

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training  
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

**HARRISON LEWIS**

*Interviewed by: Self*  
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**MEMOIR**

Life of a Diplomat:  
As a diplomat, my ambition was to do what I could to prevent war

### IN OLD CALIFORNIA

When we moved to California from Texas, it was in the midst of the depression of 1907. In Dad's interest in the brokerage business in Los Angeles for building materials, he received a reply to an inquiry dated January 25, 1908 stating that the present was not a good time to start a business as there has been nothing that was not absolutely required to be done and there was a very marked falling off in our tonnage of all kinds of building materials.

Notwithstanding this negative advice, we came to Los Angeles from Amarillo and set up the California Builder's Supply on November 2, 1908. Our first home was in an old gingerbread house above the old Angels Flights on a hill that covered 3rd Street where there had been a tunnel. The hill was taken down many years later with the whole lot of houses and the Angel Flights to make room for the Los Angeles opera and the music hall.

Dad was indeed a go-getter by nature and it was typical how he went about getting the big manufacturers of building materials to appoint him as their agent for Southern California. He told me, in recalling the incident years later, that he first rented a big office and hired a secretary and installed a telephone so that when the first building goods manufacturer came in to see his prospective agent, he was actively receiving telephone calls from an imaginary competitor, and his attractive secretary was sorry but Mr. Lewis was engaged on the phone and would he wait. Dad got the agency all right and others soon followed. It was a get-rich-quick story and I remember we were soon riding around in a big, long, red sports model of a Ford with a jump seat to which I was unhappily relegated behind my parents.

Then came Dad's first illness. It seems that he could not finance a railroad car of building supplies and the stress of that was his undoing. It completely ruined his business and he had to close down the office and dismiss his helpers.

Dad was fortunate to arrange with a Mr. Bundy, one of the wealthy landowners in Los Angeles, to grubstake us. It amounted to 240 acres, of which 80 acres were to go eventually to Mr. Bundy. The main purpose in staking out a claim on this remote sagebrush-covered land in a desert with only a meager supply of well water was the prospect of oil. It was hoped one day we would strike it rich. The adjoining low hills just to the east were covered with tall wooden oil derricks some five miles north of Lost Hills.

To prove the claim, the land had to be occupied for at least a year and a certain part of it planted in a crop. My father went out to Lost Hills in advance of my mother and me, and he was joined by a friend, Claude Hurlbut, who was a surveyor by profession.

Mom and I moved to Mrs. Points, a rooming house a few blocks from Westlake Park. While there we took a trip on an interurban street car to see the orange groves; it was a wonderful thing to see oranges everywhere. The big red streetcar arrived and we went by car all over to visit them. By now, they probably have long since been taken away to provide space for houses.

I remember that I met some neighborhood boys who were selling lemonade. One of them was a rich boy who lived across the street. One day he suggested going over to his house to look around. I followed and as no one was home at that time and he found his mother's purse, he gave me a dollar and took one himself. I went down to the baker near the corner of Westlake Park and pretty well splurged most of it on small cakes and whatever attracted me and went home. Showing the loot to my mother, she asked me where I had gotten the dollar. She decided immediately to get it back and took me down to the baker and prevailed on him to take back the uneaten goods and returned the dollar to the rightful owner.

One time I had an unfortunate accident. I fell and drove a nail into my hand; it had been driven into a board and it went right through my palm. Mother immediately took me across the street to a doctor who pulled it out and dressed the wound. While there, I observed his wonderful, red decorated glasses and they made such an impression on me that when, many years later, I was married, I asked my bride to buy a beautiful red decorated glass for me, which we still have.

When Mom and I went up several months later, Dad had bought a horse and wagon and set up a one-room, portable house about 10 by 15 feet. The house had a door at either end and a window on each side. I've forgotten what kind of wood the walls were made of, but the roof was made of a framework of two-by-four boards covered on the outside with redwood shingles. I remember the roof particularly well because one windy day after we had been on "the desert", as we called it, Dad and I came back to the house to find Mother in her nightgown, standing on the iron frame, double bed, hanging on to the two-by-fours of the roof, which had become entirely loose and ready to sail away. She was yelling at him to help. It was at that moment that I surely thought she was going to take off like the little girl in The Wizard of Oz.

The house was extended later by adding a room of plain boards and a lean-to which was my bedroom. We also had a barn. At first, Dad had dug a hole in the ground with a ramp and covered it over for a stable, but later Mom and I were able to bring home the necessary lumber. We took the wagon and, by following along for several days where a new power line had been put up some miles from home, gathered a large number of shiny, new long crates, which were just right for the sides and the roof of the new barn. It was hard to believe that they had left them there for the taking, and each day, as we slowly proceeded along in the quiet of the desert, under the hot sun, with the power line humming high overhead, and piling crate upon crate in the wagon, I expected to see the men, who had worked their way across that wide expanse week by week, come driving up to chase us away, and gather the crates themselves.

Besides the stalls for the horses, the barn housed a coop for the chickens and for fear they would be caught by a coyote, they would, after feeding at the house, fly high the entire distance of over one hundred feet back to their coop.

The barn also included an outhouse -- or “library” as we called it -- because there the Montgomery Ward catalogue was always kept handy. Later, when we had left the desert and I had entered school in Santa Monica, I knew no better, when I needed to leave the room, but to hold up my hand and ask the teacher if I could go to the “library”. She must have thought I was indeed studious for a beginner for she told me to come up after class and she would give me a card.

Mom tried to grow a few flowers at the entrance of the front door but never did succeed for long as the rabbits cut them down almost as soon as they came up. The rest of the yard around the house was well-worn dirt cleared of weeds and brush. It all was not so bad, though, for we had a beautiful view of the distant mountains, which rimmed the desert on the west, and the sunsets behind them were Mom’s great joy.

We had been on the desert for some months before Dad got around to digging a well. Until then, we had brought the water for ourselves and the animals from a tank on the hill several miles away. He was able to find a couple of men to help him and, after several weeks of drilling, they struck water -- clear and cool but full of alkali! They extended a small pipe to the house and we were happy that we had running water at least for washing and the kitchen.

After the well was in, Dad cleared a few acres and planted barley; it came up well in the virgin, sandy loam, but it was all burnt off when summer came and he never sought to grow anything again. Although we were poor, we got nothing from the sun-baked soil and lived exclusively off flour, bacon, dried beans and canned goods. I remember to whet my appetite for gravy made of bacon grease and flour, my Mom called it clown sauce -- and I love it to this day. Once in a while we would get a shoulder of lamb or a leg of mutton from the Basque sheep herders who drove their flocks from one area to the other in the wide and long desert surrounding us. The whole valley was leased for sheep herding by Miller and Lux and we were glad to get our annual check for sixty dollars then and after for many years. There were plenty of jackrabbits about and though some people ate them, we considered it impossible, for they were very tough and often diseased.

We hadn’t been on the desert long when Dad bought a second horse so we could have a team for the wagon. The first horse had already proven the need for a second. She was an old gray mare named Dobbin and when used alone, her rear was near the dashboard, too near, in fact, because of her “jolly” habit as she ran along to perfume the air! So Dad hitched up a team instead which was a little more removed from the dashboard. The new horse, a brown, scrawny beast, was called Bingo, after an exclamation the little daughter of a friend of ours in Los Angeles had used when she fell down.

I remember well our trips in the wagon, behind that ungainly team. Often, we would go to Lost Hills or to Devil's Den and sometimes into Wasco. The roads except for the main road leading 25 miles from Lost Hills to Wasco, were mostly just dirt tracks, but with the meager rainfall, they were seldom muddy and, skirting around the hills, they were more or less level. It was a good, lazy feeling just sitting up on that wagon watching the sagebrush and tumbleweed roll by. One time, when Mom had lost the tassel to her umbrella, we found it alongside the road many miles from home in a hoot owl's hole adorning its entrance.

One of the saddest things we came across one early morning was the scene of disaster for a wagon filled with bottles of whiskey. The horses had bolted, turning the wagon over and leaving a trail of broken bottles for over one hundred feet.

Another time, we went far afield just for the ride and to explore a bit. We came to a most lush meadow with artesian wells smelling of sulphur with curlews (Dad shot some and their craws were still filled with little sea animals), flowers, and green marsh, a beautiful sight for eyes accustomed only to the brown desert and gray-green sagebrush. It may have been that same trip, but farther on, that we came to a deserted camp, all of new, timbered, unpainted houses, where a gang had been drilling for oil. They had apparently given up suddenly and left everything as it was when they got up from their last meal. All the white enamel blue-rimmed dishes and cups were still at each place. As we were leaving down the hill, a big cat that had been left shot out of a room and scared the living daylights out of us.

Once, not so far afield, we came upon a group of campers, nomads it seems, including a number of rather hefty, older women. They were all enjoying the delight of eating rattlesnake. We were offered some. They say it tastes like chicken but I'll never know.

We were out in the wagon another time and we came across a group of dark-suited, "important" looking men. Dad got down and went over to talk to them and I got out too but stood alone in the shelter of the wagon. It took a long time and Dad was still talking while Mom must have had enough. Finally, she called to him from the top of the wagon: "Hah-ree, come get your bread and buttah." We never had butter the whole time we were on the desert but Mom looked ten feet high up there.

I remember a few things about Lost Hills, which was made up only of a half dozen or so houses bordering the main road leading to Wasco on the east and to Paso Robles far, far away on the west. There was one comparatively large two-story building and in a front room were some slot machines; not one-armed bandits but the coin used was the silver dollar!

Devil's Den was just a tiny place with a post office inside a grocery store. My best memory was the time the grocer offered to let me put my hand in the candy jar and help myself. To my disappointment, he did not repeat the offer the next time. On one of our visits there, Mom and Dad received their mail order from Montgomery Ward or perhaps it was Sears, Roebuck. Mom had received a pair of beautiful boots, which she



unwrapped, but, alas, they did not fit. We climbed a nearby hill -- there are a few out there -- and looked down on the village disconsolately.

