near Eastern Division to the Chief of the European Division, quoting from the State Department Register the division of responsibilities within the Department, and complaining bitterly that Lewis Clark was out of line. The first few times this happened, Pierrepont Moffatt merely passed the memorandum onto me. But, finally, he called me in. I said, "Pierrepont, I'll try to do better, but I can't make any promises. You know that I have a busy desk, and, damn it, I'm not dealing with Near Eastern problems, and I just don't think about the Near East. Tunis is in North Africa, and our problems are European." He laughed. He wrote a nice reply to the Near Eastern Division, and I tried to do better. Inevitably, however, I did slip from time to time, and, each time we would receive that long memorandum. They had no sense of humor, and they must not have had too much to do.

It was during this third year of my assignment to the Department that I first noticed a blurring of the vision in my left eye. I went immediately to old college friend who was an eye specialist, and he diagnosed my trouble as a cataract. I must wait until the lens of the eye became completely opaque before you could operate. He finally operated in January, 1941. I had continued my feverish activities at my desk in the Department, and had continued the active social life of a Washington winter until last minute. In fact, I went to the hospital straight from a cocktail party. For that, or for another reason, I had a hemorrhage in the eye after the operation, and eventually, after long treatment, much pain, and two additional operations, I had the eye removed in May, the day following the wedding of a friend, George Renchard, where I served as an usher. I had been such pain for so long, it was a relief to have the eye out.

It was at about this time that Anne took her Red Cross Nurses' Aide course, and a course in public speaking. I suffered from both. Sick as I was, she would insist on making my bed with me in it, and I must listen while she repeated *ad nauseum* some speech she was to make before her class in public speaking.

I survived however, and later, when Pierrepont Moffatt asked me whether I would like to serve as his Deputy Chief of Mission in Ottawa, I was delighted. In fact, I never did return to duty in the European Division. Bullitt had left Paris. Sam Reber had taken over my work in the Department, things were moving smoothly, and there seemed to be really nothing further for me to do there. I had been out for five months, and it seemed fruitless to try to assume further responsibilities in the Department prior to my departure for Ottawa.

Chapter 6. DCM, Ottawa [1941-1945]

Shortly after assignment to the Legation in Ottawa, Anne went up there to try to find a place for us to live. She found large houses, too expensive for our budget, and she found numerous small houses. Only one of them seemed to meet our needs. It was a commodious small house at 180 Howick Street in Rockcliffe Park. Rockcliffe Park was a nice residential section, and the owners of the house agreed to let us have it on a four year lease. They would build a new house for themselves next door on property they already owned. We could have possession as soon as their new house was completed. This looked good, so we went back to Ottawa together, looked the place over thoroughly, and signed the lease. It proved to be a nice, comfortable house, and we enjoyed it for almost six years.

Our new house had only two bathrooms. We needed one for us, one for Little Anne and houseguests, and another for the domestic help. With the permission of the owners, therefore, we installed a third bath adjoining the maid's room on the third floor.

We inherited Beatrice Ouimet, a French Canadian, from our landlords, the Barry Germans. She would take care of Little Anne and serve also as maid. Then we hired Laura Slater, from the backwoods of Ontario Province, as cook. Laura was somewhat surprised that Anne did not inquire as to her religion, and she volunteered that she was "Salvation Army." We were not aware that the Salvation Army preferred any particular sect, but we accepted her at face value, and did not regret it. Under Anne's skillful guidance, she developed into an excellent cook. When we left Ottawa, she married a moderately wealthy Ontario farmer who had tasted her food, and had promised her a modern kitchen including an electric refrigerator.

Beatrice proved to be a jewel. She took excellent care of Little Anne and of the household, and she loved it when we had important people in for meals. This was particularly true of the Belgian Minister, Baron Robert Silvercruys, who at that time was a bachelor and very good-looking. Beatrice would literally drool when he came to dinner.

Judge Covington helped us buy a new Cadillac when we were assigned to Ottawa. The war was on in Europe, and good cars were hard to come by. He took our Buick to be used in Craftsbury Commons, and used his influence with General Motors to get us a good Cadillac. As a matter of fact, it was the last good year for automobiles until well after the end of World War II. We drove our Cadillac in Ottawa for almost six years, and when we sold it, it was still the best car in town.

We first heard of snow tires in Ottawa. It snowed a lot there, and once the snow came, it stayed all winter long. Snow tires or chains were a necessity. Most of our friends advised snow tires as preferable to chains, so we bought four for our car. There could be no certainty that we would have a "White Christmas," but we could count on many feet of snow before the winter was over. The city was well-equipped to handle the problem, and the streets were kept open to traffic. Cars moved through canyons of snow so high that the lower floors of adjoining buildings were not visible. Every street corner would be sanded and traffic moved with caution, but it moved.

One winter, however, we had a real blizzard followed by a temperature dropping to -46 ° F, freezing everything so tight that even the excellent snow-removal service was unable to open the

streets for three days. During that period, the only way I could get to the Chancery was with crampons – spikes – attached to my snow boots.

The snow had its advantages, however. When it came, it stayed. We could put on skis at our garage door and ski over to the Rockcliffe Park "nursery" slopes. We could go to nearby Gatineau Park for better skiing, or we could go to the Laurentians in Québec Province for some of the best skiing world. Clearing the driveway and entrance to our house of snow presented a problem. Fortunately, I was younger in those days and had the necessary stamina.

Several times we went to Mont Gabriel in the Laurentians. The last time was after my final cataract operation. Dr. Burke had cautioned me, saying, "Now that I have saved your sight in that eye, don't you go skiing and risk sticking a ski pole in it." So that last time, I did not even take my skis with me. I would dress in my ski clothes each morning and mingle with those at the starting point. Then I would retire with a book to the bottom of the snow-covered swimming pool, where, out of the wind but in the strong sunshine, I could read a book in comfort. About the time everyone was returning to the hotel, I would go back and mingle with them again. No one knew that I had not been out on the ski slopes like the rest of them.

It was in Ottawa that Little Anne learned to ski, and where the ice-skating bug first bit her. She did so well on her ice skates, she appeared at a very tender age for two years in the "Minto Follies," put on by the famous Ottawa skating club of that name.

Lilla Moffatt, Pierrepont's wife, painted quite well in oils. She offered to help Anne get started painting, so Anne "took up her brushes and began to paint" under Lilla's skillful guidance. She began with interior scenes in still life, then later she graduated to outdoor scenes of places we visited. At Mont Gabriel she painted an attractive view of the Laurentians as seen from our bedroom window in the hotel.

So far it doesn't sound as though I had work to do, but I did. Pierrepont Moffatt left the running of the Legation largely to me. But he kept a close eye on me. He would drop into my office from time to time to pass the time of day and to discuss the affairs of Canada and the world. The war in Europe was on, and was the subject of much speculation.

"Mike" Pearson, then Assistant Secretary in the Canadian Department of External Affairs, had at one time played professional baseball. One day when I had called to discuss some problem with him, he suggested that we might profitably take our minds off our worries, and have a lot of fun, if we could arrange a softball game between officers of the Department of External Affairs and of the Legation. Pierrepont fell in with the idea, agreed to play on our team, and we had a grand time drafting an amusing exchange of formal diplomatic notes on the subject. When it came time to play, the External Affairs team trounced us unmercifully. They had some young men on their team we had never heard of before. We accused them of bringing in ringers, and unfairly playing aspirants for the Canadian Diplomatic Service. It was an amusing game, nevertheless, and when we adjourned to Norman Robertson's house for refreshments afterwards, there were humorous speeches by both sides, and joy was unrefined.

(Mike Pearson had served during the war as Canadian High Commissioner in London, had returned to Ottawa, and addressed the Canadian Club after a luncheon. I happen to be seated next to Prime Minister [Mackenzie] King. Mike gave an excellent portrayal of life in England during the blitz. As he finished, the Prime Minister turned to me and said, "Someday he is going to make an excellent leader of the Liberal Party." I mentioned this remark to Mike, on a later occasion. He laughed loudly, and said, "What? Me in politics? Never!! Prime Minister King was prophetic, however, because, after serving as Canadian Ambassador to Washington and as President of the United Nations, Mike did run for Parliament, was elected, and later became leader of the Liberal Party and Prime Minister of Canada.)

The Kiwanis Club asked me to speak that first winter at a luncheon celebrating "United States-Canada Good Will Week." I hesitated to accept, as I'm not too good on my feet. It would be my first public address. Pierrepont urged me to go through with it, and I did. Afterward, I received a nice note of appreciation from the president of the Club saying that my effort had been the best to his knowledge of Kiwanis luncheons. Pierrepont and I made a practice of going to Washington from time to time to keep abreast of events there. Pierrepont would go down on consultation at government expense, but I went to see my eye doctor, and had to pay my own way.

I went there in November 1941. I had, as usual, browsed about in the Department looking for information. I had been told, among other things, that the negotiations with Japan had broken down completely, and that a Japanese attack was to be expected somewhere at almost any time. The consensus seems to be that the Japanese would strike in Southeast Asia, or possibly at Hong Kong or the Philippines.

Before I had gone to Washington, we had received an invitation to dine with the Japanese Minister in Ottawa on December 6, 1941, and we had accepted. When I returned to Ottawa, our policy was still one of friendship with the Japanese. We were going to remain friends, on the surface at least, until they attacked us. There seemed no reason, therefore, to withdraw our acceptance of the invitation to dinner. I was so sure, however, that war was going to break out at any moment, I spent that Saturday afternoon with my ears glued to the radio – there was no television in those days – so as to be sure that nothing intervened to make it undesirable for us to attend the dinner at the Japanese legation that night.

Nothing happened that afternoon, so we went along to dinner. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary at the Japanese legation, except that the hired waiters served brandy instead of sherry with the soup. After dinner, we sat down to watch a documentary film of the touristic beauties of Japan. During the course of the evening, the wife of the Japanese Minister remarked quietly to Anne, "It is too bad our governments are not run by nice people like you and me. We would not be having all of these difficulties." She, too, knew that all was not well between Japan and the United States.

Next morning was "Pearl Harbor"!!!

We had risen early Sunday morning and had gone skiing on the Rockcliffe Park nursery slopes. We were returning to on our skis to the house when we encountered Arnold Keeney, Secretary of the Canadian War Cabinet. He was hurrying to town. The Japanese, he said, had struck at Pearl

Harbor with tragic results. There was to be a meeting of the War Cabinet, and he was rushing to be on hand. His news was startling and unbelievable. We hurried on home and turned on the radio, only to find it to be all too true.

Before going any further with our life in Ottawa, I must mention the sad death of Judge Covington. He, with Mrs. Covington and Harry, had come to spend with us our first Christmas in Ottawa. The judge had seemed in excellent health and good spirits, and we had all had an enjoyable festival.

It came as a great surprise, therefore, when on February 1 [1942] in the midst of a dinner Anne I were giving in the Château Laurier, I was called to the long-distance telephone and told by Harry, in Washington, that the Judge had just had a stroke and was in serious condition. He had been told several years earlier by his physician that he should slow down or he would die. But he hadn't been able to bring himself to do so. He had just returned from an annual conference of the American Cannery Association in blustery Chicago, where he had made the principal speech, and he was changing for dinner with the stroke hit him.

As soon as I could, I took Anne aside and told her of the sad news. It was decided that she would go to Washington as quickly as possible. There was no direct air service between Ottawa and Washington so, despite the lateness of the hour, I tried to contact friends in the Canadian Ministry of Transport to find out whether they could make a plane available for Anne's flight. That proved to be impossible, so she took the regular railway train the next day, and fortunately arrived in Washington while the Judge was still alive. He died February 4, 1942. Then I, myself, hurried down to Washington to be on hand for the internment. He was buried in the family plot of the cemetery at Easton, Maryland. Mrs. Covington had a Memorial stained-glass window placed in Christ Church, in Easton, where he had worshiped for many years. The memorial service took place [two years after his death] on February 6, 1944.

Anne stayed on in Washington for a while to assist in the settlement of Judge Covington's affairs, but I returned immediately to Ottawa, where, as I have said, we had a lot to do.

Now that we were at war, our relations with the Soviets became friendly and we began to see quite a lot of members of the staff of the Soviet legation. One I cultivated particularly was Sergi Koudriatsev, then Counselor of the Soviet legation, and who was later to become Soviet Ambassador to Cuba at the time that Castro announced openly his adherence to communism. At their receptions they would serve two qualities of vodka: one for the commonality, and a superior one for their friends. Koudriatsev always saw to it that Anne and I had the good vodka.

Later, when I was *Chargé d'Affaires*, we gave a large dinner at the American legation's official residence for the Soviet Minister and Madam Zabotin. She sat on my right, of course. She did not speak a word of English. I did not speak a word of Russian, and we could find no common language. She had a sparkling personality, however, and, with her eyes flashing, we carried on an animated conversation all through dinner, neither of us understanding a single word the other was saying. Such a situation could only happen at a diplomatic function.

At about that time, the Soviet government announced the separation of the Soviet Union into a number of independent republics. Naturally, we wanted to know the reason.

Meeting Koudriatsev at a cocktail party that day, I asked him to have lunch with me the following day at the Château Laurier. He accepted, and I asked Charlie Ritchie, then in the Canadian Department of External Affairs, (later, Canadian Ambassador to Washington) to join us. During the course of the luncheon, I queried Koudriatsev as to the reason for the Soviet announcement. Without hesitation, he launched into a full exposition of the motives behind the move. I was impressed by the apparent frankness with which he spoke, and decided to telegraph a summary of his remarks to the Department in Washington. A few days later, I received from the Department a copy of a telegram Ambassador Harriman had sent from Moscow reporting a conversation he had had with the Soviet Foreign Minister on the same subject. Harriman's telegram could have been a paraphrase of mine. Obviously, Koudriatsev had been well informed of the Soviet "line" and had been authorized to talk to me. But then, the very fact that he was permitted to lunch with me unaccompanied by another officer of the Soviet Legation, indicated that he was a member of the dreaded Soviet Secret Service, at that time called the MVD [Ministerstvo Vnutrennikh Del].

When Anne returned to Ottawa after settling the affairs of her father, we resumed our round of social, as well as war, activities. As part of her effort, Anne joined the Canadian Red Cross. Participation by the wives of members of the Diplomatic Corps in the Canadian war effort was favorably mentioned in the Canadian press, and even Little Anne was busy with the war. She helped organize two bazaars to raise money for the Red Cross.

We had brought with us to Ottawa "Jerry of the Circus," the wire-haired Scotch terrier Little Anne had won in the competition in Washington. I had housebroken him, and had painstakingly taught him various tricks. Anne had taken him to an obedience course and we were all very fond of him. And Ottawa, we had been unable to keep him shut up in the house or to take him out on a leash. We had to let him out, and he had begun to run wild. Always, however, he would return home. One morning, he turned up obviously having been in a fight. He was terribly bitten. We rushed him to the veterinarian, who did his best, but poor Jerry never recovered. When he had become so sick that he could no longer walk and would snap as we tried to pick him up, we tried another veterinarian. Finally, even the new vet said that the only thing to do was put to put Jerry out of his misery. Reluctantly, I gave the instructions to do this. Did I have a time with Little Anne!! She wept and she wept, and she wept. Finally, Beatrice was able to calm her down, get her to eat something, and then go to bed. She loved her Jerry, and she missed him terribly.

Each spring as the ice began to break up in the St. Lawrence River, the Minister of Transport organized an excursion to Montréal to participate in the final work of opening the harbor there to navigation. We would go down in a private car of the Canadian National Railway – owned by the Canadian government – and we would board one of the two large ice-breakers engaged in the operation. There, food and drinks were served while we watched the opening of the last few miles of the river to navigation to the Port of Montréal. The ship would drive full speed ahead into the solid ice. The bow would be driven onto the ice, its weight slowly crashing through and causing the ice to break up and be carried downstream by the current. Then we would back away from the solid ice, get a new start, and the operation would be repeated. It was thrilling to

watch the bow of the ice-breaker rise up on the ice, hesitate, and then slowly crash its way through. They were gay parties, and well calculated to take our minds off of the war.

Gasoline was strictly rationed in Canada during the war. This did not affect members of the diplomatic corps, who were given special consideration. In our legation, we nevertheless made it our policy to try to stay within the amount allotted to private individuals. Despite this policy, I felt that if we could locate a fishing camp not too far away from Ottawa, we would be justified in stretching it just a little bit.

I put out feelers, and we discovered Loch Isle. Loch Isle, located 90 miles north of Ottawa just east of the Gatineau River, comprised two lakes, two bungalows located on the lower lake, each with a bath, one with a flush toilet and the other with a chemical one. It would house 14, in a pinch. It was so far north in the Canadian bush, we could not reach it until after the spring thaw had taken place and the ground had had time to dry out. That restricted our use of the camp to from mid-July until mid-October. After the middle of October, snow could be expected, and the rough bush roads would be impassable. Between those dates, however, we had some of the best small mouth bass fishing in the world.

Anne and I were fishing up at the intake of the lower lake one day when she hooked a really big one. She reeled him in so fast that when he jumped out of the water in an effort to throw the hook out of his mouth, he succeeded, but he was being brought in so fast he landed in the bow of the boat. He was a beauty of 3 pounds. There he was floundering about in the bow of the boat, with no hook in his mouth, and nothing between him and freedom but the sides of the boat. I had to go forward and kill him. Afterward, I would always brag that fishing at Loch Isle was so good they jumped into the boat by themselves, they were so anxious to be caught!

There were large lake trout in Loch Isle as well. For these, we trolled in deep water with a copper wire line. It is not as sporting as the bass fishing, but we did it from time to time. Anne caught the largest while we were there – a beauty of 10 pounds.

The first year we rented Loch Isle together with Colonel Grayling, our Military Attaché, Captain Howell, our Naval Attaché, and E. Tappan Stannard, outgoing President of the Kennecott Copper Corporation. Stannard had heard of our venture and had expressed an interest, and we let him join us. We had become acquainted with him through Judge Covington, who was a member of the Board of Kennecott. Later, Stannard was to meet a tragic death. He happened to be a passenger on a small airplane flying into the back country of the Québec province on business of the company. On that flight was an unwanted wife of a small businessman in Montréal. Her husband had placed a time bomb in her luggage. It exploded. The plane crashed, and all aboard were killed.

Our camp was in the midst of logging country in the wilderness of Québec Province. We were so far north, duck came there to summer, to have their young, and to feed in the lake until time to migrate back south for the winter. We also had a pair of loon who summered with us, and intrigued us with their wild cries as they flew about trying to distract attention from their nest where their young were harbored. We saw bear. We saw deer. And there was partridge shooting when the season opened in the autumn.

The first time we went in, we passed a farm where we could see a potato field containing what must be delicious new potatoes. How wonderful to have some new potatoes for dinner that night! We stopped and I went up to the farmhouse. The farmer was a French Canadian. I explained that I would like to buy some of the potatoes in his field. "But, no," he said, "they'll grow to be much bigger later on." "That I know," I insisted, "we want to eat them while they are still nice and small. I will pay you now the same price for the little ones that you get for the big ones later on." "*Mais non, Monsieur, cela ne vaut pas la peine.*" He just was not going to be put to the trouble of digging then, even if it would mean more money in his pocket.

We would go to the lake on Friday. Beatrice always went along with us to do the drudgery, but Anne, unfortunately, had to spend most of her time in the kitchen too. We always had guests. The place was generally full to capacity. Glenn Howell brought along a sourdough mix on our first trip in, so that we could have sourdough biscuits and bread all summer. He regaled Little Anne with tales of his ranch in Idaho. One was of a griddle in his cowboys' kitchen so large that he had to hire a little Negro boy, fasten bacon rind on his feet, and have him skate up and down it so that it was properly greased. Little Anne would look at him quizzically when he told this story or variations of it, but we never knew whether she believed him.

With the youngsters aboard, we had to have ice cream. Beatrice would prepare it, the men would take turns grinding the freezer, but when it came to who was going to lick the dasher, the children took over. No adult could get near it.

After two summers, Anne rebelled. She had had enough slaving at Loch Isle, so we looked for another place. A friend of Anne's had just what we wanted on McGregor Lake [Lac McGregor], about 25 miles north from Ottawa, and we persuaded her to rent it to us. The fishing was not as good, but it was nearer town and we could use it more effectively, and for longer periods of time. The Murray Vaughans took it with us. We had only one guest room, but the cottage was close enough to town for us to invite people up for luncheon, and they always seemed glad to get away from the city.

The Naval Aide to the Governor General came with his wife and one Sunday, bringing along with him a bottle of British Navy general issue West Indian rum. It was 160 proof! When I made a rum punch with it, its alcoholic content was so great, it ate the color off the plastic stirrers I was using. Seeing this, no one dared to touch the rum punches I had so carefully prepared. I had to throw them out, and supply something else.

Maggie Vaughan had a Pekinese, called "Sony". Sony was getting along in years, and she was lazy. She would stretch out on the floor right in the line of household traffic. Would she move out of your way? Never! You walked around Her Majesty. However, that first summer at McGregor Lake, my eyesight was steadily growing worse as the lens of my eye became more and more opaque. The time for my last cataract operation was approaching, and as it did so, I saw less and less, despite the strengthening of the lens of my glasses every few weeks. Sony discovered that I just could not see her. Thereafter, when she saw me coming, she would get up and move out of my way. She did not do this for anyone else; only for me.

The second year we had the place at McGregor Lake [1945], I had had my cataract operation and I could see again. It did not take Sony long to discover this fact. At first, I would see her watching me carefully. She would get up and move. But it was not long before she found out that I could now see her. From then on, I was back in the same class as the others, and I had to step around Her Majesty. She wouldn't budge an inch.

We enjoyed McGregor Lake a lot. It was there that we spent the final month before I returned to Washington for my second cataract operation. I had been going to Washington periodically to see Doctor Burke. Nine months before he anticipated that he would operate, he had put me on the water wagon and he made me stop smoking. The month immediately preceding the operation, he had decreed that I stop all work and rest. He wanted me to be completely relaxed for the important day. We were, in fact, at McGregor Lake [in August, 1945] when Japan surrendered. To celebrate, I fell off the water wagon and we opened a bottle of champagne, reserved for that anticipated occasion.

When we were not at Loch Isle or at McGregor Lake, and when business would permit, we took trips about the country. We went downriver to Murray Bay to visit our old Peking friend, Sophie Swan Kernan. We took a trip, along with Walter Wood, an Assistant Military Attaché, and his family, down to Québec City, and thence around the Gaspé Peninsula, and through New Brunswick to St. Andrews, where we met the Vaughans and her parents, the Pillows.

At Fox River on the Gaspé Peninsula, we had "cod's tongues" with scrambled eggs for breakfast. They are really the gullet of the cod, but delicious when properly prepared. Little Anne went swimming in the frigid water of the ocean, and even she admitted that it was cold.

In New Brunswick, we stayed at the fishing camp of a friend on the St. John River. There, I killed the only salmon I ever killed as of this writing. You do not "catch" a salmon on the east coast, you "kill" him. It was wonderful sport! With a guide to handle the canoe, we would anchor in the center of the rapids, and I, sitting in the bow and facing downstream, would cast first to one side and then to the other, letting the fly drift to the center of the stream, then re-cast at a slightly greater distance. Once the salmon was hooked, the guide paddled me over to the shore and I had to play the fish from there. It was great fun, but they took the wind out of my sails by saying that my salmon was only a grilse. It weighed only 9 pounds. He fought beautifully just the same, and he broke water at least 15 times before I could land him.

As I remarked earlier, Little Anne became quite competent on skis, as well as on ice skates. The first two years we were Ottawa, she attended the public school in Rockcliffe Park. There she met some very nice girls of her own age. They organized what they called the "Gang," and the Gang got somewhat out of hand. They would ski where they had been told not to ski. They would go off on their bicycles to places where the traffic made it dangerous for them to go, and they seemed to be getting constantly into innocent scrapes. They were having a wonderful time, but their parents were worried.

Little Anne, who had spoken fluent French she first arrived in Ottawa, was now standing at the bottom of her French class at school. The probable explanation was that the public school system of Protestant Ontario Province, in which lay Rockcliffe Park, would not permit a Roman

Catholic to teach. In Canada, it was only the Roman Catholic French-Canadian who could speak French. The result was a Protestant with a horrible French accent trying to teach French. One who in fact, probably knew less about the spoken French language than did Little Anne.

Because of these worries, we finally decided that Little Anne would be better off at a private school. The best one available seemed to be that at Compton, Québec, called Kings Hall. We arranged for her to go there for her third winter in Canada. She was too young to enter into the regular curriculum of the school, but was housed with other girls her own age in a separate building under rather strict supervision.

Although she seemed to be getting along well in her classes, her letters were a continuous complaint about school. Added to this, she and two friends from Ottawa took advantage of an opportunity when they were out skiing with a group from the school, to run away on their skis. They were finally located 10 miles away, where they had sought shelter after dark in the house of a local farmer. The headmistress of the school was relieved to find them safe, but she immediately suspended them for two weeks and put them on a train for Ottawa.

All in all, we decided that Little Anne did not like King's Hall. In addition, the time had come for her to have her teeth straightened, and it seemed wise to have her spend those crucial years in Washington nearer to her dentist. We arranged, therefore, to send her the following year to Potomac School in Washington, where she had done so well in earlier years. She would stay with Mrs. Covington on Wyoming Avenue around the corner from the school, and we would see her during vacations.

When we went down to Compton to pick her up at the end of the school year and we told her of our plans, she broke down and wept at the thought of not returning to her "beloved" King's Hall. How are we to know that her letters were just the usual adolescent complaint at the restrictions imposed by necessary school discipline?

But to go back a little: my chief, Pierrepont Moffatt, had been stricken with phlebitis during the autumn of 1942. He seemed to be getting along all right, but there was a sudden setback. The local doctor who was attending him thought there should be an operation. Not much was known about phlebitis in those days, and the local doctor wanted very much to call in a specialist from the Boston General Hospital. He wanted him quickly, as he thought the operation should take place immediately.

This was wartime, and there was no reasonable way that the doctor in Boston could get to Ottawa in a hurry unless I could arrange military air transportation. So, I got on the telephone to Jack Hickerson, Assistant Chief of the European Division in the Department of State in Washington. I had previously called the doctor in Boston, and he had agreed to fly to Ottawa if I could supply the transportation.

After many long-distance telephone conversations, we were finally able to arrange for a United States military plane to fly from Washington to Boston, pick up the doctor there, fly him to Ottawa, wait for him, and then return him to Boston. All of this had taken time, and a lot of pressure in Washington by Jack Hickerson.

The Boston doctor finally arrived at midnight, with the temperature well below zero. I had gone out to the airport to meet him, taking Jeff Parsons along with me. On the way out, I noticed that the gasoline tank gauge in my Cadillac showed that my tank was empty. There was nothing I could do about it. As a war measure, all gasoline filling stations were closed at night. So, we just prayed.

We drove the Boston doctor into town and took him to the house of the local doctor. After a brief consultation, they decided that an immediate operation seemed indicated. So, the doctors piled into one car, and Jeff and I into mine, the gauge still registering "empty," and out we went to the hospital. Pierrepont had been sent there that afternoon, and Anne had gone over to the legation residence to spend the night with Lilla, his wife.

After a brief examination of the x-rays, the Boston doctor decided that there were no blood clots above the groin. He would operate there, and not perform the more serious operation through the back. Pierrepont was taken immediately to the operating room. Jeff and I waited. A couple of hours later, they wheeled Pierrepont back to his room and we were told that the operation had been a complete success. It was by then 6 AM, but I nevertheless telephoned the good news to Anne at the legation residence, so that she could let Lilla know.

In a few days, Pierrepont was able to return home for a period of recuperation estimated to be about six weeks. During that time, I was, in fact, in charge of the legation, although officially Pierrepont was back on duty. This made things difficult for me. I should not unduly tax Pierrepont with trivialities, but I must keep him informed. Where to draw the line? The day before Pierrepont was to return to work, he drafted a dispatch to the Department complementing me on the way I had handled that problem.

On a Saturday night, January 25, 1943, when he was planning to return to the Chancery on Monday morning, Pierrepont was moving some heavy books about in his library. Obviously, the operation had not removed all of the blood clots, for his activity unloosened one located above the groin, it stuck in his heart, and he died. The local doctor was called in immediately. He confirmed that Pierrepont was dead, and then telephoned to me. That was about 6 AM on Sunday morning.

That day, also, I spent on the telephone. I had to locate and notify the proper people in Washington, a difficult task on Sunday. I had to inform the Canadian government, and I had to receive the condolences that began to come in as the news spread.

The funeral ceremony took place a couple of days later at the legation residence, with ranking members of the Canadian government and of the diplomatic corps, and special representatives sent from Washington, present. Then the body was taken for cremation to Montréal in a special train placed at our disposal by the Canadian government. I, members of the family, the government and of the diplomatic corps accompanied the body to Montréal for the cremation. Later, we returned to Ottawa in the same special train. A few days afterward, Pierrepont's ashes, encased in a small bronze urn, were brought back to Ottawa. I met them at the railway station, took them to the chancery, and there placed them in a special vault with an American flag framing the urn.

His ashes were to be buried in New Hampshire, but internment would have to await the spring thaw. Anne and I took them down later to Hancock, and we assisted at the final internment. Then on we went on to Vermont to spend a few days in Craftsbury Common, with Mrs. Covington.

Before I took Pierrepont's ashes to Hancock, I'd had over six months in complete charge of the legation as *Chargé d'Affaires ad Interim*. Since Ottawa was not yet elevated to embassy status, I executed all the functions of an ambassador. It was a heavy responsibility, but I loved every minute of it. The United States and Canada were cooperating closely in the prosecution of the war, and there were innumerable things to discuss on which agreement was necessary. As I look back upon those days, it seems to me that there was at least one official exchange of letters each week embodying agreements between me and Norman Robertson, Canada's Undersecretary of State for External Affairs. Speed was necessary, which meant that I was on the telephone to the Department of State in Washington several times each day, getting my instructions or reporting the progress of the current negotiations. Nowhere else could one have found the understanding and cooperation I found with the Canadian officials at all levels. The work was demanding but pleasant, and we were dealing with friends.

We occasionally dined at Government House with the Earl of Athlone – brother of Queen Mary of England – and the Princess Alice, his wife. Invariably, the Governor General, like the King of England whom he represented, would be served first. Then the waiters would pass to the right around the table. When I was *Chargé d'Affaires*, Anne quite frequently found herself seated on the left of the Earl of Athlone. He would begin to eat as soon as he had helped himself, with the result that by the time the waiters got around the table to Anne, His Excellency had just about finished that course. The minute His Excellency ceased to eat, the waiters began to remove the plates all around the table. Often, Anne would no sooner be served than her plate would be taken away from her, her food practically untouched. She used to say that she should fortify herself in advance on such occasions by eating dinner at home before going to Government House.

It was here at Government House in Ottawa that Anne first had to curtsy. Invitations to Government House usually gave an hour to arrive as well as the exact hour Their Excellencies would begin receiving, such as "7.45 for 8.00." Guests would gather in the ante-room and, when the hour at which Their Excellencies were to begin receiving arrived, the doors would be thrown open and the guests would enter in single file. Protocol required that I precede Anne so that my name and rank could be announced. As Anne passed Their Excellencies, she must curtsy first to the Governor General and then to the Princess Alice. For her to do so gracefully required some practice and considerable skill.

One day [in 1943], I was out clearing the snow from our driveway when the Governor General, the Earl of Athlone was out for a walk with one of his aides. Passing nearby and seeing me, he turned and came up Howick Street speak to me. We were expected at Government House that night for a "musical." Some woman was to play recordings of little-known African music, and lecture to us on the subject.

The Governor General said that he had just had word that the weather was so bad, the woman who was to lecture might not be able to arrive in time. Then, with a broad smile he added, "If

she doesn't get here, maybe we can see a film with Hedy Lamarr." Unfortunately, for His Excellency and for us, the woman did arrive in time, and we were subjected to a dull talk with recordings of unintelligible music instead of having the pleasure of watching the glamorous queen of the motion picture screen.

Also, that winter [1942-43] there was an almost continued stream of ranking official visitors to Ottawa. They would pay a visit to Ottawa, either on their way to Washington or after they had been there. In the course of my duties, I had to see them and endeavor to find out what was uppermost in their minds. There was the King [George II] of Greece, a refugee from the German invasion of his country. There was the King [Peter II] of Yugoslavia, likewise a refugee. There was Madam Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo. There were the Presidents of Haiti, and of Bolivia, there were the feuding French generals de Gaulle and Giraud (separately, of course!), and there were many others.

I remember quite clearly the visit of President Edvard Beneš of the exiled Government of Czechoslovakia. I went to call upon him at Government House, where he was the guest of the Earl of Athlone. We talked of the future of his country. He expressed the firm conviction that, if his Government could persuade the Soviet Union leaders that the Czechoslovakian people wished to be friends of the Soviets, and would take no action inimical to Soviet interests, the Soviets would leave Czechoslovakia alone and let her people have any form of governmental structure they desired. He later went to Moscow to make his case there. Despite this obvious sincerity, look at what happened: Czechoslovakia was gobbled up by the Soviets just like the rest of Eastern Europe.

On the occasion of the visit of each dignitary, the Canadian government would give at least one large official dinner. As *Chargé d'Affaires* for the United States, I was always included. They were elaborate affairs, with a specially prepared invitations, formal seating plans, and engraved menus.

With all of these official functions, my "black tie" outfit was beginning to show wear. During the war, tailors in Canada were forbidden to make civilian dress clothes. Materials must be conserved for the war effort. I needed a new outfit. How was I going to get one? Casually, one day, I mentioned my dilemma to Norman Robertson, saying that, in effect, my "black tie" outfit was my uniform. If a tailor could make a uniform for an officer of the armed services, why could he not make one for me? Norman laughed, but said that if I would write him a letter explaining my predicament, he would see what he could do. Not long thereafter, I received a formal note from the Department of External Affairs authorizing my tailor to make me a new dinner jacket, but I was kidded about it for some time by my Canadian friends.

When I had first arrived in Ottawa and we were paying our official calls, I paid one on the Peruvian Consul General. He offered me a drink of Peruvian brandy –*pisco*– and asked me how I liked it. Naturally, even though it was liquid fire, I had to say that it was delicious. A few days later I received a telephone call from my Peruvian colleague saying that he had just received a shipment of *pisco* from Peru, and that he could let me dispose of five cases. I shuddered at the thought. After some hesitation, I said that I would be glad to take two cases. They were

delivered and, not knowing what to do with them, I put them away in the wine cellar and forgot all about them.

One day several years later, Geoffrey Eastwood, Master of the Household for the Governor General [Athlone], was at our house having a casual drink, as he often did. When he mentioned the difficulty he was having during wartime of finding a brandy of sufficient alcohol content to keep the plum puddings burning all of the way around the table at Government House, we thought of that *pisco*. We tried it, and it burned with a fierce flame. Geoffrey took some home with him, tried it at Government House, and it was a great success. Once again, the plum pudding would flame beautifully all of the way around the table, and we had a use for our *pisco*.

(The shortage of French wines during the war brought us to discover how to make Quintreau. We had the recipe from a girl who had lived with a French family at one time. You put a pint of pure alcohol in a 2-quart glass jar with a screw top. Then, using cotton thread, you suspend a navel orange 1 inch above the alcohol, close the top of the jar tight, and let it stand for two weeks. Then, open the jar, remove the orange, and add 1 pint of sugar syrup made as sweet as you can make it. The result is Quintreau, as good as any you can buy.)

The Canadians are nice people – I can't say that too often – and they were very friendly to us. Aside from the official entertaining in Ottawa, there was quite an active informal social life. Because of liquor rationing, the Canadians found it difficult to get hold of sufficient alcoholic beverages at one time to give a large party. Most parties were delightfully small, and many were BYOL – bring your own liquor. In the diplomatic corps, we were not subjected to liquor rationing – we bought all we needed directly from the Ontario Liquor Control Board – so, we were able to help our Canadian friends upon occasion. We never missed an appropriate opportunity to take along a bottle with us, and we always gave liquor as Christmas presents. It was really a very pleasant life, even with the hard work.

In Canada at that time, as refugees from war-torn Europe, were the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, who had brought her exiled government to Montréal, and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, in Ottawa with her children. Although we did have dealings with her government, we never did get to know the Grand Duchess Charlotte, who spent her time in far off Québec City. But we did get to know the Princess Juliana and her husband, Prince Bernhard, quite well.

It was Prince Bernhard who told me one of an amusing Dutch Cabinet meeting that had occurred in London, where the Netherlands Government had taken refuge. He said the Cabinet was discussing the emoluments they would receive once the Government had been reestablished on Dutch soil. Queen Wilhelmina came in, became aware of the subject of the discussion, and said, "Gentlemen, you are wasting your time. The very first thing I shall do when we return to Holland will be to accept your resignations." The members of the Cabinet were shocked, but in fact, that is exactly what Queen Wilhelmina did when they returned to their homeland.

Princess Juliana would come to our cocktail parties just like everyone else, on foot or riding her bicycle. We all, including Little Anne, rode bicycles to conserve gasoline. When Prince Bernhard flew in from England, they would return our hospitality and have us all in for a drink with them. When I say "us all," I refer to the small group of extremely nice young Canadians,

natives of Ottawa or who had come to Ottawa to participate in the war effort, and members of the diplomatic corps who had settled in Rockcliffe Park, where Princess Juliana had found her residence.

We played a lot of poker with this group. We skied with them. We dined and we drank with them, and we got to know them extremely well. We had assumed, at first, that they were all Ottawans. But, one night, when we were walking home after a pleasant evening of poker at the house of one of them, and were remarking how nice they all were, we went over the names of those present and we discovered that not a single one came from Ottawa, itself. They were from Toronto, Vancouver, the Maritimes, or elsewhere, but not from Ottawa. This is not to say that we did not, likewise, have intimate friends who did come from Ottawa.

Princess Juliana was to give birth to a child during the winter of 1942. When time came for the *accouchement*, the Canadian Government, by an Act of Parliament, declared that section of the hospital where delivery was to take place to be Netherlands soil so long as Princess Juliana should remain there. Thus the child would be born on native Dutch soil. It was a delicate gesture and one greatly appreciated by the Dutch.

Christening of the little princess who had been born under these circumstances, Margriet Francisca, was to take place in Ottawa on June 29, 1943. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had accepted to be one of the godfathers. President Roosevelt could not leave Washington, and he asked me to represent him at the ceremony. Here is the report I sent to the Department of State on the subject:

Ottawa, June 29, 1943
No.4617
Subject: Christening of Princess Margriet
The Honorable
The Secretary of State,
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the Department's telegraphic instructions No. 58 of June 26, 6:00 PM, directing me to attend the christening of Princess Margriet of the Netherlands in Ottawa on June 29 as the President's official representative.

Immediately upon receipt of the Department's telegram, I communicated with Mister William van Tets, Private Secretary to Princess Juliana, and informed him that I had been designated as the President's official representative to attend the christening.

In conformity with the arrangements which had been made through Mister van Tets, I attended the christening ceremony today at St. Andrew's Church, where I

was seated on the right hand of the Princess Alice. In the front pew, in addition to the Princess Alice and myself, there were the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada; Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Princesses Beatrix and Irene, Madam Röell, lady-in-waiting to Princess Juliana, and her child, who is a playmate to the other princesses, as well as representatives of the Netherlands Merchant Marine, which is one of the godparents of Princess Margriet.

The service, performed by the Reverend Winfield Barggraaf, American-born Minister of the Netherlands Reformed Church at Staten Island, New York, and Chaplain of the Netherlands Navy, was conducted entirely in the Dutch language and was very impressive. For the actual christening Princess Juliana stood in front of the baptismal font with Prince Bernhard on her left, the Governor General, acting as a godfather, and as proxy for Queen Mary, who is a godmother, myself, acting as proxy for the President, Madam Röell, who is a godmother, and four representatives of the Netherlands Merchant Marine.

After the ceremony we proceeded to the residence of Princess Juliana, where, in addition to the official party, there were gathered various groups of Netherlands subjects from the United States and Canada. A buffet luncheon was served.

Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard, each in turn thanked me sincerely for the courtesy of the President in sending a representative for the christening. They were obviously pleased at the President's thoughtfulness, as they were with the present which the President had sent and which Queen Wilhelmina pointed out to me with pride.

Respectfully yours,
Lewis Clark
Chargé d'Affaires ad interim

I did not mention in my report that I had noticed a misspelling of Princess Margriet's name on the silver porringer and bowl President Roosevelt sent as a christening present. I did mention it to Princess Juliana's Private Secretary, however, and offered to have the error corrected. He was aghast at the thought, and made me promise to save nothing whatever to Washington about it.

It amused me afterward to remark that at that christening ceremony was the only time I would ever outrank Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. She was merely the grandmother. I was a godfather and representing the President of the United States, and assuming his rank.

My tenure as Chargé d'Affaires was not to last indefinitely. [In summer of 1943] we had driven Little Anne down to Camp Quinebeck and had gone on to Craftsbury Common for a few days before returning to Ottawa. While in Craftsbury Common, I received a telephone call from Jeff Parsons, now Canadian desk officer in the Department, saying that Ray Atherton was to be appointed as the new Minister to Canada. I had known Ray in the European Division in the

Department of State in Washington, where he had succeeded Pierrepont Moffatt. It was with pleasure, therefore, that I welcomed his appointment as my new chief.

We returned to Ottawa as planned and continued about our affairs. One Sunday we attended religious services at the little church where the Governor General and the Princess Alice worshipped. After the service, His Excellency took me aside and invited me to walk back with him to Government House for a sherry. Anne and the Princess Alice would return by car.

As we walked through the Government House grounds, the Earl of Athlone mentioned his pleasure that Ray Atherton had been appointed as the next United States Minister to Canada. He said that he, the Governor General, planned to take a rather extended trip to western Canada in October, and that he hoped that the new United States Minister would find it possible to arrive at Ottawa in time to present his Letter of Credence to him, the Governor General, rather than to the Chief Justice of the Canadian Supreme Court, as would be the case if Atherton were to arrive after the departure of the Governor General. (I knew that there was some resentment in Government House circles over the fact that several newly nominated Ministers of foreign countries had presented their letters of credence to the Chief Justice. I also knew that there was a feeling that His Excellency was being intentionally slighted by the Canadian Government, which seemed to treat him increasingly as a figurehead, disregarding him when it seemed convenient to do so.) I hastened to assure His Excellency that I felt sure the new United States minister would wish to present his Letter of Credence to him, the Governor General, and that I would pass on to Washington his desires in that regard.

Thus, Ray Atherton arrived and assumed his duties sooner than he had planned. We thought it would be nice to welcome the Athertons to Ottawa by giving a large reception at which they could be introduced to our many personal and official friends. Ray was agreeable, so we rented the formal Drawing Room at the Château Laurier and sent out engraved invitations to about 600 people. Even at that, somewhere forgotten, and we had to apologize. The reception that went off nicely, and was apparently appreciated by the Athertons and by the Ottawa community.

Then came the day when the new United States minister must go, accompanied by his official staff, to Government House to present his Letter of Credence to the Earl of Athlone. As Deputy Chief of Mission, it was my responsibility to see that our part of the ceremony was properly conducted. First thing that morning, I took the Letter of Credence and the text of the formal remarks which the new Minister would address to His Excellency, and placed them carefully in a large envelope on my desk, where I could not possibly forget them.

All of my caution was of no avail. When Norman Robertson, Undersecretary of State for External Affairs, arrived to escort us to Government House, he handed me a photograph of Prime Minister King, inscribed to me by Mr. King. I was so overwhelmed by this demonstration of friendship on the part of the Prime Minister that, when I reached into the envelope on my desk for the documents to take along for the presentation, I unwittingly left behind the text of the formal remarks to Minister was to make.

This was not discovered until we were in Government House ready to be admitted to the presence of His Excellency. Ray turned to me and asked for his papers. Horrified, I discovered

that I had with me only his Letter of Credence. Consternation!! Hurriedly, I telephoned to the Chancery. The text of the formal remarks was located where I knew it was, and rushed to Government House. The delay had only been about 10 minutes.

The Governor General, who, of course, had been told of the reason for the delay, took everything in his stride, and in good spirit. Afterward, we and our wives lunched at Government House with His Excellency and the Princess Alice, and you can believe me, I was ribbed for my carelessness.

Several months later, our mission was raised to the status of an embassy, and Ray Atherton was to be the first United States Ambassador. He must present a new Letter of Credence as Ambassador. On this occasion [in August 1943], every member of the staff at Government House, as well as those participating from the Department of External Affairs, had a copy of the formal remarks Ray was to make. It is customary to supply the foreign office in advance with a copy of such formal remarks. They were not taking any chance that I might, once again, leave our copy in the chancery. And, once again, of course, much fun was had at my expense.

With the assumption of duties by my new chief, my responsibilities changed but became no less arduous. Ray took over the most important negotiations, but otherwise he relied entirely upon me to run the Embassy. I was to keep him informed and give him the benefit of my long experience in Ottawa, but he wanted nothing to do with the routine functioning of the chancery. It was a ticklish task. I should not burden him with details in which he had no interest, yet I must be sure that he was aware of everything he needed to know.

(At that time, we had a Public Affairs Officer whose judgment I did not trust. That officer spent, it seemed to me, an undue amount of time in the Ambassador's office. True, he was doing research for and writing the first draft of the speeches Ambassador was making, but I had to be sure that he was not influencing the Ambassador toward action or speech inimical to our interests. After I left Ottawa, what I had been trying to avoid did happen, and there was a terrific "to do".

Aside from the friendliness of the officials of the Department of External Affairs and other branches of the Government with whom I had to deal, my job in the Legation was made easier by two things.

First, Arnold Heeney, then Clerk of the Privy Council and at the same time, Secretary of the War Committee of the Cabinet, used to walk to town from Rockcliffe Park each morning. After I became Chargé, I joined him. We would walk through the grounds of Government House, cross the Rideau River, and pass the Château Laurier to the East Wing of the Parliament buildings, where was housed the Department of External Affairs.

The walk was about 3 ½ miles. It took from 35 to 45 minutes, depending on the weather. In severe cold, we naturally walked faster than we did when the weather was mild. We walked until the temperature dropped below -20° Fahrenheit, or rose above 70° above zero. When it was -20° F, I tell you it was cold. I would have to massage the inside of my knees vigorously upon arrival at the chancery, in order to restore circulation.

We were generally joined by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister, and by the Legal Advisor and the Public Relations Chief of the Department of External Affairs. Occasionally, there would be others. All I had to do was wag my ears, and listen to the conversation, occasionally dropping a question into the hopper. By the time I reached the Chancery, I had all of the information I could want about what was going on in the Canadian Government. They knew that I was there, but they talked among themselves just as though I were another Canadian. Our relations were that good. (Given the importance of the positions held then and later by Arnold Heeney, it was interesting that he read from cover to cover only two periodicals: the *London Economist*, for his serious reading, and the *New Yorker*, for the lighter side.)

Secondly, there was the Rideau Club, right next door to the Legation. The Rideau Club was basically a luncheon club. Lunching there would be most of the members of the Canadian cabinet, ranking officials of various governmental departments, businessmen, bankers, and such. The bylaws of the Club prohibited the discussion of business on the premises. Never was a bylaw more flagrantly flouted. Another bylaw stipulated that no table could be reserved at luncheon, except that reserved specifically for members of the cabinet – and that any member could take any vacant seat at any table.

I found this latter bylaw most useful. I discovered that cabinet ministers rarely sat at the table reserved for them, but preferred to join friends already seated elsewhere, generally a table seating six, adjoining the Cabinet table. I found that by arriving at the Club around 1:30 or 1:45, there was usually a seat just vacated at that table. I would sit myself down and order my lunch. Almost always, in due course, one or more cabinet ministers would join us. Frequently, I found myself at a table with five of them. Here, too, all I had to do was to wag my ears, listen, and occasionally throw a question into the discussion. Here, as during my walks, they all knew that I was an American, but they talked quite freely just the same.

There was one thing, however, about which I could discover absolutely nothing, either on my walks to town or at the Rideau Club. There was evidence that some very large construction for war purposes was being undertaken up the Ottawa River at Arvida. Neither I nor our military attaché could find out anything about it. Finally, we asked a close friend of C.D. Howe, Minister of War Industries, to ask C.D. about it. He did. C.D. said, "You tell Clark and Grayling that there are only three people in Canada who know what is going on at Arvida, and they are not among them." That was that! Finally, we were told by Washington to lay off Arvida. The nature of the enterprise was known in the appropriate places in Washington. It was at Arvida, of course, that the Canadian government was making its contribution to the discovery of the atomic bomb. Nothing at that time, was more "Top Secret". There was no wonder that we were unable to dig up any information about it.

I was sitting next to Prime Minister King at luncheon one day, and we talked of our mutual war effort. Mr. King mentioned the Hyde Park Declaration [of April 20, 1941], agreed to by him and President Franklin D. Roosevelt, when he, Mr. King, had paid an informal visit to Hyde Park to see the President. He said that to him, the declaration represented the ultimate in good faith between two nations. He had been riding about the grounds of the President's residence at Hyde Park, with the President at the wheel of the small specially constructed automobile he maintained there, when he, Mr. King, suddenly remembered that he had in his pocket a memorandum

prepared for him by his technicians on the subject of Canadian difficulty in financing her war effort. The memorandum suggested a procedure that would shift a certain amount of that burden over to the United States. He had pulled the memorandum out of his pocket, he said, and had shown it to the President. The President had glanced at it, and had said without hesitation, "I fully agree." Mr. King said that he had then expressed his pleasure to the President, but had added that his fiscal people seemed always to want a signed document of some kind. The President, he said, had thrown back his head and laughed, and then said, "OK." He had pulled a pen out of his pocket, and, without further ado had signed the memorandum "Franklin and Mackenzie." (The President always called Mr. King, "Mackenzie.") He then handed it back to the Prime Minister. That informal document became the basis for unprecedented collaboration between the United States and Canada in the prosecution of the war.

I made it a habit to attend the meetings of the Canadian Parliament whenever the debate promised to be of interest. In the lower house, the House of Commons, I had the privilege of sitting in the Speaker's Gallery, facing the Prime Minister, the members of his Cabinet, and the Liberal Party. It was most instructive to watch the functioning of the Canadian Parliament, so like, yet so different from our own. I knew most of the members participating in the debate, and sometimes they would signal that they were aware of my presence in the gallery. The Speaker of the House of Commons, a Scot with the broad brogue, was a delightful person and most friendly. With much amusement, he told me a story one time about himself. He had gotten it from the Prime Minister. It seems that one of the Latin American Ministers had called upon Mister King, and in the course of the conversation he had remarked, "Mr. Prime Minister, I know that Canada is a bilingual country, that both English and French have equal legality, but please would you tell me what language is that used by the Speaker of the House of Commons?"

Despite my work in the Embassy, it was still necessary for me to go to Washington periodically to let Doctor Burke examine my eye. On one of these occasions, my old friend Bob Murphy, who had been laying the political foundations for the landings in North Africa of our armies under the command of General Eisenhower, happened to be there. Shortly before my visit to Washington, I had picked up the fact from an American Army officer, who should not have told me, that our armies were about to land in North Africa, and the fact that, for logistical reasons, the landings had been postponed until after our congressional elections of that year.

Naturally, I was curious. So, I sought out Bob Murphy. We talked for some time about the situation in North Africa, and I plied him with some rather penetrating questions, which he answered with complete frankness. After all, that was my old stamping ground [from World War I and the tour in France], we were in the same Service, and we were old friends. The actual subject of the landings did not, of course, come up.

I was reassured about the reception that would be given to the upcoming landings of our armies, and I went back to Ottawa in good spirit. After my departure, Bob thought back over our conversation, and he wondered from some of the questions I had asked, whether I had more information about the impending military operations that I should have had. If I was aware of what was about to take place, then maybe others were, too. Maybe the entire operation had been prejudiced and should be reappraised. He sought to have me called back to Washington for questioning in this regard, but fortunately for the officer who had leaked the information to me,

he was talked out of it. No harm was done, however, as I did not repeat my information to anyone.

It was after Ray Atherton's assumption of his duties as Minister that the Canol Project, the Canadian-American agreement for which I had negotiated, was completed and ready for formal dedication. We were asked to send someone from the Legation to participate. I was delighted, and in due course I took off in a Canadian Airways plane for Edmonton, Alberta. It was on this flight that I had my first sight of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. With brilliant color they flashed hurriedly across the northern sky like rows of charging cavalry.

In Edmonton, located near the southern end of the Alaska Highway, I was met by the then Consul, Bob English, my old friend from Paris days. Also, there we were joined by Jeff Parsons, who had been sent from Washington to represent the State Department. Jeff was then the Canadian desk officer in the Department, and was deeply involved in everything having to do with Canada.

The Commanding General of the American Air Force in Edmonton was kind enough to place at our disposal a twin motored Beechcraft airplane, together with pilot and copilot. In this little plane, we flew along the Alaska Highway and on up to Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory, where the dedication was to take place. In Whitehorse that first night, we witnessed a display of the Northern Lights of an intensity and magnificence rarely seen. Someone standing beside me said that he had been in Whitehorse for two years, and had never seen anything like it. The entire northern sky was alive with racing streaks of brilliant color, rushing madly from west to east. It was fascinating. You could almost imagine that you were witnessing the beginning of the apocalypse.

The housing facilities in Whitehorse left much to be desired. Yet they were better than those described during the early days of the construction of the Canol Project. It was said that during those early days, a young military engineer, fresh from the fleshpots of Washington, turned up at the one and only hotel in Whitehorse, demanding a room with bath. He was told in no uncertain terms that there were no rooms with private baths in the hotel. He could have a room, with no promise that he would not have a roommate before the night was over, but for his bath and toilet facilities, he would have to use those common to all guests of the hotel.

Our newcomer to the North country gulped, signed for a room, and then he asked where he might find the communal toilet facilities. He was told that he would find them in the rear of the hotel. Before putting his bag in his room, he hurried out back to satisfy an urgent need. There, he found a long pine log, supported by a "Y" forked stick at each end. One half of the log had had the bark removed. The bark remained on the other half. Our friend went for his purposes to that part of the log from which the bark had been removed. He was arrested for entering the "ladies toilet."!!

Whitehorse is located in the Canadian far north. Mosquitoes grow so big in that region that they are said to grasp men in their talons and fly away with them much as did the large eagles of yesteryear. You could even buy postal cards picturing such happenings. Also, it lay at the southern terminus of the pipeline our Army had constructed as part of the Canol Project, to bring

in oil from Norman Wells on the McKenzie River, within the Arctic Circle. In addition, it was located at the northern end of the Whitepass and Yukon Railway, connecting with the Pacific Coast with the Yukon, along the road bed of which ran another part of the Canol Project pipeline. The object of the project was to supply oil for military operations we might have to undertake should the Japanese attack through Alaska. Fortunately, the course of the war made it unnecessary for us to use these facilities for war purposes.

Whitehorse had been in the midst of the goldfields during the great Yukon gold rush, and there were still some miners making a meager living panning gold out of the Liard River, a tributary of the great Mackenzie.

After the dedication ceremonies in Whitehorse on April 20, the commanding general once more placed at our disposal another twin-engine Beechcraft airplane to fly us up to the oil operations at Norman Wells. Jeff and I took off early in the morning, and flew along the pipeline at low altitude. It was most desolate country, but interesting. The only visible sign of life was an occasional group of Indian trappers moving from one hunting ground to another. At one point, we ran into a snowstorm and had to fly blind. The pilot climbed to a higher altitude and assured us that he was above the highest mountain peak of that region, but he admitted that geological maps of the area were inaccurate, and that some peaks were obviously higher than indicated. We were unhappy for a while, but we came through that snowstorm safely and landed after a few hours on a flight strip at Norman Wells, beside the great Mackenzie River.

After a quick lunch, we went out to the oilfield. Some wells were already in production, and others were being drilled. After an uneventful night at Norman Wells, we took off early the following morning to return to Edmonton, not via Whitehorse, but along the McKenzie River to Great Slave Lake, across the lake, then up the Slave River to Lake Athabasca, and up the Athabasca River. We were in "soup" a good bit of the time, but we were able to keep in contact with the ground radio stations, so that we knew we were on course.

Back in Edmonton, the pilot asked whether we wanted him to fly us on to Ottawa. Obviously, he hoped the answer would be "yes." Jeff and I had not thought of that, but I said, "If the General had that in mind when he placed the plane at our disposal, then yes, we would like for you to fly us on to Ottawa." So, very early the next morning, we enplaned for the east.

It was a beautifully clear day as we flew across the Great Plains of Canada to Winnipeg, Manitoba. We had planned to spend the night in Winnipeg, but while we were refueling, we were told there was a thick front just east of Winnipeg, slowly moving eastward. If we took off immediately, we could be through the front in a couple of hours, but if we spent the night in Winnipeg, it might be two or three days before we could undertake the onward flight to Ottawa. The field at Kapuskasing, where we would have to refuel, would likely be closed in for days.

I was not in a hurry, but Jeff Parsons thought that he should not stay away too long from Washington. We took counsel with our pilots, and it was decided that we would push on right away.

We entered the front almost immediately and were flying blind. We were unable to make contact with the ground stations along the way, and we stayed in the soup. As the hours went by, we became increasingly alarmed. Here we were over the Great Shield of Canada – a vast wasteland – we didn't know for sure whether we were still on the correct course, and our gasoline tanks were almost empty. Those were anxious moments!! Finally, the pilot was able to contact the ground station at Kapuskasing. The weather there was clear, but the front was expected to close in within an hour. We should be coming out of the front any minute, and could land at Kapuskasing. If we refueled, and took off again immediately, we should be able to reach Ottawa. Thank the Lord!

We made it to Kapuskasing, refueled, and flew on in the dark of night to Ottawa. When we saw the lights of the military airport near there and we were told to land, we heaved sighs of relief. That poor pilot! He had been flying that little plane under trying circumstances since 6 AM, and we landed at midnight.

As soon as I was assured that the pilot and copilot were taking care of, I telephoned to Anne that we had arrived, that Jeff would be spending the night with us, and that we both needed a drink. The Canadian Air Force supplied us with transportation into town, and Anne greeted us cordially with our libations despite the lateness of the hour.

In Ottawa, as elsewhere, we played bridge quite often. Ray and Maude Atherton were both good players, and we had many games together. One time, the famous bridge expert, Charles Goren ("Mr. Bridge"), came to visit the Athertons, and we were glad of the opportunity to have a game or two with him.

We were playing one Sunday out at King's Mere in the garden of a place our Naval Attaché had rented. Suddenly, we heard a strange sound on the other side of the house. Anne said, "That sounds like a bear." We all laughed, and continued our game. Then, suddenly I saw a large brown bear coming around the corner of the house, headed in our direction. I shouted, "By God, it is a bear!" We all jumped up and ran for shelter to a nearby tea house. Our bear couldn't have been less concerned. He looked around, sniffed the air, then ambled across the garden and disappeared into the bush. One of the players was the wife of the *New York Times* correspondent, so that paper carried the story of our kibitzing bear.

President Roosevelt visited us that year [1944]. He stayed, of course, at Government House, but we had the opportunity of seeing him again at our Embassy residence. We had first met him at the White House, where we had been invited several times while I was assigned to the Department of State. He had just come from a conference with Winston Churchill in Québec City. The Canadians had worried a little about that visit. FDR liked dry martinis, and they knew it, but they could not locate any good French vermouth. Geoffrey Eastwood happened to be at our house at that time for one of his casual drinks. He asks whether we, by chance, had any Noilly Prat vermouth. We did, and we offered to make it available for the martinis of the President if the Canadian Government was unable to locate its own supply. We were not called upon, so they must have found some good vermouth elsewhere.

Later, after the war [January, 1946], General and Mrs. Eisenhower came to Canada at the invitation of the Canadian Government. He was returning from the great military victories in Europe, and he was given a victor's welcome. Ray Atherton gave them a large reception at the Château Laurier, the Governor General gave them a dinner, and the Prime Minister introduced him at a Canadian Club luncheon, where he was to speak. His speech was very well delivered and warmly received. It was during this visit that we discovered how fond Ike and Mamie were of bourbon whiskey "Old Fashions". They were to cross the continent on the Canadian National Railway, which was a "dry" railway, and they were not going to be able to buy a drink from the time they left Ottawa until they reached their destination in Vancouver. We told them of this, supplied them with a couple of bottles of bourbon, and they breathed sighs of relief.

In Ottawa, I had maintained my interest in international aviation. When it came time to renew our civil aviation agreement with Canada, I was asked to go to New York as a member of the United States team that was to negotiate that renewal with the Canadian government. Mayor LaGuardia was to chair our team. My friend C.D. Howe chaired that of the Canadians. The negotiations were, as usual with the Canadians, cordial, friendly and full of understanding. As a result, we concluded our work a full day earlier than we had anticipated.

Mayor LaGuardia suggested that we all go with him to visit the international airport at Idlewild, then under construction. We agreed; so out we went in a cavalcade with police sirens screaming. I was among those fortunate enough to be in the car with LaGuardia. That was in the very early days of telephonic communications between moving automobiles and the general telephone system. It was to me, therefore, most interesting to watch the mayor pick up the telephone in his car, with police sirens screaming ahead, and talk first to his office, and then to his wife at home. He said, a little wistfully, that he never missed an opportunity to call home just to make sure all was well.

After climbing to an observation tower at the still uncompleted airport, and listening to a description of the mayor's plans, he suggested that we repair to a house he had retained at the edge of the field to provide a place for refreshment for his guests. It was a nice little house, standing all alone in a vast empty space. His cronies called it the "Mare's Nest"; a plagiarism, of course, of "mayor." Mayor LaGuardia offered elaborate refreshments. He was particularly proud of having found a quantity of Canadian Club whiskey, which was prominently displayed. He took it in good spirit, however, when all of the Canadians, without exception, took the Scotch whiskey.

On one of my trips to Washington in 1945, I suggested that, as I had been in Ottawa over five years, possibly the time had come for me to be transferred elsewhere. The officer with whom I talked seemed sympathetic, and he suggested Paris, where I would be Political Counselor and charged with the direction of the embassy in the absence of the Ambassador, but I would not be the Deputy Chief of Mission (DCM). That job had been promised to another officer whose principal functions, however, were to be outside the embassy proper.

That did not appeal to me, so London was suggested. The DCM there was slated to be named ambassador to Poland within the next six months. I would be assigned there as Political Counselor, be his understudy, and then take over as DCM when he was nominated to Warsaw.

That seemed to be the best thing available, so I said that I would be glad to go. Instructions assigning me there came through in the early summer of that year.

Yousef Karsh, the world famous portrait photographer, lived in Ottawa. Anne and I thought it would be nice to have him photograph us before we left for London. This we did, and he acquitted himself very well. They were the last portrait photographs we had made.

Our house in Ottawa had been sold that spring, but the landlord had stipulated in the sale that despite the fact that our lease had long since expired, the new owner could not take possession until we were transferred away from Ottawa. At about the same time, a friend in the real estate business in Washington telephoned, saying that a house on Bancroft Place was about to come on the market. He knew that we were interested in purchasing a house in that general neighborhood. Did we want it? We telephoned to Harry Covington to go and look at the house. He did, and he reported that he "thought it would do," and that "probably" it was a good buy. So we bought 2317 Bancroft Place, sight unseen. We never regretted it.

Thus, finding ourselves with a house in Washington which we would wish to furnish and then rent, we made arrangements that summer [of 1946] to ship our household goods to Washington. We told the new owners of our Howick Street house that they could take possession, and we moved into "Room B" – a small suite – in the Château Laurier. It was centrally and conveniently located. Our friends seem to know that they were always welcome, and they came with a thirst. If we were not out for lunch or dinner, there were invariably friends who had just dropped by for a drink and would stay on. Sometimes I thought I was running a boarding house.

Also, Anne chose this time to try hurriedly to complete a cookbook she had started with Norman Gilcrest. They kept the room strewn with papers as they madly tried to meet the deadline – our departure. It was finally put together and submitted to a publisher, who showed interest, but suggested some revisions. They did not have the time to effect the revisions, and that was the end of the cookbook.

We were told that we would be foolish to ship our large Cadillac to London, so we sold it to our friend Murray Vaughan at the controlled price – half what we could have gotten on the black market – and we ordered a Ford convertible from the factory in Detroit. The Ford was to come off the assembly line while we were in Washington on a visit, so we hopped a train, went to Detroit, picked up the car and drove it back to Ottawa, stopping off at Niagara Falls and Hamilton, Ontario, to see Bob and Anita English. It was the last time we saw them together as they were later divorced. Our Ford was a beautiful little car, and we had a lot of use of it both in London and later, in Nanking.

Then began the round of farewell parties and leave-taking from our many friends in Ottawa.

The Vaughans gave us a large farewell party at the Ottawa Country Club. It was to be a lush party, so we decided that we would be foolish once more. Anne called in her hairdresser from the "Pansy Patch" – that is what everyone called the beauty salon in question – and had him style a woman's wig for me to wear. Then she painted my face, dressed me up as herself, and off we went, she dressed in my dinner clothes. It was a hilarious party, Anne sitting in my seat at the

table, and I in hers, at the beginning of dinner. So much anticipation had been built up about that dinner that Malcolm McDonald, the British High Commissioner, who had just been married, even came back from his honeymoon in the country to join us, bringing his bride of two days. The place cards were tiny photographs of each of us enclosed in small gilt frames. There was music and dancing afterward, for which Anne and I became ourselves once more.

(The "boys" at the Pansy Patch were in the habit of attending conferences in New York of Coiffures from all over the United States and Canada. They needed United States dollars to pay their expenses in New York, but they could only get a very limited number from the Canadian exchange control authorities. Therefore, they would importune their foreign clients to pay in United States dollars. They would hoard these from one conference to the next. Anne asked them one day how they managed to carry the money out of Canada, the exportation of foreign currency then being forbidden. "Simple," they replied, "we always take a compartment on the train. The minute the train pulls out of the Montréal station, we carefully unroll the toilet paper, insert our dollars as we re-roll it, then return the roll to its proper place until after we have crossed the border and are safely within the United States." Quite ingenious, and it worked.)

Finally, came the day of our departure. Many came for lunch and stayed on to see us to the train. We had liquor left over, so we passed it around to those who were still rationed. Come train time, we all descended the stairs, passed through the tunnel under the street from the Château Laurier to the railway station, where other friends had gathered. Waving goodbyes, we at last boarded the train and pulled out of the station. We'd had almost six delightful years in Ottawa among warm friends, and we left with full hearts.

Part 3: An Old China Hand

Chapter 7: DCM in waiting, London [1947]

We stayed a short time in Washington, spent Christmas with Mrs. Covington, Harry, and Young Anne, and then early in January 1947 we sailed in the RMS *Queen Elizabeth* for England, taking Beatrice along with us. Young Anne stayed on in Washington to finish the school year at Potomac School. We went First Class and Beatrice in Cabin Class, but we were able to see her from time to time to make sure she was well.

We elected to take our meals in the Ritz Restaurant, up on the top deck. There we had to pay a little more, but we thought it worth the additional cost. Eating there, we had our cocktails before dinner in a small bar, different from the main bar patronized by the passengers eating in the main dining salon. We had scanned the passenger list to see whether we had any friends on board, and the only one we found was Dudley Cleland, an old friend from our P'ao Ma Ch'ang days in Peking. It just happened that there was another couple on board we knew quite well, but their name had been misspelled on the passenger list. They dined in the main dining salon, had their

cocktails in the main cocktail bar, and did not frequent the same part of the ship that we did. The *Queen Elizabeth* was like a city, it was so large, and we did just not run into them or know that they were aboard until the night before we were due to land. We had been invited to the Purser's cabin for a cocktail that night, and they were there. Also at that small party was Marlene Dietrich, the famous German actress, whose autograph I was able to get for Young Anne.

We had a pleasant crossing and were met at Southampton by the Consul, who assisted us through Customs and Immigration, and put us on the train for London. In London, we were met by an officer of the embassy and taken to the hotel where my friend George Tait, who was Consul General and Administrative Counselor, had reserved a room for us. The hotel was terrible, and so was the room. We were delighted, therefore, that we had to spend only one night there.

Through our old friend Kitty Carlton – from Paris days –we learned of a small place in London at 44 Kinnerton Street, Knightsbridge. We rented it sight unseen to house us while we were looking around for a permanent place to stay. We could have possession immediately. The place was a mews, that is, a former stable renovated to serve as a house. As horses were replaced by motor cars in London, many people transformed their stables into very nice little houses. They were in older sections of the city, centrally located, and demanded good rentals. Many were occupied by artistically inclined people, but there were also those like ourselves who merely wanted to reside in downtown London. It would take me only 20 minutes to walk across Hyde Park to the Embassy. There was no room in our little mews for Beatrice, but we were able to make arrangements for her to sleep in a room on the top floor of the main house to which our mews belonged.

Back in Ottawa, I had been of service to a Canadian woman, Brownie Fellows, married to an Englishman. In return, she had promised that immediately upon our arrival in London, she would bring us a supply of fresh eggs and butter, among the most difficult things to procure in London in those days of strictly rationed scarcity. She kept her promise, and the day after we moved in she arrived with her husband, carrying fresh eggs and butter from their country place. We got to know them quite well, spent a weekend or two with them in the country, and saw a lot of them in later years.

When I had been in the Department of State in Washington on consultation prior to proceeding to London, a friend in the Service, Dorsey Fisher, who had just been transferred from London to Mexico, dropped by my office for a chat. When I told him that we had rented a mews on Kinnerton Street, he said, "But I have two very good friends who live on Kinnerton Street. It is only one block long. I will write to them and tell them that you are coming."

We had been ensconced in our abode for only about two days when the doorbell rang, and who should be there but one of Dorsey's friends come to call. She was Elma Brown. She was a Polish Jewess, and proud of it. During the war she had run a nightclub in London called the "Nut House." Her husband, Ulick, a wealthy but irresponsible son of a noble English family, had played the drums in the orchestra of her nightclub. It was there that they had met and become interested in each other. Her Nut House had apparently been so bawdy the London police had finally closed it. Anyway, she gave Anne a cordial welcome to Kinnerton Street, and invited us to a party that Saturday night at her mews down the street.

Anne must have passed inspection with her, for a couple of days later who should ring the doorbell but the other friend of Dorsey Fisher, Hermione Gingold. Hermione, at the time, was the leading lady in the tremendously popular farcical musical comedy, called "Sweetest and Lowest," then playing in London. She had previously played the lead in one called "Sweet and Low," followed by one called "Sweeter and Lower." It was burlesque. After we saw the show, we suggested that she entitled her next one "Rock Bottom." At that time she was planning to come to the United States, and we promised to help her adapt the English wit to the American sense of humor, but we left London before that could be done. She did, in fact, come later to the United States, and was a great success on the New York stage, on television, and in the movies.

As a result of Dorsey's introductions we found ourselves going out every Saturday night to bohemian parties around the neighborhood. Our hosts all lived more or less in mews, as did we, but their places were much more commodious. We would be invited for 10:30 in the evening, and the party would continue till dawn. There was always music, but never dancing, and the conversation revolved around the doings of the artistic world. Except for us, the guests were all persons of renown in London, and we gained quite an insight into their thoughts and motivations. I remember one night I had been talking with a man who played the piano beautifully. We somehow got onto the subject of politics. When he moved on over to the piano to play again, I turned to a neighbor and said, "But that man is a communist." "Yes," was the reply, "but he is also probably the best pianist in London."

We did not have space in our mews for our household effects or to garage our car. We were able, however, to arrange to keep our car in one of the nearby lockups maintained by the embassy, and to have our household effects stored in the empty indoor swimming pool at Winfield House, the magnificent edifice presented to our government by the former Barbara Hutton to be used as a residence for the American ambassador. It had been fixed up, at great expense, to accommodate the ambassador, but he refused to live in it. It was then unused except for some of the servants' apartments, which were occupied by members of the embassy staff.

So, we settled in at 44 Kinnerton St., and began to look about for a more permanent place to live. Our mews was really quite comfortable, despite its tininess. It was completely furnished in a rather attractive manner with small-sized Italian antiques. Its only heat was from electric "fires" built into the walls. That winter in London was the coldest on record. Also, because of a coal shortage, the use of electricity was only permitted between certain stipulated hours. We would come home at night and have to turn on the "fires" for an hour before the rooms were warm enough for us to undress and go to bed. My room had no "fire." In bed, in flannel pajamas and knitted woolen bed-socks, I slept between flannel sheets, with five blankets and a comforter over me, and I was still cold. It was the most penetrating cold I had ever experienced. -46 °F below zero in Ottawa was warm, by comparison.

In May of 1947, Lord Mountbatten, son of the First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty during World War I, and later himself to become First Sea Lord in his own right, was appointed Viceroy to India. His "small" town house at 16 Chester Street, near Buckingham Palace, would be available to rent, furnished and staffed. Did we want it? Anne called on Lady Mountbatten, who showed her over the house, and we ended by renting it. In fact, the Mountbattens were so

hospitable they invited us to a farewell party they gave themselves at the Royal Automobile Club in London. Everybody who was anybody in London, including royalty, was there.

The pictures on the walls of the Mountbatten house were priceless – Lady Mountbatten's father had left them to the British Trust. They included a Frans Hals in the dining room, and some by Romney, Reynolds, and Gainsborough in the drawing room. We could never afford to be responsible for those pictures; that was agreed. Also, the staff was more numerous than we needed, but it had been agreed that we would not be required to retain any member of the household staff we did not want. We were worried for fear the servants might try to lord it over us poor Americans, so we needed authority to fire them. When we told the Princess Alice (now returned to London from Ottawa) of our fears, she laughed, and said, "Just tell them that you know you are 'crazy Americans', but that you insist on having things done in your own crazy American way."

The high-class cook, who had to have an assistant in the kitchen, went immediately. Mrs. Bellringer, the "tweenie" or maid who cleaned up the stairways between floors and the hallways, was a jewel. She stayed with us until the end. She taught Anne how to negotiate the intricacies of marketing amidst rationed scarcity, including how to dispense American cigarettes to the best advantage. In other words, how to shop "under the counter." One of the most popular plays in London that winter was entitled "Under the Counter." It portrayed the difficulties of the London housewife, and the extremes to which she had to go to feed her family. The London housewife of those days did a little bribing, or her family didn't eat. Anne, despite her cigarettes, had quite frequently to drive miles out to Hampstead Heath to find fish. Fish were unrationed, if you could find them. Anne complained that she had to spend all of her time scrounging for food, but the embassy commissary was about to be established, and we were looking forward to several more years in London.

On Kinnerton Street, we had been taught to give the milk-and-butter man a shilling a week to assure that we got the quantity of milk and butter to which we were entitled under the rationing. Anne told Mrs. Thomas, our new cook on Chester Street, to be sure to give him that shilling each week. The very first week, Mrs. Thomas came back to Anne saying that, although it was the same man making delivery, ours was now a "two shilling house." Henceforth, the milk-and-butter man got his two shillings each week, and we continued to get our dairy products.

Beatrice, of course, moved with us to Chester Street. She was a tower of strength below stairs, and she helped hold our changing staff together. She didn't get along too well with John Dean, the butler, but with the cook and Mrs. Bellringer, she stayed at least on speaking terms.

When we rented the house, we agreed that the Mountbattens could retain one small room at the rear between the first and second floors as a storeroom. One day the front doorbell rang, and Beatrice answered. There stood a tall, handsome young man asking to see John Dean, the butler. Quite properly, Beatrice said, "If you want to see the butler, you should go to the service entrance in the basement." Without a word, Prince Philip, for it was he, descended to the basement, rang the bell there, and was admitted to the servant's sitting room. Philip, who was a cousin of the Mountbattens, had had a room at 16 Chester Street before we moved in, and he had come to get a sword out of the storeroom for some formal occasion. We thought that he

deserved a lot of credit for immediately recognizing that Beatrice was quite right, and for accepting the situation. She did not know who he was, or that shortly thereafter, he was going to marry the future Queen of England. But John was furious. We finally had to fire John. He then went to work for Prince Philip, and was still with him after Philip's marriage to Princess Elizabeth. Later, he wrote a book about his experiences in Buckingham Palace, came into ill favor, and was fired.

We went to the theater a lot that winter. Because of the shortages, the curtain went up at 6 PM. The theaters were unheated, so everyone took along blankets and wore fleece-lined boots, much as you would do if attending a Thanksgiving Day football game in the eastern United States. Here also, as in Paris, we occasionally attended premiers, representing the Ambassador. It was interesting to see the crowds and to watch British royalty in action.

We discovered that we had many friends in London whom we had known during the war when we were in Canada. They welcomed us, invited us to their homes, and proved to be valuable sources of information I needed in my work.

One in particular, Beverley Baxter, a member of Parliament, was quite interesting. At that time he wrote a weekly letter that was circulated throughout Canada and much of the British Commonwealth, in which he reported on events in England and his analysis of them. Baxter had been born in Canada and had served in the Canadian army during World War I. Invalided from the Front back to England for recuperation, he had made the discovery, he said, that in England it was the men, not the women, who wore the "glad rags." The women rode horses, played tennis, wore tweeds, gardened and spent most of their time breeding [having babies] down in the country. The men, on the other hand, stayed in London, dined out at stag dinners, wore gray toppers and striped trousers to the Derby, to Epsom Downs and elsewhere for the horse races, to Lord's Cricket Grounds, and on many other occasions. There wore their "dinner jackets" to their stag parties, their "white ties" when ladies were to be present, and their "chancery coats" in the daytime. My friend Baxter said that life appealed to him, so he had stayed on in London after the war, had married an Englishwoman and eventually he had gone into politics. He had two daughters, almost grown, and we saw a lot of the entire family.

Also, there was a girl from my home state of Alabama. She had married an Englishman who had been in Canada during the war with the British Information Service. Although she had been married for more than 20 years, she still spoke with an Alabama accent so broad you could cut it with a knife. I asked her, "How come?" She said that it was her only defense against her British in-laws; that it had required considerable effort and concentration to retain that accent but that it had stood her in good stead.

Another who we had known in Canada was Sir Patrick Ashley-Cooper. He was Director of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, the head offices of which were in London. We had met him at Government House in Ottawa. He was a real English "country squire." He invited us to his estate at Uxen, north of London, for a weekend one time. It was really a baronial estate. He owned everything he could see, and his properties included three villages. He drove us about it, pointing out the thatched roofs of houses of the villages, complaining that his last thatcher was getting old and he didn't know where he was going to find another, and he showed us the slopes

on his place where, he said, the Normans had landed on English soil centuries earlier. The sea at that time had come almost to his present doorstep.

There were Gordon and Muriel Monroe. We had known them while in Ottawa when he was the Financial Attaché to the British High Commissioner. She came from the fabulously wealthy Beit family, which had discovered diamonds in South Africa and had organized the DeBeers company. He was an engineer and stockbroker on the London Stock Exchange. We spent a very pleasant weekend with them in the midst of the Sussex Downs country, and we saw a lot of them in London.

Then there was Charlotte Nast Brown whom we had known in Peking, now married to a member of the British Foreign Service, Ian Wilson-Young. They had us to lunch one day. Eggs, as I mentioned earlier, were in London at that time as "scarce as hen's teeth." Charlotte had saved her egg ration for more than a month so as to be able to offer us a chocolate soufflé. When the time arrived for the soufflé to be served, nothing happened. Charlotte finally went into the kitchen to find out what was the matter. She came back with tears streaming down her face. The soufflé had fallen!! All of those precious eggs had been wasted. She had fired the cook upon the spot!! Cooks, like eggs, were very hard to come by in London in those days. It was a tragedy, but it served to demonstrate the difficulties the British housewife had to endure during the years following World War II in order merely to live.

Lady Astor was another of our friends in London, whom we met through her family relation Langhorne Bond. Lady Astor, famous earlier as the first woman member of Parliament and still renowned for her gifted and sharp tongue, took a fancy to us and was most kind. She had us down to her country place, Cliveton, famous in prewar days for the liberal-thinking group that gathered there. She gave us good advice on many subjects involving Americans in England. At the Mountbatten's farewell party, Lady Astor took us in charge to assure that we met the "proper" people.

There are also Johnny and Audrey Newell, whom we had known in Ottawa. She was the younger sister of a Vassar classmate of Anne's. We visited them at their place in Somerset. They had bought a beautiful old manor house and Johnny was trying to restore it with local labor; he was having a difficult time.

All of these friends from other places were invaluable to me as sources of information. Many friends passed through London: Canadians and Americans just visiting, Service friends *en route* to other European posts, and still others who came from the Continent on leave, including my niece, Carolyn Clark, who was then with the United States Army in occupied Germany. There was a steady unending stream of visitors which called for constant entertaining, in addition to the entertaining important to my job in the embassy.

I was fortunate to be invited to join "Buck's Club," one of the exclusive London men's clubs, and the "Ends of the Earth Club," a dining club whose president that year, Johnny Dodge, happened to be a friend. At the first dinner I attended at the "Ends of the Earth Club", I sat at the head table surrounded by men with names that resound in British history. (Johnny Dodge was married to an American, Minerva, who was closely connected with "Aunt Bessie" Merryman, aunt of

Wallis Simpson, for whom Edward VI and gave up his throne. We later saw Aunt Bessie quite frequently in Washington. In her 90s she was still going to cocktail parties. Minerva said that, so far as she knew, she was the only American girl of no wealth whatsoever who had married an Englishman of great wealth. Usually, it was the other way around. Anyway, we enjoyed knowing them.) After dinner I was one of three members called upon to speak. The English are famed for the excellence and wit of their after-dinner speeches. I was out of my class. Nevertheless, some did complement me when it was all over. I had spoken of the necessity for British-American cooperation in winning the peace, but principally, I had justified my membership in the Ends of the Earth Club by my membership in the Szechuan Hard Boiled Egg Society.

In preparation for the arrival of Young Anne, we looked about for a good school to which we could send her. None of the good British schools could take her because they were full. We did not want to send her to a school that was not of the best, so we decided to look into the situation in Switzerland. Switzerland had a good reputation for excellent bilingual girls' schools. After considerable inquiry, it was decided that Anne would fly over to Switzerland, visit several of the recommended schools and determine which she thought best for Young Anne. Anne arranged for Young Anne to enter school either at Briallament, near Lausanne, or at Châtelard, near Montreux, so all was set for her arrival. When she joined us, she was given her choice, and she chose Le Châtelard.

I had been in Germany just after World War I, and I had a desire to see the country again right after World War II. I paid a short visit to Germany while Anne was in Switzerland. We met in Brussels and there visited with the Achilles [family]. Ted was then serving as Counselor of Embassy in Brussels. In Brussels we were pleased to see once again Marietta de Gramont, now happily married to Jacques de Thier, an officer of the Belgian Foreign Office, whom we had also known in Washington when he served there as a Secretary of the Belgian Embassy.

We did a certain amount of sight-seeing in and around London. As spring came, we took many trips about the country. England is really beautiful in spring, with the narrow roadways, the hedgerows and the attractive small country houses, some still with thatched roofs. We visited many of the ducal estates, now turned over to the British Trust and open to the public at certain times upon payment of a small fee. The British had found it necessary to levy income and succession taxes during and after World War II. These taxes made it impossible for the old families to afford to maintain their large estates. The British Trust was created to preserve these historic mansions. Title to the properties could be vested in the trust, but the former owners and their families were permitted to continue to reside in them as long as the property was opened to the public for a small fee for an agreed number of hours each week. The small fee helped with the maintenance of the property.

That spring, our Ambassador, Lewis Douglas, arrived. As soon as he had presented his Letter of Credence to the King, by tradition he must accept an invitation to dine with the "Pilgrims" and to make his first speech in England, after dinner. I was fortunate enough to be invited to the dinner – an institution in British-American friendship – and to listen to the after-dinner speeches, which are without equal.