The only other memory I have of Devil's Den was when we went to receive the Christmas package from my grandmother Cabell; there were beautifully wrapped presents for each of us, but, unless my memory tricks me, there too, standing on the bare tracks, was the train that had brought them, complete with black locomotive, passenger cars and all.

Wasco was our town for shopping and such, and to ride there was indeed a long ordeal. A landmark en route, where we would stop for lunch or overnight, was an old three-story schoolhouse painted in traditional Southern Pacific-Santa Fe tan. Around it was a big yard with tall elm trees at the rear, filled with redwing blackbirds. It was called Tropico School House but there was nothing tropical about the desert.

Another landmark, which we seemed to pass early on a frosty morning, was a long, low green saloon and inn located off the road in a marsh. I remember, however, we once stayed overnight but we arrived very late and rose early, and though Dad and I looked around outside in the frosty dawn, I never knew what went on behind those mysterious shutters. `

The trip to Wasco was sometimes made so we would arrive at night but the wagon would be covered and a bed made for me on the floor. What comfort it was to wake up drowsily and know we had arrived at our destination while I lay there sleeping the whole time. One morning early, we were calling on a farmer's wife who had a house in Wasco with the lawn stretching out to the street. She was gathering the eggs the hens had laid in the lawn; it was like an Easter egg hunt for me to help her find them.

We went to Visalia in Tulare County only once; it was eighty or more miles away and my father had to go there to tend to the application for our homestead. It seemed a real metropolis as we pulled up in our wagon in front of the County Court House with its high dome and the many steps leading up to the main door above where my father went in while we waited in the wagon. For me, Visalia was where they bought the green, red and yellow model farm wagon. My folks must have been celebrating the approval of the application for the homestead, for they could ill afford the expense.

But what a joy the wagon was for me, especially as a fine billy goat appeared not long after out of the blue and I could hitch him up and ride around the yard. There were not many things a five-year-old could do by himself but I never lacked for entertainment or interest. I couldn't go far away for fear of getting lost on the desert but there was space aplenty for whatever I set out to do. Dad had made a small model of a wooden oil derrick for me and I passed many an hour "drilling" for oil. When I first was taken to the desert, I brought two boy dolls with me. I found a nice, apple crate divided in the middle and made a house for them and buried it half in the ground. Unfortunately, I left them in their new house and overnight it rained. They were never the same after that and I soon gave up playing with them.

My parents were hard put to supply me with toys of any kind and when it came to Christmas, my bounty was indeed meager, consisting almost solely of a little, red wooden fence out of which I could make a corral for my miniature animals. My parents, of course, could do even less for one another and, instead of presents, filled each other's stockings from the larder of canned sauerkraut and such. They really did want to do better for me or perhaps it was a kind of grim humor in our dire circumstances. I don't know, but in any event, I found on Christmas morning under the little red fence, in the toe of my stocking, a dropping of a horse. They said: "Harrison, you had a horse for Christmas but he got away." I wasn't quite sure he hadn't.

Slim came to us from nowhere or perhaps Dad had found him down in Lost Hills or somewhere. He was a good humored, well-intentioned but ignorant soul and served as Dad's handyman, though there was nothing to do outside the house except take care of the horses. We all were at lunch in our bare, added room one day, eating off a table made of pine planks, and I didn't want to swallow some bacon gristle or something, so I neatly took it out of my mouth and placed it on my place. "No, no!", said Slim, "that's not the polite way to do, Harrison, you ought to do it this way." Slim then raised his white napkin to his mouth, coughed loudly several times and, while we were distracted by the noise, quickly snatched the unwanted morsel from his mouth and, hidden by the napkin, placed it on his plate.

When my Aunt Grace arrived from Oklahoma and Dad called for her as the train came to Wasco, they arrived home late at night. The next morning, while Grace was still sleeping, I was wandering around outside, sort of waiting for her to appear and perhaps I should have been more mindful not to make any noise lest it wake her. In any event, Slim came along and seeing me outside the house, was apparently alarmed, so he shouted at the top of his voice: "Harrison, be quiet or you'll wake your Aunt Grace!"

Slim and I went walking in the fields one early summer day, not far from the house, and, as usual, I was barefoot. I was running along over the grass and wildflowers and all of a sudden I trod on something smooth and soft. It was a curled up rattlesnake. While I stood apart, thankful it had not time to strike, Slim put an end to it and later, when we got home, Mom took a snapshot of me holding "my" snake. I think that photo is still around someplace of a little, freckled boy in well-worn blue overalls, wearing a straw hat and barefoot, holding up high by the tail a dead rattler whose head almost touched the ground.

Aunt Grace, who was only fifteen at the time, was with us for the whole summer. She and Mom, who herself was only twenty-three then, loved being together and tried now and then to get off on their own without my tagging along. One time, we had a wild goose for Sunday dinner some neighbor had shot and given to us. We all had been at the table a long time enjoying the goose, when Mom and Aunt Grace decided to take a walk. I moved to join them and got as far as the front door when they asked: "Harrison, what part of the goose did you eat? It was the wing, wasn't it?" I said I guessed it was. So they looked at me with some concern and said: "Then, Harrison, you'd better be careful lest

you fly away. You'd best stay in the house." So there I was, hanging onto the front door frame for dear life, longingly watching them go off.

One other time, toward dusk, we were all three on a walk near the house, out among the sagebrush, many of which were five feet high. Aunt Grace and Mom were feeling kittenish, I guess, because, all of a sudden, they disappeared, and there was I "lost" among those high sagebrush and, in my anguish, did not know where to go. Many years later, when I was already married and Mom came to visit us, I told her I remembered that time she and Grace had left me to become lost in the dark shadows of the sagebrush in the gathering dusk. I must have shown I hadn't been so happy about it and my remembering it all those years must have upset my Mom. The next morning, at my breakfast table, was a long note explaining how a young woman only sought to have a little harmless fun.

Although there was not a house in sight of ours, we did have two neighbors whom we would see at times. One was the family Scribner who had a son two or three years older than I, and the other was Bushnell, a bachelor. The Scribners lived in a real house, at least it had one big room and one or two smaller ones built properly but without a ceiling under the roof of broad, pine planks. One time, we were visiting them and Warren, the boy, knowing of my interest in "drilling", had arranged a special "oil well" for me to discover. We went outside beside the house and he suggested I might "drill" in a certain place and lo and behold, I found a chunk of crude oil, like asphalt. I was so excited I grabbed it up and we ran into the house shouting "oil! Oil!", but our parents, for some reason or another, didn't pay any attention.

Bushnell lived alone in a nice, little green portable house, something like ours. Sometimes he was not there for long periods and when he was, I never knew why. I remember once, however, how my Dad blessed him. We had been riding in the wagon for hours in the hot sun and we came to his house to find him and have a cool drink. He was not there but in a trough of cool water on the shady side of the house Dad found a large bottle of Eastside beer waiting, apparently, for him or the first comer.

We spent our evenings at home, talking or just sitting in the rather dim light of the kerosene lamps, but one night Dad had ridden one of the horses over to Scribner's and, while he was there the horse had slipped its bridle and come home. Coming alone on foot in the dark, with only a star to guide him, was not the safest thing in the desert, for there were many coyotes about and they would gang up on a single unarmed person and possibly attack him. That night, as Dad trudged home, looking for the light Mom always kept in the window for him, the coyotes surrounded him and followed annoyingly close. Luckily, he had the bridle with him, for by swinging it around his head, as he went on mile after mile, he kept the coyotes off until he was safe at home.

We often saw one or two coyotes slinking along in the distance during the daytime but usually they did not come near. One morning, however, standing like a sentinel not more than a hundred feet or so near our refuse pit, there was a big one. I looked at him and called my Dad but the coyote was gone by the time he appeared.

Altogether, Mom and I were on the desert for hardly a year and Dad did not stay much longer. It was in every way a profitable year. Living in the fresh, clean air, and seldom seeing anyone, none of us ever contacted a disease, not even a cold. And, with the simple life we led without any real cause for anguish or stress or strain, Dad recovered completely. We returned to Los Angeles, Dad found his future career as sales manager on a real estate subdivision, and within little more than a year, we were riding around in a chauffeured Cadillac and building a new home.

The desert remained for all of us a most memorable period of our lives; we cherished the experience and went back time after time to walk over the land again and remember our life there. Years later, when the house and barn and all had disappeared and only a few red-wood shingles had escaped the campfires of the sheep herders, the place was difficult to find but we could always look for a two inch pipe standing seven feet high that Dad had put up as a support for the laundry line. He had taken the precaution of tying the base round and round with barbed wire before burying it deep in the earth so it could not be pulled out. It was still there for years, standing alone far out in the desert, barely visible from the road.

Mom and I moved into the top floor of a two-story duplex house on 6th Street in Los Angeles. I had a nice room to myself with flowered wallpaper and Mom had purchased some mission furniture, which included a glass colored shade of many colors. I remember once when I was down in the garden, Mom came to the window above and asked if I would climb the fence next door and pick the squash. The people were away so there was no chance of being caught. I brought home a squash and we had a fine meal for dinner. Another time, down on the main street corner, they were having a big wedding and the lawn was filled with rose petals; they lasted for days.

Dad soon joined us on 6th street and not long after, we moved to Santa Monica. Dad had foolishly rented an old bungalow and when Mom saw it, one look was enough. She immediately rented an apartment upstairs on the corner of Broadway Street and Ocean Avenue, just opposite the streetcar station. Dad had become sales manager of the Santa Monica Canyon subdivision, which is two miles north. Their office was in the first floor of a two-story building.

They bought me an Irish Mail, which is a vehicle that could be activated by pulling and pushing an upright post. I was disappointed as I had wanted a pushmobile, but I soon found it fun as I made it go fast, so fast that on a corner, I tipped over and still have a scar from that accident above my right eye.

Opposite, near the station, was a Camera Obscura, which had a periscopic lens that showed on a white table. When it was revolved one could see the outside area around it. It was a lot of fun and it is still there.

Soon we moved to a bungalow on 15th Street. It was a nice brown shingled house and had a big fenced-in yard. The house has been taken down since and a two-story apartment

built on the lot. Dad had a Cadillac and all was well. He celebrated by giving me a black and white setter dog.

It was high time that I was beginning school; I was six years old. I remember Mom taking me to the Taft School, going up the front stairs to the principal's office. It was while there that I raised my hand and told the teacher that I wanted to go to the "library" and she told me to come up after class, and she would give me a card.

It must have been Christmas vacation that Mom decided to visit her mother and we took off with me dressed in my five-year-old clothes, and I was told not to talk as I was supposed to look like a five-year-old eligible for half fare.

In the spring of 1913, we moved into our new house in Santa Monica Canyon. Mom and Dad had an architect and it was built to order. It was two stories and was quite a fine house. They had the front and side porch columns finished with cobblestones which had come from the beach. It had a nice living room and on its side were the stairs behind a lattice and the other side was the kitchen next to which was a small dining room. We lived there altogether eleven years until 1924.

I was put in Roosevelt School, which was a bit over a mile and was on the mesa above. I made good friends with Jack and Bob Kenaston, who was a year younger than I. I often stopped by on the way to school and had a second breakfast with the whole family.

Aunt Maude, who was sixteen, and Grace, who was eighteen, came to visit us, but it soon was permanent, for they received a big package from their mother in Oklahoma City with a note they should live with their sister. Maude complained of this treatment to her second daughter often. They both had a fondness for a fellow student who went on to Stanford where he died of heart failure which resulted from an overstrain while rowing.

Soon after we moved in, my sister was born. I was taken on a walk by my Aunt Maude; we circled down and around to the sea and returned most leisurely. When we got back I was taken upstairs into my Mom's bedroom and introduced to my sister; she looked like a fresh loaf of bread, I said. That was June 30, 1915. They named her Martha June.

It was during this time that my Dad moved to a hotel in Los Angeles and I went to visit him. He took me to a waffle house and it was cold outside but inside it was warmed by the waffles. I can still smell them. We went to buy me some sport shirts and drove to Hollywood where we went to the Hollywood Hotel which was filled with old ladies. When I got home, I showed my nice white sport shirt with an open collar to Jack and Bob.

I spent the ages of nine to twelve mostly at military schools. At first it was the Hollywood Military School and they fitted me out with a Confederate uniform and a couple of pairs of white trousers. I remember we were taken to a place above Hollywood where there was an orange tree and we all ate oranges sitting on the grass. The head trainer showed me how to do the "big drop" and the "cherry drop". The first was by swinging from the

knees and landing on the feet and the second was to sit on the cross bar and fall backwards onto the feet. I was proud for years that I knew how.

One of the teachers, seeing how lonely I was, especially when the others would open their packages of food at night, took me into town to a movie. She must have known how much I appreciated her attention. Not long after that the school was closed and I was placed in the California Military Academy. My mother inquired if my Confederate uniform with leggings could be worn while the other boys all had blue uniforms with straight pants, and was told I might. I didn't like being placed there at all but I studied and skipped two grades, the first half of the fourth and the latter half of the fifth, when I finally went back to Roosevelt School. Due to these promotions, the following years were particularly hard for I had missed the vital instructions in basic English.

Some time later, it was when I was at California Military Academy another time, my Dad called for me and I was expecting him to come in his Cadillac. I had told another boy he was coming and to my surprise he came in a new Ford roadster, and I got razed by my friend when I came back. However, it was the custom for my Dad to call for me and take me into town so I could see a movie or a circus. I remember I was going to the circus and I waited in line and just when I got to the ticket counter, I was told they were sold out. I wandered down to the California Theatre and found I had seen the movie. I went back to Dinty Moore's for a hot dog and home.

During this time my folks had rented our house and moved to the Hollywood Court on the corner of Hollywood Avenue and Vermont Avenue. There was to the right of the court a bean patch and an old Chinese caring for it. Once when I was passing it and looking longingly at the beans he told me, "little boy, you like a bean, you pick a bean," and I picked enough for supper.

When I was ten years old we were living in the "old house" as I came to call it, and my father arranged for me to accompany him to the World's Fair at San Francisco. We went to Frisco and stayed in a hotel on a side street, and went to the Fair. I remember there were wide lanes with statues on either side of naked men. Dad and I took in a little girl who had an extra pair of legs which were hitched up in back. There were big halls where we looked at students' desks and there were fine things in beautiful buildings. But the thing that I liked best were the scones made of Albers Flap Jack flour. They were just right and I longed to eat another.

We rented the house again and moved to 11th Street which was then way out away from other houses except there was Mr. Upton on the north side of a vacant lot and in back the Crevelings lived in a bungalow. In addition to the parents, there was Dewit, about a year or two older than I, then Robert, who was my age, and Louis, a year younger, who had to go to Altadena for his asthma where he lived on a ranch on a side hill, but he must have recovered for I was given the job of pushing him in his pushmobile. There was also a baby who was named Gray after his uncle. Robert had a scientific bent then already, but Louis was my friend and notwithstanding I would, while pushing him in the pushmobile,

take the corners too short and turn him over. I guess I was showing my resentment at never being allowed to drive it but I did love to push g him.

My Dad bought me an "Indian" bike. It was secondhand and had a racer seat. I rode it to Lincoln intermediate school. There was a boy there who complained had punctured his tire or something of the sort and I was going to meekly pay him but my Dad said forget him so I did. Lincoln was on Santa Monica Boulevard and across the street was a store where I bought Grace a purple pencil for her birthday.

One weekend we all went to Mt. McKinley. We had a fine time walking up it, but coming down Maude, Grace, my little sister and I came down the wrong way in the dark and we had to spend all night on the flat rocks. It was cold and the mosquitoes were very active.

Both Maude and Grace had moved in with us and although I liked them, Mother would go off into their room for an evening and disappear, leaving not only Dad but me as well out in the cold.

It was 1917 and Dad's real estate business folded up due to the war, but he soon had a job on the big ranch on the north end of 26th Street as manager. I have many remembrances of the place. The hog I had was transferred to it until he grew up, for I couldn't feed him by raiding the neighbors' garbage cans as there were so few houses. One time there was a fire in the stable on the north side of a canyon and I was on a horse when I first noticed it. I rode to spread the alarm and request help when I came upon old fat Hellman, the banker, and his brother. I yelled at them there was a fire and the horses would burn and he looked at me as one would at a wild kid, and I rode on.

We moved to the manager's house which was quite nice. I remember I carved my initials way up in a tree. While we were there, the horses that were pulling the harrow, a big quadrangular thing, broke loose and ended up with the thing landing square on their backs and pinned them down. Dad arrived in his car and by speaking to them softly, he got it off of them without any harm to the horses.

It was at this time that I went with my mother to visit my grandparents in 1918. She took off for Chicago where she joined the Army to care for the wounded and left me in my grandparents' care. I was going to school and was just about to graduate from the eighth grade when my grandfather took me out to work for the Lewis Lithia well at a dollar a day. Soon, however, my Mother wrote I should join her.

Again we moved, this time to the old office building in Santa Monica Canyon. Dad was ill again and I went to see him on the big ranch. He was on his back but soon he took off for his favorite springs.

I joined the men on the ranch in picking peas, gathering the lima beans and finally picking lemons. It was summer and I spent it picking lemons which I liked because I could earn five dollars a day. Then my mother had placed me in California Military Academy and joined the Army to help the wounded.

I had not been in the academy long when the flu epidemic of 1918 came and my father took me out so I could avoid contact with other people and placed me in a small house on the ranch. He soon left and I was alone. It was not long until I came down with the flu, and I went to the cook house and was placed on a mattress on the floor of an empty room. I was there for some days until our doctor, Dr. Skinner, a woman, came and ordered an ambulance to bring me to the Santa Monica hospital. I remember I had hallucinations, dreaming I was on a bicycle riding around the world. Finally, I recovered enough and my mother came and we were put up in a small house where we stayed several weeks while I recuperated in the sunshine.

As Mom had a job at the Presidio in San Francisco, we went to Berkeley and lived in a brown house and my sister joined us. We did not stay there long before we moved to a house on Hillegass Street which was nearer the streetcar for Mom. The car was an inner urban that took her six days a week across the bay to the Presidio. I went to Willard School and was in the ninth grade. My mother bought me some flannel shirts, the collar of which was so big I would wrap the points around and I must have looked like a poor fellow. My mother took me into Oakland and bought me a fine suit which was the first one I had with regular trousers. I remember that we bought a case of apples, which, as I recall, cost a dollar.

While we were in the house in Hillegass Street, I saw a cousin a couple of times. She was the daughter of Genevieve who was the daughter of Willis Jr. who had married into the family of Cyrus McCormack, and a child of my great grandfather. Mary was her name, I believe, and she was a sweet young thing and I liked her sitting on my bike behind me.

After a few months, we moved to Mrs. Fletcher's, who lived on a hill north of the University, on Hildegard Street, I believe. The house had a beautiful view of the Golden Gate before the bridge was built. My Mom bought me a pair of skates and I used to ride a broom handle down the steep street all the way to where there was a trolley car! While living in Mrs. Fletcher's house, I made a decision I have kept to this day. I was in the habit of entering a work house where the owner kept his tools, and I probably stole some. It occurred to me that if I were caught stealing it would be too bad for me -- something I would always regret. So I decided then and there to go straight and I have never been dishonest since.

Another few months and we moved again, this time to Thousand Oaks with my aunts Maude and Grace who were going to the University. It was a fine house with a big yard. I used to go crabbing down at the bay. I made my own nets with wire hoops and I knitted the net that was placed in it. I must have gone a few times and each time I would garner a few but they were never big enough. One time I was on my way home from school and I saw some boys arguing. One was a bully and the other was a better dressed boy with a gray coat on. As he was pulling it off with both his arms locked in it, the bully smashed him in the face. He got off his coat but he was too wounded to do more. I looked at him and hurried on.



One time I had a real mess in my room; it was caused by the kerosene stove which burned low and made lace-like designs all over the room. I awoke and turned the stove off but I had a time cleaning up the mess when I got up.