As Political Counselor, I had plenty of work to do. Among the specific responsibilities assigned to me were matters involving the United Nations, questions of British colonial policy, particularly that in Africa, and odds and ends. The political work of the Embassy was divided along geographic lines corresponding to the Divisions in the Department of State in Washington. The Deputy Chief of Mission (DCM) was charged with coordinating the activities of the several political and other sections of the embassy, assuring that the Ambassador was kept informed, and that his instructions were followed. In addition to my other responsibilities, I was understudying for that job. My experience over almost 6 years in a similar capacity in Ottawa was of great help.

I would go to the British Foreign Office every day to see the officers there charged with responsibilities in my field of interest. I would take up with them problems arising in those fields in which the United States was interested, and I would report to Washington their thinking. I was struck by the friendliness of my reception, and by the obviously extreme desire to be helpful. Here was an upstart young nation suddenly become the most powerful in the world. Every step must be taken to assure that it did not fall on its immature face. It could be assured at all times of the full benefit of British vast experience with the problems arising. It was not unlike the elderly Professor Emeritus talking to the man who had replaced him; he wished his successor every success, that he feared he would not see the pitfalls along his way.

It was interesting work. Our cables to the Department were repeated to other interested embassies in Europe, and they, in turn, repeated to us their cables that might interest us. Our embassy would pick up an important clue to some situations, others would inquire about it, and it was surprising how quickly the combined effort brought out the facts, as well as the thinking of other nations on the subject.

My old friend, the Undersecretary of State for External Affairs in Ottawa, Norman Robertson, was now in London as Canadian High Commissioner. Also in London was an old friend from Washington days, Roger Makin, now Undersecretary in the British Foreign Office. Both later represented their countries in Washington as Ambassador. With them, I organized a dinner and a bridge foursome for every other Monday night. Our fourth was John Litheby, a friend from Paris days, now with the Bank of England. They usually took my money, but it was worth it. They were all very close to the situation in London, and our conversations at dinner and between rubbers were of considerable value to me in my work.

One day, when they were to come to our house for dinner, Anne fired the cook. She called me at the embassy and told me I would have to take my bridge players elsewhere for dinner. I inquired about, and I discovered a club not far from the embassy, called the "Ward Room." It was one of those clubs that had grown up during and after the war to provide a means of avoiding the strict rationing. There, for a price, you could get forbidden steaks and many other things unobtainable except on the black market. So, I joined the Ward Room. All it required was a telephone call from the embassy, and, as I was a member of the diplomatic corps, all dues were waived. We dined so well that evening that I am afraid the bridge afterward left something to be desired. Both Norman Robertson and Roger Makin liked the club so much, they both joined it that night. Years later, Roger told me that he had found the Ward Room extremely useful for entertaining

officials passing through London. His wife, an old school friend of Anne's, was usually down in the country, and his real clubs would not deign to make use of the black market.

After finishing the scholastic year at Potomac school in Washington, Young Anne crossed the Atlantic with Mrs. Covington's sister, Mabel Rose. They arrived in June. We met them at Southampton and settled them in our house on Chester Street. Young Anne had the same room that had been occupied by Prince Philip. She took a picture of the bed, and put it in her album writing under rent: "Philip's bed, and mine." We did not let that go by without ribbing.

Anne decided to take Young Anne, Mabel and Beatrice over to Paris for a visit. Young Anne had not been there since she left with us in 1936 [age 3], and neither Mabel nor Beatrice had ever seen the city. So, off they went. They saw a lot of sights in and around Paris, but Anne says that they would never leave her side. Beatrice spoke French, of course, but she was afraid to use it; ditto Young Anne, and poor Mabel didn't speak a word. I think everyone had a good trip but poor Anne, who didn't get to see any of her friends, or, even more important, to shop. One day, Anne disobeyed my strict instructions and bought some black market francs. Young Anne was so naïve, she told all about the transaction on a postal card which, fortunately, never got mailed, as Anne could have been in real trouble if she had been caught stealing on the black market. When they returned to London, we took them sightseeing in and about the city, and into the surrounding countryside.

That summer [1947], the King and Queen were to hold their first post-war garden party at Buckingham Palace. Being an officer of the Embassy, I and Anne were, *ex officio*, invited. The question arose as to whether Young Anne was old enough to be invited. We spoke to Mrs. Douglas, wife of the Ambassador, about it and she said, "No one under 18 is allowed. Can you make her look 18?" We said that we thought we could. "Then, by all means, have her name placed on the list," she said. We were also able to get an invitation for Mabel; she could attend the garden party, but would not be actually presented to the King and Queen, as would we.

It would be necessary for Young Anne to be able to curtsy when she was presented, so we set about teaching her. We did not know in advance on which side their majesties would receive, so she had to know how to curtsy twice in either direction without falling over her feet. There is quite a trick to it until you know how, then it is simple. By the time of that fateful day, Young Anne could curtsy twice in either direction as well as the next one.

On the day of the Royal Garden Party, we dressed her in high heels, a mature-looking hat that cost a fortune, put some rouge on her face, lipstick on her mouth, and when we had finished, she would have passed for 18 years of age anywhere.

After arriving at Buckingham Palace along with the Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas, and the members of the embassy staff who had been invited, we passed through rooms of the Palace out into the garden where we took our allotted place, together with the rest of the diplomatic core. When the King and Queen strolled out of the Palace to take their positions, Young Anne noticed that Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were in the Royal entourage. The Princess Alice knew Young Anne well – she had played with Princess Alice's grandchildren many times at

Government House in Ottawa. She knew that Young Anne was not any 18 years old. Would she say anything? Young Anne was worried.

When it came our time, however, she conducted herself with great poise. When Ambassador Douglas introduced her to the King and Queen, she curtsied nicely to each in turn, remembering which foot to place first behind her. All the Princess Alice did was smile in recognition. I suppose that Young Anne was possibly the youngest young lady ever to be presented to the King and Queen at the Court of St. James. She was not quite 14.

One thing Young Anne had said before she left Washington was that she wanted to go to St. Paul's Cathedral on her birthday [July 6]. That she did. The Archbishop of Canterbury conducted the service that Sunday. When we met him later and told him of this, he gave Young Anne his special blessing.

The ambassador was away on the Continent most of that summer, and, the DCM being in the United States on leave, I was *chargé d'affaires* a lot of the time. In addition to my own daily staff meetings with the principal civilian officers of the Embassy, I had to hold the ambassador's weekly meetings with all of the principal American officers in London, both civilian and military. It was quite a responsibility but I loved it, and it was good training for the day when the DCM would be transferred and I would take his place.

This was not to be, however. A political appointee was given the post as ambassador to Warsaw, and Gallman, the DCM, would be returning to London for an indefinite stay. This changed my situation entirely, and I speculated as to what the Department would do.

They did the last thing in the world I expected.

During the years after my assignment to Paris, the officers of the Far Eastern Division in the Department had, from time to time, sounded me out on the possibility of returning to the Far East. On each occasion, I had begged off. I loved China and the Chinese while I was there, but I had had considerable difficulty getting away, and I did not want to risk spending the remainder of my career in the Far East. After 13 years, I thought that I had shaken all of the China dust off my shoes. Anne had even given away the last of my linen suits, so necessary for life in China. Without asking me "by your leave," they sent a telegram to London transferring me to Nanking, China as DCM. They were obviously desperate in their search for someone qualified to fill that post, and they knew that if they gave me the opportunity, I would say "no."

I was in charge of the embassy when the fateful telegram arrived. When the Ambassador returned from the Continent, he was kind enough to say that he did not want to lose me from his staff. Was there not something he could do to have the instructions changed? I thanked him, but said that it looked as though my past had come back to plague me, that I was out on a limb, and would have to go to Nanking or get out of the Service.

This meant also a change in the plans for Young Anne. We could not leave her in Switzerland in school while we went to far-off China. Fortunately, St. Timothy's School outside Baltimore, where she had been entered before I was assigned to London, agreed still to take her. So, we

canceled her entry at Châtelard. But that Swiss school was tough. They would not refund the deposit we had made – tuition for the first semester – nor could we dispose of the school uniforms that had been acquired with great difficulty. Not one item was of any use at St. Timothy's. Our transfer was going to cost us a lot of our own money, and we needed every dollar we could get our hands on.

To add to our financial troubles, I found myself charged with £90 damage to the Mountbatten's house. Before we had taken possession, an architect representing the Mountbattens, and one representing me, had made a joint survey of the condition of the household and its furnishings. Although I had paid my architect £15, I was never given a copy of the survey. So when the time came for the survey upon our relinquishment of possession, I decided, broke as I was, that I would save the £15 and accept the survey of the representative of the Mountbattens. The house was in good condition. We had caused no damage. Why not save some money?

I should have known better. Those London architects must have had a union. The Mountbatten architect, making the survey by himself alone, found all kinds of damage that had occurred since the previous survey. Unfortunately for me, not having seen the original survey and not being permitted to see it now, there was no way I could prove that the alleged damage was there when we had taken possession. Woe is me. I had to pay that £90.

The afternoon before we were to sail in the SS *Mauritania*, I paid a farewell call at the Foreign Office. There I was told that the British had decided, as an economy measure, to recall in the immediate future all of their troops then stationed in Greece, thus leaving that country to the mercy of her Yugoslavian communist neighbors to the north. I immediately realized the importance of this announcement, and I went back to the chancery and reported my conversation to the Department of State. I did not have the time to discuss the matter with anyone in the embassy, as it was my last call of the day and I had to get home and pack.

While we were waiting the next morning for the car to come and pick us up for the drive down to Southampton, Admiral Conolly, commander-in-chief of our Naval Forces in European waters, telephoned to say that he had seen a copy of my telegram to the Department; could he come by and talk to me about it? There was nothing I could add to what I had reported that telegram, but he was immediately impressed, as I had been, by the importance to us of that impending British move. We could not afford to let Greece go communist. In so far as I know, my telegram was the first news Washington had of that decision of the British Government.

Chapter 8: DCM, Nanking [1947-1948]

After a pleasant crossing in the *Mauritania*, we settled in at 2320 Wyoming Avenue (the Covington's) while we made preparations for our new responsibilities. Young Anne had to buy uniforms and other things essential for her entrance to St. Timothy's. I had to consult in the Department of State and elsewhere within the government to refresh my memory on China, and to bring myself up to date on events there.

It had been 13 years since we left China. During that time, I'd had such pressing official problems of my own with which to contend, that I'd had no opportunity to follow developments in China with other than cursory interest. I would have to dig deeply into the history of those 13 years and inform myself regarding the existing situation in China, and of our policy there. The ambassador in Nanking was Dr. Leighton Stuart, a sweet character born of missionary parents in China. He had himself been a missionary, and had fathered Yenching University at Peking, one of the best. He was a Sinologue of high caliber, but he had absorbed so much Chinese culture and had lived among Chinese so long, his reactions had become those of a Chinese. He had been named Ambassador [on July 4, 1946] at the suggestion of General George C. Marshall, when Marshall was undertaking his famous effort to bring the Chinese Communists together in a coalition with the Kuomintang Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Stuart knew intimately the leaders of both sides, and he had made himself invaluable to General Marshall. When Marshall returned to the United States [in January 1947], having failed in his mission (which was an impossible one in the first place), Leighton Stuart had been left behind as Ambassador. Strange as it may seem, my job would be to see that Leighton, in his passionate desire to bring peace to his Chinese friends, did not do anything detrimental to our own national interests. He was titular head of the Embassy, but the responsibility for its functioning was to be mine.

I recalled that in the middle of the 1920s, the Kuomintang Government, under the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek, had marched north with the Kuominchun (Kuomintang Army). The troops were young, inspired, well-equipped, and well-led. They'd had no difficulty in routing the ill-clad, poorly-fed mercenaries of the warlords then controlling the northern provinces. They had the *élan*; the warlord armies did not. During this march north, there had been a falling out with the Communist elements of the Kuomintang. There had been severe fighting around Nanking, and the Communists had withdrawn south of the Yangtze River into Kiangsi Province.

After the warlords in the north had been eliminated or had joined with the Kuomintang, the Kuominchun directed its efforts toward the elimination of the Communists. They were driven out of Kiangsi Province and made their "Great Trek" of over 3000 miles westward through Szechuan Province and north into Shensi Province. (Remember? They shot at us when we took our trip to Chungking).

During this time, General Chiang Kai-shek and Madam Chiang, ably assisted by a core of young foreign-educated Chinese, went about improving the condition of the Chinese people, and instilling into them a sense of national unity and patriotism which hitherto had not existed. For the first time in centuries, the Chinese people were being unified and inspired. Also, their vast natural resources and manpower were being mobilized toward forming a strong national state.

In Japan, these developments were watched with concern. A strong, unified China could menace Japanese plans to dominate Southeast Asia. It was for this reason, I am convinced, that the Japanese struck in Manchuria, and later in Shanghai in the '20s and early '30s. The Kuomintang, or Nationalist Government, as it came to be known, was finally driven back by the Japanese into Szechuan Province, and could not have survived had it not been for our active support during World War II.

During this long struggle, the Nationalist Government leadership lost its *élan*. Its leaders waxed wealthy, and they became dispirited. The people were exhausted by the long struggle, and they longed for peace. Now, it was the Communists who attracted the evangelical spirit of youth. It was now their armies that were inspired, well-equipped, and well-led. The will to fight had gone out of the Nationalist Armies, and the troops were laying down their arms without a struggle.

After four weeks of reading and consulting about Washington, I went to Walter Butterworth, whom I was succeeding in Nanking and who was then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and I asked him whether he had any final instructions for me. He smiled and said, "Well, Lewis, what do you make of the situation?" "It looks to me," I replied, "like a rearguard action, than which there can be nothing more disagreeable." "You have it," said Walter. "Go ahead, do your best, and may God protect you. I will support you at all times." Those were my final instructions. But I must say that I have never had such complete support at headquarters as he gave me during the next two years.

There were three kinds of transportation we could use to reach China at that time, so soon after World War II: we could fly; we could take a Navy transport; or we could go by freighter. After my arduous summer in London and my exacting period of consultation in Washington, I felt that I wanted a rest before assuming my new responsibilities in China. Also, we had numerous trunks filled with linen, silver and other things we were taking along with us to tide us over until our lift van from London arrived. So, we ruled out flying. If there is any poorer way for a civilian to travel at sea than by Navy transport, with "rank" being thrown about all over the ship, I do not know of it. We chose to go by freighter.

We found what appeared to be a good sailing out of Seattle. If we were going to sail from Seattle, why not take a train across Canada and stop to see our many friends there? And so it was planned.

Ray Atherton was still in Ottawa as Ambassador and he insisted that we stay with him at the embassy residence. It was very satisfying to see so many good friends again, and the Athertons were understanding hosts. But after a few days, we boarded a Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) transcontinental train for the west coast. Unlike in the United States, where you had to change trains at Chicago, the CPR ran straight through to Vancouver. It was a dreary crossing of the Canadian Great Shield and the vast plains, but the Rockies were beautiful. We arrived safely in Vancouver and we immediately took a ferry that ran via Victoria to Seattle.

Once in Seattle, we busied ourselves with preparations for our voyage in the SS *Washington Mail*. The ship would be "dry", so we had to arrange to have placed in our cabin a liquor supply for the two weeks we expected to be aboard. We had to assure sufficient reading material and other small items that would make our crossing more enjoyable, and we had to make sure that an electric refrigerator the government was supplying for us was loaded aboard.

Our cabin on the SS *Washington Mail* was just below the bridge on the port side. We had two bunks and a shower. It was not large, but it was adequate, and we had a nice sundeck just outside. We stowed our luggage as soon as we got aboard, checked our supplies, and went on deck to look over at the other passengers. They consisted of one family, that of a British

physician, who had been evacuated from Hong Kong during the war and was now returning with his wife and two children to resume his practice, and another couple returning to China, who were uninteresting. The British family proved quite companionable, and though they had brought no liquor of their own aboard, they were only too glad to help us consume ours. In fact, we had to replenish our supply in Yokohama.

We sailed that afternoon and ran into heavy seas the minute we entered the Pacific Ocean. The next day, it blew a gale. The deck cargo of lumber began to shift. The captain pondered whether he should jettison it. He told us that if he did, he could be sure to lose two or three men overboard during the operation. He was reluctant. In the end, he saved his cargo and his ship, but a few years later, this same vessel, with a similar deck cargo of lumber, broke in two in a similar gale and sank.

That was not the only storm. It had hardly blown itself out, when along came another of equal violence. We pitched and we tossed all over the ship. We were constantly having to re-stow our luggage to keep it from sliding from one side of the small cabin to the other, and most of the time, Anne and I were the only two passengers in the dining salon for meals. We had been scheduled to reach Yokohama in 10 days. It took us fifteen. I had said that I wanted a rest. I did get a mental rest, but not a physical one. I was exhausted from the mere effort of staying upright.

Our Consul General in Yokohama, Gordon Burke, an old friend from China days, met us at the dock with papers permitting us to land. Japan was under United States military occupation at that time, and no passengers were allowed ashore except with special military permission. The Burkes drove us up to Tokyo so that we could look around, and then brought us back to the ship in time for our sailing that same day.

It seemed strange to be in the land of the people who had so treacherously attacked us at Pearl Harbor, bringing us into World War II. We were glad we didn't have to come into contact with them. The feeling of loathing still persisted.

We were not permitted to pass through the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan. That body of water had been thickly mined during the war, and the mines had not yet been swept away. Navigation was unsafe. In fact, navigation at that time in any Pacific waters west of the 180th Meridian was considered so dangerous because of floating mines, that the maritime seamen on board vessels sailing in those waters, such as ours, were given double pay. My pay stayed the same.

Eventually after 18 days, on a voyage that should have taken 13, we suddenly encountered the muddy sea that heralded the Yangtze River. The mud from that mighty stream is carried by the current many miles out to sea, where there is an abrupt change from blue to muddy water. Passing through this, we entered the Whampoa River and proceeded on up to Shanghai.

This time, we tied up alongside a warf downstream from the city. We were met by our old friend Jimmy Pilcher, now Executive Consul in the Consulate General. He had consulate coolies and transportation with him. He also had with him a message from my old "Number One Boy" Li, saying that he was strong and in good health, and waiting to serve me. Li had heard that we were

returning to China, and had sent a similar message to every possible port of entry. Of course, I immediately authorized Jimmy to tell Li to meet me in Nanking.

We passed quickly through Customs and drove into the teeming streets of Shanghai to the residence of the Consul General, Monnet Davis, also an old friend. Monnet insisted that we stay with him, and we were glad to do so.

The Consul General's residence in Shanghai was a large comfortable house, located in the center of the city and surrounded by a garden of about two acres, enclosed by a high stone wall. Because of the danger from thieves, the wall was surmounted by barbed wire, floodlights played all over the grounds from dusk to daylight, and there was an armed Sikh Indian night watchman. The aftermath of the war had left its scars, and there was danger in Shanghai after dark.

During the few days we stayed in Shanghai, I had the opportunity to renew my friendship with K.C. Wu of Hankow, who was now mayor of Shanghai, with members of the business community, and with Leighton Stuart, who happened to be there making a speech. There also I met Eric Erickson, who years later was to serve with me in Algiers. He agreed to escort our electric refrigerator up to Nanking on a Navy plane and see that it was installed in our house. "Chow" ice (ice made from purified water), it must be remembered, was of great importance in China, and we wished to be assured of a supply upon our arrival.

When Leighton Stuart finished his program in Shanghai, we joined him for the flight to Nanking in the plane of the Military Attaché. We were met at the airfield and driven immediately to our house located in the same compound as that of the Ambassador. There was also a third building in that compound, housing junior officers of the staff.

Li arrived shortly thereafter, bringing with him his son-in-law, Chao Jung Kwei, whose marriage to Li's daughter we had financed before leaving Peking for Paris. With some hesitancy, Li said that, although he, Li, would be Number One Boy in name, Chao would take over responsibility for running the household, while he, Li, would become my body servant. We were confronted with a *fait accompli*. Li was not as strong as he had said he was, but it worked out all right.

Our compound had been constructed when the American Minister still resided in Pei P'ing, and our Legation in Nanking was run by the counselor of legation, at that time Wyllis Peck. Wyllis had been ingenious. The Minister's house would have its own private entrance; he would not. The Minister's house was located on higher ground, a good thing in Chinese eyes. It had one very large drawing room; his would have two smaller ones, and so on. When construction was completed, despite the numerous "advantages" of the Minister's house, that of the Counselor was far superior. The Minister did not have our view. His lawn and terraces were not as spacious, and he had all of the noises from the street, continuous both night and day.

Of course, we both had the barking dogs. Typical of a Chinese city, each family in Nanking kept at least one dog to frighten away thieves. Come darkness, some dog somewhere would think he heard a thief and he would bark. That would induce his neighbor to do likewise, and almost immediately, there would be a cacophony rising and falling in intensity all through the night,

making sleeping impossible until you became inured to it. The Chinese have an old saying, "One dog thinks he hears something and barks. One hundred bark at the sound."

While we were still in Washington, we had gone to the Foreign Buildings Office (FBO), and we surveyed them for what our needs would be. We were accompanied by Mrs. Virginia Butterworth, a former classmate of Anne's at Vassar who had just recently occupied the house. She described the furnishings that were there and pointed out the new things we would need to make the house comfortable. FBO agreed to send us those things, and everybody was happy.

What was our surprise, therefore, when upon our arrival in Nanking, we found none of the furnishings in the house that were supposed to be there! The grand piano had gone to the Ambassador's house, the drawing room and porch furniture and rugs had all been distributed among others, and there were only two old uncomfortable beds in the entire house. We even had to send for a locksmith to open the door to the closet in the master bedroom. Someone had locked the door and thrown the key away, they were so little concerned about the new occupant. The lovely furniture that had been in the drawing room had been replaced by 10 large high-backed overstuffed wing chairs inherited from the Japanese occupation. They were placed in a circle around a cheap coffee table. There was not a single lamp in the house; our lighting was from bare bulbs in the ceiling. It was really hard to conceive that the new Deputy Chief of Mission could be given such a reception. It was horrible!!!

Fortunately, we had our refrigerator installed, and we could ease our pain. Fortunately, also, Fritz Larkin, Director of the FBO and his assistant, Charley Osborne, turned up the following day. When Fritz saw the condition of our house, he hit the ceiling, directed that the porch furniture be recovered, and gave us *carte blanche* to order all of the new rugs, draperies and odd bits of furniture needed to supplement the things that were being shipped from the United States. Lamps, too. We could have all we needed.

Our house was located in a really beautiful compound, and after we got it fully furnished, no one could want better accommodations. Through the Navy, I arranged to have air conditioning on the ground floor and in our bedroom, and we bought room air conditioners for the guest rooms. We planted a small flower garden. I built a small fish pond where there had been a leaky faucet, and I set up a horseshoe pitch alongside.

The only drawback to the place was its location in the midst of the Chinese city, on ground that had formerly been a graveyard. There were the dogs, of course, and there was the terrific humidity. Here, too, we had to install heaters in our closets to prevent mildew. Also, there was no qualified dry cleaner in Nanking. We got a large barrel, placed it securely in a locked room, and filled it with aviation gasoline we obtained from the Air Force. We used it as our dry cleaning establishment. Whenever Anne wanted to dry clean something, she would soak it in that barrel of gasoline, then hang it out in the fresh air to dry. It was crude dry-cleaning, but it was successful.

As always, I had to have official calling cards to be used in making my official calls. In Nanking, I took cards engraved to show my title as "Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America", and on the reverse side I had a translation written in Chinese characters. My name,

translated from the Chinese into English, read "American Minister of the American Embassy, Mister Clark of Deep Thought".

In Shanghai, I had run into Arthur Young, an American economist who had worked for years with the Nationalist Government, and whom I had known in the old days. Arthur came as a breath of fresh air. The Nationalist Government had prevailed upon him to return to China to look into the economic and other problems. He had become convinced that the situation could still be saved, and that the Government could check the Communists. I had listened attentively to Arthur and had discussed his ideas with others of importance, in Shanghai and in Nanking. As I wrote at the time, I was pleased to find "such a growing realization of the acuteness of the crisis that on all sides I have been getting indications that the G'imo may, repeat may, at least be willing to take the requisite action". The Ambassador was convinced that Chiang Kai-shek still had the authority to act and to clean house, if he once took the decision to do so. I was happy to hear Arthur Young and others speak of a new spirit within the Nationalist Government.

Therefore, one of my first acts after assuming my functions in the Embassy was to direct a study of the possibilities: specifically, what we could do to assist the G'imo if he could be persuaded to clean house? He had around him men who had been through the long struggle with him. They had become a burden – an albatross around his neck – but he was indebted to them for being where he was, and under the Chinese code of ethics, he could not dismiss them. Could he be persuaded to do it? We would see. (When the results of our study were submitted to Washington, we were told that the resources of the United States were not unlimited; and anyway, Europe had first claim to them. The Marshal plan was being implemented.)

With over 400 members on the Embassy staff and about 500 in the Military Advisory Group (MAG), one of my first tasks was to organize the work. We had political, economic, consular, and administrative sections of the Embassy. Work must be coordinated, and effective liaison must be maintained with the Military, Naval and Air Attachés, and with the MAG.

To accomplish this, I held a daily meeting in my office of the senior political and economic staff. Once a week, the Military Attaché came with his officers to give me and my principal subordinates a briefing on the military situation. These latter meetings were also attended by the chiefs of each section of MAG. The military situation was thoroughly canvassed and analyzed. Each day at noon, I would go to the Ambassador's office, which he maintained at his residence, and we would discuss the events of the day. Later, when my staff was strengthened by the addition of Livingston Merchant as Economic Counselor, and by Johnnie Jones as Political Counselor, I took them along with me on these daily visits with the Ambassador. Also of course, every officer on the staff had access to me at any time to discuss his problems or his ideas.

We had to be careful not to tell the Ambassador anything that should not be known to the Chinese government. He and his personal secretary, Philip Fugh, a Chinese, were intimate friends of many government officials, and both were inclined to be indiscreet. From time to time, I would tell the Ambassador of something and caution him that, under no circumstances, should he tell Chiang Kai-shek. Invariably, within a matter of days, Leighton would say, "Lewis, I am sorry, but I just had to tell the G'imo about...." It was difficult for me to draw the line about what I could tell the Ambassador.

There was a question of morale among the members of the staff, as they were living in a strange Oriental city. We had numerous young people, and there was little for them to do for recreation. Of course, some of the girls made friends with the junior officers of the MAG and were taken care of. In fact, we averaged one marriage a month during the time MAG was in Nanking. But there are many others, and I was worried about them.

On my staff in the Administrative Section was a girl, Hazel Katz, whom I had known in Tientsin. She had been born in China, spoke Chinese, and knew her way about. I asked Hazel whether, in addition to her other duties, she would be willing to escort groups from the staff to the Chinese theater, to Chinese restaurants, and maybe on sightseeing tours about the city and its environs. I promised that I would attend at least some of the dinners. Hazel readily agreed, and the venture was a great success. It was so much a success that later, when a professional administrative officer was assigned to the Embassy, he relieved Hazel of all other responsibility, made her "Morale Officer," and gave her an assistant to continue to do what she had been doing in her spare time.

Having determined the manner in which the embassy would function, and having made my official calls in Nanking, I decided that it was time to begin trips of familiarization about the country. We were in daily contact with the various consular offices by means of a radio network set up by the military during the war and now maintained by the State Department, but I felt, and Walter Butterworth [my predecessor] had agreed, that I should travel to each area to get to know personally our own officers, local government officials, and men of prominence in the various localities.

It was already late November [1947], and I felt that the situation in Manchuria, where there was active fighting, should be looked into without delay. I therefore decided that a trip north was in order. General Robert Soule, fearless commander of the airborne Army division that had landed in Manchuria toward the end of World War II, a language officer in Peking in my earlier days there, and now Military Attaché, offered to fly me north in his small C-47 plane. We would be flying mostly over territory that was in the hands of the Communists, and if we should have to make a forced landing there, we would be in real trouble. Anne would come along to revisit our beloved Pei P'ing and to shop items for our house in Nanking.

We made the flight to Pei P'ing without incident. We landed safely at the small airport south of the Chinese City, where we were met by Edmund Clubb, an old friend from Hankow days, who was now Consul General in Pei P'ing. The Clubbs very kindly invited us to stay with them in their residence, which was the house previously occupied by the Minister when the capital was located there.

While Anne went about her shopping, I called upon various local officials including my old friend, Dr. Hu Shih, the famous Chinese philosopher, who was now President of the Peking University. He received me in an unheated room, apologizing that he could not afford the price of coal. He was despondent and particularly unhappy that Nanking seemed so helpless. (Later, when the Communists occupied Pei P'ing, he had to flee south, and I saw him again in Nanking).

Walking down Legation Street in the Legation Quarter, I noticed a rickshaw boy pulling a fare along. He looked up, recognized me, and called out “*K’e lao yeh, ni hui lai la ma?*” (“Mister Clark, you have come back?”) After more than ten years, it was touching. I really was back "home" again.

I called upon General Li Tsung-jen, then nominally in command of the armies of North China. We had a pleasant chat, and he suggested that I bring Anne and the officer who was with me and his wife for dinner the next night. It was a memorable evening. We were only six at dinner. Madam Li was present. We had the most delicious Chinese food and after dinner, while we were still at table, “Tony” Freeman, the officer I had brought with me, regaled us all with quaint Chinese folk songs he had learned when a student at Lingnan University, near Canton in south China. Li, himself, came from the south, and he loved the songs, as did we.

Leaving Anne in Pei P’ing to continue her shopping, I took off after a few days for Mukden, in Manchuria. It was cold in Mukden, and there was a shortage of coal. We froze everywhere we went. There were frequent power failures, and the only light was by candle. There was also a shortage of food, so severe in fact, that later on I had to arrange with the Commander-in-chief of our Pacific Fleet to fly in foodstuffs for the staff of the Consulate General.

Angus Ward, a character in the China theatre, who wore a beard, dressed exotically, and had at one time published a Chinese-Mongolian dictionary, was the Consul General. He showed me about and he took me to call upon local officials, including General Ch’en Ch’en, who was in active command of the Kuomintang troops in Manchuria, engaged in battle with the Communists. Here is what I reported at the time of my reaction to the situation as I found it:

If it were not for the fact that miracles happen in China, I should say that Manchuria is gone. General Ch’en Ch’en is a sick man. [He had bleeding ulcers.]... Ch’en says he will be up and about in a few weeks, but he tired very quickly during my conversation with him, and the environment in which he is living doesn't seem one conducive to curing perforated ulcers. He has gathered around him a bunch of thieves who can be expected to take full advantage of the fact that he is confined to his bed....

I don't believe the Manchurians want communism, but the Government doesn't seem to offer an alternative. It is venal to the core, and the Communists have seized the initiative. If Manchuria is to be reconquered, it is essential that new spirit be installed into the native population as well as into the armed forces, and there is no evidence that this is being done.

Obviously, any optimism had by Arthur Young and his friends in the south could not include Manchuria. After two days in Mukden, it began to snow heavily. Winter was upon us, and if we were going to be able to take off in our little plane for Pei P’ing, we had better hurry. Hurry we did, and within an hour after the snow began to fall we were in the air.

We dropped down to Tientsin from Pei P’ing, and we stayed with Bob Smyth, the Consul General there, and an old friend. (Don't think it strange that I am constantly meeting "old friends". The

China Service was like that. Transferred from one Treaty Port to another, one could always be sure to find friends one had known in some other Treaty Port). In Tientsin, we ordered the rugs for our house, and here, also, we found and purchased our Ch'i Pai Shih scrolls. I called upon local officials with Bob Smyth and I spoke to members of the American Chamber of Commerce, who were justifiably worried about the future. Of course, there was not much I could say by way of encouragement. At this visit, I wrote at that time:

I found... complete disgust with the present Government, and an almost hopeless prayer for some change other than to communism, although... I was told that certain businessmen were already trying to visualize how they could operate under a Communist government.... Communist action in North China seems to have resulted in almost complete economic strangulation of that area. Typical, it seems to me, is the fact that the Government is transporting cotton from Paitingze to Tientsin by air so as to keep the Government-owned mills occupied and prevent unemployment there. It is an economic transaction which could only take place in the Soviet Union or in present-day China.

Bob Smyth and his wife, Jane, had become quite close to the mayor of Tientsin, General Tu, and his bride. We were invited to the General's house for lunch one day, and it was at that lunch that we saw for the first time the use of a Lazy Susan to serve Chinese food. It was quite effective. Instead of reaching with your chopsticks all of the way across the table for a morsel you particularly desired, all you had to do was to revolve the Lazy Susan until the dish was in front of you.

By mid-December [1947], we were back in Nanking and gradually getting settled in our house. This was fortunate, as visitors began to arrive. There was no adequate hotel for foreigners in Nanking, and though the embassy maintained a hostel to take care of visitors, the important ones expected to stay either with the Ambassador or with us. We became almost a hotel. Langhorne Bond, who had been married from our house in Peking, was a frequent houseguest, as was Admiral Oscar Badger, commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet and his wife, Isabel, as well as Allan Griffin, the deputy administrator with the Economic Coordination Administration (ECA) mission to China.

Charles Lindbergh came along before Christmas. He said that he was making a survey of Pan American Airways operations, but it was obvious that that was only his cover, and that he had come for some other reasons. Though he would not admit it, what had really brought him to the Orient was to sound out General Douglas MacArthur, then in command of our army of occupation in Japan, as to whether he would agree to run for the presidency on the Republican ticket in opposition to Harry Truman.

In the course of my career, I always sought to be able to walk from my residence to the Embassy chancery. Try as I might in Nanking, I could not find an acceptable route. I had to get some exercise in some way. After my last cataract operation, I had stopped playing golf. I could not focus quickly enough to see the ball, and the game lost its zest. I got my exercise by walking about the countryside, and by pitching horse shoes in my garden.

After the arrival of Australian Ambassador Keith Officer, he joined Canadian Ambassador Tommy Davis and me in a habit of walking on Purple Mountain every Sunday. Keith Officer was renowned throughout the diplomatic services of the world as a "walker". His renown was justified. We would meet at his house right after breakfast, then drive to the base of the mountain and start walking. There were various trails we could take to a predetermined location, where our cars would await us with lunch. By that time we had covered about 10 miles, and I was tired. Not so Keith Officer or Tommy Davis. Right after lunch, they would strike out again for another 10 or 15 miles, while I would sheepishly return in my car to town for a rest or for some bridge.

Tommy Davis and I used to go hunting. We would climb into jeeps accompanied by members of his staff, and off we would go into likely bird country. We would park, load our guns, and start out across country. Tommy and I would go in one direction; his staff in another. On one of these expeditions, Tommy and I got onto the subject of the situation in China. We were so occupied with our thoughts and our conversation that we missed a couple of good shots and neglected to keep our bearings. Suddenly, we realized that we did not know in which direction lay our parked jeep. What to do? We had no idea of the name of the place where we had left their jeep. There was, therefore, no way I could inquire as to how to return there.

Knowing that we were not far from the main Nanking-Shanghai Road, I began to inquire of the natives the direction of the "Ta Ma Lu", or "Big Horse Road". Finally, we reached it. There we parked ourselves to wait for transportation into Nanking. Along came a Chinese military truck. I flagged it down, explained to the driver who we were, and said that we wanted to get back to Nanking. Smiling, he told us to climb aboard. This we did, into the body of the truck where we found several friendly Chinese soldiers, curious, as always, about us, our clothing and our guns.

In a very short time, we reached the South gate of Nanking and I asked to be dropped at the Police Station. The police were most understanding. They let me use their telephone, and in short order my chauffeur from the Embassy was on the way to pick us up. From that gate, we knew how to reach the place where we had left our jeep, so off we went.

Tommy's staff had become worried about our long absence, and had sent one jeep back to town to sound the alarm. They were delighted to see us, but word had already been passed about in Nanking that Tony and I were lost. We insisted that we had not gotten lost. We knew where we were; it was the jeeps that had gotten lost, and we could not find them. Nevertheless, the press got hold of the story, and carried headlines about how the Canadian Ambassador and the American Minister had caused concern by getting lost while out hunting.

There was also duck shooting in Nanking. The Chinese had never shot duck; they snared them. Furthermore, during the many years of civil war and of the war with Japan, they had not even snared very many. The result was that the Yangtze River above the Nanking was literally carpeted with wild duck. Bandits on the north bank made it dangerous to shoot from blinds in the rushes there, so the Air Force element of MAG had developed a system for shooting them from the crash boats maintained to rescue airmen who might crash in the river. An ordinary park bench was bolted to the forward deck of the boat, and a canvas wind screen was erected in front of it. Those boats could make about 40 knots. With three gunners seated on the bench, we

would sneak slowly up on a flock of duck resting on the water. Frightened by our approach, as the ducks began to rise, the coxswain would gun the motors full speed ahead, and we would always get a few of the laggards – the last to get off the water. It was luxurious and comfortable shooting.

Chinese New Year is a time for great festivity in China, as well as a date for the settlement of debts. In Nanking, the public celebration of this festival centered around the temple of Fu Tze Miao, in the area of the antique shops. We went to Fu Tze Miao many times, including that first Chinese New Year. It was quite a sight to see the Chinese milling about amidst the gay color of the traditional specialties produced for the occasion, and to hear the clamor of the crowds and hawkers of wares. Cheerfulness, friendliness, and goodwill pervaded the entire area.

In January, 1948, I decided that it was about time I visited South China. Along with Anne, our Naval Attaché Bill Kenney and his wife, Jo, we took off for Canton in Kuantung Province, in the Naval Attaché's C-47 plane. (Jo Kenney's daughter, also named Josephine, married Walter Schirra, who was the fifth American in space and conducted the first manned space rendezvous). We flew nonstop to Canton and were met at the airport by a delegation of Chinese local officials, including the mayor of the city, and by our Consul General. We stayed with the Consul General in his beautiful house located on Shameen.

Under the so-called Opium War treaties, the Chinese were required to make available adequate ground for the establishment of a foreign residential community, adjacent to each of the several ports that they were to open to foreign residents in trade. In Canton, the Chinese had set aside for that purpose a sand spit in the Pearl River that was totally unfit for human habitation. Nevertheless, the foreign merchants had taken it over, diked it, filled in the area, and had made it into a beautiful island on which they had constructed comfortable and spacious residences. There had been a promenade along the Bund, foreign war vessels anchored in midstream, bands had played, soldiers had marched, and there had developed a very colorful life. No Chinese, other than domestic servants, were allowed on the island; the foreigners lived a life apart.

Now, everything was drab. The war vessels were gone, as were all the "Old China" traders. The Chinese were everywhere, and their small boats – *sampans* – were massed along the entire length of the Bund; tiny little boats, where whole families would complete the cycle of life from birth to death. Sometimes, the man of the family would find temporary work in the city, or he would fish. When he was away, the wife would use her *sampan* as a ferry to earn a few coppers. No task was too menial if it would bring the possibility of a morsel of food to the family.

I paid my formal calls, accompanied by the Consul General, and with the others we went sightseeing about the town. The Mayor was kind enough to ask us to dinner. He offered, as one of the innumerable dishes, a delicious suckling pig. Serving his guests, as the Chinese host invariably does, my host placed the curled tail of that little pig upon my plate saying as he did so, "To the guest of honor always goes the tail." That was a new one on me, but then this was my first visit to South China, so I accepted the tail and pretended to eat it. To eat it was impossible; it was much too tough. Finally, I surreptitiously discarded it. (When I returned to Canton in 1949, I had my revenge. I invited the Mayor to dinner, served suckling pig, and I gave him the

tail. He professed ignorance of any such custom, and would not admit to having dared to play such a practical joke on the American Minister!)

On our second day in Canton there were anti-British riots. There had been some altercation at the border between Kuangtung Province and Kowloon, part of the Hong Kong territories, and students were demonstrating. They flooded over the narrow bridge to the island of Shameen shouting anti-British slogans, and when they met with no resistance, they began to loot and to set fire to British properties, including the British Consulate General. Though the demonstrators showed friendliness toward us, they could have been incited to attack us at the slightest provocation. Xenophobia always lay just below the surface in China.

The situation appeared, in fact, to be getting so out of hand – there were no municipal police there to control it – that I persuaded the Consul General to telephone to the Mayor, tell him what was taking place, and demand protection for the Americans on the island. The Mayor, having done nothing up to that moment, acted with promptitude. He not only ordered the police into the area, he came himself, and at the peril to his own life, helped stop the rioting.

It had been a narrow call. I did not realize how much this had been true until the next morning when, escorted by police, we drove out to the airport and boarded our plane. Once in the air, the pilot decided to fly over Shameen and take pictures of the damage. Some buildings were still burning. It was necessary to bank the plane sharply at low altitude for the co-pilot to be able to take the pictures. He did this twice when Anne screamed, "Tell him to stop that." Bill Kenney rushed forward and the pilot stopped immediately. I had not known until then how strong Anne's reaction had been to the frightening events of the previous day.

Within half an hour we were in Hong Kong. Landing at Kai Teck airport in Hong Kong in those days was an experience. You came in over a mountain just at the beginning of a short runway, you dove suddenly almost straight down so as to reach the runway at its beginning, and you stopped just before the runway ended at the sea. We did it often, but not without a sigh of relief once the landing had been safely accomplished.

In Hong Kong, we were taken into custody by our Consul General, shown the famous "Peak" area, lunched with the Governor (who had an American wife), dined afloat off Fisherman's Village at Aberdeen on the Repulse Bay side of Victoria Island, and we shopped. Hong Kong was a fascinating city. It encircles a beautiful bay, the slopes rise precipitously from the waterfront, and the streets at night present a galaxy of twinkling lights reminiscent of the Milky Way in the heavens. Most streets were inaccessible to automobiles. One must travel on foot, by rickshaw, or by sedan chair. Neon lights, raucous music, cries of street vendors and teeming crowds were everywhere. At Aberdeen, you were greeted by women in small *sampans*, calling to you loudly to hire them. You chose one, scrambled in, and you were rowed out to the floating restaurant of your choice; that same boatwoman would wait for you and return you to shore after your meal. Once aboard, you were shown to a table, permitted to pick out the fish and other seafood you wanted prepared for you, and then you dined in the open air, surrounded by colorful lanterns and the waters of Repulse Bay. It was most exotic, and the food was delicious as only Chinese food can be.