There was an advertisement in the paper for the sale of two chickens. I asked my mother and with her consent went down to the owner's house and paid the woman a dollar for the two and brought them home. I kept those chickens for a number of years.

With a working mother and the rest of us going to classes, we had a maid. She was a large, simple old thing named Anna. My mother wanted to give her a nice Christmas present and filled a box with goodies including a small loaf of bread. I went down the avenue that leads to the railway station and found her house on a side street and gave her the present. Her only remark when she saw the loaf of bread was "five cents!"

Mom and my aunts took off shortly after that and arranged for me to stay in the house until school finished with two women who had rented the place. One time I was late for dinner and I guess they had had enough for I soon left them and took off with my two white Leghorns for Santa Monica.

These were happy years. I lived in my "old house" for three years and a half with hardly a break. Dad came soon to see us; he was employed since May 1, 1923 by the Frank Meline Company as their manager and superintendent of all real estate operations and business dealings of the office in Beverly Hills. He was awfully polite and didn't say a word when Maude accidentally put salt in the sugar bowl and used it in his coffee. He said when it was discovered that it did taste like a bit of salt had gotten into his coffee. He was soon invited back, and I always used to hear his particular whistle when he was approaching as he drove down the road above the house. I went to Santa Monica High School and my Aunt Grace was a teacher of acting and speech there. I performed in several plays that Grace was teaching us. In one, which was on Columbus Day, I had a part as one of the sailors; when the time came, I stepped forward and said "the ship will go down, down," marking the spot with my finger. That started my acting career. Grace also gave me the part of a runaway Negro. I climbed up the rafters and remained quiet. Then I was given the part of the mayor in an extravaganza. I had been given the part when the boy who had been selected by another teacher walked out. It was a big part and in one practice session I skipped a piece and the whole play went right on until someone recognized I was a half hour ahead. It was a success and my parents came to watch. My Dad, not knowing I was the mayor, said "that boy who is the mayor is quite an actor!" Then we gave "Pinafore", and I was in a cast of sailors. Finally, I was in the senior class play as one of the leads. I was supposed to sing "Carolina Mammy" and missed a note and never did get on with the song.

Santa Monica High School was a show piece. It was located in a rectangle on a hill with the school at the head and a Greek theatre down below. It was built of bricks in an attractive style with a door at the center and looked as solid as a pyramid. It was later claimed to be subject to earthquakes and they tore it down and built a nondescript building with a high fence around it down across the street.

Sis had a donkey, and I also acquired one. Having two of them, I loaned one to some boys who had one and wanted a team. They lived way out near 26th Street. When I went to get him again they would not let him go and as they lived so far away, I finally let him stay.

Besides my two Leghorns, I had a lot of other chickens, and rabbits. The rabbits I used to sell to Dr. and Mrs. Classen. I dressed them and they looked nice, but our family never ate them -- we just couldn't.

I had two trips with Bob Kenaston. The first was to Yosemite at Christmas. We bummed our way to Modesto and the next morning paid the fare to go on the train. It was all snowed in and it was a treat for California boys to be in the snow. We skated and spent the night at the Shasta Hotel. From there we went on up and crossed over to San Mateo to visit Maude. I was taking a bath when her husband, Tag, came up the street and saw a man in his bathroom! They took us up to the San Francisco Museum. We then returned to Santa Monica, visiting Ben Lomond en route.

The summer after my junior year, Bob and I went to San Diego and we were headed towards Lower California. I still have my notes on that trip and reproduce them here:

“Saturday, August 12, 1922: Started from home at seven and hooked our rides into L.A. There I bought a soldier's hat and a canteen. Found Highway No. 10. Hooks brought us into San Diego at 5:45 p.m. Got two more hooks and walked from Oteag to Nestor where we found a haystack on which we put up for the night. Had a chocolate bar for supper.

“August 13, 1922: Arrived at Tia Juana at 7:45 a.m. Looked over the Inn and racing place. Walked up to the Hot Springs and came back to town. Bought some food and hiked toward the Springs. Five Mexican soldiers came down and ushered us up the hill at the point of a bayonet. Said we were U.S. soldiers. I presumed it was the hat I had bought. So they kept us eight hours. Lots of tortillas and etc. eaten on the roof. They had one of the soldiers usher us across the border but we went into a building in Tia Juana so we lost him. We nevertheless gave up our trip to Lower California and hooked a ride into San Diego where we ate and started for Texas. We got as far as Bostonia where we camped.

“August 14, 1922: Fixed breakfast at Bostonia and started out for El Centro. Caught three hooks and arrived in El Centro at noon. It was so hot we wanted to go, then we were satisfied. We decided we would buy a horse each. Bob bought a sorrel and I a big backed roan. We paid \$20.00 a piece. Went swimming in a pool and was greatly cooled. Ate supper at a cafe and then slept in the hay at the stable.

“August 15, 1922: Arrived at Three John in the early morning. Could find nothing but the shore of the Salton Sea. Arrived at Oasis about 8:00 a.m. Ate breakfast and loafed all day and left at 6:00 p.m. An old rattler gave us a warning and I

answered him with lead. He had six rattlers and a button. A fellow searched me for fire arms about 10:00 a.m. in Indio. Camped in a field just outside of town.

“August 18, 1922: I awoke and saw a man was coming for me cussing like anything. Found out he owned the grove of banana trees and went as fast as I could. After I had gone about two miles a man in a Ford stopped me and asked if I wanted to sell my horse. He said all he could do was some trading. We went a way down the road and I drove his Ford; it was the first time I had driven a Ford, and he rode my horse. We went to his pasture and saw a little Bay mare. I told him I would trade my roan for her if he would give me one of his saddles and have her shod; mine had worn down his hoofs. She was wild and had not been tamed yet. He had her shod and gave me a rope and a halter for a dollar. I ate lunch at his house. Later, I was eating some watermelon out on the road, and when I started to get on the mare she bucked and threw me onto the horn of the saddle and over her head. She certainly skinned me up. Started for Palm Springs about 3:00 p.m. and arrived about 7:00 p.m. Trotted the whole way. Put the horse on n someone’s front lawn and slept near her. “Good Night”.

“August 19, 1922: Left Palm Springs, said good bye to Bob who had sold his horse, and ate breakfast at the hotel. Got in Banning and had lunch which was a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread. After a rest I started for Redlands, and arrived about two miles north of it where I camped under a pepper tree.

“August 20, 1922: Arrived in Redlands about 6:30 a.m., ate breakfast and set out. Had a couple of offers for the horse but did not accept them. Went through Colton and ate lunch about 5 miles north of Ontario. Rested and set out again. Went through Pomona and camped about 5 miles the other side of it. I camped in a school yard, I which had a hay trough. I went to a farm house for some milk and the lady gave me supper; she had jars and jars of good preserves. I offered her my last dollar, but she would not accept it.

“August 21, 1922: Started from the school and got in Puente where I ate breakfast. Started again and got into the outskirts of Los Angeles. I skipped the business part but lost my way while doing so. The horse gave out, so I had to walk her a bit. When I got to the other side of the hill, I ran into Sunset Blvd., and went up it until I came to Santa Monica Blvd. Went up this for a mile. The horse was worn out, so I put her in an abandoned stall beneath a grain store. Bought her barley with my last eight cents. Caught a few hooks, then caught a fellow in a Amshig-Law speedster and came all the way to Santa Monica at about 50 miles per hour. Got on a street car and tried to borrow six cents from the motorman but he would not do so and a lady on the car gave me six cents. I got home and took a bath, then fixed a feed for myself, and went to bed. I expect to get the horse tomorrow. Good Night. Finish”.

I went the next day and got the horse and walked it to Beverly Hills where my Dad saw me and somehow took care of the horse and I went home. The horse was in the lot next

door. Bob Nittenger suggested I sell it to a man at the 101 Ranch which I did but had to go there later on a horse and demand my twenty dollars and got it.

I had two dogs, one was a setter and the other a brown and white spotted greyhound who came and stayed a while and then left. She could jump over our fence, which was four feet high. The Setter, a white with black spots, finally got fox cloves in his feet and I took him to the ranch in which we had an interest. They had a girl whom I admired. She later telephoned me at the office of my Dad. I agreed to be there and she was going to pick me up, but I forgot the meeting and I never saw her again. She later died.

Mother thought I should have a newspaper route and arranged with the Los Angeles Times for me to receive the papers at the 7th Street stop where the little streetcar would drop them off. From then for almost two years I would go with my bicycle at 4:30 a.m. up to the end of Santa Monica Canyon, drop a paper there, come back and circle up to the plateau above and come down the west side dropping the papers all the way. Finally, I came up the hill to our house. On the weekends I would collect what was due.

Sunday was a big day; my father would take me in his car and we would go up the beach selling newspapers -- several hundred of them. One time, I was in a camp carrying a load of papers under my arm, and met the camp manager who complained of my selling papers on his beach, but it was in my district, so I left him, as he was in the wrong. I came back to my father and found an old man sitting apparently selling the Los Angeles Times; he was bent over and I was distressed by my having met with the camp manager, I guess, and I did not recognize this imposter until he raised his head and I saw it was my Dad. After selling the papers we always drove down to Venice where we went to a long bar and had waffles. That was quite a routine that we both looked forward to with pleasure. Finally, the last year of high school, I could dispense with the paper route.

One time I disobeyed my mother and she was going to have Dad punish me. I waited for him in the sun porch. When he came in he talked to me and that was all; he could not have brought himself to punish me. He never did.

I went to summer school every summer and one year there was a girl who was nice to me and we struck up a friendship. Her name was Frances Rich and she lived at 744 Harvard Avenue, Claremont. One time, I remember, I took her a box of candy and she spilled it. She picked it up and I guess that was the end of our romance.

I usually had a job looking after people's lawns. It was the house next door and the McKinley house across the canyon. One time I put up a fence for an old couple who lived across the canyon. I earned fifty cents an hour and saved most of it. I invested a couple of hundred with my mother in a lot on the Mesa where the McKinley house was and we made 100 percent profit in no time.