After our brush with Hong Kong, we took off for Formosa (Taiwan). There we stayed in Ta'i P'ei with our Consul General, Kenneth Krentz, and his nice Australian wife. They did not have adequate accommodations even for themselves, but they moved into a spare room and slept on the floor, giving us the master bedroom with two beds. It was most hospitable of them, but even then we were uncomfortable.

When we called upon the Governor and other officials, we dined at Government House – an exceptionally good Chinese meal –, we toured the island, and we went for lunch at the bungalow maintained by the Consul General on *Tsao Shan* (Grass Mountain). From the bungalow there was a magnificent view over slopes covered with rice paddies down into the beautiful valley.

Sulfur springs were nearby, and one of them had been tapped to provide a steady stream of hot sulfur water for the bungalow. It flowed constantly into a Japanese tub, the overflow passing on downhill. The water was extremely hot, and none of us men dared to get into it, but Anne and Jo Kenny did.

Returning to Nanking via Shanghai, where our old friend Jack Cabot was now Consul General, we settled down to routine. But not for long: Elizabeth Cabot wanted to do some shopping in Pei P'ing. She suggested that Anne go along with her. It seemed to me, also, that it was about time for me to make another visit to the north. Anne and Elizabeth Cabot flew up to Pei P'ing in one of the CNAC commercial planes. Jack Cabot and I followed a few days later in the plane of the Military Attaché. Livingston Merchant, who had just been added to my staff as Economic Counselor and who had just arrived, was persuaded to join us. We all bedded down in the Wagons-Lits Hotel in the Legation Quarter.

When Anne and Betty Cabot were looking for rugs in Pei P'ing, they ran across an old rug merchant friend of ours from earlier days. He invited them to dinner. Betty was shocked to be invited to dinner by a rug merchant, but Anne assured her that it was all right. When they arrived at the restaurant for dinner, they discovered that our Consul General and his wife and several other prominent members of the Pei P'ing community were among the guests. Everything was quite as it should be.

After the men arrived, we went sightseeing as well as antique hunting. Of course, I had my official calls to make so that I could discuss the situation with our own people in Pei P'ing, as well as with Chinese of importance. After a few days, laden with loot, full of information and good food, we returned to the routine of life in Nanking.

It was about this time that I began weekly lunches with Shen Ch'ang-huan, who later became Chinese Foreign Minister after the Government moved to Taiwan. At that time, he was personal secretary to the Generalissimo. We would lunch alternately at my house or at his, and we would discuss current problems. He had the G'imo's ear, and I chose this channel to try out ideas informally on the G'imo. I have a strong suspicion that the G'imo, likewise, used that channel to try things out on me. Anyway, they were valuable and pleasant luncheons.

In Nanking, we became quite well acquainted with Chang Monlin, an elder statesman and a man of considerable influence, and his charming wife, Lucy. They suggested one day how nice it

would be to fly down to Hangchow in Chekiang Province, on beautiful West Lake, and there visit their good friend the mayor of Hangchow. Bill Kenny, as always, was agreeable. So one bright morning [on April 16, 1948], the Changs, the Clarks, the Kennys and the Canadian Ambassador, Tommy Davis, and his wife Grace, climbed aboard the little C-47 Navy plane and flew down to Hangchow.

It was a short uneventful flight, and we landed to be welcomed by the Mayor. He put us up in his guest house, showed us about beautiful Hangchow and its environs, so interestingly described by Marco Polo, and he fed us at a restaurant located on an island in the beautiful lake.

It was during this luncheon that we were introduced to live shrimp. The shrimp were purged by washing them several times in alcohol. Then they were served on a plate under a cover. You would lift the cover and grab a shrimp between your chopsticks before it jumped away. Then you dipped the shrimp into a stringent sauce, plopped it into your mouth and ate it while it was still alive. The dish, quite appropriately, was called "Jumping Shrimp". My inclination was to pass up that dish, but Anne dived in with gusto. I knew that I would never hear the end of it if I did not partake of those jumping shrimp, so I plunged in too. Once the ice was broken, they really were delicious. It was not unlike eating your first French snail: once you have overcome the natural aversion, the dish is delicious.

We were taken boating on the lake, we went to the market – always interesting in China – we visited temples, and we rode in Hangchow sedan chairs. Sedan chairs differed in each part of the country, and the ones in Hangchow were peculiar to that section. Much too soon, duties called us back to Nanking, and we had to return.

Elections were now under way for a new National Assembly, which was to elect a new President and Vice-President. There was much discontent, and the Generalissimo did not come out of the ensuing political battles unscathed. As I wrote at that time:

Whatever the ultimate result of the session of the National Assembly... it seems to me that two phenomena were clear: Firstly, the G'imo., by masterful political strategy...refused to be a candidate for the Presidency, with the result that he finds himself elected to that office with confirmed authority, albeit somewhat battered by the fray. He succeeded in establishing his indispensability at this stage, even though his policies have been repudiated, and demonstrating that he, and he alone, can hold together the present governmental structure, based, as it is, on support of more or less independent generals, with their more or less personal armies, who are restrained from declaring their complete regional autonomy by self-interest, of course, but also largely by their loyalty to the Generalissimo.

Secondly, the liberals, or reformers,... those who were rapidly becoming desperate in their desire to bring new life into a government that was slowly, but surely, committing suicide... were able to demonstrate and make effective their strength by rallying behind Li Tsung-jen, who has emerged, whether he is qualified or not, as the great reformer, and elected him Vice-President, despite

the most violent efforts of an efficient CC Clique machine, supported by an irate, arrogant, and not too adept Generalissimo.

The hope that Li Tsung-Jen could effectively lead a reform movement was short lived. He was up against professionals and beyond his depth. It was not long before he removed himself from the scene, and returned to north China to await developments.

On May 12 [1948], my former chief in Paris, Bill Bullitt [now ousted from the Foreign Service], arrived to stay with us. He was in China seeking material for a series of articles he hoped to publish in the United States. We had several talks together, and I let him use our little study as a place to receive those he wished to interview. At that time I wrote:

During the times that I have seen Bill Bullitt in Nanking, I have endeavored to the utmost to temper what he is going to write.... I have known him well for a number of years, and I believe he speaks frankly with me. He admits frankly that he can't find the solution to the problem overnight.

He arrived here saying that all China needed was more arms and ammunition, and that it was only Mr. Marshall who was responsible for the failure of the United States to supply what was needed. The Republicans, who were sure to come in the next elections, would remedy the situation immediately.... I believe I have succeeded, to some extent, in disabusing him on that score, and I haven't seen any evidence that he has continued that line. He may revive it, of course. It is so simple an explanation. He has now turned to the theme that there is a man's size job to be done in China, and we are trying to accomplish it with a third team. I thanked him for the compliment, and he immediately insisted that he didn't mean me, Livie Merchant, or Jack Cabot. I stood up for the Ambassador, but to no avail.... I have so far been unsuccessful in my effort to convince him that... whatis needed here is inspired leadership which... can rally around the Government that support which the Kuomintang has lost and seems unable to regain.

I am convinced, from my conversations with him, that he is not only interested in getting something done in China which will prevent the country from going communist, but that he also hopes that when the Republican victory, of which he is sure, has taken place, it will find him "available."...

As a matter of fact, before he left China, Bullitt did announce adherence to the Republican Party. Of course, Truman won the election of 1948, so Bullitt was left out in the cold.

By now Young Anne had finished her first year at St. Timothy's, and we wanted her in China with us for the summer vacation. Mrs. Merchant, an old schoolmate of Anne's, was bringing her two daughters and her son out to join Livie, and she very kindly agreed to bring Young Anne along. They were due to arrive in China toward the end of June, 1948. It just happened that I and Livie had business in Canton at about that time, so it was decided that we would meet them in Hong Kong and fly them up to Nanking. Arrangements were made to have their baggage

disembarked at Hong Kong, and we were on the dock waiting for them when their ship tied up. We showed them Hong Kong and then flew them north to Shanghai and Nanking.

Young Anne and the Merchant girls settled immediately into the summer life of Nanking. There was an excellent swimming pool at the Officers' Club maintained by MAG. They would go there right after breakfast, spend the entire day by the pool, lunching there, and then return home only in the late afternoon. One of the young officers of MAG had been an instructor with the Arthur Murray School of Dancing in the United States. He offered to teach the young girls, *gratis*. He was an excellent dance instructor, and before the summer was over, Young Anne was an accomplished ballroom dancer.

Oscar Badger, who had by now taken over command of the Asiatic Fleet, had been trying for some time to get us to visit him in Tsingtao, where he had his Fleet Headquarters. When he renewed the invitation to include Young Anne, we decided to accept. He sent up his converted four-motor C-54 plane to fly us into Tsingtao. It was really a plush job. Young Anne was much impressed to have such lavish accommodations placed entirely at our disposal. We had a pleasant few days in Tsingtao with the Badgers; I briefed Oscar and his staff on the situation, and was in turn briefed by them. Then, we returned to Nanking by the same plane.

Shortly thereafter, I decided that it was time for me to go once more to Pei P'ing. This time, we pressed the Air Attaché into service with his B-17 converted bomber. It was a large four-motored plane capable of accommodating about 15 people. It had been used as a command plane during the war. This time I thought it would be nice to take the Merchant and the Clark families along. So we all climbed aboard one morning, and took off for Pei P'ing. The children went down into the bomber's bay where they could see the ground through the plastic bubble. They were thrilled at the sight as we approached the ancient city of Pei P'ing.

In Pei P'ing, we had a wonderful time showing the young ladies the sites, including the Peking Union Medical College Hospital where Young Anne was born. It was also fun to take them all to one of the old Chinese restaurants outside Ch'ien Men.

Here Young Anne was once more able to see her old *Nai Nai*. She had forgotten her Chinese, and *Nai Nai* spoke no English, so the meeting was not a great success.

When I paid my call upon General Li Tsung-Jen, now once again withdrawn to Pei P'ing, he asked me again to dinner. I explained to him that I had the Merchant family and my own daughter with me, and he suggested that we make it a picnic at the Summer Palace instead. I was delighted to accept for us all.

A couple of days later, we drove out to the Summer Palace and were graciously received by the General and Madam Li. We had to climb on foot from the lakeshore to the pavilion where we were going to have our picnic. We were pleased to discover that we were not going to have just a picnic, but a real Chinese meal.

After lunch, the Lis showed us about the palace gardens, and then took us down to "Soochow Street." (During the times of the Empress Dowager, Tze Hsi, she'd had constructed a winding

canal in part of the Summer Palace grounds, and had houses built along its banks to resemble a street in the city of Soochow, near Shanghai, the city noted for its beautiful women and its fastidious living. She and her court used to amuse themselves, boating about and pretending that they really were in Soochow. The canal became known as "Soochow Street.") We found two barges waiting for us. We climbed aboard and were poled along the canal and out into the lake. Crossing the lake, we were poled to the ceremonial landing below the palace. There, we expressed our appreciation to the Lis, and returned in our cars to the city. It was a pleasant and memorable day.

When the time came for us to return to Nanking, the Air Attaché sent word that his plane was needed for other purposes, and that he would be unable to fly as back as planned. There were eight of us altogether. Commercial transportation was impractical. So, I radioed to Oscar Badger for help. He kindly sent up his plush little C47, and we all returned safely to Nanking.

Despite our friendship, I had my battles with Admiral Badger. I also had them with Roger Lapham, former Mayor of San Francisco, who had been appointed to direct the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA) mission to China. He arrived with the rank of ambassador, with a large staff, and many millions of dollars to spend. He was required to coordinate the ECA's activities with the Embassy. Disagreements were to be settled in Washington. He was an extrovert, out to make headlines and to assure that he would be named ambassador to China as soon as the Republicans came back into power. (Like Bullitt, he was certain that they would win the next elections.) In many things he teamed up with Oscar Badger and, though I always had Livie Merchant to support me, they frequently went behind my back and persuaded the Ambassador to their way of thinking. They were both new to China; they had unrealistic ideas to accomplish the impossible, and the Ambassador, wanting to try anything that would give the slightest possibility of helping his beloved Chinese, would go along with them. That left me in a most embarrassing position. Livie and I would argue with the Ambassador, be overruled, and we could only take satisfaction afterwards in saying "We told you so." This was glaringly true when Badger, supported by Lapham and the Ambassador, wanted to supply a quantity of small arms and ammunition to General Fu Tso-yi[Fu Zuoyi] who was defending Pei P'ing. I insisted, and Livie supported me, that Fu would not fight. Oscar was adamant that he would. The US Navy supplied Fu with large quantities of small arms and ammunition, and he turned over to the Communists without firing a shot. The last I heard of Fu, he was Minister of Water Resources in the far northwest under the communist government.

That was no way to run a railroad. We, in the embassy, were the diplomatic representatives charged with carrying out United States policy in China, but Lapham had the money. The Chinese no longer listened to us as they had formerly. They are past-masters at playing one ambassador off against another. They listened to Lapham, and we had our difficulties trying to keep him in line.

On my last trip to Pei P'ing, I had come across a complete set of the leather figurines with which the Chinese produced their shadow pictures, the kind we used to have shown in our house in Pei P'ing. The figurines were made of donkey skin, punctured with thousands of tiny holes, and

painted in brilliant colors. They were made in Shantung Province, then already occupied by the Communists, and they were becoming quite rare. I thought it would be a nice gesture if we purchased this set of figurines and presented it to the Nationalist Government Museum in Nanking. I had in my safe-keeping an emergency fund of \$10,000 that had already been accounted for. I could expend it anyway I thought fit. What better use to make of some of this money than to preserve those figurines by presenting them to the Museum. So that I did.

Monetary inflation was rampant in China at this time. Revenue was not coming into the government, and its expenditures were mounting. The printing presses were busy producing new paper money, and the Chinese dollar was worth much less each day.

It was at about this time that he decided to sell our little Ford convertible. Anne was about to take Young Anne back to the United States for her second year at St. Timothy's, and I had no need for the car. Furthermore, there was then a good market for used American automobiles. Working through a White Russian, I got \$2000 net for it. I had paid less than that for it when it was new. The money was to be paid to me in United States dollars, but, prior to actual payment, the Nationalist Government introduced a new currency – one new dollar would be worth one billion old ones! The United States was trying to support this new currency, so when I was asked whether I would accept payment in the new Chinese dollars, I had to agree. Fortunately, I was able to dispose of them before the new currency, in its turn, began to lose value.

In August, Johnnie Jones, an old friend from my days in the Department of State, arrived to serve as my Political Counselor. He'd had no previous service in China, but he took hold immediately, and he did a brilliant job.

Toward the end of August [1948], the Consulate in Tihwa, in the extreme northwestern part of China bordering on the Soviet Union, needed supplies. I felt that I should visit that region, and talk with the Consul and the local officials there. The trip was arranged by the Air Attaché to be taken in his B-17. A four-motored plane was needed to cover the vast distances, and we would have to be assured of refueling facilities *en route*.

We would fly via Kunming in Yunnan Province, and thence to Lanchowfu [Lanzhou] in Kansu [Gansu] Province. In Lanchowfu we could rely upon Chinese military stocks to refuel for the long flight to Tihwa and return. On the flight to Kunming, I arranged to take along a Chinese friend, Y.T. Miao, and his wife. Y.T. was from Yunnan Province where he owned extensive tin mines.

In Kunming, I called immediately upon the Governor, Lung Yun, a Miao tribesman from the mountains of southwestern Yunnan. Apparently, he spoke nothing but the Miao dialect that was completely beyond me, so I had to rely upon an interpreter from the Consulate. The Governor was polite and invited me to dinner the following night, but he would give me no information of value about his province.

We dined sumptuously that night with Y.T. Miao, and next day, saw something of the city and drove out a short distance on the famous Burma Road.

In the evening, we went to dine with the Governor. With typical Chinese hospitality, the Governor took me to the end of the room and seated me beside him on a couch facing the entrance. (The guest must never have his back to the door for fear of being shot from behind, which had happened!) To my surprise, the Governor immediately began the conversation in excellent Mandarin. Without hesitation, he answered all of my questions with apparent sincerity. In fact, our talk must have been of interest to him as well, for immediately after dinner, he would not let me depart, as was customary in China, but insisted that we resume our seats and our conversation. Before I left that evening, I had all of the information I needed about Yunnan Province and the prospective action of the Governor, who, to all intents and purposes, was independent of the Nanking Government, to which he paid lip service only.

Next morning, we took off for Lanchowfu, where we arrived in the late afternoon. We had flown over territory unlike any I had seen elsewhere in China. Aside from the majestic mountains of the Szechuan, we flew over high plateau country with growing wheat in large fields reminiscent of our Western plains.

At Lanchowfu, we put up in the only hotel. I was the only one to have a room to myself, and even I did not have a private toilet or bath. Fortunately, I had brought along some DDT powder, and I dusted my bed liberally with it that night. I say fortunately, because every other member of the party was badly bitten by bedbugs.

When our pilots contacted the Chinese military headquarters in Lanchowfu to make sure that we could refuel, he encountered a firm refusal to let us have a drop of gasoline for the trip to Tihwa. He was told that those were the orders of the commanding general. Otherwise, they were cordial, but they were adamant that we could not have gasoline for which the Air Attaché insisted he had arranged before leaving Nanking.

However, the Chinese gladly loaned us a jeep with driver to go about 30 miles out into the country to see the commanding general, to try to persuade him to change his mind. The jeep was driven so fast over rough roads I suggested that if he would put on just a little bit more speed we would be airborne. It was frightening. Finally, we arrived in a beautiful valley through which flowed a stream of clear water, with trees on its banks. Something unusual in China.

The general received us cordially, fed us delicious Chinese food, but he would not give an inch on his refusal to let us have gasoline. He said that he was acting under orders from Nanking. We would have to return to Lanchowfu and try to telephone to Nanking to have his instructions changed.

Before returning to the city, we visited the temple in the valley, Ch'in Lin Shan, where the remains of Genghis Khan, the great Mongolian, are alleged to be buried. It was a quiet and beautiful little valley in a turbulent China.

Back in Lanchowfu after another terrifying jeep ride, we tried, and we tried, and eventually we succeeded in reaching the Embassy in Nanking over the Chinese military radio network. That

Embassy promised to look into the matter and let us know. There was nothing for us to do but wait.

We strolled about town, located on the banks of the Yellow River, more than 1000 miles above its mouth. Here the river flows between high clay banks acquiring much of the mud that gave it its name.

In Pei P'ing one time, we had purchased in an antique shop a small receptacle to be used as an ashtray. It was covered with a heavy patina, giving every evidence of being old, and on the bottom were engraved Chinese characters saying "Made in the Ming Dynasty," over a thousand years ago. On one of our walks about Lanchowfu, I found a little brass shop where these little receptacles were being manufactured by the hundreds. Of course, they were aged before they reached the tourist market in the port cities, but they had never known the Ming Dynasty.

After three days of waiting with no word from Nanking, we decided that we had better return there ourselves and try to straighten things out. The general would give us enough gasoline to fly to Nanking.

Immediately upon our return, I demanded to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I protested to him the action of the military in Lanchowfu in refusing to permit me to continue my flight on business of my government. The Minister was apologetic, and he promised to look into the matter. Later, he reported that it would be impossible to permit the Air Attaché's plane to fly to Tihwa, but that the Chinese Government would charter one of Pan American Airways planes to take me there. That would cost the Chinese \$25,000. Not wanting to encourage such an expenditure by a government to which we were giving so much financial support, I refused the offer and let the matter drop. I learned later that several high-ranking Chinese officials were considerably disappointed at my refusal as they had planned to accompany me to Tihwa.

Finally, the summer came to an end and Young Anne must return to the United States. She did not want to go at all. She wanted to stay in China and attend the American School in Shanghai with friends she had made during the summer. Anne and I thought that unwise, and we were proven to be right.

Believing that I should once more fly to North China, I took off on September 28 for Pei P'ing, taking Jack Cabot along with me. What we heard and saw only tended to confirm that the Nationalist Government was incapable of holding that region against serious Communist attack. It would only be a question of time before I would have to recommend the evacuation of Americans, including our official families.

Shortly after my return to Nanking, there was a decisive battle between the Communists and the Nationalist armies at Chinchow, south of Mukden. The Nationalists did not put up a fight and were defeated disastrously, surrendering in masses, along with the most modern weapons and ammunition we had supplied to them.

The defeat was so decisive, I called a special meeting with our service attaches and the senior officers of MAG, which had now become the Joint United States Military Advisory Group

(JUSMAG). The opinion was unanimous that, after this defeat, the Communists could set their own timetable for the conquest of the remainder of the country. I so informed the Department of State, and I recommended that I be authorized to evacuate the families of official personnel at government expense, and to recommend evacuation from China of all Americans not having compelling reasons to remain. (My two Anne's had hardly been gone a month). JUSMAC would also evacuate its families and begin to phase out the operation. We received immediate authorization to do as I recommended.

As the Communist armies moved southward, we arranged to have United States Naval landing craft come to Nanking to evacuate Americans and their belongings. The railways were not safe, and there was no foreign commercial shipping on the Yangtze River. We had devised our plans of evacuation well in advance, and things moved smoothly. I also made those facilities available to my colleagues [of other nations] in the diplomatic corps. Many took advantage of the offer. Americans who had stayed behind in Tsinanfu – my old bailiwick – had soon discovered that the Communists had no intention of permitting them to continue their activities. So in Nanking there was only mild reluctance to depart. In the embassy, we all took advantage of the opportunity to ship our household and personal effects back to the United States.

With the families gone, I suggested to Livie Merchant and Johnnie Jones that they move in with me. This they did on December 4, 1948. There we were, three men, with three staffs of domestic servants. The servants' quarters were like an ant hill. We three were certainly waited upon with all of the creature comforts they could supply.

(In October, Li asked permission to return to Pei P'ing to see his family, and I agreed. While there, he became so angered with his youngest son, Hsiao Pao (Precious Package), Li had a heart attack, and died. There had been a question as to who would succeed him as my "Number One Boy". By Chinese custom, his eldest son, Jung Hua, should do so. Jung Hua had been with us in Hankow, and we did not like him. I was not going to hire him again. Finally, after much discussion with Chao and the others, I settled the matter by insisting that Chao, Li's son-in-law should remain in command, or they could all go. Chao stayed.)

With the impending occupation of Nanking by the Communists, JUSMAG immediately began evacuation of its equipment and personnel. Not knowing what situation might develop during the Communist takeover, I persuaded General Barr to leave behind one of his mobile well-drilling rigs. It consisted of a truck, geared to use the truck engine to supply power for a drill mounted on the rear of the truck. With it, we were able to drill an artesian well in each of our compounds before the arrival of the Communists. In the event, they were not needed, but I thought the precaution well worthwhile.

We also arranged to take over much of the furnishings of JUSMAG Officers' Club, including about 20 slot machines and enough small United States coins for their operation. We decided that we would continue to operate the club as the "American Embassy Club," to which we would invite members of the diplomatic corps as honorary members. We did not think that we could afford to keep the Austrian orchestra, but otherwise we hoped to be able to maintain the activities of the club.

Members of the diplomatic corps were delighted at the invitation to join the club, and experience quickly showed that our estimates of revenue were all wrong. The first few weeks we took in US \$2,000 from the slot machines alone! Hurriedly, we recalled the orchestra from Shanghai, where it had gone, and life at the club went on quite gaily until the Communist takeover.

I was having my troubles with the Ambassador. There was much talk of a coalition government, or of a move to Formosa (Taiwan), and there was talk that leaders from southwestern China might cut away from the Nationalist Government, and go it alone against the Communists. Here is what I had to say at that time:

The Ambassador is convinced at the moment that a coalition government is the best thing for the Chinese people. Even though he realizes that he cannot support such a government in his official capacity, I am afraid that he slips from time to time when I am not on hand to remind him that he is the American Ambassador. He is among those who feel most strongly that history will not repeat itself in China; that the Chinese people are different, and that some way will be found for the liberal elements eventually to assume ascendancy in the Government. The worst that he envisages – and he may have something there – is that, even under Communism, China might not blindly follow the dictates of Moscow, and that Chinese patriotism might be used to our advantage.

And a little later:

Within the past two weeks the Government's Military and economic positions have deteriorated to such an extent that we seriously question its ability to survive for long. There is just no will to fight in Nationalist Government armies, and in high official circles, there is only befuddlement.... There is little or no confidence in official Chinese circles at the G'imo has mustered, or can muster, the resources needed to rescue his regime.

Bill Bullitt paid another visit to China at this time. He came "breathing fire" as the representative of the "Watch Dog Committee" of the Republican-dominated House of Representatives, a committee set up to find fault with the China Policy of the Democratic Truman Administration. Shortly prior to his arrival in Nanking, I received a call from a captain in our Navy. He showed me his credentials indicating that he was a special oral courier of President Truman. He said that the President was worried about what Bill Bullitt might write on the situation in China, and that he counted upon me to see to it that Bullitt wrote nothing harmful to the Administration. He said that if I ever disclosed the fact of his mission to me from the President, it would be emphatically denied by the White House.

My immediate response was, "My God, how does the President think that I can control for one minute what Bill Bullitt is going to write?" "Nevertheless, the President counts upon you to do so," was the reply.

Well, Bill Bullitt, as usual, stayed with me in Nanking. Here is what I reported at that time about his visit:

Bullitt impressed me this time as much less sure of himself than when he was here last time, and much more open to suggestions. He came, however, with the obvious conviction that war between the United States and the Soviet Union was inevitable prior to 1955, and that belief colored all his thinking. He seemed early aware that the China situation had probably already gone so sour as to be beyond redemption at this stage and concentrated, therefore, on what could be done to give us a beachhead in China for that period after the war with Russia. Frequently, he mentioned our North Africa adventure during the early stages of the last war and obviously was thinking of something similar or comparable here. He has settled, I believe, on trying to arrange matters so that a Chinese government favorable to us will remain embattled in the triangle formed by Taiwan, Foochow and Amoy. He has even gone so far as to persuade Admiral Kwei – or Kwei says he has done so – to consider moving the Chinese Navy from its base at Tsingtao to that area, with the principal bases on southern Taiwan and satellite bases at Amoy and possibly Foochow....[This they eventually did].

Bullitt was impressed, as the Ambassador has been, with the serenity of the G'imo. The G'imo has apparently complete faith in his star in the premise that the policies he stands for are morally right and, therefore, will win out in the end. It is possibly for this reason that even on those rare occasions when one of his subordinates gives him bad news, the G'imo refuses to believe it or to recognize the implications. In any event, there is no evidence of any tendency on his part to change his policies or procedures which have hitherto proven so disastrous and there is no evidence that he can be persuaded to remove the incompetents and bring into his Government... someone to bring about re-inspiration of the Chinese people to resist communism. A Jean d'Arc is needed, and none is available.

Although Bullitt still voices recriminations over alleged omissions on our part, he doesn't seem to voice them with the strength or conviction formerly used. He gave me the impression of being an unhappy man, thoroughly disillusioned on China and looking around desperately for some way to save something from the rubble.

Bullitt returned to the United States a sadder but wiser man and, though of course I got no credit, his report to the "Watch Dog Committee" was innocuous. Later, he returned to Taiwan, bought a place in the South and settled in to continue his efforts for a "Lost Cause". One time he told me that when he once undertook to support a "Cause", he was like an English bulldog: having gotten his teeth into it, he just couldn't let go.

Shortly after Bullitt's departure, the Generalissimo moved to his native province of Chekiang and vacated temporarily the office of President of China, thus leaving the direction of affairs to the Vice President, Li Tsung-jen.

Li was supposed to work out some kind of peace with the Communists. He was, of course, doomed in advance to failure. The Communists were not now willing to accept any arrangement that did not include a factual unconditional surrender. I think the G'imo was well aware of this,

but the hue and cry for negotiations with the Communists had become so strong, political tactics dictated steps toward that end.

By the end of November, 1948, we had arranged for the stationing in Nanking of a United States Navy destroyer escort, for the detail of a platoon of Marines as an embassy guard, and I was writing:

... We are being damned by all sides – by the Communists for helping the Government; by those who think the war is lost and is being prolonged by our aid to the Government; and by the Government for not giving more aid. I suppose that rarely in history has a people done so much for another people and gotten only enmity in return. As I have said before, it is the end of an era. The work of a hundred years of Western Christian civilization is crumbling about us, and Communist ideology is going to replace it.

There was now a battle going on around Hsueh [Xuzhou], just north of Nanking, planes supplying the Nationalist armies were flying over our compound all day long and all night. Their noise was even worse than that of the dogs to which we had become accustomed.

Christmas came. I had arranged with the Minister of Communications to talk with Anne and Young Anne over the telephone on Christmas morning. Sure enough, just before lunchtime in Washington, my call was put through and I had a short chat with them. It was sad that we could not have been together. Christmas morning I had a buffet breakfast for the staff of the Embassy, now greatly reduced by the absence of the families, and we all gathered during the evening at the Ambassador's to sing Christmas carols. It was a feeble effort to be gay, and was not too successful.

That Christmas, one of my Chinese friends, Ch'en Li-fu, leader of the so-called "CC Clique", and one of Chiang Kai-shek's closest advisers, gave me a beautiful painting of fish done by his wife. It was Ch'en who warned me one day: "Don't ever believe that Mao Tse-tung (the Chinese Communist leader) aspires to be a second "Stalin." His ambition is to be the second "Lenin". When Stalin dies, Mao will be the "Elder Statesman" of the world Communist Party, and you can expect him to conduct himself as such." (How true that prophecy proved to be!!)

On New Year's Eve, the Ambassador had a buffet supper for a number of Chinese officials. Livie Merchant and I had to attend. It was a pleasant enough occasion under the circumstances, but Livie and I had arranged to have some caviar and two bottles of champagne in ice set before the fireplace at my house, so that we could return there after the Ambassador's party and try to arouse conviviality to welcome in the New Year.

Our champagne and caviar was awaiting us up on our return, and we sat down before the fire and began our festivities. At a quarter before midnight, we had finished the caviar and one bottle of champagne. The question arose, should we open that second bottle? All we had done was to talk of our families, of the Service, and of the war. There was no sign of conviviality. Our idea had flopped. With mutual agreement we went straight to bed, and we waited until the next morning to wish each other a Happy New Year.

By early January, 1949, the Diplomatic Corps in Nanking was trying to decide whether the ambassadors would move south with the Nationalist Government when it moved, as seemed inevitable, or whether they would send officers of their staffs to maintain contact with the Government. There were frequent meetings of the ambassadors to discuss this question. The other ambassadors came unaccompanied, but I insisted to Leighton Stuart that I go along with him, and he agreed. I maintained that as long as there was a Nationalist Government the ambassadors should go with it, no matter where it went. This position was violently opposed by the Pakistani and the Indian Ambassadors, and eventually it was decided that the ambassadors would remain in Nanking for the communist takeover.

Here is what I had to say on that subject at that time – the end of January, 1949:

... The situation in China is "confusion worse confounded"... I can't get it out of my mind that the Generalissimo is merely giving Li Tsung-jen rope to hang himself, feeling confident that the Communists will demand terms which will be unacceptable, with the result that the G'imo can come back, resume command and fight to the bitter end. Li Tsung-jen doesn't control any troops, and the communists most certainly are going to demand the disbandment of armies other than their own. Also, Li is already having difficulty finding someone to lead the delegation which is supposed to proceed to a yet undetermined place in communist territory to negotiate a cease-fire.... In the meantime the Communists are 25 miles north of Nanking and on the march.

On the question of who should follow the government south when it moved, I had the following to say:

I sought unsuccessfully to persuade the Ambassador to agree to a recommendation that both he and I go to Canton should the Government move.... It seemed to me that those remaining in Nanking under such circumstances might find themselves in a very embarrassing situation. The Communists have shown some indication of refusing to recognize the official status of our personnel pending recognition of them, and they could make it quite embarrassing to an ambassador sitting in Nanking by refusing to deal with him, and they might compel his withdrawal. It seems to me that from Canton, or elsewhere, we could support continued resistance to the Communists, and possibly be in a better bargaining position should the day come when we decided to recognize the communist government which in all likelihood will establish its capital, not in Nanking, but possibly in Pei P'ing. [This, of course, they did, changing the name of the capital back to Peking].

Chapter 9: DCM, Canton and the Fall of Nationalist China [1949]

As the communist attack upon Nanking became imminent the Nationalist Government announced that, though it could defend Nanking indefinitely, it was moving to Canton. It requested that the diplomatic corps follow it there. It promised that it would be in full operation at Canton by February 4, 1949.

The Department of State had agreed with Leighton Stuart's recommendation that he, the Ambassador, should remain in Nanking along with the other ambassadors, and it directed me to take a section of the Embassy to Canton. I was told to select the members of the staff desired to accompany me. Although I was not limited as to the number I would take, by careful selection I felt that I could get along with a small staff of about 20. As a matter of fact, I was told later in the Department that the reporting of my small staff in Canton had been far superior to that of the enormous staff – over 400 – in Nanking.

We were to fly to Canton in two planes placed at our disposal by Admiral Badger. One plane would carry the baggage, the other the personnel. Bright and early on January 29, 1949, we gathered at the airport to await the planes which were to fly in from Tsingtao. They arrived late. There was much confusion, and when we finally took off, it was not for a direct flight to Canton, as had been envisaged. The crew of the planes had to stop in Shanghai for lunch! Without a word of explanation the crews climbed into a couple of jeeps and drove off, leaving us to our own devices, not that knowing where the crews had gone, nor why, nor for how long. All we could do was sit in the shade of the wings of the planes and wait. After more than an hour, the crews returned, still ignoring us except to say "all aboard", and we took off for Canton.

As we approached Canton, the pilot of our plane came aft and said to me that he was sorry he would not be able to land at Canton, as he was unable to make contact with the airfields there. We would have to spend the night in Hong Kong and fly up to Canton the following morning. I found out later that he had contacted the airfield at Canton, where a Chinese official delegation and our Consul General were waiting to welcome us, but the crew wanted Hong Kong and their steaks. If they had stopped at Canton, it would have been too late for them to continue on to Hong Kong that day, as you could not land at Hong Kong after dark. Their delay in getting started and the time they had wasted in Shanghai had put us far behind schedule.

There was nothing I could do at the time but request that the Consul General in Hong Kong be notified of our unexpected arrival so that he might try to find accommodations for me and my staff. Landing at Kai Teck Airport in Hong Kong was always a ticklish business in those days. This day it was really frightening. Visibility was zero. The pilot slowed down and you could sense that he was cautiously feeling his way. Suddenly, he banked sharply to the left, missed a

mountainside by feet, came into the clear and descended at a sharp angle to the flight strip. Even the pilot got down and kissed the ground after we landed, he was so glad to have made it.

We were met by officers from the Consulate General, who, with great difficulty, had arranged accommodations for us, some of my staff being bedded down with members of the staff of the Consulate General.

Next morning, our crew finally consented to fly us to Canton, where we arrived in about 30 minutes, were welcomed and escorted to the *Oi Kwan* (Love the Masses) Hotel on the busy bund of the Pearl River, where we were all to stay under arrangements made for us by the Nationalist Government. Each member of my staff had a single room and bath. I was to occupy a small suite on the tenth floor.

What was our horror to discover that our baggage had not been on the other plane, but had been off-loaded at Shanghai! We didn't even have a toothbrush, and we had no clean clothes for four days until our baggage was finally delivered to us. I wrote Oscar Badger about the treatment we had received from his people, but the reply I got brushed aside the matter as one of no importance.

It was the Chinese New Year when we arrived in Canton, and the noise of the firecrackers being set off in celebration by the crews of the sea-going junks lining the bund just below my windows, was such that even on the tenth floor sleep was impossible. The noise from firecrackers was to continue as long as I remained in the *Oi Kwan* Hotel, but, eventually, I was able to sleep through it as I had with the barking dogs of Nanking. No Chinese ship master, Chinese New Year or not, would think of beginning his voyage without first shooting off innumerable firecrackers to scare away the evil spirits. Sea-going junks were constantly casting off below my windows and the din was almost continuous.

Also, it was cold. The hotel, though modern, had no heat. The Japanese had taken away all of the radiators when they had been driven out. It was a damp penetrating cold, even more severe than that I had experienced in London during that unforgettable winter of 1947. I would climb into bed wearing my clothes and my overcoat, and with my socks still on, but still I couldn't get warm. Furthermore, here, as during my last days in Nanking, there were frequent power failures and we had no hot water. The only way to get hot water was to bribe the floor *amah* to bring a bucketfull. Even then, the water was so filthy, there was a question whether you would be cleaner before or after your bath.

The Consul General, Ray Ludden, who had been with me in Nanking, offered me hospitality at his residence on Shameen, but I felt that I should stick it out at the *Oi Kwan* with my staff. If they could take it, then so should I.

The frequent electric power failures were important to me. Being on the tenth floor, an electric power failure meant that I had to climb up ten flights of stairs to reach my room. The elevator stopped running anyway at midnight, so I had to be careful to be home before then, or be prepared to climb ten flights of stairs.

One day, I invited my friend Chang Mon-lin to have lunch with me at the *Oi Kwan*. I returned from my office to find the elevator not running. I laboriously climbed the ten flights of stairs to my suite. Once there, it occurred to me that I certainly did not expect my elderly friend to climb ten flights of stairs to lunch with me, so back down I went to the ground floor. There, I received word that Chang Mon-lin had arrived at my suite and was waiting for me. His rooms, it developed, were on the twelfth floor, and all he had to do was to descend two flights of stairs. Poor me, I had to turn around and once more struggle up those ten flights of stairs. Then we mounted to the eleventh floor to the restaurant, and we had lunch.

The Foreign Buildings Office (FBO) had taken over two buildings on Shameen, formerly occupied by Japanese banks. Temporarily, I installed my chancery in one of these. There was no heat, but there were fireplaces. Before long I purchased logs, and we had a fire going in each room. The rooms were large however, and the only warm spot was right in front of the fireplace. Even then, the side of you away from the fire would be cold.

I had brought my Number One Boy Chao Jung Kwei and "Small Cook" with me from Nanking, so I immediately set up an Embassy mess in the building for me and my staff. Nothing was comfortable, working conditions were most undesirable, but we had to make the best of it. Also, we all knew that we would not be there forever.

Now that I was in Canton, the question immediately arose of whether Anne should return to China. Families had not been evacuated from Canton. Should she rejoin me? We didn't expect to be in Canton very long. Living conditions were terrible. Was it worth her while?

We agreed first one way, and then the other. Then, routine home leave orders arrived for me. Of course, I couldn't take advantage of them immediately. But how soon could I do so? That would depend upon developments in China. They were most uncertain. So were we, and in the end, Anne never did get to Canton.

Officers of the FBO turned up one day to arrange for remodeling our chancery into residential apartments. Fortunately, I was able to rent the unoccupied offices of the National City Bank of New York, also located on Shameen. Here, we were much better housed. We had ample office space. There was a large room in the rear, formerly used by the bank's comprador to receive and entertain his guests, and there was a small kitchen. Here, again, I established our embassy mess, with Chao in charge. He saw to it that we had good food, the surroundings were more pleasant, and I invited to staff to have cocktails with me before each meal. We all knew that we would not be in Canton indefinitely, and, despite the hardships, morale was high.

I had called immediately to make contact with the Foreign Office, with the ranking Chinese officials, and with my old friend the Mayor. For this last visit, I was escorted by the Consul General, as was proper, and I took Livie Merchant along.

Life was not busy in Canton. I called daily at the Foreign Office just down the street on Shameen. I saw General Li Tsing-jen, now Acting President, from time to time. Likewise, I kept in contact with T.V. Soong, brother of Madame Chiang, and with others who could help me keep abreast of developments, including my old friend from Mukden, General Ch'en Ch'en, now

fully recovered from his illness, influential, but without military command. It was my responsibility to know of their plans and expectations, and to report thereon to Washington. We had long since given up hope of reviving the [Nationalist] government sufficiently to offer effective resistance to the Communists. Yet we were watching closely for any spark of life that might turn the tide.

Not being too busy in Canton, I made a practice of going from time to time to Hong Kong for a change of scene. At first I traveled by river steamer, but that became hazardous when the river pirates began to blow up vessels whose owners refused to pay tribute. Fortunately, by that time I had an airplane at my disposal, and could fly out with no worry other than that involved in landing at Kai Teck Airport in Hong Kong.

It was not long [in February, 1949] before I had a visit from Roger Lapham, head of the ECA. He was down to inquire into the future of his mission. He was very unhappy. His empire was crumbling about him, and he had no recourse but to fold his tents and go home. There was no longer any possibility that he could be the next ambassador to China. China was slowly falling under Communist rule. The north was already gone. Nanking had fallen. Shanghai was about to do likewise, and Communist armies were inexorably moving South. When they occupied the central provinces, they would turn their interest westward, and nothing was going to stop them. Yunnan and Szechuan would succumb in due course, as would the vast regions of the northwest.

During this time I was, of course, hearing from Anne and Young Anne in the United States. Young Anne seemed to be doing well at St. Timothy's, and Anne had entered into her circle of the civic work in Washington.

Each spring, in the fertile plain of Szechuan Province, a remarkably extensive irrigation system constructed 2000 years ago during the Han Dynasty was put into operation, accompanied by the ceremonious removal of a cough or dam on the Min River at Kwanhsien, a small village not far from the provincial capital of Chentu. It was renowned as a most colorful ceremony. I had known of the annual ceremony four years. Here was an opportunity to witness it.

When the Governor of Szechuan was informed of my desire, he immediately extended a cordial invitation to me to attend. Our Air Attaché offered a plane to transport me, and he agreed to pilot it himself. Following the custom we had established in Nanking, I arranged for some members of my staff to accompany us.

We took off early one April morning for Yunnanfu, our first stop. It was overcast, but the pilot knew the way. He had flown in the area during World War II. He assured us that over the large lake at Kunming there was clear weather at all times, and that we would have no difficulty in landing. Sure enough, as we reached the lake, we came out of the clouds to clear weather and descended without difficulty to the landing field.

Here, once more the Consul had to play host. But my friend Y.T. Miao was there also, and he relieved the situation somewhat by housing some of the party. Also, he gave us a sumptuous feast and tried to get us to join his "Short Life Society." He was so depressed by the situation in China and by the inevitability of Communist control, with all that would mean to him with his

millions, that he pretended to want to die as soon as possible. We didn't join his society. Y.T. later fled Yunnan with much of his wealth, and settled comfortably on Taiwan with the Nationalist Government.