Other than the McKinley house, there were few houses the other side of the canyon. In the canyon floor, there was one that belonged to Mr. Young, a large one with the office and apartments above, a couple of Mexican houses owned by Michael who had had a

grant, the Preston Morris house down around the corner near the beach, and the schoolhouse at the other and which was attended by Negroes. They later built a new schoolhouse which is attended by white as well as black children, but the old frame schoolhouse has been retained as a memento of by-gone days.

On the other side of the canyon there was a grove of almost two hundred eucalyptus trees, each of a different sort. In due course the whole place was built up by the Uplifters who had a clubhouse and a golf course. Up above, the Pacific Palisades had not yet been built up and I remember when we trudged along the road looking up at the snow on the peaks but never got there.

One time when we had rented our house for the summer, we heard from a neighbor that there were robbers in the house. We went down and sure enough there were robbers in the house and we could see the lights as they went about. We left the house to give the alarm, but no one came. Maude, however, came on the little streetcar to join us and was told of the robbers. "Yes," she said, "I thought that must have been our phonograph a Japanese was carrying on to the streetcar." My Dad had played the phonograph early every morning. Another time we rented our house and moved to Beverly Hills and Dad had rented a big brown house up Canyon Drive for three hundred dollars a month. We were there a couple of months, long enough for me to build a radio from a Quaker Oats box and get the Los Angeles Bible Institute regularly.

When I graduated, I had been looking forward to bumming the way to Grand Canyon with Carvel Torrance. We went into Los Angeles and outfitted ourselves with boots and some army surplus and started off on a streetcar going east. We had continued along the highway not very far before a freight train came along. I said, "Carvel, let's take it." We ran up to the train as it was chugging away and swung on, then climbed to the top. It was beautiful up there looking over the desert, while rising higher and higher. We came to a tunnel that did not allow much space but we kept down and came out on the other side into the sunshine again. We came to a town where we stopped and ran into a store and grabbed some food and back on the train again. We finally went down into a boxcar until a couple of hours later we came to a stop at a pump. With that, all the tramps appeared and the swarm rested by the side of the track until the train got underway again. We went into an empty boxcar again and went to sleep. Hours later I awoke kind of and we were switching back and forth. Finally, we got out and found we were alone without an engine. We were somewhere in the desert but we made our way to the next town and went to eat at a restaurant. We were sitting at a counter looking at a mirror and finally I recognized us, blackface, and decided we had better wash. We walked along and came to the train and tried to get on but found there were railway cops and decided to walk. We had gone a long way and Carvel was tired and lagging behind. All of a sudden, I noticed he had hailed a ride and as they passed me, he waved but they only wanted one for safety. I walked on and on and finally took to the rails and walked twenty or more miles until it was night when I finally came to the Harvey House restaurant and dined on a plate of \$1.25 ham and eggs. Afterwards, there was no sign of Carvel but I found a soft place in the sand to sleep and Carvel came and found me sleeping. The next morning we bought tickets to Grand Canyon and later rode the "cushions" as the hobos called it.

We arrived at Grand Canyon and after looking over the edge decided to go down. It was easy going down but by the time we came to the half way house it was dark and we stumbled about in a roofless storehouse until we were comfortable. The comfort did not last long, however, for the burros were curious and were stomping about all night. Early in the morning we went down the other half to the river. We got to the other side somehow and enjoyed the rumble of the river and the sunshine. After an hour or two we decided to go back the long trail up. We finally reached the top, passing an old lady going down who did the climb every year.

We went into the restaurant but found it too expensive, so we bought something at a store and then picked a place to sleep. The next morning we returned on the “cushions” to Flagstaff and again set off. We soon got a train and got off as we entered Needles, walked around the town and waited for the train to appear. It did not come and finally, impatient, we walked up to the station. Just as we got there, the train was pulling out. Carvel was ahead of me and a railway cop was between. I ran toward the train and the cop toward me. I bumped him as he tried to grab me and continued on toward Carvel. I signaled Carvel to get on the train and we left town.

I thought we were all set again but when we were in the middle of the desert by a deserted house we were told to get off for fear of being arrested when we reached the next town, so we did. There we stood in the desert and there was nothing but a coyote by the deserted house. We then saw dust rise to the south and knew it must be a road. We walked over to it and were lucky to get a ride in a Ford touring car. The road was pretty dusty but we arrived at a place where we parted ways and set out again to hitch a ride. After a while, we did and it brought us to Los Angeles.

From there we went west and the only thing I remember was Wilshire Boulevard with us marching down toward home beneath the large eucalyptus trees.

Not long after that, I went to Santa Monica High School summer school. Grace had approached the principal and he kindly figured out that I could raise my grades so he could recommend me by taking algebra, history and a science. Somehow, I found I could study and understand better what I had missed earlier and as a result I got a 1 in algebra and 2 in each of the others.

### COLLEGE DAYS

Carvel called me soon after to say goodbye for it had been decided that I was going to the small University of California at Los Angeles. We had a swim and he talked and inquired why I did not go to the University of California with him at Berkeley. I decided that I would and went home to tell my parents. We left on the boat for San Francisco the next day.

I can see us at Wheeler Hall, a couple of frosh. We expected to be hazed but no one bothered us, wearing our freshman hats which were required. We registered and when

that was done went to the white Cotton Hotel. I had an invitation my Aunt Grace had arranged for me to call on the Kappa Alpha Pi. I went and although I did not like the group as a whole, I was lectured by a most persuasive member and soon I was wearing a pledge button. I decided after the party they gave for the pledges that night that I would not join. I subsequently told the one who had pledged me and with that I was disqualified for a year from joining any other fraternity.

I continued to live at the White Cotton Hotel while Carvel was pledged to Kappa Alpha and moved in with them. In a way I guess it was better for me that I did not join a fraternity then for I studied and got nothing below a C and practiced typewriting in which I became proficient as a touch typist.

My Mom and Dad came up to Berkeley to visit me in my room and Mom cried. It was a shock to her that I would be away from her, possibly for the rest of my life, and she could not get used to it.

It was late in September that a man came to the university one day pleading with the students to go and fight the fire he said was threatening to devour the whole residential district north of the campus. I went home leisurely, changed my clothes and walked over the hill. When I got there and looked down, all was ablaze and I ran down to fight. There were no chances of fighting the fire for it raged and when it caught a house there was very little one could do to prevent it burning. Only a house here and there was delivered from it. Instead I joined a fellow who had taken a Ford from a house and managed to drive into the area. I remember I went into a house and there was nothing I could save except a small silk rug. We rushed out of the area and that was the end. The next day I went to the area, found the rug that I had buried and it was burnt. I went up to see Mrs. Fletcher's place. I did not recognize it at all and I picked up a cup which was stained by the fire and kept it as a souvenir.

I went now and then to visit Maude and Grace. Visiting Maude involved a trip on a streetcar that traveled across a plain with green all about. They had rented a nice house near the railroad.

Maude was always good company. She would talk and talk and it was always interesting. Dad especially liked her and went often to see her. Grace lived in Brentwood and it was necessary to go to San Francisco and take a bus that took forever. She lived on a ranch and had built a fine house with her husband, Stanley Nunn. She was very kind but one would have to talk to her while she was fixing dinner or doing other housework. Dad likewise visited her in later years.

One time Tag (Harold Taggart), the husband of Maude, and I took a trip in his Ford which we both enjoyed immensely. We went from San Mateo down past Ben Lomond to Santa Cruz. From there we cut across the mountains on the way back. We stayed with a farmer's family en route. Tag often referred to that trip.

The first year at Cal came to an end and I did all right -- C's or better. I went with Neal Duckles bumming a ride to Santa Monica. En route sitting in the back seat of a car beside Neal, I criticized the driver's handling of the car. With that he let us out at the front of an old hotel and "bonar" Lewis had a hard time getting another ride. I never will forget that lesson and since then keep to myself the negative opinions of another.

That summer I got a job with the city of Beverly Hills painting light posts. It was pretty slow work but the pay of five dollars a day was good. By then the folks had moved to lower Canon Drive which they bought as an investment.

Back at Cal again, returning on the train which brought me to Berkeley. I was eligible for a fraternity again and soon pledged Kappa Alpha. We had a big handsome house at the head of Dewey Street. I was treated as a freshman, as it was my first year in the fraternity. This involved cleaning of the downstairs as well as my room. I had a roommate, a nice fellow, Earl Holmes, and we slept in the double-decker beds, one above, the other, strung across the open porch. There was a lot in back with a path lined by trees up to the street beyond. The house was U-shaped and a large fountain was there. The house had a study hall, a small room, and I was required to study there with a senior heading the group.

I befriended an Englishman whom we pledged and we took a room in the attic. His name was George Lindly Herbert Hermann Lorem. I had an especially good friend in the fraternity whose name was George Eggleston, and, of course, my old friend Carvel Torrance who was soon named "Pete". One time Eggleston and I got fed up and skipped out one evening and when we came back it was a second tubbing. They put me naked in a tub of cold water and submerged my head until they thought I was drowning. I fooled them, however, for I would open my eyes wide, and out I would be hauled.

On weekends before a game, a large crowd of us would climb to the big C made of cement above. This was kind of boring to me and I began to think of going east.

I went out for the crew and after learning not to jibe my oar, I improved, but did not get on the varsity boat. It was fun, however, and Eggleston and I enjoyed the trip down to the estuary and back. On arrival the rest of us would be eating and not thinking of the proper thing to do, I would go into the kitchen and the old Mammy would fill me up.

I did pretty well in my grades ---all C's and B's -- and I got my Junior Certificate. When I got home I asked my Dad who had built the office on the corner near the house with a large sign "Harrison Lewis and Company", if he could get me into a university in the East. One of his men had gone to Princeton and he tried to get me in there but I was refused.

During the summer my Dad gave me a gold ring with the family coat of arms engraved by the husband of his secretary. It is beautiful and I still have it.



Then I decided I would go to Harvard. I sent my grades in and waited for a reply in Berkeley where I registered but did not go to classes. Harvard replied in the affirmative, stating that all of my grades were passing but I would be admitted only if I took certain courses and I would be entered as a freshman. They gave me credit, however, for the courses I had taken but rated them as a D.

I still had time, as California began in August while Harvard began in the latter part of September. While waiting at the fraternity house, I had a good time and went into San Francisco and joined my girlfriend, Theron Zeiss. As a farewell at the university I was playing in front of the house and ripped open the pants of our football player. I ran into the back by the fountain and he caught me. We struggled for a while but he finally threw me into the water with my Junior corduroys on.

I went home and prepared to go to Harvard. I thought I would assemble a superheterodyne for the family. My Dad introduced me to a friend and I got the parts at a discount. When I got it together, I tried it out and I got Oakland clearly, which is five hundred miles away. I was listening one night and heard that President Harding had died.

I took the train via the southern route through New Orleans where we had to wait for a change of trains. It was an awfully hot place. I had made friends with two parsons from New York who lived in the church down by Wall Street. We continued on passing through the red soil of Georgia and finally came to New York. They invited me to stay at the church, and the next day I left.

When I arrived in Boston, I left my suitcases at the South Station and started walking up Milk Street which flowed into Water Street and I found myself right back at the South Station. The next morning I went up to Harvard and called on the administrator, who seeing I had been admitted, welcomed me and gave me a room in Westmorley Hall with Andy Corry and his roommate, Kelly, who did nothing but sing; it seems he was preparing for the opera. Anyway, I kept my mouth shut and was still a friend of Andy Corry when he died in November 1981.

It seems I must have thought I could do everything. I was going to join Radcliffe girls in their drama. I was going to join the glee club and I went out for freshman crew, and made it for a while, but soon I was on pro and had to learn to study.

Kingsley Hooker, with whom I had made friends at crew, were waiting in line for a movie and I asked him what he had decided he would be in life. He said he did not know but asked what I wanted to be. I said I wanted to be in the consular service and told him that when I was sixteen I had asked a boy what he was going to be and he replied a lawyer and I said I wanted to be a farmer. No, he had replied, he wanted to live in a city. That set me to thinking. I decided there was a brighter side than that of being a farmer. During the next few years there was a gradual development in my thinking. I thought I would be a congressman. Then I found a senator was much better so that became my goal. I wanted to be a politician but I learned that meant I would follow what my constituents wanted. I therefore decided a statesman was the right thing. About 1924 I

began to think about the horrors of war. To end war became my objective. Being a consular officer was the answer and when I found that the Foreign Service had been combined so that a consular officer could become a diplomat, I was going to be a diplomat. When I broached the idea of the Foreign Service to my family, my father said he wanted me to follow him in his business. I said I had made up my mind, I wanted to be a diplomat. He was not convinced. Therefore he suggested a bargain. I was to spend a year in his business after graduation and if I still wanted to join the Foreign Service, he would agree.

I thought I worked hard at Harvard but in truth I didn't. One reason was Elsie Follmer whom my friend Kingsley had introduced me to out at Wellesley. We took in the shows in Boston regularly and afterwards we would walk to a spot beneath the capital where there was a bench and a statute of Civil War General Hooker.

When summer came I went to California, and for lack of anything else to do, went to summer school with a girl. I didn't study but the professor gave me a B in constitutional law which I got in the subject a year later at Harvard. I returned to Harvard for football practice via the long trip through Canada and down to Lake Placid where Elsie and her mother were. Elsie was playing golf and didn't seem particularly interested in me so I left early. At Harvard, I stayed at the Village Inn, which is in Longfellow's poem, and went to football practice. I could eat at the Varsity Club which was a plus but that ended when I was not selected for the Varsity Squad. However, the Harvard Union was a good place to eat in those days, especially as we had two old time waiters and I usually had a table by the window.

Kingsley Hooker and I became good friends and I was especially fond of his mother who used to bake a chocolate cake which I enjoyed.

I went out for the Harvard Lampoon and sold advertising for it. I think I sold more space than anyone had ever sold. They had a play as an induction in which I took part with the other candidates and we drank quite a bit. The next morning I was supposed to take a test on literature and I had not read the books, so I left myself I unshaven and sleepy-eyed and went to see the professor and got excused.

Eventually, I saw Elsie again and we resumed going to shows once in a while at the Shubert Theatre in Boston.

When summer came, I had to get off the third year French requirement, and went to school for six weeks. I studied pretty hard and was sure I had passed the examination, but Herb Earle and I had invited the professor and his wife to go up to Quebec with us in Herb's car. They came and we forgot them in the middle of the night when they had a room in the Frontenac Hotel available. The professor maintained that we should have told them but he had sent in a C for me and Herb and our friend Tom Alcook, so that was that.

As I had done well in selling the Lampy's advertising, Al Blackburn, who had something to do with the Harvard Athletic Association, asked me if I wanted a job selling the

advertising for the HAA News, which also had the programs for the football games. He told me I would receive a 25 percent commission for what I sold plus a salary of six hundred dollars. I took it and went to New York and sold four thousand dollars worth of space and managed the HAA programs for a semester when I thought I had better get out and study. I remember I had a bill for six hundred dollars for my room and tuition, and as I did not receive the money from my father, I paid the bill out of my receipts from the job.

Actually I did study more when managing the programs and my grades went up to a B average, but, lo, I spent a good part on cars to drive to Wellesley to see Elsie as soon as I was free, and then my grades went down to a C average, except for the constitutional law which I had studied in California.

I remember it was Christmas and Elsie wanted me to remain in Cambridge, but I had promised my friend Kingsley I would go up to his summer cottage, so I insisted I couldn't stay. It was a real treat being there in winter but it was cold; we put the butter in front of the fireplace and one side melted while the other remained frozen hard.

When I got back, I found the professor of a course on which I had gone to a tutoring school, gave me a D. I figured it was because I had used the tutoring school's idea, so I never went back to it again.

The "divisionals", the exam which covered the background of my various studies, i.e., international law, government and economics, came and I was allowed to cut classes I had, except German, which was still hanging on. I went to an outside professor to study the grammar but it did no good, so I failed. It was all part of my skipping the first half of the fourth and the second half of the fifth grades for I still did not know grammar. However, I studied the "divisionals", supporting myself on cigars, and passed them all. In international law, I noticed from the old exams that a question might be on the two international courts, so I memorized the way each was set up and what it did. It was the main question and I knocked it for 98 percent.

I went to commencement, wearing my cap and gown, but knew there was no degree for me. I thought I had to go to commencement as that would be the end of my college days. When all the fellows ran to get their degrees and I stayed behind, I felt pretty sad indeed. I went to see the dean and he offered to let me take the German examination in Europe so I set off for Germany.

I joined a group of classmates on the Holland American line. I had a cabin to myself, but it was only four walls they put up, plus a bed. I remember entering Europe, for the huge ship went up an estuary lined with windmills on one side. It was a beautiful sight. In Rotterdam I went into a restaurant and ordered a beer: "ein Glass Bier bitte", which was as much German as I had learned.

Another classmate from Fall River, Lawton Brayton, was going to Heidelberg, so we went together. We went into the town and found a hotel and had a fine meal. He left the

following day and I found a room looking over the Neckar, and settled down to study German. I went to the University of Heidelberg and heard German for three weeks, which I did not understand. Then they gave me a certificate which I still have. But each morning thereafter I would get up at 6 o'clock and study until noon. Then to lunch up in town where I met some fellows, and in the afternoon I was fortunate enough to join a lot of old men rowing on a crew. My studies were to read the simple stories I had brought with me and look up the words, and soon I felt I had a pretty good vocabulary. Finally the summer was coming to an end. I joined a fellow, Rolfe by name, and we made a bicycle trip on four rivers, i.e., the Sieg, Lahn, Moselle and finally the Saar, each a wonderful memory. I remember we cycled into the French Zone. Coming down a long hill fast as we could, and at the bottom a French soldier asked me if we had a permit to enter the zone. We went to a fort, saw a young officer and were just about to return up the hill and I said "je vous aime" to him. He was very embarrassed and I was shocked at myself, for where did that come from? Anyway, he said okay, and we went off to Heidelberg where we arrived that evening.

I soon left for Strasbourg by train and on to Paris where I took the examination which I did not find hard and then set out to tour a bit of Europe before the boat left. I went to England and did the English Speaking tour which was visiting a few people whose names were given to me. In Edinburgh, I called on one of them but he did not offer me a meal and I went to a place on the main street looking up at the castle and had tea and scones with butter and raspberry jam which was excellent and filling. In Liverpool, I called on some people and they invited me to supper. I went and they stripped me through playing bridge, though the pheasant which was properly high, was excellent. Then to Glasgow and down to Stratford on Avon where I stayed at the "Wild Horse" Inn, and met an elderly couple who were revisiting where they had spent their honeymoon. I ended up at Oxford where my former roommate was a Rhodes Scholar, and stayed a couple of days, eating with the others and sleeping in "Mob Quad". One night I played poker and won all their money which came in well indeed. Another night it was late and I had to go find my room in the dark. It was up a stairs way off the quad. As I was feeling my way up, I suddenly felt a pinch on my back and I hastened to my room. I guess I was pretty highly strung.

In London, I sent a telegram to Dad asking for one hundred and fifty dollars. It came and I bought a suit and some shirts at Austin Reed Ltd.

Finally, I went across to Brussels and took a room above a bar for fifty cents. It was noisy but what could I do? I found the Mannekin Pis restaurant where I could get a meal of horsemeat for fifty cents, and I had enough left to buy a Herald Tribune, which I read thoroughly every day. After a week I went to Rotterdam to catch the boat and before leaving I bought a Dutch outfit for my sister.

I came on board the "S.S. Rotterdam" to find a telegram dated September 27, 1928 from my Dad. It read "Dean Keyes advises you passed satisfactorily congratulations." So I had graduated from Harvard College.

On the boat I met a girl who was the wife of a fellow who wasn't on board. We went and bundled in a boat; it was quite innocent, but it kept us warm. I borrowed ten dollars from her to get to Boston.