I paid my respects on the governor the next day. Y.T. took us to lunch at a hot sulfur spring near town, where we bathed in the waters and were fed much Chinese food. The following morning we took off for Chentu [Chengdu], where we were met by the son of the governor of the province. He saw us installed in the Chinese equivalent of the YMCA, and he invited us to dinner with the governor that night. Next morning, we drove in automobiles to Kwanhsien where the ceremonies were to take place.

We were to watch them from a Buddhist temple nearby along with many Chinese, also invited by the Governor to be his guests. Being the only foreigners, we were very conspicuous. We watched the breaking of the coffer dam to permit the water to flow into the irrigation system. We had a nice luncheon, and then we returned to Chentu.

Back in town, the governor's son entertained us all at a dinner in the Governor's residence, and the following morning we flew to Chungking [Chongqing]. The ride from the airport into Chungking was treacherous. As I wrote to Anne at the time, that ride into town was the most dangerous part of the entire trip.

It was interesting to see the change in Chungking since my previous visit in 1930. Gone were the narrow streets, now replaced by broad thoroughfares, lined with modern stone structures. Automobiles had replaced the sedan chairs. Chungking was a modern city except that the steps leading down to the river were still sopping wet with water spilled by coolies carrying it in buckets with their *t'iao tzes* for delivery to houses still not connected to the city water supply.

After a short stay in Chungking, where I was the guest of the Consul, Bob Strong, we returned directly to Canton.

There did not seem to be much to do in Canton. Most of the Cabinet had gone north to participate in the peace negotiations. So, I was glad to accept an offer of Colonel Dunning, the Air Attaché, to fly with him back to Nanking for a final talk with the Ambassador and others before the Communist takeover, expected at almost any time. Also, I wanted to get a supply of chloroquine to protect my staff in Canton from malaria. Dunning would, of course, fly me back to Canton.

We arrived in Nanking on April 11. I stayed there only two nights and one day. The doom of Nanking hung heavily over everyone's head. Then I flew to Shanghai for a last visit with Jack Cabot, before returning to Canton.

Nanking fell to the Communists about ten days later. By that time, the Cabinet had returned to Canton, and I had work to do there. Also, now I had my own air transportation. Washington had directed that the B-17 be flown to Canton and placed at my disposal.

With the falls of Nanking and Shanghai, my staff was considerably augmented. Our Public Affairs Officer, Brad Connors, came down with a secretary, several Chinese-speaking Assistant Military Attaché's were sent to me, as were two economic specialists. The end was drawing nigh and we had to know what was going on.

The communist armies were drawing nearer and nearer to Canton, and I would have to leave. Chiang Kai-shek chose this moment to fly over from Taiwan to look into the situation. He had not resigned from the Presidency; he had merely "stepped aside" for a while to let Li Tsung-jen occupy that office on a temporary basis. He could openly resume authority any time he thought necessary.

When I called upon Chiang, I found him as firmly convinced as ever in the inevitability of a communist defeat and eventual Nationalist victory. Chiang did not stay long, and I was never able to find out exactly what took place between him and Li Tsung-jen. Their discussions must not have been harmonious, however, as, shortly thereafter, Li returned in a huff to his native Province of Kwanghsi [Guangxi].

I arranged to visit him there at Kweilin, a beautiful little town located on the banks of a swiftly-flowing stream of clear water. It was a welcome sight to me, accustomed as I was, to the muddy streams of north China. If I hadn't had so much to talk about with Li Tsung-jen, I would have gone swimming in that nice clear water. The surrounding countryside was fascinating. From a flat plain, conical hills rise abruptly, like an ice cream cone turned upside down. I had always thought that those hills portrayed in Chinese paintings were a figment of the artist's imagination. They were not; here were the original hills before my eyes. And, as in the paintings, the hillsides were dotted with small picturesque teahouses lining narrow pathways.

Li and I talked for more than six hours. We took time out for lunch, of course. At that luncheon, incidentally, I learned for the first time of the rivalry between Kwangtung and Kwangshi as to which province produced the most delectable suckling pig. The one we had that day in Kweilin was certainly delicious.

I came away from Li convinced more than ever that my days in Canton were numbered. The Nationalist Government was disintegrating, cabinets were constantly being changed, Chiang Kai-shek was sitting on Taiwan awaiting the time when he would once again openly assume control. His influence had been controlling all of the time, even though Li had been Acting President. Here is what I wrote of the situation on May 20, 1949:

In cleaning out my files in preparation for the possibility of a hasty departure from Canton to "somewhere", I ran across the following in my letter to you about October 12, 1948, and, it seems too good a forecast to miss bragging about: "I am not sufficiently foolhardy to endeavor to forecast at this stage exactly what will happen, but it certainly looks as though North China is lost.... My instinct tells me that things just don't happen in China as quickly as they do elsewhere, and possibly I am given to wishful thinking, and, as a result, I still find it difficult to believe that there is a possibility I will not still be peacefully settled in Nanking next summer, yet deep down in my heart I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see

myself at that time either in a coastal port of Southeast China or back in the Valley of Szechuan."

And here it is Summer and I am in Canton wondering whether I'll wind up in Szechuan.

In my telegrams, I have done my level best to leave any personal considerations out of the picture. In fact, after the spirited talk I had with Han Li-fu at luncheon today, I almost found myself prepared to recommend that I go to Chungking and on to Sikiang or elsewhere with him, if necessary, fighting the battle of resistance. In spite, however of the determination of such liberals as Han Li-fu, I am afraid they are too few and far between really to influence the situation materially.

As I have reported in my telegrams, the distrust between the various elements is so deep-seated as to be, I am convinced, insurmountable. Li Tsung-jen just doesn't trust the other side sufficiently to close his last door to possible peace with the communists, and the other side just will not wholeheartedly support him with their treasure until he takes such an irrevocable step. Li Tsung-jen is I believe, more of a patriot than the others, yet he is also Chinese and can't lose complete sight of his selfish interests. On the other side, I am afraid self-interest is the dominant motivation, and in the background lurks the G'imo, pulling the strings and determined, in the last analysis, not to weaken the defenses he had built up on Taiwan. His followers can give lip service to pooling of resources in common resistance, but if it came to a showdown, I just don't believe the G'imo would let them produce.

In the very near future (I have previously guessed mid-June, and it won't be much later) we are going to be confronted with a request that we follow the Government to the West. Szechuan is spoken of, and when I suggest Chungking, the reply is "probably". I still find it difficult to believe that the G'imo will emerge at that time. I think he will bide his time in the hope that the communists will continue to direct their activities toward the Government and leave him in Taiwan alone.

If the G'imo does not emerge at that time, we will have a façade of Government in Chungking which I suppose we could continue to recognize, if such recognition were deemed of sufficient value in the international field to warrant us in running the risk of becoming ridiculous through continued recognition of a Government which exercised no real authority in any part of the country and depended for its seat upon the hospitality of provincial authorities of no real loyalty....

Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador, has, (subject to confirmation from London) directed his Counselor in Canton to proceed to Hong Kong and await further instructions in the event the Government moves from Canton and requests him to accompany it. That may be the best policy for us as well. Badger is talking of making available to me in Hong Kong an LSM to which I could

evacuate staff from Canton and await a reasonable length of time for the atmosphere to clear. The decision, of course, will have to await the event.

On May 20 I moved into the Consul General's house on Shameen. He was being transferred, and I thought that the time had arrived for me to have respectable housing. That poor island, as I wrote at the time, gave the impression "of down at the heels respectability". You could see that it had known grandeur at one time, but now it was dirty, threadbare and overrun by people who looked completely out of place.

Finally, the Ambassador was able to persuade the communists to permit him to leave Nanking. He would fly out in the C-47 plane that the Air Attaché had retained there. They would fly to Okinawa where I would meet them in my B-17. There we would exchange planes, the Ambassador returning to the United States in the B-17, and I to Canton in the C-47.

It just happened that, at that time, I had accepted an invitation of the Governor of Macao, the Portuguese colony near Hong Kong, to come and spend a weekend. Our plans for the Ambassador's departure were secret, so I could not call off my visit to Macao. I arranged for the B-17 to be at the Kai Teck Airport in Hong Kong on the day we were to fly to Okinawa. I then went by boat, as previously arranged, to Macao with the Portuguese and Dutch Representative in Canton. It was interesting to see the large sea-going junks pass with their ancient muzzle-loading naval mortars plainly displayed on their decks. There was still much smuggling and piracy in those waters. The guns were needed and often used in self-defense.

Macao was a clean little island. There was a gambling casino, of course, but opium smoking had been stopped and the incidence of crime was very low. As a guest of the Governor, they let me win the first night at the roulette table, but the next night they took it all back.

That second night, I had to pretend that I had received news that required my immediate return to Canton. I squeezed on board a horrible ferry for Hong Kong, made the voyage overnight, boarded the waiting B-17, and took off for Okinawa.

In Okinawa I was on hand to welcome the Ambassador and his party when they arrived from Nanking. We were delighted to see them safe and sound, and they were relieved to be once more free. They were not certain until they were actually in the air over Nanking that the communists really were going to let them leave, and we could never be sure of their safety so long as the plane was over Chinese territory. A sigh of relief went up on Okinawa when the jets we had sent out to escort them in reported the *rendezvous*, and then the progress of their flight. After seeing the Ambassador and his party off in the B-17 the next day, I returned via Taiwan to Canton in the C-47.

I found at the Consul General's residence much more comfortable than the *Oi Kwan* Hotel. I took Brad Connors in with me, and I let him run the household. Brad was an "operator". Chao, of course, was our "Number One Boy", but Brad had his servants with him, so Chao Jung Kwei and "small cook" could be left to run the embassy mess. Brad saw to it that we had thick steaks imported from Hong Kong, and fruits from everywhere. One morning at breakfast I counted six different fruits from which to choose. There were mangosteens from Thailand, papaya from the

Philippines, and apples from the United States. There were bananas and figs and the incomparable Chinese Li Ch'i [lychee nuts]. (Brad ran our radio communications network in addition to his other functions as Public Affairs Officer. He always had a cigarette hanging from the lower lip – he smoked too much – and much too early in life, he died a few years later in London of lung cancer).

The house on Shameen gave me a better place to which I could invite my friends to dine and to play bridge. Several of the officials of the government played well, as did some of my colleagues. We were able to spend many pleasant evenings during those last trying days in Canton in the colorful surroundings of the Consul General's residence.

As younger Chinese again to replace the old crowd in the Cabinet, one of them organized a biweekly dinner for informal discussion. I found these most interesting and valuable, but they started too late. One of our group, who was Finance Minister, gave me a complete set of the new Chinese currency then being issued. The set included bills of various denominations, and one specimen of each of the eight kinds of silver dollars that had been declared legal tender. That was the last legal tender put into circulation on the mainland of China by the Nationalist Government.

Summer was now upon us, with its unbelievable humidity. The humidity was such that the tile floors of my office constantly looked as though they had just been washed down. Fortunately, I was able to buy dehumidifiers in Hong Kong and install them in our closets to protect our clothing and shoes from mildew. But it was damp, and you perspired even sitting under a ceiling fan.

My instructions from Washington were not to get caught by the Communists. I must move the Embassy before the arrival in Canton of the Communist armies. For this reason I kept a very close watch upon the military situation. To assist in analyzing that situation I had the help of a competent staff of assistant military and naval attachés.

As a further precaution against getting caught by the Communists, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) member of my staff arranged with a local pirate, that, in case of necessity, he would meet me at a specified point on Shameen and take me by unfrequented inland waterways used by smugglers down to Macao and safety.

Fortunately, I did not have to trust myself to that pirate. Came a day when my intelligence staff and I were convinced that the Communists would be in Canton within a week or 10 days. I went to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, gave our analysis of the situation, and told him that, within a few days, I would be moving the Embassy onboard a United States Navy vessel in Hong Kong harbor to await the decision of the Government as to where it would move.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs was most unhappy. His information did not agree with mine. He even called me back on the following day to tell me that he had talked with Chinese Military Intelligence, and had been assured that Canton could be held indefinitely. I said that I was sorry; his analysis was undoubtedly based upon the same factual information as mine; it was just that I and my people interpreted it differently. Again I expressed my regret, and said that I was

departing the following day, but that I would return to Canton each day in my plane to maintain contact with the Government.

So, we moved bag and baggage to the United States Hospital Ship, the USS *Repose*, anchored in the harbor of Hong Kong. Each day, I flew up to Canton, called at the Foreign Office or upon Li Tsung-jen, who was once again in the city, and I maintained contact with what was happening. Canton fell to the Communists eleven days after I had moved the Embassy. I had misjudged the takeover by only a couple of days.

In Washington, it had been decided to disengage from the Nationalist Government. I had been instructed to turn over charge of the embassy to a junior secretary, and to return to the United States, where I had been named Advisor on the Far East to the United States Delegation to the United Nations (USUN) for the fourth session of the United Nations General assembly (UNGA).

Therefore, I now sent for Bob Strong, who was Consul in Chungking and whom I had recommended to replace me. He flew down to Hong Kong with his wife and joined me aboard the USS *Repose*. I took him with me to Canton several times, introduced him to the officials with whom he would be dealing, and then took my own departure, flying back to the United States with Pan American Airways.

Before going further with my tale, I should like to quote a poem plagiarizing Kipling, and portraying quite forcefully how some people thought about life in the Far East at that time:

I am tired of Mongol and Tarter
I am sick of the Jap and Maylay
and far-away spots on a chart
and no place for this hombre to stay.

I have had enough undersized chicken
and milk that comes out of a can.
The East is no region to stick in
for this one particular man.

I have had enough curry and rice
all cold mingled with highly spiced dope.
I am tired of bathing with Lysol
and washing with carbolic soap.

I have had enough itch, skin diseases,
mosquitoes, and vermin, and flies.
I am tired of tropical breezes
and sunshine that dazzles my eyes.

Oh, God, for a wind with a tingle,
an atmosphere zestful and keen.
Oh, God, once again just to mingle

with crowds that are white folks and clean.

To eat without fear of infection,
to sleep without using a net,
to throw away all my collection
of iodine, quinine, *et cet.*

I would like to go back to the clamor,
the roar and the rush of the West.
I am tired of the Orient clamor
that damn lying poets suggest.

They speak of the East as enthralling
and that's why I started to roam.
But I hear the Occident calling.
Oh, God, how I want to go home.

In many ways life in the Far East was delightful, certainly it was easy, but you paid for it; there were hardships, some of them not easy to take.

With me on the flight back to the United States was Brad Connors, who had been a tower of strength. Our plane was delayed by engine trouble at Midway, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and we were to arrive in Honolulu late for our connection with the Boeing Clipper of the Pan American Airways that was to take us on to Los Angeles. Here again, Brad the operator, persuaded the pilot of our plane that it was essential that I reach Washington and report to the Department the following day. To do so required holding that Boeing Clipper in Honolulu until we got there. They did it, and when our plane finally put down, we were rushed through Customs and Immigration, and hurried straight across the field to the Boeing Clipper, whose engines were already turning over. We scampered aboard and took off only forty minutes late. I don't know what the other passengers on the plane thought, but I felt rather important having a 90-passenger plane held 40 minutes just to take me aboard.

Overnight to Los Angeles. While I sent a telegram to Anne saying that I was on my way and to please meet me in New York, Brad, operator as usual, was booking us on to New York [from Los Angeles]. At Chicago, where we had to change planes, it was cold. We were still in our tropical linen suits. Again Brad. He arranged to get hold of our baggage even though it had been checked straight through to New York, so that we could go to the men's room and change into something more appropriate to autumn in the eastern United States.

By nine that night, we were in New York. It had taken us four days of constant flying to make the trip from Hong Kong. Anne was on hand to greet me, but not Terry Connors to greet Brad. He had been so busy getting us on the plane in Los Angeles, he hadn't had enough time to wire his wife that he was on the way.

Anne had rented a cottage that summer at Chatham, on Cape Cod, with Betty Merchant. She had Young Anne with her. Knowing from my letters that I might be returning at any moment, Anne had taken Young Anne up to Craftsbury Common to stay with Mrs. Covington, so that she could meet me when I finally did arrive. She was therefore ready to take a plane to New York as soon as she received my wire from Los Angeles.

Condoling with Brad Connors because his wife had not had word of his arrival, we went to the Plaza Hotel where Anne had already secured accommodations. Next morning while we were still having breakfast, the telephone rang. It was Phil Sprouse, China Desk Officer in the Department of State in Washington. Anne had been after him to know when I was expected to return, and he had not been able to be very helpful. Now he could, and he wanted her to know it. He said that a telegram had just been received in the Department saying that I was returning with Oscar Badger in his C-54, and would arrive in a couple of days. He had tried to reach Anne at Cheatham, then at Craftsbury Common, where he had been told that she was at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Anne thanked him cordially. Then she said, "Wait a minute Phil. There is someone here who would like to talk with you." I got on the phone. Was he surprised!

After a few days in New York, we went up to Craftsbury Common to pick up Young Anne. She had written for tickets to "South Pacific", the popular Broadway musical of that year, saying that her father was in the South Pacific, would be back soon, and wanted to see the show. They sent her three good tickets, and we all came back to New York to see that wonderful show. Then we returned to Washington where I was to be debriefed on China and briefed on my responsibilities as Advisor on the Far East to USUN.

Part 4: North Africa

Chapter 10: United Nations [1949-1950] & Career Minister

In preparation for my responsibilities with United States Delegation to the United Nations (USUN), for the first time I came in contact with the "position paper". Months before the United Nations General Assembly (UNGA) is to meet, there is much activity in all sections of the Department of State and in USUN, trying to determine what our position should be on each of the innumerable questions likely to be raised during the upcoming session. I would advise on the preparation of the papers involving the Far East, and I must be familiar with the others. The end result of these studies and discussions are embodied in "position papers". Each is the[United State's] position on the particular question involved.

I had to study literally hundreds of those position papers. I had to be able to argue our point with members of the delegations of the Far Eastern countries, and to try to persuade them to our way

of thinking. Of course, these position papers were not inviolate. They were frequently changed, even after we were in New York attending the sessions of UNGA. In fact, sometimes our position paper would be changed more than once during a single day as the debate proceeded. My problem would be to keep *au courant* of these changes to assure that I was not trying to sell an outdated position paper. Sometimes it was almost ridiculous.

In October 1949, I moved to New York where the government provided me with a small suite in the Hotel Vanderbilt. Anne would be with me when her civic responsibilities in Washington permitted. She bought some artificial flowers from Constance Spry for our sitting room, and we were fairly comfortable.

I made the necessary calls upon the delegations of countries with which I would be dealing, and began discussing with them in general terms the various positions we anticipated taking on the various problems of the agenda of the UNGA. Each morning, the head of USUN, former Senator Warren Austin, would hold a staff meeting of the other members of the

Delegation and his senior advisers. At these meetings we would discuss current problems and strategy, and estimate our chances of success. If the consensus was for an alteration of our position, we would report to Washington and request instructions. For this purpose we had direct wire and telephone connections with the Department of State.

Once the meetings of UNGA were underway, we did our lobbying either at Lake Success or at Flushing Meadows, depending upon whether it was the Security Council or the General Assembly that was meeting. They never met simultaneously.

There was always a certain amount of official entertaining in connection with the sessions of the UNGA. We had to take part and to do our share. We attended the white tie dinner given by President Romolo at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, after which Mary Martin and Elio Pinza, leading players in the then Broadway hit "South Pacific", sang the most popular songs of that delightful musical. We attended each of the five dinners Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, had persuaded friends to give for members of the UNGA 5th

Committee on which she served as our representative. At one of these, given in a house on Beekman Place, Eleanor Roosevelt joined the famous comedian Danny Kaye on the floor after dinner, where they sat and exchanged *repartee* to the amusement of all. We entertained in a small way ourselves, and we went to the theater from time to time. Sometimes we would be working late into the night, but generally we could enjoy New York.

While I was serving with the USUN, I was notified of my promotion to the rank of Career Minister, the highest rank then attainable in the Foreign Service.

It was also that winter that we gave Young Anne, now 16, her first dancing party at 2320 Wyoming Ave [the Covingtons' house]. It was at this party that she first met Philip Jelley, then a midshipman at the US Naval Academy, whom she was later to marry.

I received a telephone call one day from the Chief of Foreign Service Personnel in the Department of State in Washington, asking whether I would accept appointment as Ambassador to Burma. Burma was in a state of civil war at that time, and to accept the appointment would have involved a further separation from my family. Having just been separated from them for a year, I was reluctant to be parted for a further year. Anne and I discussed the matter, and we decided not to accept. Thus, with the General Assembly session coming to a close, I was without a future assignment.

Therefore, we were pleased when it was suggested that I accept appointment as the United States Representative on the United Nations Council for Libya, which was to supervise preparations for the independence of Libya, a former Italian colony. We were told that the headquarters of the Council would be in Geneva, Switzerland, but that I would be required to travel extensively within Libya and to spend part of the time there. The job sounded interesting and we liked the idea of returning to Europe, so we accepted.

I would not have to take up my duties in Geneva until sometime in the spring. Therefore, when the General Assembly adjourned, we returned to Washington for Christmas with Young Anne. Then, with her back in school at St. Tim's, we went down to Naples Beach, Florida, for six weeks of rest and to give me time to study the problems that would confront me in Libya.

In Naples Beach we found old friends, the Julius Fleischmans, and they introduced us to their friends in the community. "Junky" had been an Assistant Naval Attaché at the Embassy in Ottawa while we were there. He had his small yacht *Camargo III* with him, and we went out in her to fish from time to time.

On one of these fishing expeditions, Anne got into the small tender with Gertrude Lawrence, the famous musical comedy star. They agreed that they would return to *Camargo III* as soon as a fish was caught, regardless of who caught the fish. After a while, Anne landed a nice 9 pound kingfish, and they came back to the *Camargo III*. As they boarded, Gertrude held up Anne's kingfish and called out "Look at the fish we caught." That was the last we saw of that fish. We were not even invited to help eat it.

Among the Fleishman's friends was a man who wove women's scarves using nylon fishing line and wool. The finished product looked like innumerable little pom-poms held together by the thin but strong nylon fishing line. He supplied them to Hattie Carnegie's elegant dress shop in New York City. They were extremely light and unbelievably warming. He made one especially for Anne and, as it is probably indestructible, it is likely still around somewhere.

After six weeks in Naples Beach, we returned to Washington via Montgomery, Alabama, where we visited my brother and his wife. Back in Washington, I made my final preparations for departure. Anne would not go with me immediately, but would wait in Washington and bring Young Anne with her when Saint Tim's closed for summer vacation.

As I was to depart just after our wedding anniversary, we decided to celebrate in New York, where I was to take my plane for Europe. It was Easter vacation and Young Anne was home from school, so we took her along with us. We journeyed up to New York and established

ourselves in a suite at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel. We saw a show on March 22, our anniversary, and then took Young Anne with us to a nightclub, the Blue Angle. I believe that it was her first nightclub. The show was rather bawdy and should have been over her head, but she pretended to understand and to be amused by it.

When I went to say goodbye to George McGhee, Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern Affairs, he said "Lewis, you know what we seek to accomplish in Libya. Please don't ask for instructions unless you are in trouble and want to help." Carrying out those instructions, I made it a habit of telegraphing to the Department the nature of each question that arose, and then outlined the position I planned to take and the reasons why, unless instructed to the contrary by the Department. Only twice during the two years I was involved in Libya did the Department try to alter the position I planned to take. Each time, the Department's instruction had been so delayed by departmental red tape that I had already taken the position before it arrived.

Chapter 11. Ambassador to the UN Council for Libya [1950-1951]

While in Naples Beach, I had studied the problems that would confront me in Libya.

In 1911, the Italians had seized upon the murder of an American archaeologist at Cyrene to declare that, the local authorities "obviously being unable to maintain order", it was necessary for Italy to occupy this last remaining independent region along the southern shore of the Mediterranean, in order to protect the lives of Italians who had settled in there. Italy occupied Tripoli, Cyrene and several smaller places along the coast, but the fierce resistance of the native tribesmen prevented any penetration into the interior. It was only after the coming into power of Mussolini, following World War I, that the Italians were able to extend their control over the entire country. Mussolini spent tremendous effort and vast sums of money to ease Italy's population problem by creating a "Little Italy" in Libya. The native population became "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Any resistance was mercilessly suppressed. Those who did not cooperate were killed or driven into exile. Mussolini made great progress with this scheme, and he might have succeeded had he not, like all dictators, overextended himself and lost all in World War II. Suppression of the native population had been so thorough that when the Libyan government that we established looked around for educated Libyans to staff its administration, it could find only 36 native college graduates, 30 of them being in exile.

Anne would not go with me immediately, but would wait in Washington and bring Young Anne with her when Saint Tim's closed for summer vacation. So, I took off for London by air the next day, and they returned to Washington. In London, I joined my assistant [Curt Jones] and my secretary [Helen McArdle], who had crossed by boat. I held consultations in London with the people of our Embassy and of the British Foreign Office. From there, we went by train and channel ferry to Paris, for the same purpose. Eventually, we took the train to Geneva.

In Geneva, I received word that President Truman had conferred upon me the rank of Ambassador for the duration of my mission.

After informal consultations with other members of the UN Council in Geneva, I left for Libya, where we were to organize our work and have our first formal meetings. We went by train to Rome, where once again I consulted with the people of our embassy and of the Quirinal. Then we were driven by the embassy to Naples, where the airplane rented by our Air Force to the United Nations, a C-47, was to pick us up and fly us to Tripoli. The United Nations plane arrived and we took off for Tripoli, where we were met by Adrian Pelt, the United Nations Commissioner in Libya, Andy Lynch, our Consul General, Colonel Easley, Commanding Officer at Wheelus Field, the United States Air Force base in Libya, and by some men of local importance, including Mestapha Bey Misram, the Tripolitanian member of our Council.

There was no decent hotel accommodation at that time in Tripoli, so I was happy to accept the kind invitation of our Consul General to bed down with him while we organized the Council. We anticipated that the task would be accomplished within a few weeks, and that he would be returning to Geneva.

Tripoli was a modern city in miniature, built on a small scale to suit the small incomes of its inhabitants. It was clean and quite attractive, but its hotels were bad. The city, having been envisaged as a place for low-income residents, there were no streetcars or auto buses. You walked or you went in your own automobile, of which there were only a few. There was a Tripoli "bus" service for the native population. It consisted of drays drawn by small horses. They went along so slowly that passengers would jump on and off without waiting for the "bus" to stop.

While we were in the process of organization, we took various short trips to the environs of Tripoli to familiarize ourselves with conditions and the thoughts of the local leaders. We visited Zuara, to the west, where we met a Berber community. The Berbers are the indigenous people of western Libya. No one knows their origin, but they are light-skinned people – some redheads – usually of fine structure. We went to Leptus Magna to see the ruins of that ancient Roman port. The ruins at Leptus, though only one-tenth excavated at the time, were more extensive and in better state of preservation than any you will find in Italy. Near Leptus was the small village of Homs, center of a large olive growing region, and nearby is an old mosque famous for its Koranic school. Here, in one large room we saw a circle of Muslims, their heads together, praying. They were chanting in unison "Allah Akbar" with gradually increasing tempo. It was evident that the tempo was to be accelerated until those praying had worked themselves into a religious frenzy. It was frightening to watch, so we Christians, did not linger around to see the character of that frenzy. It might have been directed against us.

I would have to get to know the notables of Libya if I was going to help them decide their future. So, I had my interpreter, Mohamed Queldi, make appointments for me to call upon many of them. After the introduction and cordial welcome, the conversation would start and tea would be served. First came ordinary tea, then almond tea and, finally, mint tea. When the mint tea was served, it was an indication that, so far as the host was concerned, his guest could take his

departure. It would be impolite to leave before the mint tea was served, and impolite to stay much longer.

While we were drafting our rules of procedure under which the Council would conduct its business, and while I was getting acquainted in Tripoli, it first became evident that a majority of the Council thought we should have our headquarters in Tripoli, not in Geneva. I and my British, French and Italian colleagues argued strongly for Geneva, but we were outvoted and the final decision was for Tripoli. We were, however, able to obtain agreement for annual meetings in Geneva to draft our report to the Secretary General of the United Nations. That changed everything, and I had to look about for a place to live in Tripoli.

Once we had organized the work of the Council, we decided that its members should travel to all sections of the country and consult with the various sectional leaders. Our first such trip was by automobile to Benghazi to visit the Amir, who later was to become King of Libya.

We spent our first night at Misurata [Misrata], where we were entertained by the local Administrator, still an Englishman. The British army had remained in control of Libya after the Italians and the Germans had been driven out [during WWII], and civilian administrators had been brought in to run the country. Most of them were drawn from retired members of the British Colonial Service in the Sudan, where, because of the extreme hardships, the retirement age have been fixed at 50 years of age.

It was in Misurata that we discovered for the first time the vacuum that had been left in Libya by the departure of so many Italians. The Italian occupation had encouraged the migration to Libya of small farmers and artificers. The result was that no effort had been made to train Libyans in the manual arts. When the Italians were driven out of Libya, these artificers were among the first to go, leaving the country with no one to build or even repair houses, furniture, plumbing, electrical equipment, or even shoes. In Misurata, there remained a single Italian shoemaker, who had stayed on because of assurances of the local populace that his services were needed and that he would be welcomed and protected. He was the exception, however, and one of our tasks was going to be to provide training of local artificers to replace the departed Italians.

After dinner with the Administrator, I walked back with a colleague to the inn where we had been bedded down. *En route*, we heard music up a narrow lane, and our curiosity led us to it. There, we found a small group of natives surrounding a dancing couple. We were greeted with warm friendship, and offered seats on a bench nearby. The dancers were a black man and a woman. The music was a flute sounding notes almost identical with those of the Scottish bagpipe. The dancing was exceedingly pornographic. Upon inquiry, we were told that a girl of the house in front of which the dancing was taking place was to be married the next day. The prospective groom was required by custom to send dancers on the eve of the marriage to demonstrate what was in store for the bride. A primitive custom.

Leaving Misurata, we crossed many battlefields of World War II. We saw upturned tanks, broken down motor vehicles, crashed airplanes, and uncountable empty gasoline cans. These latter were used by the natives to construct their houses, or, should I say, hovels.

The second night we stopped at Sirte, a desolate little place at the edge of the desert. Then, we followed the coast across the desert to the Marble Arch, where we were met by a reception committee sent by the Amir. (The Marble Arch was erected by the Italians on the site of legendary historical importance. It is said that in ancient times there had been a dispute between the rulers of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica as to the location of the border between the two realms. It was finally decided that runners would start simultaneously from Tripoli and from Benghazi, and that the place where they met would be accepted as the frontier. The youthful runners from Cyrenaica ran only from daybreak to dark each day. Those from Tripolitania ran throughout the day and the night. Thus, they greatly extended the area of Tripolitania. The meeting place was much further from Tripoli than from Benghazi. The Tripolitanian youths had done much for their country, but they were said to have both died of exhaustion at the meeting place. Mussolini, in admiration of such a display of patriotism and as an example to fascist youth, had erected the Marble Arch as a memorial to the patriotic deed.) After greetings and the inevitable tea, we pushed on and reached Benghazi during the late afternoon.

Next morning, we went to pay our respects to the Amir, who was the religious leader of the country.

Libya was comprised of three provinces: Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, and the Fezzan. The population was somewhat different in each province, and tribal leaders were jealous of their power. Tripolitania was the most populous, the most wealthy, and had the largest remaining Italian colony. Cyrenaica, which had the fiercest tribes and which had chased all Italians out after the War, was the home of the Amir. The Fezzan, largely desert, thinly populated by Arabs in the north and by Touaregs in the south, had been under French military occupation since the War, and the French wanted to keep it separate from any possible independent Libya. It was said that the Amir, and the Amir alone, would be able to keep all three provinces together in a united country, and that to do this, he must become king.

When the Italians were in occupation, they had constructed a narrow-gauge railway from Benghazi up to the Barca plain to the south. Here at El Abiar, during the later days of the War, the British had successfully grown wheat, a then much-needed grain in short supply. We decided that we would like to see that operation, so the British Administrator placed a special train at our disposal for the journey. It was a short but informative trip.

From Benghazi, we went first to Sidi Mahius, where we were welcomed by local dignitaries, with whom we were to discuss the future of the country. Next, we stopped at Cyrene, an ancient Greek city, subsequently to become Roman. It was in the hinterland of Cyrene, on the Barca Plain, that the Greeks bred their best horses for their chariot races. It was also called "the bread basket of ancient Greece", because its wheat at one time prevented famine in the mother country. The ruins here, only partially excavated, are fabulous; perched a thousand feet almost directly above the seaport of Apollonia.

From Cyrene, we went on to Derna [Darnah], called by the Libyans "The Pearl of the Mediterranean". It was in Derna that the United States Marines established their principal fort in their drive against the Barbary pirates in the early 19th century.

At each small village, we were greeted by the local notables, and, inevitably, by one or more fierce horsemen, armed with rifles. They would insist on displaying their horsemanship by charging at full gallop past us firing their rifles into the air. Then they would whirl about, charge straight at us, turning aside at the very last moment. It could be frightening.

From Derna we went on east until we reached Bardiyah on the Egyptian border. Then we turned back and returned to Tobruk, to observe the first elections that we had arranged. We were housed in the "Ladybird", a British Officers Club. It was named for the small British river gunboat we had known in Hankow, China, when she had served as the British Admiral's flagship. She had been sunk in the harbor of Tobruk during the fighting there, and the relics had been salvaged from her after the war, and were displayed with reverence in the clubhouse.

By our standards, the voting in Tobruk was a farce. But, in reality, it was perhaps more democratic than our own. Each tribesman voted as he was told to vote by his chieftain. But, then, the chieftain, himself, had been chosen for the simple reason that he was deemed to know what was best for the tribe. When a chieftain dies, the tribesmen gather together to select his successor. Possible leaders are put forward, and discussed. Discussion is continued until one man is elected by unanimous agreement. From then on, the other tribesman must obey him.

I met one very important chieftan in Tobruk, Sheik Yassin, probably the most powerful man in Cyrenaica after the Amir. He was the chief of the most numerous and powerful tribe in eastern Libya.

Having arisen early that morning, I found Sheik Yassin seated in the lobby of the Ladybird, patiently waiting for a meeting which was supposed to have been arranged for him with us. No one had said anything to us about it. I tried to talk to him, but could find no common language. Hastily, therefore, I sent word to our interpreter to get up and get on the job. The sheik was most genial, and he invited me to return to visit his tribe. He promised to give me a welcome unequalled in my experience. Unfortunately, I was never able to take advantage of the kind invitation.

From Tobruk, we drove across the plateau directly to Benghazi, took our leave of the Amir, and boarded our UN plane for the flight back to Tripoli.

After more meetings of our Council in Tripoli and additional trips to the environs, we decided to visit the Fezzan, far to the south in the Sahara. We took off early one morning in the UN plane, and we flew over the desert to Sebha [Sabha], where we were housed in Fort Le Clerq, occupied by the French.

Sebha is an oasis lying in the midst of a Touareg area of the Sahara. There is no sand; just a level plateau covered with small flat rocks, punctured by occasional conical hillocks, all burned black by the sun. Nearby was the village of As Djeddi, where Bey *Ahmed Seif el Nasr*, the venerable leader of the Fezzanese, made his home. The French had treated him well, and they hoped that he would have nothing to do with any independent Libya. We found them to be mistaken. He let us know that he would gladly join in the formation of a united Libya, provided – and he insisted upon this – that the Amir became king. (We had our fun with the British over

the fact that they had been unable to supply the Amir Idris, 60 years old, with an heir to the prospective throne, while the French had married their Seif El Nasr, 80 years old, to a 20-year-old girl who had forthwith produced a son and heir. Sometimes there is more than meets the eye in international politics, and the French are past masters at playing the game.'

Like at many oases of the Sahara, the main occupation of the people at As Djeddi (the oasis of Sebha) was gardening. Of course water was necessary, and it was obtained from shallow wells. The water was brought to the surface by donkeys. You could tell the depth of the well by the length of the ramp used by the donkeys to lift the water. The buckets were goat skins. They were lowered into the well by ropes as the donkeys ascended the ramp, then raised as they descended. As the donkeys reached the bottom of the ramp, the buckets were tilted and emptied by a system of ropes in the hands of the driver.

Before we took off for Sebha, we had sent two military command cars and two Landrovers (the British jeep) overland to provide us with transportation for visits to oases accessible from Sebha. Using Sebha as a base, we would visit the various nearby oases.

The French had discovered that the reason for the presence of water near the surface at Brak [Birak], the first nearby oasis we visited, was a large underground river. They sent engineers to the region and began drilling artesian wells. Several had been completed when we were there, and water was gushing out of them to change the face of the desert. Before a well was brought in, the French would call to Brak the chief of one of the warlike tribes which inhabited the nearby mountains, and who lived by raids into the valley. They would offer the chief the possibility of settling his tribe around the proposed new well, in return for a pledge never again to raid in the valley. The system seemed to be working, and the extent of the gardens around the oasis was growing each year.

On our return to Sebha, we crossed a section of *erg*, or sand desert. The sun had baked the sand into a hard crust, strong enough to carry our vehicles. It was like riding the waves of the sea to move over dunes and down into the depressions. The command car I was in broke through the crust at one place, and we had some difficulty getting out. This was accomplished by laying corrugated iron strips on the sand in front of the front wheels; then by using the front wheels of the four-wheel drive, pulling the car back to safer crust.

Next we drove across Touareg country to Mourzuch [Murzuq], southwest of Sebha. There we were greeted by the inevitable guard of honor, met with local leaders, and discussed with them their ideas for a future Libya.

When we felt that we had become sufficiently familiar with the region around Sebha, we boarded our plane for the flight to Ghat, much further to the southwest. Our flight took us over barren desert with startling geological formations, including an escarpment near Ghat that dropped over a thousand feet to the plain.

When the Italians controlled the Fezzan, Mussolini, the Empire Builder, had constructed a magnificent palace at Ghat. It was in that palace that we were housed. It faced south, with a fine

view— indicative, it was said, of Mussolini's ambition to chase the French out of the vast heartland of Africa.

We found the Touareg in Ghat. Those at Ghat were related to the tribes of southern Algeria – the boundary between the Fezzan and southern Algeria was entirely arbitrary – and there was considerable feeling that they would not wish to become part of an independent Libya, but would, on the contrary, prefer to join forces with their cousins in southern Algeria, which of course was French.

While we were in Ghat, the French went to great lengths to prove that sentiment on the part of the Touareg leaders. Certainly, the ones with whom we talked were, without exception, in favor of remaining with France. The French almost over-played their hand. Only three miserable Arab merchants wanted a united Libya. Eventually, the Touareg leaders, a minority in the Fezzan, were overruled and the Fezzan became a part of the new nation.

Surprisingly, Ghat had streets lined with trees. The French Commandant was very pleased with those trees. They were Australian pine, accustomed to arid climates. He had imported them, planted them, and he had called in Touareg mothers of the surrounding area. To each he presented a tree, assuring her that she could have the annual harvest of limbs for firewood provided she would protect her tree from goats and other vandals. Firewood was scarce in Ghat, but the Touareg women were valiant defenders of their property, and the trees had prospered. They gave the natives shade, added to the looks of the oasis, and provided fuel for the owners.

It was here in Ghat that I first heard the piercing ululation of the Muslim women. Walking about the oasis we asked directions of a woman, and then gave her a small gratuity. As we went on our way, we heard behind us a piercing “Yu, yu, yu”: a falsetto scream punctured by patting the hand against the mouth. It was startling. We learned that this is done only when the woman is highly pleased.

On our last night in Ghat, the French Colonel, who commanded the French forces in the region, gave a dinner for us under the stars, amidst trees in the compound of the palace. It was quite a dinner for the deep Sahara: delicious French cuisine and wines, and there was native music. As we had coffee and liqueurs after dinner, there was dancing by young ladies of the oasis. Each was bedecked with silver necklaces, bracelets and belts demonstrating the wealth of her family and indicating the possible amount of her dowry, and clothed in a brilliantly colored dress. They were chaperoned by a similarly bedecked matriarch, and they danced a slow shuffling movement with considerable primitive grace. Strangely to me, there was with them a black man carrying a cane, who danced a cake-walk reminiscent of the American Negro minstrels still being presented throughout the United States at the beginning of the 20th century. That desert dance must have come from the same origin as that of our minstrel cake-walkers.

Threatened with a dust storm, we departed hurriedly the next morning for Ghadamas, stopping at Sebha to take our departure of Bey Ahmed Seif El Nasr. The Bey insisted that we come to his house in As Djeddi for lunch, and it proved impossible to avoid accepting his hospitality. His abode was simple. The place was swarming with flies. Someone suggested that we send for some Flit, but the Bey was adamant. Flit, he said, would kill the flies and let them drop into the

food. He gave each of us a Fezzanese fan to fan ourselves and to chase away the flies, and we had to make the best of it. It was terribly hot. We ate with our fingers, of course, and with considerable anxiety.

Finally, we said our good-byes and returned to Sebha. The French officers of Fort LeClerq had been so hospitable to us during our first visit we asked whether we could not return their kindness by giving a dinner at the officers' club where we had all stayed. We would, of course, have to rely upon the resources of the officers' club for food and drink, but we would defray the cost.

The commanding officer agreed, and we had a six course dinner with wine and champagne for 40-odd people in the heart of the Sahara. Tables were placed on a terrace under the brilliant starlit desert sky. We had music from a remarkably good German-manned orchestra, organized by members of the French Foreign Legion, and, with the commanding officer's wife and the stewardess from an Air France plane that happened to be there as the only women, there was dancing until the wee hours of the morning.

Next day, with some late dancers not feeling too well, we took off for Ghadames.

We arrived in Ghadames during the afternoon and were given a most cordial reception. Ail Bey Jerbi, who was sitting beside me in one of the jeeps taking us into town, remarked "My! We are back home again." He had not liked the coolness of the Touaregs he had met at Ghat. We settled down in the only hotel and then went to call upon local officials.

Later that afternoon, we entered the native city to attend a festival organized by the local leaders to welcome us to Ghadames. We sat on benches placed in a dusty square, watched various dances, and listened to the singing. There was one singer who chanted words of his own composition, similar to the Calypso of the Caribbean, describing members of our party in a pleasant and amusing manner, amidst laughter from the native audience. Of course, it was only our Libyan members who could understand what was going on, but they interpreted for us from time to time.

The following night we went to dine with the *qadi*, the regional administrator, and a Muslim. We entered a single-story building, crossed a corridor and were in large courtyard that had been completely covered with rugs upon which had been placed about 20 low brass tables arranged each to seat eight persons. We shook hands with the *qadi* and his many Muslim guests, and were then escorted to our tables.

I was seated on a rug just one removed from our host. During the meal, which consisted of many courses, the *qadi* would, without fail, reach in with his fingers as each new dish was presented, pick out a supposedly choice morsel, and place it before me on the brass tabletop.

I had been told that this was a gesture of respect and friendship, and that I must eat at least some of what he placed before me. I also, of course, had to eat with my fingers, those of the right hand that had just finished shaking hands with so many Muslims. (In Muslim countries, one eats only with the right hand. The left hand is used by Muslims to wash with water after their "daily do".)

Fortunately, realizing more or less what was in store for me that evening, I'd had two stiff drinks scotch whiskey before going to the party, so I was able to keep the food down. It was only after the meal was over that servants arrived with large brass bowls and pitchers of rose water with which we could wash our hands.

The next morning, we returned to Tripoli and settled down to the routine meetings of our Council. During our deliberations there were many manifestations by various factions seeking to gain control of the emerging government. They were orderly, however, and served to bring all views to our attention.

With St. Tims closed for the summer vacation, Anne sailed in June [1950] for Europe, bringing Young Anne, Mrs. Covington, Beatrice and Sabu (Beatrice's Pekinese) along with her. After the usual "shopping" in Paris, they went on to Geneva and moved into the apartment I had rented for them. We had purchased a beautiful Pontiac Catalina automobile before we left Washington, and it had been shipped to Geneva. With me not there to sign the numerous papers demanded by the meticulous Swiss, Anne had quite a lot of difficulty getting the car released from customs and properly documented. Also, the Swiss would not recognize her valid Washington driver's permit. She had to get a learner's permit and take a driving test before they would

give her a Swiss driver's permit. Eventually, however, she got things straightened out — I think she forged a signature or two — and they took off for Italy, leaving Beatrice and Sabu in Geneva to guard the apartment. They drove over the famous Route Napolion, an extremely winding mountain road, to the French Riviera and then down the west coast of Italy to Rome.

It had originally been planned that I would fly to Geneva and make the entire trip with them, but my Council meetings dragged on and on and on, with unending disputation between the Pakistani and Egyptian representatives on one side, and me, my British, French and Italian representatives on the other. We were getting nowhere, and it became evident that our opposition was merely out to make propaganda. But the debate went on, and our side could not muster enough votes in the Council to bring about adjournment.

Finally, luck was with me. The Fezzanese representative had become ill and had returned to the Fezzan; the French representative had gone to Paris; and my Italian colleague informed me at dinner one night that he was fed up and was returning at midnight to Rome. The thought occurred to me that if I, too, left town, there would be no quorum of our Council (seven constituted a quorum) and the Council would not be able to function. Accordingly, I hurriedly obtained a seat on the plane with my Italian colleague, and we took off that night for Rome, where, finally, I joined my Annes and Mrs. Covington.

They were so busy showing Young Anne the sights of Rome when I arrived that, in order to be with them, I, too, had to climb aboard the sightseeing bus each morning and re-see the sights. Later, we went to Naples, Pompeii, Sorrento and Capri. We toured the island of Capri, took a small boat to visit the world famous Blue Grotto, then returned by boat to Sorrento for the night. Young Anne slept in the "Caruso Room", so named because the famous tenor of that name used it when he visited Sorrento.

Returning to Rome for a day, we started north toward Geneva. I was only able to go along as far as Perugia as our Council was due to reconvene, and I could not risk a quorum without me there. So, I left the party at Perugia, took a train to Rome, and then flew back to Tripoli. They continued north via Venice, Lake Como, Interlaken, and on to Geneva over the Simplon Pass. (It was on this trip that the Pontiac acquired its name "Bella". Going through the small villages of Italy, the children would invariably cry out as we passed "*Bella carrozza*", or "beautiful car", and the name stuck for, it was, in fact, a very beautiful automobile). In Geneva, they settled into our nice apartment at 12 Place de Grande Mezel, that we had rented before leaving Washington.

Back to Tripoli, I resumed my battles in the Council. By this time it was definite that our headquarters would be in Libya, so I began to look around for a place to live. There was no suitable hotel, and I did not think it worthwhile to try to find a house. Accordingly, I settled on the Uaddan, formerly a hotel and gambling casino, now occupied by a British officer's club called NAAFI. The name Uaddan was taken from the mountain goat indigenous to the Sahara. On the top floor of the Uaddan was a nice corner room with bath, which I succeeded in renting. It had two additional adjoining rooms, each with bath, and a very nice terrace overlooking the harbor. If I could get hold of all three rooms, I could close the corridor door and have a nice penthouse apartment. This I accomplished during the summer, and in August I was able to return with equanimity to Geneva, where our Council was to meet to consider its annual report to the United Nations.

Young Anne had never been to Zermatt, where there is a wonderful view of the Matterhorn, so I took her there when I had the time. We boarded the Geneva-Rome express train and descended at Visp, near the northern end of the Brenner Pass. Here, we changed to a little narrow-gauge train that took us up through fabulously beautiful country to Zermatt. At Zermatt, we got aboard a cog wheel railway that takes passengers up the mountain to the Gornergrat. We got off at our hotel about half-way up. Later that day, we continued on that same cog wheel railway up to Gornergrat. After viewing the Matterhorn silhouetted by wisps of cloud, we decided the next day to walk down from our hotel to Zermatt. It was quite a distance, but it was all downhill, and the scenery made it seem quite worthwhile. Then we returned to Geneva to rejoin Anne and Mrs. Covington.

In September, we all, except Beatrice and Sabu, went to Paris, preparatory to the return to the United States of Young Anne and Mrs. Covington. As usual, we stayed at the Hotel Berkeley. After a few days of shopping, we put Young Anne and Mrs. Covington on the boat train for Le Havre.

That evening, we dined with our good friends, the Philip Bonsals. Phil was First Secretary in the embassy. For one course, they served mussels. Anne got a bad one, and that night and the next morning she suffered as one can only suffer who had been food-poisoned. I was due to depart for Tangier to attend a State Department regional conference of principal officers. Aware that Anne's suffering would pass in due course, as it had done with me when I had similarly been poisoned earlier in Paris, I left her on her bed of pain, and I took off as planned for Madrid, where I was to change planes for Tangier.

I was met at the airport in Madrid by Johnnie Jones (my colleague from Nanking days, who was then Deputy Chief of Mission in Spain, and who later became Ambassador to Libya). Johnny had succeeded, he said, in bouncing a couple of people off the Tangier plane to make space for me and John Utter, another Foreign Service Officer, who was *en route* to the same conference.

Johnny had not had anyone bounced off of that plane! Once aboard, we discovered that the company had merely added two cane chairs at the rear of the cabin. Also, every nook and cranny of the cabin not occupied by passengers was stuffed with cargo. To take off, even on the long new runway at Madrid, the pilot had to bounce the plane twice before he could get airborne. When we got to Tangier, he did not approach the runway in the normal way. He hit it at right angles, dipped his left wing sharply, made a tight turn, straightened out and leveled off just at the beginning of the runway. It was really frightening. Once halted at the aerodrome, the pilot descended, twirled his mustaches, threw his head back and walked away as much as to say "What a grand pilot am I!!" I think his girls must have been at the airport to meet him. I decided that never again would I fly in a Spanish plane.

Returning to Geneva after the conference at Tangier, Anne and I began to take short trips in the environs. By mid-October, 1950, our Council had completed its annual report to the United Nations. We had some time on our hands, and so we decided to take a trip to Spain in "Bella".

Driving through beautiful mountain country in eastern France, we stopped first at Avignon. Then, we went on to Nîmes and Arles. We were extremely interested in the remains of Roman civilization found in that part of France. Then we went to Les Baux, whence the name for bauxite, the mineral essential to the manufacture of aluminum, thence to Carcassone and Perpignan and on into Spain.

After crossing the Spanish border, we stopped first at Barcelona, where the Consul General was an old friend. At that time in Spain there was a shortage of electrical power. Our room was on the 10th floor of the hotel. With no electric power, there was no elevator service. We had to climb those 10 flights of stairs to reach our room. (Poor bellhops who had to carry our bags!) Barcelona is essentially an industrial and a port city, however there was really nothing to see other than some old churches.

From Barcelona, we descended the coast to Valencia. The road was hard going. They used to say in Roman times that all roads lead to Rome. That saying applied to Spain in modern times. All "good" roads led to Madrid. Woe to him who tried to go elsewhere. The other roads were terrible when we were there. Valencia had a beautiful little harbor, and we visited many old churches of historical interest. From Valencia, we turned north toward Madrid.

In those days there was very little automobile traffic in Spain. At one point, not having been able to find a filling station with high test gasoline, we were compelled to fill our tank with a black liquid that look like diesel fuel. Strangely it worked, and "Bella" carried us safely on to Madrid.

In Madrid, also, we had difficulty with the elevator in the hotel. We were only on the third floor, however, so it was not too bad. Each morning, we would rise early and take an American

Express sightseeing bus to some point of interest outside of the city. Roads spread out of Madrid like the spokes of a wheel, and we went in all directions seeking famous places.

Also in Madrid, we had friends in the embassy. They invited us to dinners and for cocktails. We had great difficulty accustoming ourselves to the strange hours people kept. Lunch was around 3 PM, cocktails were 8:30 or 9 PM, and dinner invitations usually were for 11 PM. That meant that we could not get away from dinner until 2 AM or 3 AM, yet we had to be ready for that sightseeing bus by 9 AM. It was worth it, however, as the sites both within and outside Madrid are fabulous. Our love was the Prado, with probably the most magnificent collection of paintings in the world under one roof.

From Madrid, we turned north over the mountains to San Sebastian, on the Bay of Biscay. In contrast to the terrain south of the mountains, the countryside to the north has plenty of rainfall and is verdant. San Sebastian is a beautiful summer resort, but was quite deserted by tourists when we were there. It was the resort to which all Madrid escaped during the hot summer months. Even the Spanish government and the diplomatic corps conducted their principal activities there all summer long.

We crossed into France at San Jean de Luz, and then continued north via Biarritz and Bordeaux to Paris, stopping *en route* in the cognac region to visit the Martell brandy plant. After a few days in Paris, we drove back to Geneva, having had a very pleasant vacation.

The time had now come for us to move from Geneva to Tripoli. In November, accompanied by my Assistant and my Secretary, Anne and I took off by train for Italy. We sailed from Naples for Tripoli in a small Italian boat, the SS *Argentina*. *En route*, we stopped at Catania, near Mount Etna, then at Syracuse, and at Malta.

Anne looked over the accommodations I had arranged in the Uaddan, and over the city. She called upon the people she would know there, and decided that she could stand life in Tripoli. So she returned to Geneva to pack, and to pick up Beatrice and Sabu. She returned to Tripoli on December 24 [1950], just in time for Christmas.

Our little apartment I had achieved in the Uaddan proved to be very comfortable. The terrace was delightful for a drink before dinner, and the service was quite good. Beatrice did not have anything to do in Tripoli but to walk Sabu, and she was unhappy. That spring [1951], therefore, we decided to send her back United States where she could be with Mrs. Covington and help with Young Anne. In effort to assure that Beatrice and Sabu received some attention on board the SS *Constitution*, on which they were to sail, I wrote the purser over my official signature, and told him that my wife's French-Canadian maid and her Pekinese would be aboard, and I expressed my hope that he would let Beatrice walk Sabu on the boat deck even though she would be traveling Tourist Class. I had a most gracious reply, saying that he and the captain would be only too glad to look after my wife's French maid. Between the lines, you could just see them drooling at the mouth at the thought of taking care of a "young" French maid. They had not seen Beatrice!

As time and the work of the Council permitted, Anne and I took short trips about Tripoli that winter. In the hills behind Tripoli there lived at one time people who constructed their houses underground. Such people are called "troglodytes". At Gharyan, where we visited, they had dug a great square hole on the ground to a depth of about 60 feet, had tunneled from the floor up a gradual incline to the surface, where the entrance was possibly 100 feet from the large square opening in the ground. Within the square, they had dug into the walls at various levels, carving out rooms, stairways, and windows looking out onto the sunken square. Many families lived in each such abode. The entrance was securely closed every night or when enemies approached. Some of those troglodyte settlements were still in existence when we were there.

East of Tripoli, near the small modern village of Homs, are the ruins of the Roman city of Leptis Magna. Only one-tenth excavated when we were there, it is easy to see that, in its heyday, it had been a magnificent city. One Roman emperor was born there, and he had lavished money on it when he was in power. It was interesting to note the vast marketplace, baths, and business courts, and the deep ruts in the paved street caused by chariot wheels through the centuries when Leptis Magna was one of the great ports of the Mediterranean. In the marketplace, there remained the official standards of measurement, put there to settle arguments. There were standards for linear, as well as for liquid and dry measures.

Our Council had adjourned for a while in March of 1951, so we decided to visit Tunisia and Algeria. My French colleague would join us. We sent out one day in two automobiles. We started very early in the morning, so early in fact, that we had to difficulty arousing officials at the border to permit us to leave Libya.

We spent the first night at Gabès, in Tunisia, a town where the water was so brackish we even had to brush our teeth in bottled water. Then we crossed the near desert to Gafsa, a French military outpost, and on through desolate country – not unlike that pictured as the surface of the moon – to Tébessa in Algeria, then to Constantine, where we spent the night. Next morning, we drove on to our destination in Algiers, where he arrived in time for dinner at the Hotel St. George, our lodging place.

We went about seeing the town, particularly the famous Casbah, which at that time was perfectly calm and peaceful. Anne even took a picture of a street scene with veiled Muslim women, and we wandered safely through the markets, ducking aside as the carriers of bloody slaughtered lambs ran by, crying out to all to make away or risk being bespotted. The streets of the Casbah are not real streets; they are narrow thoroughfares, some covered, mostly stairways, where one could stand and touch both walls. We lunched with the Consul General in Algiers, and saw for the first time the glorious residence that we were later to occupy.

After a few days in Algiers we started out before dawn on our return journey. Mistakenly, we decided to cross over the Kabyle Mountains and spent the first night in Philippeville. It was too long a journey for one day, and we were dog-tired when we finally reached our hotel well after dark. And as tired as we were, here again there was no elevator, and we were placed on the fourth floor.

Next morning, we continued via Bone and La Calle, where we turned inland to the mountains across the frontier into Tunisia, and then on to the city of Tunis, itself. Here, the Consul General and his wife were friends. They showed us the town, took us to a cocktail party aboard a British war vessel that happened to be in port, and introduced us to many of the local people, including Muslim Tunisians and their wives, who, unlike those of Algeria, went about unveiled. We visited Carthage – or what little remains of it – and finally we began the last leg of our return trip to Tripoli. We spent that night in the spotless little port of Sfax, and then we went on the next day to Tripoli and to our penthouse at the Uaddan.

Sometime earlier, I had accepted an invitation of the Amir to pay him an official visit in Benghazi. In April [1951], we set out. Visiting us at the time was the daughter of a very good friend in Ottawa, Martha Bate, who was then attending the University of Geneva, and was spending her Easter vacation with us. We decided to take Martha along, and to take with us also my assistant Curt Jones and his wife, and my secretary Helen McArdle. We went in two cars, my official chauffeur driving the government Buick, and Anne and I taking turns at the wheel of "Bella".

We drove straight through to Surt the first day. The inn was small and crowded and we were numerous, so the ladies took one room and the men another. When I woke up the next morning, I discovered that two more men had bedded down in our room during the night, and were sleeping on the floor.

We got started next day just as day was breaking, and we drove across the semi-desert, where camels were bred, to the Marble Arch on the border between Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. Here we were met by representatives of the Amir and by a military escort to accompany us on into Benghazi.

Our next stop was Ajdabiya, where we were greeted by local officials and had lunch. Then came the final stage of our journey and the official welcome in Benghazi. As we entered the city, the streets were lined by a welcoming crowd, and of course there had to be a Guard of Honor for me to inspect. We were installed in the Amir's Benghazi Palace and the round of festivities began. After a visit with the Amir, I had to attend a reception given in my honor and there make a speech

While I was engaged thusly, Anne was visiting schools and having tea with the Amir's wife and other leading ladies of the community. At one of the schools she was presented with an embroidered picture of a peacock done in garish colors by the schoolgirls, and with a bouquet of flowers. At the tea, she had to make a speech, and she was presented with a beautiful ancient Libyan costume and a silver belt. The women attending the tea party would not think of appearing in public unveiled, and it was unheard of for them to be photographed. Nevertheless, on this occasion some of them posed with Anne for a picture.

We left Benghazi after a couple of days, accompanied by Ali Bey Jerbi, who had been designated by the Amir to be our escort. We visited various places of interest in Cyrenaica: first Cyrene, then to Beda Littoria [now known as Al Bayda], located on the high plateau behind Cyrene. Here lies buried the grandfather of the Amir, who had founded the Senussi sect of

Mohammedanism. The Amir had intimated to me in a conversation that he planned, after he had become king – which he anticipated doing – he would establish his capital here, in the region which had associations with his family, and also because of the more suitable climate.

We lunched in the manor house in which General Rommel had made his headquarters at one stage of World War II, and where a British commando unit almost succeeded in capturing him.

We went east along the coast from Beda and visited Darnah and Bardiyah. Everywhere there were roadside reminders of the grimness of war: upturned tanks, deserted small houses Mussolini had constructed, and abandoned irrigation projects conceived by Mussolini but never completed. He would have a house constructed and furnished, farm tools and a cow placed in the barn and a crop planted before he brought the settler and his family over from Italy. Water was to have been pumped from a great underground river into large tanks erected on the hilltops, so that gravity could carry it to the farms. War stopped this grandiose plan, and when we were there we found no evidence of human habitation.

We spent the night at the Ladybird Club in Tobruk, where I had been the previous year, and then we continued our way back towards Benghazi along the coast, stopping for lunch by the sea at Ra's al Helal, where rugs had been placed on the ground for our comfort and we were shaded by trees. Back once more in Benghazi, I took my leave of the Amir, and we returned by the same route to Tripoli.

In May 1951, I was ordered to Washington for consultation. I was able to arrange my visit to Washington to coincide with Young Anne's graduation from St. Tim's, along with Mrs. Covington and Philip Jelley, who was later to marry Young Anne. I would bring Young Anne back to Tripoli with me.

Young Anne had cabled to us that she had been accepted for entrance at Bryn Mawr and Vassar, and that she had chosen Vassar. This pleased Anne, a Vassar graduate, no end. At the graduation ceremonies, much to my pleasure and to my surprise, Young Anne won three prizes in French. She had spoken fluently until she was nine years old, when we moved to Ottawa. The French teacher at Young Anne's school was an English-Canadian with a bad French accent. She was constantly correcting in Anne's accent, which discouraged her. In addition there was a feeling among her English-Canadian schoolmates that one did not bother to learn French. She developed a psychosis on the subject, and she began to bring home very bad marks in French, when in reality she probably knew more spoken French than her teacher. This psychosis had continued when she went to Saint Tim's, and we had been worried about it. So when she was in Geneva the previous year, she had been sent to a French tutor, who obviously had succeeded in bringing back to her a sound knowledge and appreciation of the French language.

We had suggested to Young Anne that she bring a friend along with her to Tripoli for the summer, and she had arranged with a classmate, Lucy Hoge, to come. One day, Young Anne and I flew to New York, met Lucy at the airport, and we took off together on a British Overseas Airways plane for London.

In London, we were met at the airport by an officer of Embassy and a car was placed at my disposal. We did some sightseeing about London, lunched at the Ritz, and I talked briefly with officers of the Embassy. Then we returned to the airport to take a British European Airways plane for Tripoli. We arrived on time at midnight, were met by Anne, and driven to the Uaddan.

Stationed at that time in Tripoli were elements of the crack aristocratic British Guards Regiments: Coldstream Guards, Grenadier Guards, and the Cameron Highlanders. We had arranged through one of the officers for Young Anne and Lucy to meet some of the young unmarried officers.

The young ladies quickly settled upon two: John Alliot of the Coldstream Guards, and Robert Wallace-Turner of the Grenadier Guards. Young Anne was paired off with John, Lucy with Robert. From then on, as long as they were in Libya, we saw very little of the girls. They would be up all night, sleep all day, and we would get a quick glimpse of them only just before their evening's activities. It was not exactly what we had counted upon, but the girls had a ball.

Young Anne wore a brace on her upper front teeth to hold two false eyeteeth which took the place of the real teeth which had never developed. The brace broke!!! Disaster!!! A guardsmen courtier could not be permitted to see her without those teeth! What to do? Anne discovered that there was a very good English dentist in the British Military Hospital in Tripoli. We were able to arrange for Young Anne to see him. Eureka!! In a very short time she fixed her brace to hold the teeth in place, and she was able to keep her date that night without embarrassment.

In July, the meetings of our Council were recessed, so we started out for a trip to Europe. First we flew to Rome, then after a few days we moved north by train to Florence and Venice, and thence to Lucerne in Switzerland, Interlaken, Montreux and Geneva. Hastening to make a train at Montreux, Young Anne left her hat bag behind into the Hotel Montana. What to do? We contacted the American Express as soon as we arrived in Geneva, and the remarkable Swiss put that bag on the next train. It was in our hotel in Geneva a few hours after our arrival. Needless to say, it developed that she had everything in her hat bag but hats, and she could not have gotten along without it.

After a brief stay in Geneva, where our Council met to prepare its annual report to the Secretary General of the United Nations, we all took off for Paris. As usual, we stayed at the Hotel Berkeley. After sightseeing about Paris, nightclubs, etc., we rented a French automobile and went to visit the *chateaux* of the Loire Valley, making our headquarters at Langeais. It was here that I saw the *patron* engaged in preparing snails for dinner one afternoon, and let him persuade me to order them that night. I have never regretted it, for properly prepared snails can be a delicious dish.

Back in Paris, the girls completed their shopping. We had bought a dress in Rome in which Young Anne was to make her debut the next winter, but they nevertheless had to look at the collections in Paris, "just in case".

They sailed September 8 for the United States: Young Anne to enter Vassar, Anne to complete preparations for the debut party which was to take place just before Christmas.

I returned to Tripoli to continue the work of Council. There was really not much left to do. We had prepared the ground for the independence of the country, and we had submitted our annual report to the United Nations. The machinery had been set in motion, and the United Nations Commissioner in Libya was handling the transition from British and French control to that of the newly formed government.

The United Nations General Assembly met in Paris that year. I had to be on hand there to assist our delegation when the question of Libyan independence was considered. Accordingly, accompanied by my assistant [Curt Jones] and my secretary [Helen McArdle], I drove in my official car over to Tunis, where I could get a direct flight to Paris. When consideration of the question of Libya was completed, I returned to Washington to be on hand for Young Anne's debut, and to spend Christmas with the family.

Young Anne's debut was really an event. The night before, December 22, she had been presented with a group forming the first Washington Debutant Ball. Anne's brother, Harry, had, three years previously, engaged the best orchestra in the east, Meyer Davis, with Meyer, himself, leading, dancing in the Ballroom of the Sulgrave Club. We had hired another smaller orchestra to supply music for dancing on the ground floor. The flowers and floral decorations were arranged by Hansen, a master of floral arrangement. About 400 guests had been invited, and most, if not all, of them came. Champagne flowed, supper was served at one in the morning, and dancing continued until four, when we stopped the music. But the guests would not leave until we closed the bar as well.

Young Anne and Philip Jelley then disappeared, while Anne and I went to the home of Janes Bayens, a Secretary in the French Embassy, for a champagne breakfast. Later that morning, Sunday, Leslie Glenn, then rector of St. John's Episcopal Church on Lafayette Square, was surprised to see Young Anne and Philip at early communion. He was quite impressed, and he told us so.

Right after the first of the year, I had to return to Geneva where our Council was to draft its final report to the Secretary General of the United Nations. This done, I returned to the Department and began to look for another assignment. Once again, I was offered the Ambassadorship to Burma, but once again we decided not to accept it. An alternative as Consul General at Montréal was suggested, but I wound up working on loan to the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington. Young Anne returned to Vassar.

Chapter 12: Washington [1952-1954]

Living in our house at 2317 Bancroft Place, I spent a year of frustration in the Central Intelligence Agency, trying unsuccessfully to accomplish things that I felt needed to be done. Then I returned to the State Department. I had been asked whether I would accept appointment as Ambassador to Thailand, and I had said that I would be delighted. The Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, agreed, and my name was placed on the list to be presented to the new President, Eisenhower. For a long time, nothing happened. Then, my spies told me that my name had been taken off the list. I investigated. The intelligence community was trying to pull a

fast one in Southeast Asia. They had gotten inside track to the White House, and "Wild Bill" Donovan, of OSS fame, was going to be appointed to Thailand. There I was, out on a limb. Other missions that I might have had were no longer available.

It was during this period [March, 1952] that Young Anne decided that marriage was more desirable than further education, and she ran off with Phil Jelley and got married.

Still looking for a new post, I was finally offered that of Consul General at Algiers. Knowing Algiers and Algeria, I jumped at the chance to go there. It was a diplomatic mission in all but name. I would receive my instructions directly from the State Department and I would report directly to it.

My departure was delayed awaiting clearance of my assignment with the security people in the Department, then under the influence of Senator Joseph McCarthy – that menace to free institutions of the United States, who thought he saw a Communist under every bed.

There had been a period in China, when our Embassy was in Chungking, that our officers had had considerable official association with the Communist leadership. This was in the normal line of their duty. Anyone having had such official association was suspect to McCarthy. I had not been there during that time, which I came to call the "period of contamination", but I'd had on my staff in Nanking many who had. For one of them I had written a letter to the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, expressing the concern among members of my staff at the suspicion in Washington that the officer was a communist. My letter was entirely negative. I knew nothing, myself, about the officer; I had merely met him. Nevertheless, approval of my appointment to Algiers was held up pending investigation. Told of this, Anne and I were about to take a trip to Florida while the "security boys" made up their minds. Fortunately, a friend, Tom Wailes, then Assistant Secretary of State for Administration, heard of my problem, blew a fuse, and put the cart back on the track. A few days I was cleared, my orders issued, and transportation authorized.

As usual Anne had been occupied with her civic enterprises. She had run the Flower Mart at the National Cathedral again that year, and she was President of All Hallows' Guild, the organization charged with the maintenance of the Cathedral grounds. Of course, she had to resign to go with me to Algiers, and she was missed.

Chapter 13: Consul General, Algiers [1954 – 1958]

Our ship, the SS *Exochorda*, of the American Export Lines, was due to sail on the morning of January 1, 1954, from Jersey City, New Jersey. We decided to spend New Year's Eve in Washington with friends and take the midnight train to Jersey City. This we did, arriving so early in the morning we had great difficulty locating a taxi to take us to the pier. Finally, we did get one, and managed to find the boat. We were not allowed on board the ship for some time, however, as the Customs and Immigration officials had not yet arrived.

Once aboard, the purser settled us in the Presidential Suite, even though the government had paid only the minimum first-class passage. The suite was quite commodious, with a large sitting room and bedroom, a small dressing room and bath. We were really quite comfortable. Our only trouble on the voyage was with the dining salon steward. We were both trying to lose weight, and we ate very lightly despite the fact that the menu was long and everything already paid for. He just could not understand it, and kept suggesting special dishes not on the menu.

We had a pleasant crossing and easy transfer at Marseilles to a small French vessel, the *Ville D'Alger*, for the passage across the Mediterranean. The French ran those little vessels just as though they were trans-Atlantic liners. We had cocktails with the captain, sat at his table through a many-course dinner, danced afterward amidst confetti and paper streamers, and we played the horse races.

We arrived at sunrise next morning in the beautiful port of Algiers, where we were met by the entire American staff of the Consulate General. After pictures on the dock, the government chauffeur, Paul Alavenna, drove us through the winding streets of Algiers up the hill to the Villa Montfeld, the government-owned residence of the Consul General. At that time, that residence was probably as nice a residence as any in the American Foreign Service. It was described by one writer as "designed like an Arabian palace amid 5 acres of gardens commanding a panorama to make the angels jealous." The Villa had enormous reception rooms, a large dining room, five bedrooms, each with a bath, a magnificent terrace, and a view across the bay to the Kabylie Mountains, foothills of the Atlas

It really was a palace, and it was beautifully furnished. It was the creation of an English stone mason turned architect, named Bucknell, who had been brought to Algiers by Lady Bell, one of the early English to flee the winter fog of London for the sunshine of Algiers. The original structure had been the Moorish-style residence of one of the Barbary pirate captains, or *rais*. The remodeling had been undertaken at a time when old buildings were being torn down in Algiers to make way for new streets, and many old tiles are coming on the market. These were tiles paid as tribute during the later 18th century and early 19th century by the Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and others to the Barbary pirates to avoid the piratical seizures of their shipping in the Mediterranean. Money had not been spared, and the architect had used these tiles lavishly, and with remarkably beautiful effect.

The Villa Montfeld felt was generally considered one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, in Algiers. It had been occupied at various times by important officials of the French government until our government bought it in 1949. One French general, [Georges] Catroux, in occupancy during World War II, had even constructed an elaborate air raid shelter 60 feet underground, with several rooms and lengthy passageways. We often said that we were going to grow mushrooms down there, but we never got around to it.

But where were we? I received the press in my office that first morning. We had the American members of the staff in that afternoon for cocktails and to get acquainted. As required by protocol, they had inquired about paying formal calls on us, but we thought it better to begin our relations with the staff on a more informal basis.

That afternoon, I ascertained that elements of the Sixth United States Fleet under the command of Admiral Cruise would be arriving in five days. This meant that I had to hurry and pay my principal office calls – on the Governor General, the Prefect, the Mayor, and the commanding French military and naval officers – before that time in order to be in a position to accompany the Admiral on the official calls which protocol required he make. It was also necessary that I call upon my principal consular colleagues, whom I would wish to invite to the reception at the Villa Montfeld that we felt we should give on the occasion of the Admiral's visit.

I asked my deputy, Leon Dorros, to accompany me while I made these calls. I had to wear a chancery coat and striped trousers, display the American flag on the fender of my automobile, and pass in review the honor guard awaiting me at each entrance. The French officials understood my predicament, were most cooperative and friendly, and I was able to pay all of the necessary calls before the arrival of the fleet.

During this same period, Anne was busy making similar calls and trying to get the household staffed and functioning. In our haste we hired an unrecommended Swiss couple – he was Swiss, she French – with which we struggled for a while, but eventually had to let go. At the least they were there for the visit of Admiral Cruise. Except for the three *sultanis* (Berber gardeners) and the upstairs maid, all paid by the government and who were there when we arrived, we never did succeed in getting a satisfactory domestic staff together. After we fired the Swiss couple, we tried a French one. He had been an overseer on a plantation near Tipasa, and he never could adjust himself to being a domestic servant. After them, we tried a Spanish cook, and a Negro from the Chad, Muloud, as butler. She was a good cook, and he was very colorful in his African robes, but he drank and they did not belong. Then the cook brought in two sisters from Spain and we managed until we left, but it was never completely satisfactory. Whenever we had large parties we had to bring in outside waiters at great expense.

The Consulate General in Algiers was a diplomatic mission in everything but name. It was organized on the lines of an embassy. We reported directly to the Department of State in Washington, and we received our instructions directly from the Department. Accordingly, it would be necessary for me to dig deeply into the history of the country, to study closely the intensely interesting political situation, and to keep the Department and the embassy in Paris intimately informed of developments. To do this required not only much study, but also, among other things, travel about the vast country – as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River – and maintaining friendly contact with all elements of the population. We would be busy.

The Fleet arrived, Admiral Cruise and I made the official calls, and we held a reception at the Villa Montfeld. The Governor General, Roger Leonard, was kind enough to ask us to his official residence, the Palais d'Été, for the next afternoon, and he suggested to the Admiral that he might wish to bring along with him a couple of his officers.

It occurred to me that some of my staff might likewise enjoy the tea, and the Governor General readily agreed that I could bring them. I later telephoned to Dorros us to find out whether he or any other members of my staff would like to come. Dorros was delighted, and he suggested that I include the Walstroms. I discovered later that though they had been in Algiers for several years, neither of them had ever been invited to the Palais d'Été.

We had a delightful tea in the Moorish part of the Palais the next day with the Governor General and Madam Leonard. Later, I was able to arrange that members of my staff, in rotation, were invited to the Palais d'Été for the formal receptions which took place with such frequency that Anne and I attended only through a sense of duty.

After the departure of the Sixth Fleet, we settled down for what we hoped would be a long, interesting and pleasant tour of duty. We found Algiers to be a delightful city. It was called *Alger La Blanche* ("White Algiers"), and it is properly so named. The city parallels the circular shoreline of the bay, and mounts with sharp inclines to the ridge about 500 feet above the harbor. All buildings are white, including those in the *casbah*, and from the sea, it does in fact appear to be a white city.

Except for the veiled women and the turbaned men in the streets, it was a smaller Marseilles. There were restaurants with tables on the sidewalks, there was the Mediterranean evening stroll on the main street of young men and young women, walking separately in small groups, each eyeing the other, and then there were shops offering the same things one would find in Paris. Here was a bit of France set down in North Africa. There was a difference, however. The Algerian-born French is noticeably more democratic, energetic, direct, and less concerned with formality than his cousin of the mainland.

Algiers had no native *souk* (marketplace), as is the case with most North African cities, but it did have its *casbah*, or native city. Though Muslims lived throughout the city, in the *casbah* there remained only Muslims, and a few native Jews. It was a rabbit warren, with narrow twisting streets, mostly steps, some covered, stretching from the waterfront up to the real *casbah*, or fort, at the top of the ridge.

The Sixth Fleet had hardly left port when it began to snow heavily. It was never supposed to snow in Algiers. There is snow in the Kabylie Mountains to the east and south, where there is skiing for five months each year, but in the city of Algiers? No, not ever! The snow was falling so steadily and so heavily, that some members of my staff were afraid that they might not be able to reach their homes. I told everyone to leave who wanted, and I, too, started up the hill with Paul Alavenna.

Anne was having tea at the Hotel St. George that afternoon with the mother of my Dutch colleague, so we stopped by there to pick her up. No one at the party would believe me when I said that if we did not start immediately we would likely be unable to reach Villa Montfeld. Finally I persuaded Anne to come along and we started on up the hill. At Colonne Voirol, about halfway, traffic was stalled by fallen trees, telephone wires and cables. We had to get out of the car and start walking. I told Paul to turn around and go back down the hill to the Villa Mustafa Rais, another government-owned property, where it was planned eventually to construct a building to house the consular offices.

We plodded on uphill through the snow amidst falling limbs from trees lining the street, and at considerable risk of life and limb, we finally reached the Villa Montfeld and – we thought – to safety. Not so, however. As we approached the front door there was a loud crash overhead. I

screamed to Anne to jump backwards, and did so myself. She jumped forward instead and a tremendous limb crashed to the ground between us. We both missed death by inches.

The storm disrupted all electric power lines and we were without light or heat for three days. We hibernated in an upstairs sitting room where there were doors we could close and a fireplace in which we burned logs to keep warm. Though we were told that this was the worst snowstorm in 20 years, we wondered whether the climate in Algiers was going to prove as balmy as we had been led to believe.

As soon as we had, figuratively speaking, gotten our feet on the ground in the city of Algiers, we began to plan the first of many trips about Algeria so necessary to our mission. Our first strip, taken in the spring [of 1954], was to western Algeria. That is the region where the European population was largely of Spanish origin – refugees at various times from civil war in Spain. There lay the Muslim holy city of Tlemcen and Sidi Bel Abbès, the home of the French Foreign Legion.

We took Paul Allavena to drive, and “Eric” Ericson, one of my vice consuls, whom we had first known in China when he was awaiting clearance to go to Mukden. (He was kept under house arrest by the Communists before they would let him depart.) We passed through Orléansville, center of a rich wine grapes and fruit region, later devastated by earthquake, and on to Mostaganem on the coast. From there we followed the coast to Oran, second largest port in Algeria.

We paid our official calls in Oran, then Eric and I went to visit the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) military establishments being constructed at this French Naval Base, Mers el Kabir. Here was a return to the Stone Age. Under the mountain they were constructing an entire city, including a power plant, storage space, living quarters, hospitals, communications centers, and a whole network designed to assure survival as a military command post in the event of nuclear attack.

It was here in Oran that Anne and I had our bout with “Algerian tummy”. We discovered that Algerian tummy was the same as “Peking tummy” or any other tummy for that matter. It was, in other words, simply food poisoning. In any event, Anne thought she was going to die that night, after having eaten a seafood platter in the Grand Hotel. My turn came, belatedly, the next day. I was sick all the way to Tiaret, though I did manage lunch at Sidi Bel Abbes with the sous-prefect, and a visit to the barracks of the famous French Foreign Legion, founded in 1848. We visited the Hall of Honor, where were listed the names of all officers of the Legion who died on the field of honor since its founding. We were astounded to discover that more officers had been killed during the fighting in French Indochina following World War II than had been killed in the entire previous hundred-year history of the Legion. It gave really a measure of the terrific suffering of the French in the futile Indochina struggle.

I felt so sorry for myself with my “Algerian tummy” that when we reached Tiaret, I went straight to bed. Anne kindly foraged for me a hot water bottle and some whiskey, and after a night sweating under several blankets, I was able next morning to continue the journey.

Tiaret lies under a rolling countryside where wheat is grown, and where were bred some of the best Algerian horses. It reminded us somewhat of parts of our own West.

We had planned to return to Algiers directly over the mountains via Orléansville. But it was raining hard. Eric pointed out the danger of crossing the mountains in the rain as it was probably snowing up there, and he was profuse in his praise of the oasis of Bou Saada, south of the mountains to the east. So, instead of risking a crossing of the mountains, we cut across middle Algeria on the strategic "Rocade du Sud" to Bou Saada, an oasis we came to love and to visit many times. It was the oasis chosen by our military during World War II as a convalescent depot for our wounded. It was really a beautiful spot, located about 150 miles south of Algiers. The roads were good and the trip could be made easily in about five hours, taking time out for lunch *en route* by the roadside. We made it a practice to take our houseguests there in order to give them a touch of the Sahara. Immediately when you arrive in the Sahara, you notice the stillness. An incredible absolute silence prevails. Even within the oasis there is a hushed quality in the air.

The manager of the Caïd, the best inn in Bou Saada, was an old friend of Eric's and treated us most cordially. Peter Rojestvensky (the manager) stemmed from an aristocratic Russian origin. His American mother had married a member of the Russian nobility who was serving as Secretary in the Russian Embassy in Washington. His wife, Janique, was a member of the Guiauchin family, old Algiers with a mixture of British, but well-established, wealthy and accepted. Peter had been an artist, hadn't been able to support himself on his paintings, so had been set up as manager of the family hotel in Bou Saada. They were charming, improvident, and good company. We saw a lot of them during our years in Algeria.

Shortly after our return to Algiers, Mrs. Covington and a friend came to pay us a visit. We took them to Bou Saada. The Rojestvenskys offered us a *meshoui*, which was served to us as we were seated on the ground which had been covered with rugs. A *meshoui* consists of a freshly killed lamb, barbecued and served with a sharp sauce. It must be eaten with the fingers. You just pluck off a delectable-looking piece of meat and eat it. One of the supposedly choice bits is the kidney, which, to be had, requires digging with your fingers into the interior of the whole hot lamb at great risk of getting burned.

Bou Saada was the locale of the most sophisticated of the native Ouled Naïl belly dancers. These dancers represented what has been termed "institutional prostitution". In other words, the practice was sanctified by tradition of the tribes in the Ouled Naïl Mountains of the northern Sahara, and was an integral part of their society. The young girls are trained from infancy by their mothers to become belly dancers, and there is much competition and rivalry among them for perfection of the art. They learn the intricate movements of the stomach muscles required for this primitive type of dancing, and when they have reached the age of puberty, they are sent to the various oases of the northern Sahara, where they dance to attract customers and then prostitute themselves to acquire a dowry. When they have accumulated enough money, which they save in the form of gold coins made into necklaces and bracelets, they return to their tribes in the Ouled Naïl Mountains. They are then considered to be desirable brides because of the visible wealth they bring with them as dowry. When they marry, they bring up their own daughters in the same manner. We took Mrs. Covington and her friend to see them, and they

enjoyed the dancing, though we felt sure that they were never aware of the other activities of the dancers. In the second act, when no pictures were permitted, the girls danced in the nude, the native musicians turning their backs. Of course, we did not stay for the second act when Mrs. Covington and her friend were with us.

There was also in Bou Saada a company of the native troops under the command of a French officer and charged with the maintenance of order in the region. They were very colorful, and from time to time they would stage a wild charge on horseback, called a *razzia*, to honor a visitor of importance. They staged one for me one day in the desert near by. They first marched slowly by in review, then they charged by fours, then in eights, and finally by the entire company, shooting their rifles into the air as they passed.

That same autumn [of 1954], we discovered the oyster farm at Sidi Ferruch, located on the sea about 15 miles west of Algiers. The oysters were flown down from the various coastal regions of France, placed in baskets, and hung in the sea until they had settled down and were fit to eat. The entire operation was conducted under strict government supervision, and it was safe to eat the oysters. On the farm you could purchase wine, brown bread, and oysters, which they opened for you. You stood at large tables and ate your fill, throwing the empty shells into large tubs placed nearby for that purpose.