Back in Boston, I sold my living room furniture to a fellow who has since died. I got on the train for California where I was to stay a year as I had promised my Dad, but it turned out to be only eight months when I left for Washington to take the examination. Dad put me in an office, which was on a tract. He fitted me out with the listings of the tract which faced Beverly Boulevard. I invited Preston Morris, a friend in the canyon, to join me. I bought a book to while away the time; it was Durantes Philosophy. Finally a man came and I sold him a lot across the street as it seemed to be the best buy and my Dad took care of the escrow.

Dad and I moved into a room at a hotel as Mom took another trip, and the house on Canon Drive was left empty. Before I left to take the examination, we took a trip up to Monterey and stayed in the big hotel there. To commemorate the occasion Dad bought me a bronze horse. At night, Dad and I would lay in our beds and pass mental messages to one another. It seemed as though we did. Dad called me "Pard" or "Pardner" and we were very close.

### THE FOREIGN SERVICE

In August 1929, I went to Washington, DC and moved into an apartment in Que Gardens. I looked up Professor Crawford whose name I had gotten from Professor Wilson at Harvard. He gave a three months' course in preparation for the examination, consisting of economics, government and international law. He had warned against using cases but I thought I knew better. In fact, I had been trained in cases, and when it came to the examination I used them to identify the point in question. There were thirty-odd in the school, among whom I made friends with Henry Day and Elbridge Durbrow who lived up the block, Hawley Oakes, John MacDonald, and Corby Fox, whom I had known at Harvard. It was a cold day in December when we took the examination. I had fallen in the snow the day before and I was particularly careful not to do it again. My number was 1899 and we wrote for two days.

When the examination was over, I was free to look up the Daubins, my cousins, and the Ellises, who was a member of Congress and an uncle of my mother. Through the Daubins, I met Enid Ellis, a cousin, and fell in love with her. The Daubins took both of us on a trip to Virginia Beach. Congressman Ellis took me with him and introduced me to Mr. Carr who they called "Mr. Foreign Service", and it helped to get me in. At Que Gardens I made friends with a girl called Margaret Hall, who was working at the State Department.

Finally, we had the orals and being in love with Enid I was feeling just right for the battle. I had to get an average of 80, and on the written I had only 75.25, so I needed an 85 on the orals to pass. I remember there were four examiners: they included Mr. Carr; Mr. Byington, who was head of the personnel section; a Mr. White, who as an Assistant

Secretary; and Mr. Cotton, who had seen us and wondered why we wanted to go into the Foreign Service. All the questions seemed easy until the last which was "Tell us about Persia." I said that we had an arrangement with Persia whereby we got oil from there and had to expound on the question by linking it with England. It was a good guess and I sat straight and looked them in the eye and hoped I would pass.

Again there was a period of waiting to know how I had done on the oral. One day I was in my apartment and the phone rang I answered and a small voice said "Congratulations, Harrison." It was Margaret and I had passed.

My Dad had written he thought I should get a job as he could no longer support me. Having passed the examination with an 85, which gave me 80.38, the State Department would take care of my salary so no worry. That was the middle of March and having one last fling on Washington, I set out for home to wait for my instructions. We were living on lower Canon Drive and I had a pleasant visit with my parents.

### NOGALES, SONORA

In the middle of April, I received my orders which were to go to "Nogales, Sonora, Mexico" for a provisional six months. I proceeded by train through Tucson and took the local train down to Nogales, Arizona. I got out of the train and looked across the border and saw an American flag. I took up my two heavy bags and walked to the Consulate. I met Ed Maney, who was number two, and three boys who were locals: Powell, O'Keefe and Unversagt. Pretty soon Altaffer, the chief, came in and was introduced and he said he was just about to take a trip down into Mexico. I set about studying the regulations and read them through. Altaffer, when he returned from his trip, also suggested that I write up a history of the Consulate, which included the ordeal of "Villa".

The Historical Sketch of the American Consulate at Nogales, Sonora, Mexico gave a brief review from 1884 to 1930 covering the establishment of a Consular Agent and from 1889 a Consulate, of the part it took in the protection of American interests and the important negotiations it conducted during the Madero revolution, which began on November 20, 1910, and the successive revolutions for almost two decades, including the finale of the rebels in Nogales. On the evening of April 29, 1929, the rebel officers and their staffs made a dash across the international border into the United States, deserting General Borguez, the military chief of Sonora, who remained to maintain order among the twelve hundred soldiers composing the remnant of the Rebel army which had retreated from southern Sonora.

At ten o'clock on April 30, the most vicious air raid was made by three federal planes dropping more than a dozen bombs, while the rebel troops opened a heavy fusillade of rifle and machine gun fire from the surrounding hills. During the air raid, Consul Altaffer found it necessary to call on General Borguez at his headquarters in order to learn what his plans were, and to determine what arrangements has been made for the safety of the noncombatants. The explosion of a bomb outside the General's office, however, brought an end to their conference, and General Borguez, feeling that he had done everything he

could, hastened to the United States under the protection of Consul Altaffer. This left the rebel soldiers in the charge of under officials, who with difficulty, were keeping them in a semblance of military formation. The town was in imminent danger of being sacked. At noon, Consul Altaffer discovered several of the rebel officers near the Consulate, requested them to come to his office, where he proposed that they agree among themselves upon their terms of surrender. They consented and terms were drawn up which provided that the federal government would give the rank and file of the rebel army two months' pay, that they, with their officers of lower rank, would be taken back into the federal army, and that the higher officials would be given safe conduct into the United States. The Mexican Consul in Nogales, Arizona was then asked to transmit these terms to Mexico for the federal government's approval. Then followed several hours of anxious waiting, the rebel officers repeatedly came to the Consulate to say that the situation was becoming more dangerous, and that it was increasingly difficult to hold their men in check. At last, just before three o'clock, word came by the Mexican Consul that his government had accepted the terms of surrender. He then read the terms to the troops, who accepted them with Indian stolidity, and they were marched off to their barracks.

In a letter of October 20, 1930, Robert Frazer, Consul General said to Consul Altaffer the following:

“May I ask you kindly to inform Vice Consul Lewis of the interest and appreciation with which I read his recent voluntary report “Historical Sketch of the American Consulate at Nogales.

“This is a good piece of work, well done, and I congratulate Mr. Lewis upon it.

“If it has not already been transcribed in your Miscellaneous Record Book, I think it ought to be, Very respectfully yours,”

I found a place to live on the American side and very soon I met Betty Kerr and fell in love with her. We would go to the movies and went riding a lot. We had lunch several times at a restaurant in a cave.

At the restaurant where I usually ate, a fellow came, who had passed the examination for the Foreign Service, to see his girl. We took our women out several times on an evening picnic, and he would hire a Mexican to play his guitar before the fire. When I returned to Washington, he invited me to join him at his double apartment on Connecticut Avenue, and I agreed.

Both Altaffer and Maney were away and I was in charge when Ambassador Morrow was coming. On the American side where I was living a reception was being planned for him, and I had to figure a way I could get in his train in advance. Powell said he knew where the train had to stop some twenty minutes south and we set out. The road was nothing but sand but we arrived at the staging point. A few minutes later the train arrived and I found the door in the dark and swung on. I was taken to the Ambassador and his daughter Anne

(who married Lindbergh) and had a fine conversation with them until we reached the border. The Americans came in and they spied me there all comfortable; it was a moment that I shall never forget.

### WASHINGTON, DC

The six months came and I was transferred to Washington, DC to the State Department School and moved in with my friend on Connecticut Avenue. It was November, and the social season was just beginning. I had a full dress suit, which my Dad had bought for me at Eddie Smith's for three hundred dollars. I was particularly popular with Miss Jane McCord and May Clarke, the first being rich and the second not. There Was a Miss Washington whom I also escorted. With Jane, I remember we waltzed and waltzed until three o'clock. One night we were going out to a club in the country but I went to sleep because I was so tired. Young Homer Byington, the son of the chief of the Service, entered in the room and found me. I changed as quickly as I could but having to wait ten to fifteen minutes, all the others gave me the silent treatment.

Elizabeth Allen invited me to her brother's house, a fine brick, several times. I remember once my Dad was coming to visit me and I wasn't sure if I would be free. I, however, accepted it and went. I sat on her left and dominated her conversation, and I fell in love with her. I told a friend of hers I thought I was in love with her and asked her to inform her. I never got a reply but she did send me a wedding invitation.

I was in the Department and talking to Mr. Byington, Sr. He asked an assistant how I stood on the examination and he answered "last". Byington said I was in and that was what was important.

Once Mr. Secretary Stimson had us all to lunch and it was extremely nice. Another time, we were invited to the White House by President Hoover. There wasn't much to do, but we all shook hands and watched the others.

The diplomats had a party on New Year's Day and we were all invited to the Pan American Building. I had no stick pin for the tie of my cut-away. I went to the Daubins and she found a pearl stick pin which had been on a corsage, and I looked fine.

It was February 14, 1931, and we were to receive our valentines, i.e., our assignments. The table was set so that we would each have a ribbon with our name, on it leading to a bunch of valentines within a bouquet. Mine was Eropagnis, which I soon read backwards into Singapore! One fellow, Gordon Minnegerode, I remember, got Jerusalem and yelled "Melasurej! Where in hell is that?" Another got Bergaz and his face showed ignorance.

### SINGAPORE

And so we set off for Singapore on a Dollar Line ship leaving San Francisco. The others on the ship were MacDonald, Penfield and Mayer and his wife. MacDonald and Penfield seemed to celebrate on liquor, which left me out, but I soon found a lovely girl named



“Buttons” and fell in love with her. Every evening we would head for the dark sun porch and talk, with Buttons sitting on my lap.

I held Church Services on Easter and all the ladies attended.

Our first stop was Hawaii and then Kobe. We called at the Consulate and Heyward Hill undertook to entertain us. We toured. Kyoto and we had sukiyaki for dinner. I still have a movie I took of them coming down a broad street in their respective rickshaws. It was at Kobe that I said goodbye to Buttons. Her mother secreted if herself in the bathroom and I covered Buttons in her bed as if she were going to sleep and kissed her farewell.