It was at this oyster house that and that I first dared to eat an *oursin*. The *oursin* is a sea urchin found in local Algerian waters, as well as elsewhere. You split the thorny sea urchin in two, and eat the small red berries (sea urchin eggs) you find in the center, first smearing them on a piece of brown bread. We decided that having to overcome our repugnance at eating such an unappetizing morsel was not worth the small satisfaction derived from the taste of the berries.

Back in Algiers again, we resumed our normal life. I had to make frequent calls on officials, colleagues, and members of the community to keep informed, so that I could report to Washington with confidence on the developing situation. Together with Anne, I had to attend many official functions, and we had to do a certain amount of official entertaining ourselves. We also had visits that spring from many friends, including a Foreign Service colleague, Ted Maffitt, with his wife Katny, and their daughter Binky, who went to school with Young Anne. Also, there was Jeff Patterson, another Foreign Service Officer, with his wife. We took them all down to Bou Saada.

In Washington, before our departure, we had been shown the plan of the property at Villa Montfeld. The plan indicated a pool of water on the marble terrace, but the people in the Foreign Building Office in the Department of State did not know whether the pool was a swimming pool or a fish pond. Upon our arrival in Algiers, we found that the pool was a shallow reflecting pool, in which my predecessor had planted unsightly shrubbery. We knew that the Department would not authorize the construction of a swimming pool at government expense, yet that seemed to be the best thing to do with the pool. Accordingly, without in any way disturbing the beauty of the existing terrace, we proceeded at our own expense to deepen that pool into a most attractive swimming pool 6-feet deep all over. A large Lebanese pine shaded one end of the pool and framed the view across the city to the Kabyle Mountains. Its needles were constantly dropping into the water. It became a daily chore for Anne to sweep the pool clear of these pine needles.

During our stay in Algeria the pool became the focal point of much entertaining and informal association with the French and with our consular colleagues. We would invite someone specifically for luncheon on a particular Saturday. Then, at that time, we would issue to them a general invitation to return on any Saturday, bringing along some food or wine to be arranged with things brought by others similarly invited, so as to provide a buffet lunch for all. The practice proved quite popular, and at times we had as many as 60 or more for lunch, we providing only the drinks and enough food for ourselves and any specially invited guests that day. These informal Saturday "At Homes" by the pool were patronized by most of the active leaders of Algeria at that time, and proved of inestimable value to me and to my staff in the performance of our responsibilities.

The Commander-in-Chief of the French naval forces in the Mediterranean, Admiral Philippe Aubynneau, and his charming wife, Kitty, were frequent participants in the activities beside our pool, as was General Robert Quenard, who commanded the French forces in the Sahara, his wife Marie Louise, and his two attractive daughters, Josie and Annie. In fact, the swimming pool became a neutral center where members of the various factions or schools of thought in Algeria could meet informally, discuss their problems, and obviously take pleasure in so doing.

General Massu was there just prior to the Franco-British attack on Suez in 1957, when he, Massu, commanded the French paratrooper division participating in operation. He had invited me to a formal review of his division a week earlier in the country near Blida. (It was during this review that the French military band played music that sounded exactly like that of Stephen Foster: Old Black Joe, Way Down upon the Suwanee River, and such. I turned to Madam Massu and mentioned the fact. "But no", says she, "that is 18th-century French martial music." Evidently, Stephen Foster had heard it in the south, and had adapted it to his need). We wondered at the time for the reason for the formal review, and why it had not been held in the city of Algiers. What were the French up to? They must have become worried, because my very good friend General Quenard came to see me at the pool, mentioned the review, and said that the operation contemplated had been called off. The operation, of course, was the Suez adventure.

Likewise, in the winter when it was too cold to swim, we inaugurated an "At Home" on Sunday afternoons which served a similar purpose. After an original specific invitation, those who wanted to play *petanque*— a particularly southern France type of bowling, playable on almost any terrain — arrived at about 3:00 or 3:30 in the afternoon. Those who wanted to play bridge came at about 5:00 or 5:30, and those who just want to have a drink and see people came along at about 6:30 or 7:00. Here also, except for the first time, no one had a specific invitation for any particular Sunday; they came as they wished, yet we almost always played to a full house.

Petanque is usually played by from 2 to 6 or eight people. Sides are chosen, and each player had two light steel balls. A coin is tossed to determine which side will bowl first in the first game. Thereafter, the winning side must bowl first. The loser of the toss bowls a small wooden ball, called the *cochonnet*, or "piglet". It must come to rest less than 9 feet not more than 21 feet away from the bowler. He then bowls one steel ball seeking to have it come to rest as near as possible to the piglet. The opponents then bowl until they have a ball near to the piglet than that of the first bowler. This process of alternative bowling is continued until all balls have been bowled. The side with the ball or balls nearest to the piglet scores a point for each such ball. A game is

21 points, but, by agreement, may be for less. If the loser is scoreless, he must *embrasser* (kiss) the Fanny, which, strange as it may seem, means the same thing in French than it does in English. Just before our departure from Algiers, a very good friend, Charlie Lelong, who had been a *habitué* of our pool, presented me with a "Fanny", beautifully contrived out of papier-mâché by one of the technicians at his canning plant outside Algiers. It just happened that when he came to present it to me, Kitty Auboyneau, wife of the Admiral, was on hand having a pre-luncheon cocktail with us as she did quite frequently. Charlie was terribly embarrassed, but he carried through, and all admired my "Fanny", which, as a matter of fact, is a masterpiece.

Shortly after my arrival in Algiers, we began the practice of presenting to each American member of the staff transferred elsewhere a silver cigarette box inscribed as from his old friends the Consulate General. It was a nice custom, gave each department officer a memento of his tour of duty in Algiers, and we continued the practice as long as I was there.

Later in the spring of 1954, we decided to take a trip to eastern Algeria. Again, we took [my vice-consul] Eric along, with Paul at the wheel.

[We first drove over the Kabylie mountains.] The Kabylie was wildly picturesque country, with mountains rising to more than 6000 feet, Berber villages perched on the top of almost every high hill, and narrow winding roads where one could still encounter wild monkeys, jackals, wild boar and such. These villages were located on the tops of the highest hills for purposes of security from attack by neighboring tribes during the civil warfare that had been prevalent from prehistoric times. This situation also led the Berbers to plant only annual crops, and to depend upon sheep and goats for their meat, milk and clothing. The animals could be corralled into the village for protection against enemy attack, and if the enemy succeeded in destroying a crop, a new crop could be planted and harvested the following year. Water generally had to be carried up to the village from springs down the mountainside. This is the task of the women, who, unlike their Arab sisters, went unveiled. As in all such societies, these springs became centers of village gossip, and many a Berber plot in the storybooks has been woven about such springs.

One typical Berber village we visited [later in 1954] was Beni Yenni, where the inhabitants manufactured the "antique" Berber jewelry sold in the bazaars of Algeria. The houses clustered on the top of the hill, and the streets were narrow and winding. Beni Yenni could be reached in a motor car by a narrow mountain road, but most such villages were connected with the outside world only by donkey paths.

But to return to our trip to Eastern Algeria. After passing through the Kabylie and lunching at Béjaïa, a beautiful little port city on the Mediterranean, we drove along the coast on a spectacular road carved out of the mountainside to Djidjelli [Jijel], where we spent the night in a summer hotel located on the beach. When we were there it was deserted, except for us, as summer had not yet arrived. From there, we drove on to Philippeville [Skikda]. There had been a landslide at one point on the "cornice", and we had to detour back into the mountains, passing on a narrow winding road through a magnificent cork forest. Coming back to the coast, we continued onto Philippeville and to Bône [Annaba], the third largest port in Algeria.

In Bône, accompanied by Admiral Marais, the Frenchman who had supervised the excavation, we visited the ruins of Hippone, an ancient Roman port; the Cathedral of Saint Augustine, named for a Berber Christian who had been proclaimed a Roman Catholic saint; we lunched at Cap de Garde, beautifully situated high above the sea, our American host being a local businessman who owned the Bône bus company. After a night in Bône, we cut back inland over the mountains to Constantine, picturesquely perched on the brink of a ravine a thousand feet deep. We had been here briefly on our earlier trip to Algeria [from Lybia], but this time we would see more of the city.

Constantine, like other Algerian cities, had its *bidonville*[shantytown]. These areas, located on the outskirts of town, were inhabited by natives lured to the city by the seldom-realized hope of a better life. They consisted of a conglomeration of hovels, put together with tin gasoline cans (*bidon*) and whatever could be gleaned from the city dump. They were overcrowded, unhealthy, and full of disillusioned and unhappy people living almost like wild animals. The French police had little authority in these *bidonvilles*, and there was much violence and crime. The Constantine *bidonville* clung to the side of the ravine.

After our official calls, we strolled about the city visiting the native market, where there were for sale various native products such as crudely fashioned leather shoes, sandals and belts, mats woven of straw, and articles hammered out of brass and copper. As with all such colorful native markets, the place was a bedlam, teeming with people crying their wares and haggling over the prices.

From Constantine we drove south to Biskra via Timgad and the Aures Mountains. It was in these rugged mountains that the native uprising started a few months later. When we were there, all was peaceful and quiet, at least on the surface. We stopped for a moment at Batna, at the entrance to the Aures, to see the Administrator, who was surprised to see a woman at the wheel of our car in that wild country – Anne was driving. He offered us a car with a military chauffeur for the trip through the Aures, but he did not insist, so we took our leave and got underway in our own car.

We first drove to Timgad, the ruins of an ancient Roman bastion designed to hold in check the warlike tribes of the Aures, and populated, in those days, by pensioned Roman soldiers. The ruins were impressive, and the view of the Aures Mountains magnificent. We are interested to be told that, back in Roman times, there was a large public lending library in Timgad, from which subscribers could borrow books and take them home to read just as can now be done in modern lending libraries.

Our road from Timgad led through beautiful mountainous country with deep gorges, much like those of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, but on a much smaller scale. At one point we visited the strange city of Rhoufi, built into the side of the precipitous canyon in the Gorge of the Oued el-Abiod, and reminiscent of the Indian pueblos of New Mexico. It was rugged country, but beautiful. It was a good thing that we saw it when we did, as travel in the area was impossible a few months later because of the Berber uprising.

Arriving at Biskra, an oasis made famous by the British as a desert resort to which they could escape from the English winter, we put up in the only hotel that was open: a third class, rundown structure and very uncomfortable. There were no private baths or toilets, and the beds were hard.

We called upon the Administrator, and later dined with him and his nice wife. Both he and his wife were of artistic temperament. In the midst of the Sahara, they had created a most attractive home, blending the Moorish with palm trees, oleander, sand, even the indoor floors, adding a modernistic touch here and there, into a fascinating whole no one would expect to find in such primitive surroundings.

Mister Hirtz, for that was the Administrator's name, was so enthusiastic about the oasis of El-Oued, to the southeast in the center of the *Mer de Sable* (Sea of Sand), that we decided to go there rather than further south to Tourggourt, as we had contemplated. He thereupon telephoned over the military wires to the Administrator at El-Oued, who said that he would be delighted to receive us – the only hotel at El-Oued had already closed for the summer, and we would have to be guests of the Administrator.

Because of the extreme heat, by custom travel in the Sahara was limited to the early morning, the late afternoon and evening, or to nights when the moon was bright.

I might pause to remark that all of the Sahara is not sand. I believe that only about 15% is sand (*erg*). The remainder is either flat plains composed of sun-blackened flat stones pierced occasionally by conical knolls rising straight out of the plain (*reg*), or rugged, hilly country, traced by dry stream beds, barren of vegetation, except after the rare rains when the desert blossoms forth with varicolored flowers that have been lying dormant for years (*hamada*), or the bleak mountainous regions burned black from the scorching sun (*hoggar*).

Encouraged, therefore, by the Administrator, we set out the next morning before dawn, with Anne at the wheel. Our route began with a "track", or narrow trail – there was no real road. Eric Erickson was feeling terribly ill with an attack of food poisoning – this was the first time it had hit him – but he insisted that he was not going to miss the opportunity to visit El-Oued even if it killed him. He had heard so much about that unique oasis, he just had to see it.

The first part of the journey was not too difficult, as the surface was hard, though rough, and we did not have much trouble navigating to the halfway point. Here we had to stop at the military waystation and send word on ahead to El-Oued that we were beginning the hazardous part of our journey, across the *Mer de Sable*. Here our troubles began. We got stuck in the sand three times, and had much difficulty digging ourselves out. In fact, if it had not been for a road worker near El-Oued who loaned us a shovel, we would still be stuck in the last sand dune. Not far from El-Oued, Anne complained that we let Paul do all the work digging us out, but Eric was sick, and I insisted that, after all, why had we brought Paul, the chauffeur, along?

Finally, at about 11 AM, we arrived in El-Oued and called immediately upon the Administrator. I had left a small bottle of Tartan suntan lotion behind the back seat of the car when I went in to see the Administrator. When we returned to the car half an hour later for our baggage, we found

that, in the extreme heat, the bottle had burst. We were told that the temperature had risen to 150°F – some heat!!!

Though the facilities available to the Administrator were limited, his hospitality was unbounded. Eric and Paul were put over in the officers' barracks, but Anne and I were lodged in the only "guesthouse". Probably, I should not have put that in quotations as the quarters were, in fact, sumptuous for that part of the Sahara. There was a single bedroom and bath on the ground floor, and a single bedroom on the floor above, without bath. Anne chose the room and bath, so I climbed upstairs.

After a nice luncheon with the Administrator and a long siesta, we strolled about the village to see the "gardens", as they were called, and to shop. The only shopping, it developed, was for the purchase of white leather desert sandals of a type designed and made only in El-Oued.

It is the El-Oued gardens that make the oasis so unique. Through the centuries, the inhabitants of the oasis have battled the desert to keep the sand out of their small vegetable plots, or gardens, each with its own shallow well and date palm trees. In the Sahara, there are strong winds in the early morning as the sun rises to heat the chill night air, and again in the evening, there are strong winds as the sun sets and permits the chill of night to cool the scorching air of the day. These winds constantly blow the sand of the desert into the gardens at El-Oued.

Through the centuries the natives had to spend the nights carrying back to the desert the sand blown into the gardens by the morning and evening winds. As a result, when we were there the gardens lay 80 feet or more below the level of the desert sands. It was a startling sight to stand on the sand, level with the top of the palm trees, and look down to the small green vegetable garden, with its well, giving life to the community in the center of a vast sea of moving sand dunes.

In the environs of El-Oued, we found evidence of former communities that had lost the battle and were submerged beneath the sand with only the tops of the palm trees sadly appearing above. El-Oued was still fighting valiantly, but would the day come when it, too, would succumb to the relentless attack?

Later that afternoon, packed into two jeeps, we went for a "sail" on the *Mer de Sable*. It was really quite exciting to ride the waves of sand in a jeep at 40 miles an hour, not knowing what would greet you each time you mounted a crest to descend the other side. Fortunately, we were alone on the sea, and there were no collisions. It was exciting, but dangerous; it was something like riding a roller coaster, except that there were no rails to guide you.

There was only one disaster. Poor Eric, troubled as he was with his "Algerian Tummy", had to make a hurried exit to the far side of a dune. When we returned to the oasis, he discovered that he had lost the key to his room. He was greatly embarrassed, but readily conceded that to look for his key in the *Mer de Sable* would be even more futile than to look for a needle in a haystack. His discomfiture caused much merriment, but another key was found, and all was well.

It just happened that we arrived in El-Oued at a time when a *mehari* was taking off for a survey of several months in the deep Sahara. These *meharis* comprise a small company of native tribesmen, possibly 20, commanded by a young French officer. The commander must be fluent in the languages of the desert and knowledgeable of its customs. These special elite troops assured the French presence throughout the Sahara, maintaining peace between the tribes, preventing looting of caravans, and conducting geological surveys. It was quite a sight to see young Lieutenant Martin saying goodbye to his men who were starting a few days before him on fine racing camels – he would rendezvous with them several days later far out in the desert – and to watch their slow and stately departure, from the “comforts” of El-Oued into the vastness of the Sahara.

We dined well that evening with the Administrator, the menu including camel steak, which properly prepared (as it was), is quite palatable. Then over coffee and liqueurs, we were privileged to watch one of the soldiers capture a scorpion the size of a large cigar. We were told that the troops stationed at El-Oued were specifically charged with hunting for scorpions, which they sent live to the Pasteur Institute in Algiers for the manufacture of a vaccine which had been found to be quite effective in saving the lives of those so unfortunate as to have been stung.

Next morning, we said our goodbyes to the Administrator, thanked him for his hospitality, and at 4 AM we began our return trip to Biskra. This time we were armed with a shovel to help us dig out the sand, with a *casse croute* (a sandwich made of a whole loaf of French bread, split in two, with slices of ham placed inside), and with a goatskin full of water, as security against the possibility that we might get firmly stuck in the sand and have to await rescue.

Anyone crossing that section of the Sahara or any really barren stretch of the desert, was required by the French authorities to report his departure, the route he planned to follow, and his arrival at his destination. If he did not arrive when he was due, a rescue party was sent out to search for him. The heat of the Sahara could kill very quickly.

As it happened, our return to Biskra was uneventful. We spent the night there in the same third-rate hotel with the same discomfort, and then proceeded to the following morning to Constantine. This time we did not go through the Aures, but took a more westerly route through the beautiful gorges of El Kantara.

The next morning we began our return to Algiers, stopping for lunch at Djémila, a fabulous Roman ruin high up in the Kabylie Mountains. It must have been really remarkable in its day. Everyone's extended over a vast area, and evidenced by the existence, at one time, of a flourishing community of many thousands. We were impressed to find scattered all over North Africa such spacious ruins, giving indication of the vastness of the Roman conquests and the tremendous power wielded by them through so many centuries. That night we arrived back at Villa Montfeld, tired but highly pleased with our trip.

Soon after our return, we had another visit from elements of the Sixth Fleet, this time under the command of Admiral Yoemans, who now lives in Pebble Beach not far from us. Such visits involved a certain amount of protocol. The ships would enter the port just after sunrise, saluting with 21 guns as they passed the French Admiralty. The salute was then returned with the

number of guns to which the commanding United States Admiral was entitled, usually 15. Then the ships would either tie up to the dock or anchor in the approaches to the port

At this stage, I was expected to proceed to the dock nearest the Admiral's flagship, where I would be greeted by the Admiral's *aide-de-camp*. Even though the Admiral's ship was tied up to the dock, the aide would help me aboard the Admiral's barge, and we would proceed to the starboard gangway – the gangway of honor. I would then climb the gangway, and as I boarded the vessel, would face aft with my hat held over my heart while the sideboys stood at attention, and the boatswain blew his pipe; thus I was "piped aboard". Then the band gave me the ruffles to which I was, by right, entitled, and only then would the Admiral step forward to greet me. (As a Career Minister and Consul General of the United States, I was entitled to a salute of 11 guns as I climbed the gangway. However, in Algiers, at the suggestion of the French, no guns were fired within the port, so I climbed the gangway in silence.)

After my official call upon the Admiral, protocol required that he returned my call at my office in the city. However, as a rule, I waived this courtesy on the part of the Admiral, and, after coffee with him in his quarters, we began immediately our round of official calls, winding up at the Villa Montfeld for a drink

Came July 14 – Bastille Day – the French national holiday, I must don my formal daytime clothes and "assist" at the *defiler* (review) of French military units stationed in Algeria. On this, as well as some other similar subsequent occasions, I sat in the reviewing stand near the Governor General, surrounded by ranking officers of Algeria, both military and civilian, and by members of the consular corps.

These reviews took place three times each year, and I must attend in person or cause adverse comment by my absence. They lasted over two hours. Then, we in the reviewing stand had to accompany the Governor General on foot up the hill to the War Memorial and there assist him to lay a wreath in remembrance of those who had died for France. It was a very solemn occasion, until well on in the Rebellion, when the ceremony began to be used by the "ultras", or reactionary *colons* as an opportunity to demonstrate their dislike of the measures being taken by the government in respect of the rebellion. There would be raucous shouts hurled at the Governor General and the Mayor of Algiers, and things were thrown at them from the crowd. I was right next to Governor General Robert Lacoste when he was insulted, not only by shouts from the crowd, but also by having tomatoes and money thrown at him amidst cries of "Lacoste to the gallows!" My good friend the mayor, Jacques Chevalier, who was always along on these occasions, was also quite frequently cried to the gallows because of his well-known farsighted approach to the basic problem of Franco-Muslim coexistence in Algeria.

Anti-American sentiment was on the increase because of the mistaken idea that we favored the rebels, and I wondered when they were going to cry me to the gallows. They never did, however, though I narrowly escaped one demonstration where the police were using tear gas to disperse the mob. The police recognized me by the flag flying on my car and hurried me up a side street. Indeed, until the end of my stay in Algiers, the American flag on my car never failed on such occasions to bring forth at least some applause from the bystanders.

Our swimming pool was now complete, and we were open for business. Vincent Bruno, a member of my staff who was also an artist, agreed to paint a picture of our pool on a screen which was to divide the men's dressing room from the bar. On one side he painted the pool by itself. On the other, he added recognizable likenesses of the various users of the pool pictured in typical positions. It was quite amusing and never failed to cause comment when seen for the first time.

It was really a lovely summer that first year [1954], and we enjoyed the pool more and more as our circle of friends increased, thus giving us more and more contacts from which to obtain the information so necessary to my work. Informal conversations beside the pool with French leaders became commonplace, and were of considerable value to me. We had small luncheons and some dinners there, too.

We had been told that the month of September in Algiers would be unbearably hot, and that we should try to get away, as did all Algerians who could afford to do so. Accordingly, we made arrangements to spend most of that month on the island of Majorca, Spain. Majorca was only an hour away by air, but we decided to take our time and go leisurely by overnight boat. We were lucky to have obtained a nice front room the top floor of the Hotel Maricel, just outside of La Palma. We had a spacious veranda overlooking the sea, and we breakfasted there each morning. We spent a pleasant three weeks in Majorca, renewing old friendships with retired Foreign Service Officers who had settled there. The water surrounding the island was crystal clear – a paradise for skin divers – there was much interesting shopping to be done, there was the Flamenco dancing and there were the bullfights. It was a really pleasant vacation.

We returned to Algiers at grape harvest time – the *vendange* – and had the privilege of visiting the estate of one of our *colon* friends to watch the operation. Hundreds of Berbers had been enticed down from the mountain-top villages to harvest the crop. They followed along the rows of vines, picking the clusters of grapes and putting them in baskets they carried on their backs. When full, these baskets were emptied into carts that transported the grapes to the nearby winery. It was said that the native harvester was expected to eat as many grapes as he could sneak, and that the average harvester gained 15 to 20 pounds during the *vendange*. At the winery the grapes were put into large presses and the juice pressed out. The juice was then transferred to large vats and allowed to ferment until deemed ripe for making wine. It was then drawn off and stored in other vats for aging. We were told that in red wine regions, one can make *vin rosé* merely by reducing the length of time the juice is permitted to ferment.

Early in October of that first year, we had another visit from elements of the Sixth Fleet, now under the command of Admiral Arleigh Burke – who later became the youngest officer to become Naval Chief of Staff. This time we decided to do something for the younger officers as well as for their commanders. So, with the concurrence of Arleigh Burke, we arranged to have a dance on our terrace beside the swimming pool. We invited not only the senior officers of the Sixth Fleet, but also 60 bachelor officers. Then we invited every eligible local belle who happened to be back in town. Remember, September was the “bad month” in Algiers, and many still had not returned.

Our dance really developed into a fabulous party. The weather was perfect – full moon – the music, supplied by the Navy, was excellent, and there were only a few mishaps. The Governor General's daughter spent most of her time with attractive young officers in dark corners of the adjoining garden, a young French widow nearly broke up a happy American navel family, and for weeks we were finding champagne glasses in the bushes all over the place. Fortunately, no one fell into the pool!

We continued to use the pool through October. In fact, we were beside the pool on Sunday, November 1, when Leon Dorros, my deputy, came to us with the news that he had just heard over the radio of the Berber uprising in the Aures Mountains, and simultaneously elsewhere about the country. This was the beginning of the decline of Algiers as a desirable post, and it was the opening of a tragic era for the French.

I should pause here to say something about the French presence in Algeria.

When the French first entered Algeria in the 1830s, they found no political entity. There was no nation and there never had been one. There were various family groupings or tribes, living for the sake of security in mountain-top villages north of the Sahara, tending their herds of sheep and goats, and planting only annual crops. Intermittent tribal warfare had made the planting of more permanent crops unprofitable, and kept the population at levels the soil could sustain. These people were the Berbers, a proud, fighting race that was in Algeria at the beginning of history. They are thought to be of Phoenician origin, but no one has yet produced proof of that fact. Blond, in many cases, they are non-Arabic, though when we were there, professing a religion which, broadly speaking, was Mohammedanism grafted upon a deep-seated superstition which still persisted. During Roman times, they had been Christian. In the cities of the north, there remained descendants of the Barbary pirates, and in the south was the great Sahara Desert whose wandering warlike tribes no one, not even the Romans nor the Moors who had controlled North Africa for centuries, had been able to subdue.

Although the Berbers continued to live on their hilltops, French pacification and colonialization had changed all of this. France had found a political vacuum. She had laid the foundations of a modern nation, the birth of which was taking place with considerable travail when we were there.

The French colonists, or *colon*, drained swamps and cultivated valley and plain. Young Berbers were enticed down from the mountaintop villages to employment on the farms and in the growing cities. As French military and medical services were extended under French control, and as pacification became more and more effective, longevity among the Muslim population was increased and infant mortality was reduced. As a result of these French humanitarian measures, France had created for herself a serious demographic problem, which, so long as we were there, she had not solved. Work had to be found for this increased and increasing population, and the people had to be fed. Most of the income of the Kabyle families came from the thousands of young Berbers who migrated to France for menial labor and remitted their earnings back home. But this was not enough. The *colons* wanted cheap labor. Yet if it was too cheap, there would be hunger and disorder.

Only a small portion of the European settlers in Algeria stemmed from the French mainland. Of an estimated total population of about 10 million, 1.2 million were said to be of European origin. Of these, in round numbers, 100,000 were thought to stem from the French mainland, 300,000 from Corsica, the remaining 800,000 – the majority – had come mainly from Spain, but also from Italy, Malta and Greece. In addition there was an indigenous Jewish population when the French landed, of about 100,000.

Many of these people had never been to France. They had been educated largely under French culture, but they considered themselves to be Algerians, with French citizenship. They looked to France to assure their privileged position in Algeria and to protect them from the great upsurge of the Muslim population, with its growing sense of national consciousness and its increasing insistence upon equality. But their primary loyalty was to Algeria, the only homeland they knew.

One should not forget the really magnificent material accomplishments of France in Algeria. France had constructed superb networks of roads, railways, electric power and telecommunications; irrigation had been brought to vast areas; schools for all were widespread; oil and natural gas had been discovered in vast quantities; and the processing of raw materials was being encouraged to provide work for the masses. Strenuous efforts were being made under French control, too late I thought, to raise the economic and political status of the Muslim population, and to increase its dignity in the community.

At the time, it seemed to me that where the French had fallen down was in their failure to assure reasonable participation by the Muslim population in the administration of the country. They had trained some (but not nearly enough), and had not given to those they had trained positions of sufficient responsibility. Rigid control throughout the political structure was retained in the hands of those of European origin – the *colon*. To be successful, the Muslim must cater to the European. If he showed signs of independent thinking, he was not reelected or promoted in office. The system reduced the Muslim to a decidedly subordinate status or secondary citizenship, a condition against which he struggled constantly through the years. Being thus repressed, he had no interest in the maintenance of the French administration, but rather a desire to see it replaced by one assuring his equality of opportunity. It has been said that the ease with which the Vandals chased the Romans out of North Africa, after so many centuries of Roman control, was due to the fact that the Romans, though at one time with a Berber as emperor, had failed to give the local population – the Berbers – a stake in the maintenance of Roman rule. History was repeating itself when we were in Algeria.

On each occasion when France found herself weakened by historical crises – the two World Wars, for example – solemn promises of reform were given to the Muslim population in Algeria, but in each case, the diehard *colons* had succeeded in preventing the implementation of those promises once the danger had passed, thus causing a feeling of frustration and deepening dissatisfaction in the Muslim community. Finally, the Muslim leaders – almost entirely Berber – having lost all faith in ever gaining equality by peaceful means, organized a rebellion that began on November 1, 1954.

At the outset, the French Administration was confident that the insurrection was not too serious and that it could be controlled quickly. This, unfortunately, did not prove to be true. As I pointed out earlier, Berber dissatisfaction was too deep-seated and too well-founded to be easily removed. On the other hand, you had those who profited by the *status quo* and who wanted it maintained. They were the *Benni Oui Oui*, or "yes men", who had toadied to the French for their own selfish profit. Then you had the vast majority – apolitical – who wanted to be on the winning side, but who just wanted to get back to business as soon as possible.

Our very good friends, the Monjos, were more or less typical of the best of the *colons* who had made the land rich. His forebears had acquired the land west of Algiers near Blida. They had drained the swamp they found there, planted orange trees, cultivated them through unprofitable years until they began to bear in commercial quantities, marketed them at last at a good profit, and were a well-established *colon* family. These people had worked hard under tremendous difficulties, much as our own pioneering forebears in the United States had done. Against tremendous handicaps and hardships, they had made the land fruitful. The sweat of several generations had finally succeeded. Now, they wished to enjoy the fruits of their labor. The insurrection that began on November 1, 1954, made this impossible.

We visited the Monjos from time to time at their property near Blida. Monjo lived there with his wife and two sons. There was the homestead: thick walls, rooms of moderate size, built originally at a time when conditions were unstable, and therefore constructed along the lines providing easy defense against surprise attack.

The first time we were there, we were shown over the house. Monjo's forebears'd had wisdom, and it stood him in good stead. In the center of the ground floor were the sleeping quarters. In their bedroom was an armory, consisting of many and various types of arms. Unwelcome access to this area could be prevented by closing steel doors and windows. They slept with these steel doors and windows closed every night. In addition, Monjo had constructed an interior stairway by means of which he could mount safely to the roof, where he had devised a bastion from which he commanded a view of all approaches to the house. Furthermore, he had two farm employees of European origin living to the north and to the south, with houses equally fortified. Overall, there were strong searchlights illuminating all approaches to the settlement.

The Monjos were typical of many in Algeria who had planted their roots in the country and, although they visited France time to time, had no home other than Algeria. Before the insurrection, it had been his habit to spend the winters in France or elsewhere, but when we knew them, he felt that he owed it to his forebears and to himself to set an example, and to remain on the property to defend it. He was doing this very bravely. One winter, with nothing much to do on the farm, he had imported the various elements of a Chris-Craft boat, and had assembled them in one of his large barns. In the spring, he had transported it to the coast and launched it at Castiglione, where he had rented a summer place. We had many pleasant cruises aboard that boat.

We made many friends in the Muslim community before the insurrection, and we enjoyed our association with them. They came from various walks of life, including businessmen and officials of the government. My friend the Bâtonnier Maurenaud, a Frenchman, had facilitated

my acquaintance with Muslims by having me elected to membership in the *Cirque Franco-Musulman d'Algerie*. I was the only non-French member; even the Muslims had French citizenship. However, as time went by it became dangerous for our Muslim friends to associate with us. They became suspect in the eyes of the French, were made to suffer, and finally we had to forgo the pleasure of further association with them.

There were exceptions, however, and one of them we thought to be very enlightening. This was a Mosabite family living in El Biar, a suburb of Algiers, who we got to know quite well through Commander Jack Scapa, the United States naval officer attached to the NATO staff of Admiral Auboyneau. Jack and his family occupied an apartment in their house.

This particular family, the Brahims, were evolving from strict Muslim family life into a more modern European concept. Beya, who was Brahim's fourth wife (a Muslim is allowed four), was half Mosabit and half Berber. A charming hostess and good-looking, she was a person with a mind of her own. It was during our friendship and due to the influence of the Scapas, that she was encouraged by her husband to unveil in the presence of male company, so long as that male company was not Muslim. Extraordinarily, she also was allowed to come to our house, provided we had no Muslims present. To a Muslim woman in Algeria, raised in the strict tenets of the faith, to appear with her face unveiled was to be unclothed. The transition was difficult for them. Beya had to be cautioned not to appear in the Scapa apartment in a very revealing *négligée*, which she had done without any thought of embarrassment; but to unveil her face was, to her, like appearing in the nude.

The Brahims entertained us at some most attractive dinners – native food, of course: couscous, chorba, sweet cakes and such – as well as with native dancing.

Suddenly, one night around midnight, French paratroopers appeared at the Brahim household. They arrested Brahim without explanation, took him up to Bouzarea and subjected him to interrogation by the military intelligence, a thing dreaded by all Muslims. In the minds of the Muslims, the paratroopers were believed to be the most ruthless, and certainly were the most feared, of the French military. They kept him incommunicado for 48 hours, questioning him endlessly and paying particular attention to his relations with me. He told us later that he had insisted throughout the interrogation that I had always argued the French thesis on Algeria, and that at no time had I approached him in an improper way, which of course, I had not done. That sort of thing is for the CIA.

Brahim was finally released, but several months later paratroopers appeared once again at his house in the middle of the night and hauled both him and Beya, both in their nightclothes, off to Divisional Headquarters in El Bair. Brahim was separated from his wife and left to worry about her fate until six o'clock in the morning, when he was finally called in for questioning, and again asked about his relations with the American Consul General. Again, he was warned to cease his friendship with me, and was threatened that if he was caught in any anti-French activity, he would be shot. Finally, he was allowed to rejoin his wife – she had not been molested – and they were pushed out onto the street, still in their nightclothes, and told to find their own way back home.

But that was not to be the end. A couple of nights later, three paratroopers knocked at their door late in the evening. Their spokesman was one of the paratroopers who had participated in the arrest of a few nights previous. He reminded Brahim of that occasion, and threatened him with even worse harassment if he did not immediately pay over Fr.500,000. Brahim was at his wits' end. Finally, he was able to get rid of his tormentors with a payment of Fr.100,000 and a promise of more on the morrow. The paratroopers threatened to return the following night and stressed that if the balance was not paid, Brahim and his wife would be sorry.

Our friend was so frightened that he decided that his only recourse was in flight. If he went to the commanding officer of the paratroopers with the story he would not be believed, and he could anticipate further harassment. He happened to have a passport which would enable him to travel abroad, but his wife and family had none. So he hid his family with relatives in another part of the city, and he fled to Tunisia. Fortunately for him, that paratrooper's division was shortly transferred elsewhere, and Brahim was able to return to his home with his family. Up until the time we left Algeria they had not been further molested, but his case was not an isolated one. Many Muslim families were being subjected to similar treatment, and their anger at the French can easily be imagined.

It was some time before the insurrection [that began on November 1, 1954] had serious impact on the lives of those of us who lived in the city of Algiers. Next month, we were able to take "local" leave and fly to the United States to spend Christmas in Washington. Young Anne, her husband Phil, and her daughters Susan and Patricia, accompanied by the faithful Beatrice, then in service as a *bonne a tout faire* to Young Anne, flew in from Menlo Park where they were then living while Phil Jelley was attending law school at Stanford University. We had a glorious Christmas together, all staying at Mrs. Covington's Wyoming Avenue. Brother Harry couldn't take it. He moved into the Metropolitan Club.

After Christmas, the Jelleys returned to Menlo Park, and we to Algiers. We were to have our 25th wedding anniversary that year, 1955. Remembering the wonderful party Harry had given us at the Sulgrave Club in Washington on our tenth anniversary, we decided to have a dance at the Villa Montfeld. We were able to secure the services of a local orchestra, which turned out to be quite good, and about two hundred guests came and danced until five in the morning. We were a little surprised to find that, after twenty-five years of marriage, we could still enjoy dancing all night long.

By this time Governor General Leonard had been replaced by Jacques Soustelle, a politician, later to play a very important role in France at the time General de Gaulle resumed power. Soustelle brought with him a team of assistants to form a Cabinet, and we found our work with the government facilitated. The Soustelles, themselves, were most cordial, and we got along extremely well with the members of his Cabinet, several of whom became *habitués* of our swimming pool and of petanque.

That spring [of 1955], we came across a landscape gardener named Meffre, whose grandfather had assisted in the landscaping of the grounds at Villa Montfeld, and whose father had maintained them. He was extremely pleased to be called on, in his turn, to assist in the maintenance and in the improvement of the grounds, and he also brought his son along with him.

He thought that it would be wonderful to have four generations of the same family associated with the truly beautiful grounds at Villa Montfeld. We developed a very effective cooperation with beneficial results to the property. We not only had hundreds of rose bushes and literally thousands of cyclamen in beautiful beds resembling carpets, but we had grapefruit, oranges, Chinese persimmons, walnuts, figs, plums, grapes and wild strawberries.

With our anniversary party behind us, we began to think of the Sahara again. We made our first desert flight that spring. Stopping briefly at Colomb-Bechar, where the French were doing their atomic energy research, we went on to Timimoun, flying over the "Grand Erg Occidental" (Great Western Sand dunes). We arrived late that afternoon, and I went immediately to call upon the Administrator. He was most hospitable, showed us about the oasis, and he asked us to dinner.

Each oasis of the Sahara had its own personality, and Timimoun was no exception. Built of reddish brown soil reminiscent of the Soudan, both in color and architecture, it was dusty and, though picturesque, was not attractive to us. However, there was a phenomenon found, I believe, nowhere else in the Sahara. An oasis depends, of course, upon water for its existence. At Timimoun the water came from an underground river. At one time the river had been quite close to the surface, but through centuries of use the water level had receded, and it had become necessary to construct a system of underground channels to tap the stream. This was accomplished by a series of wells connected by underground tunnels. The system was called a *fogora*. It was maintained by carefully chosen and highly paid persons who risked their lives each year keeping the underground tunnels clear. The system was visible from the air, from whence it resembles an elaborate tunneling of moles.

As the water reached the surface, it was divided among the families of the oasis on a basis having its origin in ancient times, each family paying according to the amount of water received. As water meant life, its importance in the community can easily be imagined. The family with a historical right to the most water was likely to be the oldest and certainly the most wealthy of the oasis. Strange as it may seem, edible fish, blind is true, were found in this underground river way out in the center of the Sahara.

I was interested to discover later, when I visited some of the vast modern Algerian irrigation systems, that French modern irrigation had been constructed on the same principle as that of the *fogora* at Timimoun, though of course modern techniques were used.

From Timimoun we flew north to El Golea, an oasis famous for its roses. We were surprised to find here the *pumolo*, a sweet fruit much like a grapefruit, which we had found nowhere else in the world other than in China. El Golea had been quite important as a caravan junction in the Sahara at one time, and there was a large, moderately comfortable hotel, much too large for the demand at the time we were there.

We spent a few pleasant, lazy days there. The Administrator and his wife were most cordial, Anne painted a picture of the scene from our second-floor veranda at the hotel, and we visited the tomb of *Père Foucoud*. We also watched a man pollinate a date palm near our veranda. We had not known previously that date palms, like holly trees, have male and female plants. Pollen

from the male must be used to fertilize the female. If this is not done each year, the dates are inedible.

From El Golea, we flew further northward to *Ghardaïa*. *Ghardaïa* was to become our love of the central Sahara. It was one of the six Mosabite oases, and the most populous. It was here that the French Administration for the Central Sahara had its headquarters. Just adjoining was Benni Isgun, the religious capital of the Mosabites. Here, also, the Administrator and his assistant, Lieutenant Bayles, who we had first met in El-Oued, were most hospitable.

We took a guide, walked through the narrow winding streets up to the mosque perched on top of the hill, and we visited the Jewish quarter, the only remaining *ghetto* in Algeria. All Jews were required to return to the *ghetto* before dark. The gates were then locked from the outside, and no Jew could emerge until after dawn the next morning, when the gates would be opened once more. The streets of the city were patrolled at night by volunteers from the most important Mosabite families, and there was very little crime.

Here we also found more Ouled Naïl dancers. They were not as sophisticated as their sisters in Bou Saada, but they stemmed from the same system and from the same tribes. At *Ghardaïa* Anne painted another picture, this time, one of the city as seen from the roof of our hotel.

We went to visit the neighboring village of Benni Isgun with our guide. We climbed to the top of the watchtower, had tea with the *caïd* (local magistrate), and we watched the local market, where old men sat in a circle on the ground of an open square while produce for sale was paraded before them.

Being the sacred Mosabite city, no one other than a Mosabite was allowed to spend the night within Benni Isgun's walls. The gate to the city – there was only one – was closed at dark and not reopened again until the next morning. There were lodging places outside of the gate for those who had failed to reenter the city before dark. The Mosabites were so strict in enforcing this custom, that the French schoolteacher had to have his residence outside the city wall, despite the fact that access to his schoolrooms for the Mosabite children was from within the city wall. The door from his living quarters to the classrooms was part of the city wall, and it was firmly locked each night from within the city.

There was another strange Mosabite custom. In a community where the women go about completely veiled, and where our guide would cry out approach at each intersection to afford anyone in the street time to cover their faces completely and turn toward the wall (which they all did), we were surprised to see quite a pretty young woman walking down the street completely unveiled. A query of the guide revealed that Mosabite women of a Benni Isgun, from the age of puberty until they have been promised in marriage – arranged by the parents – proudly exhibited themselves in the streets unveiled. The moment that they had been bespoken they went undercover, as it were, and they were never again allowed to bare their faces before any man other than their husband. Even her own father could never again see her unveiled.

Our chauffeur Paul Allevana and his wife Helene met us at *Ghardaïa* with the car, and we drove back together to Algiers, stopping overnight at Laghouat. Laghouat was a French outpost during

the conquest of the western Sahara. It lies at the end of a pass where the mountains merge into a barren plain which, in turn develops slowly into the real desert. It was of no great importance when we were there, but during the conquest the French had constructed a railway connecting it with Algiers. They had built a good hard-surfaced road and had erected a modern telegraph line to replace the earlier semaphore system developed under Napoleon Bonaparte.

To reach Algiers from Laghout it was necessary to cross over mountains of 6,000-foot elevation. It just happened that when we did it that first time, we encountered a snowstorm of considerable severity. Fortunately, Anne, who was at the wheel, had had a lot of experience driving in snow during our almost six years in Canada. We proceeded cautiously, and finally made it to Algiers without mishap.

Back in Villa Montfeld, we prepared for the arrival of the first American artist under the President's cultural exchange program, Betty Allen, a Negro soprano. Next came a Negro jazz band, then the Harlem Globetrotters, a Negro clowning basketball team famous throughout the world. Finally, Marian Anderson, the renowned American Negro contralto, came. (She sang our National Anthem in Washington at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy in 1961.) We felt called upon to give an afternoon reception at the Villa Montfeld for Betty Allen and for Marion Anderson. But I began to wonder whether the French in Algeria might not get the impression that our only artists were of the Negro race! I cautioned our cultural people, therefore, to send us a white artist from time to time.

When Marian Anderson was in town, we were interested in the guests invited to a small dinner that Governor General Soustelle gave in her honor. Aside from the hosts, Marian Anderson, her accompanist and ourselves, there was a Muslim, a Jew, a Mosabite, and the Secretary General of the Government General and his wife. Soustelle was demonstrating that neither race, nor creed, nor color were a bar to admission to the Palais d'Été.

When friends visited us in the Villa Montfeld, and many did so, we would take them through the Casbah, about the city, and if time permitted we would drive them down to *Ghardaïa*, then across the *Rocade du Sud* to Bou Saada, returning via Aumale, a French bastion facing the Sahara. (All of this, of course, came to an end as the rebellion intensified, and during the last couple of years we could not even go into the Casbah.)

Langhorne and Kitsy Bond came in February [1955]. They did not have enough time for us to take them to *Ghardaïa*, but we did drive down to Bou Saada. Locusts were a scourge that year North Africa, eating everything green lying in the path of their migration. *En route* to Bou Saada with the Bonds, we ran into one of their swarms. It was really terrifying. Those locusts swarmed so closely together and in such myriads, it was impossible to see out of the car, and the road became so slippery with their crushed bodies you skidded as though on glare ice. I was at the wheel this time, and we crept along cautiously until we came out of the swarm, much as in an airplane one comes suddenly out of dense clouds to bright sunshine. When we finally reached Bou Saada, the attendant at the Hotel Caïd took eight pounds of dead locusts off the front grill of our car. It was an unforgettable experience.

Brother Harry came to visit us in April of that year [1955], and we took him on the circuit.

Next came Julius Holmes with his wife and children. He was the Minister and Consul General in Tangier, Morocco, much as I was in Algeria. They were friends of long standing in the Foreign Service, and Young Anne knew them well. Though they stayed with us at Villa Montfeld, they did not have the time to go to Bou Saada.

Julius was one of the officers in the famous submarine with General Mark Clark when they landed in the middle of the night west of Algiers to rendezvous with Bob Murphy in "Operation Torch". (Murphy was, at that time, our representative in North Africa, ostensibly to oversee economic aid we were granting to the area in the hope that we could avoid German occupation, but in reality, to prepare the political foundation for the subsequent landings of armies under General Eisenhower.) I took Julius and his family out to the farmhouse where Mark Clark and his party had met with Bob Murphy. While they were there, someone had tipped off the French police and the farmhouse was raided. They'd had to hide in the cellar for hours to avoid capture. Julius took great pride, justified, I might add, in showing his family the place where they had landed from the submarine, and the place where he and another member of the party, Ridgway Knight, also a Foreign Service Officer, had run into each other on the beach and had almost fired at each other. Anne was very pleased later to be able to present to Julius a drawing of that same farmhouse as viewed from the sea, done by a French artist. The artist had presented it to Madam Soustelle, wife of the Governor General, who had in turn given it to Anne.

John and Peggy Kenny came along shortly after the departure of the Holmes. John had been Undersecretary of the Navy during the Truman Administration. He had courted one of Anne's roommates at Vassar, and was the one who made our wedding trip across the Pacific during prohibition more pleasant by securing for us in San Francisco a case of good scotch whiskey. We took the Kennys – he had married a different girl, not the one in San Francisco – to *Ghardaia* and to Bou Saada for the dancing, and for *meshoui*.

After we had shown the Kennys about Algeria, we flew with them over to Rabat, in Morocco, spent the night there, and then drove up the coast to Tangier for a visit with the Holmes. Holmes took us to Tetuan in Spanish Morocco. We lunched with a local Muslim doctor at his beach house in Rio Martin, sitting on low cushions placed on the floor and eating, as usual, with our fingers. We never did get accustomed to eating that way, but the food was delicious and afterward our fingers were washed in rose water poured from those delicate narrow-lipped glass bottles so typical of North Africa.

Peg Kenney had visited the Holmes earlier that year and had left in Tangier a small French automobile. We planned to tour in that car with the Kennys through southern Spain and Portugal. Accordingly, when the time came to depart, we loaded the little car on the ferry that ran from Tangier to Algeciras, in Spain, and we ourselves climbed aboard the small boat. We had a pleasant crossing, and as we passed the harbor of Gibraltar, I was reminded of the many times I had been there during World War I, when I was a seaman before the mast in the United States Navy.

We passed quickly through the Spanish customs and immigration at Algeciras, and were on our way along the beautiful Mediterranean coast of Spain. At Malaga, we turned north into the mountains. The scenery was magnificent, with a long vista back to the sea. [After visiting

Grenada, Cordova, and Seville,] we drove over the mountains to Portugal and down to Lisbon. We found Portugal as clean and picturesque as we had been told it would be. The Kennys put their little car in a Greek ship in which they were to return to the United States, and then we parted ways, taking a plane back to Algiers.

There still remained the extreme southern part of the Sahara that we had not visited – our French friends were already calling us "desert rats". So upon our return from Spain, we decided to give more justification to that nickname by going to Tamanrasset, at the edge of the rugged Hoggar. We had little difficulty in convincing Andre Favareau, a member of Governor General Soustelle's cabinet, that it would be a good idea to take the trip. He agreed to organize it and to go along.

One morning in December 1955, we all gathered at the airport with Andre and his wife, Francoise, Admiral Philippe Aboyneau and his wife, Kitty, the Clarks and the "Beaver" Briggs. (Beaver was a wealthy Bostonian who spent most of the year in Algeria and played at being an anthropologist. He was married to a native of Algeria of Spanish origin, who, despite her marriage to Beaver, continued to run a real estate business to assure her independence. He had published several pamphlets on various aspects of the origin of the peoples of Algeria and was, at that time, finishing a study of the Touareg). We finally took off in an old French box-car type military plane with metal bucket seats. The plane was unheated and we almost froze. In a few hours we arrived at Ouargla, an oasis with more than 1 million date palm trees. After a brief pause for conversation with the commanding general, who I had first met when he was in command at Ghat in Libya, we were on our way to In Salah.

Except for the fact that the petroleum companies were exploring for oil in the region and had offices there, In Salah was a sleepy and uninteresting place. Here, as at every oasis we visited on this trip, we were met by a guard of honor (for Admiral Aboyneau), given a *casse croute* with wine, and had pleasant conversation with the local commander before taking off for our next stop, this time for Aoulef.

After Aoulef came our goal, Tamanrasset. We were not told until later that the plane radio broke down, just after our takeoff. We should have returned to Aoulef, but the pilot, with so much rank on board and knowing that arrangements for the reception at Tamanrasset had made, kept on, and luckily stayed on his course. We arrived safely, reviewed the honor guard, and then were installed in a moderately comfortable hotel.

Tamanrasset is not, in reality, an oasis. It was a desert crossroads, constructed by the French during the pacification and maintained as a military post from which to administer the area. It lay at the edge of the *hoggar*: a rugged, mountainous part of the Sahara, burned black by the fierce sun. It was in this region that the warlike Touareg tribes lived a nomadic existence. It was in caves of this region that explorers found carvings indicating the existence of tropical flora and fauna at one time. Now, it was forbidding country where only the most intrepid would dare to tread.

After visiting the *bordj* of Père Foucauld, where we saw the courtyard in which he was treacherously murdered, we went to his *ermitage* way back in the *hoggar*, traveling in jeeps

supplied by the Chef de l'Annex. The *ermitage* of Père Foucauld was located on top of a mountain of 9000 foot elevation. We left our jeeps at a level spot below the *ermitage*, and climbed on foot the last 800 feet. The view was unparalleled: bleak, rugged terrain, burned black by the sun, with no sign of vegetation of any kind. It was weird. Returning to our jeeps, we had a picnic lunch, to which we invited some of the Brothers of Père Foucauld, who were spending a tour at the *ermitage* and living on the country. It was a harsh life for them.

Another day, the Chef de l'Annex took us to have tea with a Touareg family camped not far from Tamanrasset. They rode their *meharis* (racing camels) for us, served us tea, and told us something of their life. It was a strange world, known only to a few.

The Touareg are a warlike people who inhabit the *hoggar*. For centuries they had lived by preying upon desert caravans, but the French had put an end to that. I had first come to know them in the Fezzan during my Libyan assignment. Theirs is a matriarchal society. Inheritance is through the female side of the family. With them, it is the men who go veiled, the women unveiled. This is done because of the superstition that evil spirits could enter the mouth of the male and do him harm if his mouth was uncovered, although this was not the case with the female. The male, therefore, kept his face below the eyes covered at all times, even when he slept and when he ate. To eat, he would pull his veil forward just sufficiently to permit putting the food into his mouth. The male was the warrior, but the female was the mistress of the household. It was she who controlled the finances of the family. It was she who saw to it that her daughters had visual evidence of wealth, such as silver or gold bracelets, necklaces and other adornments, to assure their marriage into an acceptable family. The daughters wore all of their finery when appearing on festive occasions, and the wealth of the family could be judged by the quantity of the adornments of the daughters.

The Chef de l'Annex, Captain Bret, could not have been more cordial. He was an officer who, as the saying went, had "gone native". He had taken unto himself a native wife (he had bought her); he was king of all that he surveyed; his word was law; he had loyal domestic servants, including a body servant who went with him everywhere, cooked for him, helped him dress, saw to it that his uniforms were spotless, prepared his bath, and generally made life easy for him. He had become so attached to his life in Tamanrasset that it was with great difficulty the French military could persuade him to take his leaves of absence. He gave us delicious food, including gazelle, transported us about his district, and even let us bathe in the cold stream of water emerging from underground, flowing a few hundred feet and then going back underground once more; this, way out in no-man's-land, where everything visible was scorched black, and the sun was king.

To return to Algiers, we took a nonstop commercial plane of Air France. We were glad to hear upon our return that Mrs. Covington had accepted our invitation to spend Christmas [1955] with us. After an all too short visit [including a trip to *Ghardaïa*], Mrs. Covington decided to go to Spain for some shopping before returning to Washington. Anne decided to go along with her, and then return with her to the United States, flying from Paris. It just happened that I had to be in Paris for consultation with the Ambassador while they were there, so we all stayed at our beloved Berkeley Hotel. Anne had first gotten to know the Hotel Berkeley when she was still a young woman. We started staying there together when I was engaged in my Libyan venture, and, through the years, we had been treated with such consideration and given such excellent service,

we had come to consider the Berkeley as a home away from home. I consulted with the Ambassador while Anne and her mother went shopping, and at night we went together to see the famous nightlife of Paris.

They took off for Washington by air that same day that I returned to Algiers. It was mean weather; they, as well as I, were delayed six hours in departing. Anne took advantage of this trip to go to California to assist Young Anne and Phil in the acquisition of their home in Orinda.

When Anne returned to Algiers, she was persuaded to chair a Consular Corps booth at the Red Cross Bazaar to be held in June. After much palaver and soul-searching, the members of the group organized by her decided that each country represented would contribute one or more important items to be raffled in a *tombola*, tickets to be sold ahead of time, and as many small items as possible to be sold over-the-counter. They got together fantastic prizes: a Leica camera from Germany, an Olivetti typewriter from Italy, a radio-record player from the United States (personally contributed by us), porcelain from Denmark, crystal from Belgium and so forth. Drawing of the prizes took place toward the end of the day of the Bazaar. When it was terminated, a gentleman from the Prefecture came around and was about to arrest the ladies of the Consular Corps because they had neglected to have someone from the Prefecture present to assure that the drawing was honest. Calm was restored when it was discovered that Madam Collavarie, wife of the Prefect, had been on hand, and all charges were dropped. The Consular Corps ladies had done a superb job. It turned out they had cleared over Fr.2 million at their booth – half of the total of the entire Bazaar.

It was about at this time that our very good friend Charlie LeLong telephoned to inquire whether we had been serious in our professions of a desire to own a French poodle. We said that we were. Charlie said that a friend of his daughter's had a thoroughbred poodle that'd had pups. Although both parents were thoroughbred, they had not been properly registered, and the pups were to be given away to friends. Did we want one? We did, and within half an hour Charlie arrived cuddling an entrancing little copper-colored puppy poodle.

We named that puppy Fellah. Under French Kennel Club rules, all pedigreed dogs must be given a name beginning with the letter designated for the year in which they were born. Our puppy had been born in an "F" year, so we chose the name Fellah. Fellah, in Arabic, means a small farmer. We chose the name to differentiate between the peaceful farmer in Algeria, and the Fellagha, or terrorist, then inflaming the countryside with rebellion and atrocity.

By 1956, the rebellion was beginning to affect our lives even in the city of Algiers. Soustelle had been unable to turn the tide and had been replaced by Robert Lacoste, also a member of the French Parliament.

Many of our friends began to feel a strong need to "come up for air". They organized a trip to Majorca over the long Whitsuntide weekend, and they invited us to join them. There were about 25 of us in all. We were the only non-French. We chartered a plane, flew to Majorca and spent a very pleasant and amusing weekend. It had been agreed at the Algiers airport that there would be no talk about the situation in Algeria. This trip was to be a release from their troubles. Anyone mentioning the situation in Algeria was to be fined Fr.100.

This worked all right for a while, but the situation in Algeria was the thing uppermost in their minds, and so vital to them, they just could not keep it out of their conversation. Inevitably, the subject arose, with fines mounting. One member of the group got so emotional at one time, he slapped Fr.1000 note on the table and said the French equivalent of "Dammit, I am going to talk about Algeria!"

Back in Algiers, the duties of my office became more and more onerous as the rebellion expanded. Yet we had a very pleasant summer in 1956. We swam in our pool, we picnicked on the beaches, and we lunched with our friends with bungalows there. I had been told that there was good fishing along the coast of Algeria, so I bought tackle and took Paul Alavenna out to try our luck at various places near Algiers. It was to no avail. The only thing I ever caught were two little *murene*, a poisonous little fish much prized by the Romans, as it was a fierce fighter and was thought to impart courage to those who ate it. If they bit you they were poisonous, but they were still edible. Properly prepared, and my cook knew how to do it, they were not bad, but you needed courage to eat them.

We had our Majorca group to Montfelt for a special luncheon and swim, and they pulled a fast one on us later. One of them invited us to dinner. Then they made secret arrangements to have a surprise party for us at our own Villa Montfeld. We caused consternation among them by going out for cocktails earlier that evening, and when they arrived at our house hoping to find us still there, they didn't know what to do. They reached us however, through a member of my staff. He was persuaded to telephone to me and asked that I return to the Villa Montfeld before going on to dinner. He had something to tell me, but he did not want to talk about it over the telephone.

Leaving our cocktail party, we returned to Villa Montfeld. There we found our Majorca group, all in Spanish costumes, awaiting us amidst much hilarity. They had brought sufficient food and wine for the surprise party, but, as usual, we willingly supplied the cocktails and the whiskey. The evening proved to be quite gay, and once again our friends had an occasion upon which they could, for the moment, forget their troubles.

In the autumn, we decided to take a trip to Italy. We first flew to Rome, then down to Palermo, Sicily, where we had the pleasure of seeing and being entertained by old friends, the Acting Consul General, John Auchencloss, and his wife. In Palermo we rented a car to drive along the northern coast of Sicily to Taormina. In Taormina, we stayed at the Hotel San Domenico, a former monastery, where we had a nice room with a beautiful view across a routine to the ruins of the ancient Greek theater and to Mount Etna, whose snowy peaks were clearly visible. We unexpectedly ran into Queen Juliana of the Netherlands in the bar of the Hotel San Domenico. We had gotten to know her quite well in Ottawa, when she was Princess Juliana. Our French friends were astounded to see Queen Juliana embrace Anne and then join us for a drink. Next day, Anne and I had tea with her alone in the *pension* where she was staying, incognito.

With Taormina as a base, we went shopping, and we visited various nearby places of interest, such as Syracuse and Mount Etna. We drove over the lava beds at Mount Etna so recent that they were still warm, and reeking of sulfur. Taormina was a most attractive little place, and we enjoyed our stay immensely.

Back in Algiers, we resumed our normal lives, if you could call them normal, with the continuing terrorism of the rebellion.

Hartman de Vallee, who had spent much time in the United States where he represented the French Line, had a daughter who was to marry an American she had known at school in Scarsdale, New York. As the groom was an American, and as the bride was the daughter of very good friends who lived in a very small house, we offered to have the wedding reception at the Villa Montfeld. This we did. Much to our surprise, we discovered that the groom was the son of Bernard Altmann, the famous manufacturer of cashmere articles of apparel. The following Christmas, I received a top quality cashmere sweater as a present from father Altman, and Anne a beautiful cashmere wedding ring shawl. The shawl, although quite warming, is so gossamer, it can be drawn through a wedding ring – thus the name.

It was at about this time that our good friend Gilbert Bresson was made to suffer because of his friendship for us and for the United States. We had sent Gilbert to the United States the previous year on a "leadership grant". He and his wife were constant users of our swimming pool, and they both played petanque at Villa Montfeld. Gilbert was picked up by the military police one night and taken up to Bouzaréa, where he was interrogated interminably about his relations with the United States and with us. He was kept incommunicado for 72 hours. When they finally released him they warned him that if he wanted to continue his position with the Government General – he was engaged in agricultural research and marketing – he and his wife would have to stay away from the staff of the American Consulate General, and particularly from the Clarks. They told us of this, and regretfully said that it would be impossible to continue our friendship.

However, about a year later, Gilbert was selected by the Algiers Chamber of Commerce to direct the operation of the commercial airport at Maison Blanche. Once again, they were able to associate with us. To us, this incident was indicative of the strains and the tension under which our friends in Algeria had to labor, as a military establishment, frustrated with its inability to suppress the rebellion, sought everywhere for someone else to blame.

In 1957, Mrs. Covington once more gave us the pleasure of a visit at Christmas time. This year, she wanted to return via Spain to buy some rugs. Again, Anne agreed to go with her. From Spain, they went on to London for a week of shopping and the theater. They parted company in London, Mrs. Covington sailing for the United States, and Anne flying back to Algiers to be on hand for another invasion of the Sixth Fleet.

The peaceful and rather luxurious life, where those of European origin, the *Benni Oui Oui* and the consular community basked in the wonderful sunshine of the Mediterranean and feasted on the produce of a rich country, was doomed. For various reasons (but, I believe, mainly because of vacillation on the part of the numerous French governments succeeding each other with great rapidity), the Rebellion took firm root. Before we left, the Rebellion appeared to have become what might be termed endemic. Pacification by the French army – numbering at that time half a million – removed outward evidence of the disease in a certain area, but once the military had moved elsewhere or had relaxed pressure in any way, the disease reappeared and terrorist activity was resumed.

As in any society, you had in the Muslim community of northern Algeria – you must always exclude the Sahara, which is something entirely different – a small, dedicated element of militants willing to die, if need be, to attain their aims. It was only gradually that the seriousness of developments was brought home to us by atrocities committed on both sides; by bombings and shootings, including two bombs exploded in the building housing my offices: one exploded just in front of the entrance to my office (fortunately, no one being injured); the other exploded by the elevator to my top floor office, where Hans Imhof, one of my best officers, narrowly missed death. A poor Muslim cleaning woman lost both of her arms.

We lived through those acts of terrorism them for years. It was very depressing. A hand grenade was thrown into a crowded streetcar or bus; a time bomb was left in a *café*, a moving picture theater, in a hotel or at your grocer's; your best friend's farm houses were burned to the ground in the middle of the night, his vineyards destroyed, his wife and children brutally slaughtered. You happened to be in a street when a military patrol spied a suspected terrorist; shooting began and you took cover, if you could, hoping your name was not on one of those bullets. You were constantly stopped by military patrols, particularly at night just before the daily curfew, and found a machine gun stuck into your stomach by a nervous paratrooper demanding your identity papers. You could not enter a store, hotel, theater or other building open to the public until you had opened for inspection a bag or parcel you might be carrying, to assure that you were not carrying a bomb. It was not pleasant for us, to whom courtesy was shown the moment our identification papers were recognized; it was not pleasant for Algerians of European origin; but it was hell for the poor Muslim, rudely pushed about, suspect in advance, and brutally beaten if he so much as dared to remonstrate.

History teaches us that under such circumstances it is a dedicated militant minority that wins out in the end. It has been argued that our revolutionary war was won by the efforts of about 25,000 dedicated men and women. The situation was not dissimilar in Algeria when we were there. As I write, Algeria has won her independence. But, tragically, those principally responsible for the victory, the Berbers, have been denied the fruits of their victory, and the country has fallen into the hands of unscrupulous men determined to rule with an iron hand.

By January 1957, I was entitled to leave in the United States at Government expense, and we planned to depart toward the end of the month. I had been sending telegrams to the Department of State portraying, correctly, I thought, the trend of events in Algeria. The situation was serious, and likely to remain so for the foreseeable future. Someone in the Department, entirely ignoring my forecast that the end of the trouble in Algeria was unpredictable, chose one of my telegrams in which I had rather forcefully pointed out how serious the situation actually was, and suggested that I defer my departure on leave "until the situation shall have become more tranquil".

I had a lot of fun replying to that telegram. I called attention to my telegram saying that there was no end in sight to the Rebellion, to the Department's telegram asking me to remain at my post until the Return of Tranquility, and then requested that, "In view of this, would the Department authorize the acquisition at government expense of a plot in a local cemetery for the internment of my remains?" Two weeks later we were on our way home.

On this trip, we took Fellah along with us. Poor Fellah had to fly to Paris in the baggage compartment of the plane, and he was miserable. Then we had a long wait at Orly airport in Paris, before our Trans World Airways (TWA) plane took off for New York. This time, Fellah could be in the cabin with us, but he had to stay in his basket, and he didn't like that either. At least he was warm. After a short time in Washington with Mrs. Covington, we put Fellah in a kennel and we began a leisurely trip across the continent. Fellah was to be flown out to us later.

For almost two years, Anne had been doing needlepoint on a canvas depicting my career in the Foreign Service. (She claims that she had to have her eyeglasses strengthened three times during that period, and that she almost went blind with the fine needlework.) The finished product was remarkable. I took advantage of this visit to Washington to have it made into a vest, one that never fails to cause favorable comment. Whenever I wear it, I must hold back my coat so that all may see.

First, Anne and I took a train to Atlanta, Georgia, where my brother, Thornton, was in the hospital after an operation for a detached retina of one eye. We spent a couple of days with him and his wife, Eva Mae, and, when assured that he was getting along nicely, we went on down to Montgomery, Alabama, for a few days with my relatives and friends, then on to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras festivities.

After taking the train to Los Angeles and doing touring Universal Studios and Disneyland, we took the train for Oakland, where we were met by Young Anne and Phil. Fellah was flown out, Mrs. Covington came too, and we all had a pleasant Easter together. We also helped Pita celebrate her third birthday.

Back in the East, we sailed in the SS *Independence* toward the end of May, taking Fellah with us. We were joined aboard the boat by my brother and his wife, who were taking a trip to Europe and who planned to visit us later in Algiers. They debarked at Algeciras, in Spain. We stayed aboard to Cannes, France.

In November, I was called to Paris for consultation with the Ambassador, and Anne went along with me. When I was not consulting, we went shopping. It was my birthday. Did she give me a birthday present? She did not! She took me to Van Cleef and Arpels, and there she persuaded me to give her a present on my birthday. It was a medallion with two love birds, which she has promised one day to give to Susan.

I might mention here that, when each of several Mediterranean Cruises visiting Algiers when we were there, we found that we had friends. As each ship arrived, we invited our friends who were on board to come to Villa Montfeld and to bring with them any particularly good friends of theirs. Over the years, these visits to Villa Montfeld had become known to the cruise directors, who were generally included in the invitation. One of them, the night before the ship reached Algiers, in describing the port, had remarked that anyone fortunate enough to be invited to Montfeld by the American Consul General should by all means accept. One of our friends was among his listeners and told us of his remark. Anyway, while we are in Paris this time, a cruise ship called at Algiers, and even though we are absent, a group of passengers called at Villa Montfeld, were shown about the premises by our butler, and one of them even had the temerity

to write in our guestbook, "A very nice home. Good luck, Mr. Clark." I suppose that, being a taxpayer, he thought that it was his house as well as mine.

For a long time we had wanted to visit Marrakesh, Morocco. Our Consul General at Casablanca, through which we had to pass to reach Marrakesh, had us to his residence for a drink. During our conversation, I was told of an amusing incident. It had always been my practice in Algiers, when members of the Congress passed through, to stress that the Villa Montfeld was an exception, that no other Consul General was so well housed, that we had been able to purchase the property for an unusually reasonable price, and that the upkeep amounted to very little.

The Consul General in Casablanca also had a magnificent official residence. He said that he had followed a similar practice in trying to convince visiting members of the Congress that his house was the exception. He had done this when Senator Mike Mansfield had passed through Casablanca earlier that year. Mansfield had just come from Algiers, where of course, he had stayed at Villa Montfeld and had heard my spiel. The Senator had listened with quiet amusement to the Consul General in Casablanca, then he had smiled and said, "That guy Algiers had a much better house than yours."

As the situation in Algeria continued to deteriorate, and as the Department of State was not offering another acceptable post, I finally succumbed to Anne's persistent pressure, and requested voluntary retirement from the Foreign Service. My retirement orders finally came through, and we began our preparations for our departure. On my part this consisted of making farewell calls on ranking government officials and all my consular colleagues.

When I went to say goodbye to my good friend Jacques Chevallier, Mayor of Algiers, he had on hand members of his Municipal Council. Much to my surprise and pleasure, he presented me with a gold medal and an inscribed scroll, certifying that the Municipal Council had voted me Honorary Citizenship at the City of Algiers. I was told that this was the first time a foreign Consul General had been so honored. I was grateful to Jacques for this gesture of friendship.

I had kept my desk in the Consulate General a map of North Africa on which I had marked our various trips, both by air and over land. At the farewell cocktail party that we gave for the staff, Merritt Cootes, my deputy, did the honors in the presentation of the customary parting gift from my colleagues on the staff. He said his little speech, holding in his hands a package about the size of the usual cigarette box. In conclusion, however, he glanced down at the package in his hand, and explained, "Oh! I have made a mistake. This is Jean's – his wife's – present." Then he turned and produced a much larger package. That turned out to contain a large silver tray, with a copy of my map engraved on one side, and on the other, the signatures of every officer who had served under me during my entire tour of duty in Algiers. We were touched and most grateful.

Leaving behind so many friends was not the only cause of sadness in connection with their departure. Poor Fellah had been suffering epileptic fits ever since he had been left in the kennel in Washington DC the previous year. He had been under the constant care of a local veterinarian, at whose suggestion I had imported special medicine from Germany that had been effective in many cases of epilepsy. Unfortunately, it had no beneficial effect on poor Fellah, who had fits with increasing frequency. Accordingly, we decided that the only sensible thing to do was to put

him out of his misery. This we did with great reluctance, and we buried him in the garden at Villa Montfeld, placing a tombstone over his grave.

When someone departed by boat, it was customary, as it had been in China, for friends to go aboard to say goodbye. We were to depart by boat, but anti-American sentiment had been increasing, and we wondered whether anyone other than our staff would come to see us off. We need not have worried. More than 100 friends showed up, including the mayor and his wife, the admiral commanding the French Mediterranean Fleet and his wife, many officials of the Government General, both civil and military, Anne's bridge friends, and *colons*, including Menjo, who surprised me by kissing me on both cheeks, as the French do when they wish to show special regard.

The ship cast off and we departed Algiers, where we had spent more than four years, pleasant at times, always interesting, and where we hoped that we had made lasting friendships. We crossed the Mediterranean once more to Marseilles, where we took the train to Cannes, the port of departure of the SS *Independence*, in which we were again to cross the Atlantic.

Upon our arrival in Washington, I had to go through a debriefing, which meant letting all interested agencies of the Government who wished, to pick my brain on the situation in Algeria. This also included a small ceremony in the Office of the Under Secretary of State, an old friend, at which he presented me with a length of service certificate, and a gold buttonaire with the seal of the State Department on it. After more than 32 years in the Foreign Service, I was through.

Chapter 14: Libyan Epilogue [1961]

Little did I know when I left Libya in 1951 that I would be returning to the celebration of the 10th anniversary of Libyan independence as the personal representative of President John F. Kennedy, and as his Special Ambassador for the occasion. Johnnie Jones was ambassador to Libya when the Libyan Government decided to hold special ceremonies in connection with the 10th anniversary of independence, and to invite certain countries, including the United States, to send special delegations to the occasion. Johnny, in reporting the invitation of the Libyan government, suggested that I be named by the President to represent the United States.

President Kennedy went along with the idea, and honored me by asking that I represent him. I was glad to agree, and, missing a "White Tie" dinner of 22 that Anne was having before the 10th Washington Debutante Ball, I took off December 21st via Paris and Rome for Libya. The ceremonies were to last about a week, and to be held in each of the three provinces.

I was met in Tripoli by Ambassador Jones and by the Libyan Foreign Minister. After a brief halt, I took off for Benghazi, where the ceremonies were to begin. There I was met by the Prime Minister, who had been my Fezzanese colleague on the United Nations Council for Libya and a good friend, and by the Counselor of our Embassy. Also, I was introduced to Lieutenant Abdelhamid of the Libyan Army, who was to be my *aide de camp* during my visit. He stayed with me throughout my visit and was most helpful.

The following morning we drove about the city of Benghazi, and I was immediately struck by the amount of war damage that had been repaired. The town was spruced up, streets were clean, and the pockmarks of war damage were no longer visible.

On the second day came the parade, showing military strength, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, athletic prowess, labor unions, the Fire and the Police Departments. It was really a display that would have been unthinkable ten years earlier. After the parade came dinner at the hotel, then a folklore play in the local theater.

Next day, I and my Pakistani colleague skipped a large dinner and a visit to an apprentice school, to take a trip via Beda Littoria – the new Libyan capital – to Cyrene. The following day we flew back to Tripoli in a jet chartered by the Libyan government and, once again, we witnessed a parade, dined, and visited various points showing the progress of Libya since independence.

Then, on December 29 we all flew in three small planes across the Sahara to Sebha, in the Fezzan. Sebha had been a sleepy village when I was last there. Now there were paved streets, electric lights, a modern water system, a hotel and a club, to mention only a few of the modernizations. The change had to be seen to be believed. There was even a Police Band with Scottish bagpipes and drums. We listened to martial music, we watched the native dances and let native warriors charge at us, stopping feet before we were ridden down. Fifty lambs barbecued in the traditional North African style were served for lunch that day to over 100 of us seated in a specially erected pavilion. The pavilion was covered on three sides and roofed over and carpeted with rich oriental rugs, so draped as to permit a flow of air, yet so as to protect us from the midday sun of the Sahara. It presented a picture out of the Arabian Nights. Since we were among Muslims, the bottles on the tables contained only water. That night, we returned to Tripoli, utterly exhausted. I went immediately to bed, as I was to be received by the King next morning and I wanted to be fresh.

A little after 10:00 on the morning of December 30, 1961, accompanied by Ambassador Jones and an Arabic-speaking member of his staff, who formed my special delegation, I was received by His Majesty, King Idris, in the throne room of the palace. After a few formal remarks and presentation to him of my Letter of Credence from President Kennedy, we became informal, reminiscing about the old days when I had previously been in Libya.

The King, turning to Ambassador Jones and smiling, said, "You know, it was Ambassador Clark who, in a conversation with me 10 years ago, was the first to recommend that our capital be located at Beda." (Everyone in Libya, except for King, was up in arms over having to move from the comfort of Benghazi to the new capital at Beda on the plateau behind Cyrene, and the King was just having his fun with Johnnie Jones. Jones later promised me not to tell the diplomatic corps of the King's remark until I was safely out of town.) Just as I was about to take my departure, the King made a motion to his aide, who then handed him a leather case which the king presented to me, saying that he wished to honor me as an old friend of Libya with the highest civilian decoration at his disposal: The Order of Idris, First Class. He is King Idris I. After appropriate expressions of appreciation, we took our departure, went straight to the airport, where the Air Italia Caravelle had been held for me, and I took off for Rome.

I felt that Johnnie Jones had shown rare insight in suggesting that I be named to represent the President on this occasion. I was the only foreign member of the United Nations Council for Libya who was on hand, and the Libyans were obviously pleased. Many old friends rushed up to greet me, and my old enemy on the Council, Mustapha Mizram, the Tripolitanian representative who fought bitterly for a Republic under a fire-eating politician, came up and kissed me on both cheeks when he saw me, saying that I had been proven right about the future of Libya.

Also, coming back after ten years, I was able to judge the progress that had been made since independence. At the time of independence, Lybia was a geographical area with no real political or national cohesion. Without the King, the area would have fallen apart into its three components – Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan. Even with the King to hold them together, we on the Council felt that we were bringing about a premature birth, and that the child would need much help to stay alive and independent.

What I found upon my return to Libya in 1961 was amazing. Everywhere, there was evidence of joyous determination to remain free, and of loyalty to the King. A new generation was growing up, inspired with a national spirit, a feeling of dignity, and a real hope for a better life. This generation was in a hurry and was going places. It was a pleasure for me to see. Also, oil having been discovered in immense quantities, there should be no real problem of achieving a viable economy, should the present determination and leadership continue.

In the autumn of 1962, the Crown Prince of Libya paid an official visit to President Kennedy in Washington. He was a weak personality and he had not been able to capture the imagination of the Libyan people, but, the King having no children of his own, had chosen his nephew to succeed him. He was the heir apparent, and he should be given due consideration.

I was invited to lunch at the White House on this occasion. We had cocktails in the Blue Room, then passed into the Green Room and down the receiving line. As I shook President Kennedy's hand, I remarked that, although he probably did not know it, I had been his Personal Representative for the ceremonies in Libya the previous December. He smiled pleasantly and replied, "But I do remember, quite well." Friends who have been closely associated with the President told me that in all likelihood he did, in fact, remember.

Part 5 - Retirement

Epilogue

So [in 1957] we retired. At long last we could, within our financial limitations, do what we wanted to do, when we wanted to do it.

We went first by train to visit my family and friends in Montgomery, Alabama, and after a few days, we continued on towards Orinda, our goal. After stops to visit a longtime friend in Wyoming and to visit Yellowstone National Park, we once again boarded the train for Oakland,

California. This time we were met not only by Young Anne and Phil, but also by Susan and Patricia.

That summer we rented a bungalow on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe. The Jelley family came to spend part of the summer with us there. I had a bad attack of gout that summer and was restricted to the bungalow, but we managed to get about a lot. Philip Junior had been born, and we saw him for the first time.

Anne and I gave considerable thought to the possible desirability of buying a place in the environs of San Francisco so as to be near our daughter and her family, and we looked at the innumerable houses. In fact, we came within an inch of buying one in Atherton, where we had friends. In the end, we reached the conclusion that we would be well advised to keep our nice little house at 2317 Bancroft Place in Washington DC, and to rent in California when we went out there. This we did for a number of years, until our grandchildren began to interest us so much we changed our minds, sold our house in Washington, bought a small apartment there, and purchased a place at 3024 Cormorant Road in Pebble Beach.

We brought the entire Jelley family East for Mrs. Covington's 80th birthday in 1959. Their visit was our birthday present to Mrs. Covington. We arranged a cocktail party for the occasion, and the whole Jelley family attended. Each was introduced, in turn, to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, widow of former President and a great friend of Mrs. Covington.

Philip was too young to get into mischief, but Susan and Pita, unknown to us at the time, amused themselves by sitting on the front steps at 2320 Wyoming Avenue, and welcoming the guests. They told some of our friends that they had come too late, the party was over (they had been told to go to bed); they told another friend, who had departed on some errand and was returning, "You've been here before. You can't come in again." But it was worth the cost. Mrs. Covington was delighted with her birthday present, and the Jelleys all seemed to enjoy the visit.

After we retired, we traveled a great deal. During the summer of 1959, we returned to Europe. Mrs. Covington (age 80) took the North Cape cruise that summer. We met her in Paris, and drove her and her friend to Cannes, taking the gastronomic route. I say the gastronomic route because we studied the *guide Michelin* with great care, and we stopped for luncheon and overnight

After seeing Mrs. Covington and her friend aboard their boat, we spent a few days in the Riviera with friends from Algiers, then, we took a train to Florence, Italy, to visit with the American Consul General, Merritt Cootes, who had been on my staff in Algiers. Here, we were joined by Peg Kenney, who, with her husband and a friend, Mary Russell, had combined with us to charter a small yacht to cruise among the Greek islands.

Peg went on with us to Venice, and thence, by a Yugoslavian boat to Dubrovnik, on the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia, where we spent a week driving up and down that beautiful coastline, with fjords reminiscent of Norway. We remarked that with a free society and a few million American dollars it could be made into the playground of the world.

Finally, we joined John Kenney and Mary Russell at Corfu, Greece, where we picked up our yacht, the *Aegean*. We would swim before breakfast, then breakfast leisurely, and get underway around nine. At lunchtime we would drop anchor in an attractive cove, swim and have lunch. After a siesta, we would get underway again until time to anchor for dinner. This regimen was repeated day after beautiful day, except that, when there was something worth seeing ashore, we would tie up and go visit the ruin. Being in the Ionian Sea, the islands were very close to each other and the points of interest easily accessible. Eventually, we passed through the Corinth Canal and into the Aegean Sea, turn south to Epidaurus, and then back north to Piraeus. We had a good French-trained chef aboard, and the food was fit for kings. At lunch one day, he served as a cold *langoust* of which the Ritz Hotel in Paris would have been proud. After two delightfully lazy weeks, we reluctantly left our yacht at Piraeus, spent a short time in Athens, and then flew onward to Istanbul, Turkey. After several sightseeing days in Istanbul, we flew back to Paris via Rome. Then, after a few pleasant days staying at the Hotel Berkeley, we took off for home.

That year, we spent Christmas with the Jelleys in Orinda, and then returned east via the Panama Canal in two Norwegian freighters. We had to change boats in Panama City because we were traveling on a foreign flagged vessel. Sea travel from one American port to another was restricted to American flag vessels under International Maritime law, reserving travel between two ports of the same country, *cabotage*, to the vessels carrying the flag of that country.

In 1962, we decided to go to Mexico, a country that we knew Young Anne and Phil had long wanted to visit. As a Christmas present, we offered them a two-week trip to Mexico; one week to be spent with us at Cuernavaca, the other where they willed. We would return to Orinda for that second week and take care of the children. Mrs. Covington came along on part of this trip, and she returned with us to San Francisco to be with the children that final week.

In 1964, at the request of the State Department, I undertook to escort the George Peabody College Madrigal Singers on a tour of the Far East. We left in March – Anne joined us in Honolulu – and spent six weeks touring Japan, then Hong Kong, Taiwan and Korea. The singers were an outstanding success everywhere, and we enjoyed revisiting our old haunts.

We decided to take advantage of this opportunity and to fly on around the world. Anne refused to go to Korea – she said that she had seen Korea – so she returned from Taipei to Hong Kong to shop and to await my arrival.

After seeing my singers safely on a plane to Honolulu, I flew down to Hong Kong, picked up Anne and a few suits at the tailors, and then we flew, first to Bangkok, Thailand, where we stayed a week, then on to Tehran, Iran, to visit our good friends, Ambassador and Mrs. Holmes. We took a side trip down to fabulous Persepolis and Isfahan, then flew on for a few days in Paris before returning to Washington.

In other words, after our retirement, we had a pleasant life, doing what the spirit moved us to do. We spent much time in California, in a really delightful house in Pebble Beach, where we had the Jelley family down when they could come; we visited friends in Florida, on Cape Cod, in the Bahamas and elsewhere. We took cruises, and generally enjoyed what we considered our well-earned leisure of old age. I cannot conclude my narrative more appropriately than by quoting a

letter I was inspired one evening to write to the American Foreign Service Journal, and which they published:

Watching the sunset the other evening, I got carried away and conceived the following:

In the evening, as the sun goes down, nature gradually comes to life. The quail cautiously emerges from the bush. The pilot looks about, is joined by his mate, they test their surroundings, and, if all seems well, the other members of the covey, one by one, emerge, and begin their evening meal, as they work their way across the lawn.

Then comes the jack rabbit. He peers about, and, once assured of the safety of his surroundings, he settles down to survey the evening horizon.

Next comes the raccoon. He sneaks across the lawn looking for possible handouts, then, if he finds none, he seeks out the garbage. It is his wits against yours, as to whether he will up turn your garbage cans and scavenge, or whether your ingenuity has held the citadel.

Then, delight of the evening, come the deer: a doe with her fawn, or sometimes twins; sometimes an entire family – a proud buck, does and fawns.

All is quiet, nature moves on, as the sun sets in all of its magnificence over the vast Pacific Ocean at our doorstep.

Post Epilogue

Anne died in January, 1972, at age 66. She is buried in a special section of Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington DC, which is reserved for United States Foreign Service Officers.

I gave to the National Cathedral of Washington a Bishop's chair in memory of Anne, and Young Anne did the needlepoint for it. At the moment it rests on the left side of the altar of St. Mary's Chapel. The end result is charming.

[Lewis Clark died 7 years after Anne, in 1978, and is buried next to her. He enjoyed 20 years of retirement, and probably spent a good 10 of them writing and editing these memoirs! My siblings and I remember him working on them nearly non-stop through the 1960s, when we visited in Pebble Beach on every holiday. He gave me the entre to my first job after I earned an MS in international fisheries management, in the Foreign Service Reserve, where I worked in the Office of Fisheries Affairs for three years under John D. Negroponte. I was still employed there when he died. Digitizing these memoirs over the past four years is a testament of the love and respect I still bear him, 34 years later. – Sue Jelley Palsbo, June 2012]