We arrived at Manila and were entertained at the Army Club for lunch, and we visited the ancient town enclosed in a wall.

When we arrived at Singapore, I had abdominal pain and went to the doctor. He stuck me with pins and diagnosed it as appendicitis and I went to the hospital. Dr. Black, who believed in cutting up, lived up to his nickname of “Butcher” and I have a scar down my belly. I recovered and was lodged with a General Motors man who lived in a small house with his mother and his aunt. In a month or so I moved into a Firestone house to take Walton Butterworth’s place. I remember I was invited beforehand to partake of lunch and he had a real Malay curry. I Butterworth was a b-----d for he left about one hundred trade letters for me to answer which I did not get off for months.

To reply to a trade letter, which was in competition with the boys of the Department of Commerce, I adopted a routine which served me well. I found out who were the main importers of the particular product and visited them and compiled my reply. To reach the importers, I would go by rickshaw, as the 85 degrees was too hot for walking. I soon learned that if I wanted to turn right, I would stomp with my right foot, likewise to turn left, and to stop I would stomp with both feet. After an interview, I could say whether the importer was interested and send a list of those who seemed positive.

Going about town, I noticed how the Chinese lived in a section which was like a different town. It was a fascinating experience. Their shops filled the streets and there were all kinds of food to choose from. Lining the streets were their theatres and shops, including opium dens which I visited.

On the way home, I passed the home of Tan Kah Lee who made a salve and he was quite rich as most Chinese used it; I presume it was for long life, etc.

In the house, we had Chinese servants, who included the cook and the “boys”, except for an older man who was a Malay, whom we called Hadji, as he had been in Mecca.

There was no trouble with either the Chinese, although the cook cheated, or with the Malay. The police, who were Sikhs or Indians, maintained order.

I invited in the mess, the second officer who soon joined his friend in the National City Bank. Later, I had Edward Anderson, a consular officer, and Ralph (Red) Newell of the Bank as mess-mates. Henry Day came down from Hong Kong and stayed about a year. I gave Henry a bear but he didn't appreciate him and I took care of him. It was a honey bear and he loved to suck my finger. Also, we brought a Chinese girl home one night and put her in bed with Henry. Henry was awakened and soon put her out. He was later transferred to Manila as the first F.S.O. Before he left, Henry, Red and I arranged to bet five dollars on the Yale, Dartmouth and Harvard football games in perpetuity. Hilda kept up the payments during the war. Henry is dead now but Red and I have kept it up.

On June 24, 1931, I wrote to the other vice consuls my thoughts on Singapore as my first permanent post:

“These commentaries cannot be as sordid as the reputation of Singapore would lead you to expect to ooze forth from the slime of this famed den of iniquity, for not only have I found the disadvantages tolerable, but there are innumerable benefits that I had never anticipated. It is true there is slime, and perhaps iniquity, but I have only smelled the former infrequently, and so far have but anticipated experiencing the latter.

“Singapore is not the less interesting for its apparent virtue, however, for it is the mystery of the East, which forming, as it does, the background of a genteel life, which lends unending fascination. The strange streets teem with a hundred races; colorful, native costumes and shining skins radiate in the sun like prisms, but step from the bazaars and you will see bold granite buildings that face the bund, or with a short drive you are in your beautiful modern home (thanks to rent allowances class V), free from the native hub-bub, and surrounded by verdant tropical growth. You call your Boy to “bawa stingah” and then being refreshed by your whiskey soda, you attire yourself with the aid of the Boy, for riding in the shaded jungle to which your Syce has patiently led your horse, tennis in your own court, or any other sport that will deter the extension of your corporation from eating too much.

“One of the favorite indoor sports is ‘Pahits’ parties. There are always several ‘pukka’ Britishers present, who impress you at first as being quite unAmerican, but as soon as the gimlets have gone the rounds they loosen up like children at a circus. After many hours have passed in ‘potent’ conversation, you may return home, waking the ‘cookie’ up and you have, at last your ‘machen’.

“Singapore, like all English colonies, closes up at midnight, so with a cool night's sleep, you find another day has suddenly passed and you go down to the office, which is very pleasant in every way, to complacently sweat through another day.

“Hoping you all are as satisfied with your respective posts.”

I often went up to the Selangor Club in Kuala Lumpur. On the wall was a picture that reminded us of Betty Kerr and the memory still stirs my heart a bit. The club was surrounded by grass and was a pleasant place to stay.

I frequently went to a beach in Johore where there was a Malay village and returning it usually rained in the forest so hard that I could hardly drive.

Dad came to visit us. He was making a world tour on a President Line boat and we put him up in a corner of the porch. I was friendly with the Governor and Lady Clementi and went to tell them my Dad had arrived for a visit. They soon replied by inviting us to a lunch. We enjoyed it and particularly Dad, who had never seen how the British built a palace on a hill with plenty of garden around for their governors.

I could take leave and we set off on a local ship with my Ford roadster for Java. In the Des Ann Hotel we had a Ris Tafel with twenty servants to bring as many dishes, and as we finished we went sleepily on our way down the island. We drove through terraced rice patties and came to a hotel on a hill station. It was excellently cool up there and the clouds banked us in. The next morning we drove to Surakarta and saw the town which is within a number of circular walls through which we could drive. The men all wore long robes and a high silk hat. Then on to Jogjakarta where we saw them making batik designs. We had a visit in Borobudur; we spied it in the distance and spent the night in another hill station hotel and next day drove to Surabaya. It was hot and not a very nice town.

We took a ship from there to Bali, shipping the Ford roadster back to Singapore. Bali is filled with temples which the people keep up and it is really beautiful. To add to the beauty, the girls and women, at that time, did not wear anything above the waist. As I supposedly gazed at the baskets of fruit and nuts they offered, while they were sitting on the floor, I was amazed at the blue lines running through their breasts.

From Bali, the ship took us to the Celebes which is flat and not attractive. Then we went over to Dutch East Borneo (at that time) where we sailed up the river beyond Samarinda where there are monkeys that have proboscises. We went in a long house where we visited the chief. We went as well to an oil well operated by the Japanese. Finally we came to Taraka on the shore and found that there was not a ship that would take us to British North Borneo (at that time). We prayed hard and, lo and behold, a ship came in and we managed to get a ride. It seems that the captain had a fight with the seaman or something that had delayed him and he thought he would call at the port.

British North Borneo was civilized and not especially noteworthy. However, we got a ship there that would take us to Singapore. We stopped at Brunei. Dad and I went ashore and as we were walking in the jungle, the natives beat their drums and Dad got so scared he almost ran away from the unseen noises. At Labuan, an island, we stopped for an hour or so, and I bought a head hunter's knife to which several scalps were attached. Singapore was our next stop and we were glad to get back. It was a grand thing we had together. After giving us a toaster, Dad got off on his trip.

Shortly after Dad left, I welcomed Buttons who had traveled around on a deluxe ship to see me. In the meantime, however, I had grown a mustache and she took objection to it. She asked me to take it off but I had not had it very long and refused; and that was that. I soon cut it off, however, and Consul General Maynard looked at me and said "Don't try that again," and I haven't.

Feeling carefree and enjoying the world without feminine company, I decided to write to all my girlfriends, including Elsie, to tell them not to wait for me.

Red Newell heard of a place to rent which was fabulous; it was a fine, big house on a hill with a first class tennis court and stables. I acquired a horse that had been a racer in its day, and a Syce, which was covered easily as the Straits Dollar was devalued.

Once Bob Kenaston came and we played tennis. I had to play my best tennis to beat him. Later Jack Kenaston came and we went on a boat with Henry up to Johore to a place where there were ancient Malay graves. The elephants had just been there and had rooted up some of the stones.

Henry and I owned a boat which we raced with the others on a Sunday morning. One time a storm came up suddenly and with Henry at the tiller we capsized. I got on top of the underside of the yacht and where was Henry? I yelled and he answered from below. He was tying the center board.

I was supporting my sister at the time who was going to college. I had specified Stanford, but found Richard Strauss, her boyfriend and a neighbor, was there as well. He was not my choice, but I could not do anything about it and hoped it would bust up but it did not.

The next spring I went tiger hunting in Vietnam following a trip to Bangkok. Bangkok was a delightful place, full of canals and a wonderful old town. Its splendor of old buildings is enough to make one gasp. The grand palace sets the night ablaze and the numerous towers stud the air. One night, I went to see the dancers who gesticulate with their hands and wear a crown like a golden tower.

I called at the Embassy and met the two top officers and they took me to a race course where one of them officiated. I remember watching a Thai put on his clothing which consisted of a long cloth for the pantaloons which he wound around him.

I was going to stop in Phnom Penh but while en route in the plane I was told that the rules required two people, so I could not land. I replied that I would go the whole way to Saigon, which was a bargain.

When I arrived in Saigon, I met Bill Scotton who said all was ready for the tiger hunt and he loaned me his Mauser 303. That night we toured the brothels and the next morning I set off. It was 125 miles north to meet my half caste French guide and several Mois.

The American Foreign Service Journal published the account in May 1933:

“Sunday evening I arrived at a small railway station. Suddenly a band of wild-looking men boarded the train, grabbed my luggage and swept me off the train. Louis introduced himself and told me how lucky I was to get him.

“After a bite to eat we started for our camp, a native village some 20 miles in the jungle. We rode on small Chinese ponies while the chuck was loaded on two bullock carts. It was quite a train. Eight coolies were employed to man the progress.

“It was a bright moonlight night so we made good time and arrived at our destination at about 1 o’clock. Fortunately a French forest ranger was stationed there that night so with due waiting we finally got a meal of tough hog deer.

“The next morning, Louis and I got up at daybreak and started off to set the bait for a tiger. An old water buffalo was purchased from the village chief for the bait.

“Louis and I took a prow across the river while our horses and the buffalo were led across. We then proceeded back into the jungle and we had gone but a mile or so when we saw a tiger’s track. Another mile and we stopped at a place around the bend from a creek. Just off the path were two large trees about a yard apart. Towards the path and a little below the former trees was another. An open space of some ten yards separated them. Louis decided immediately that this was the spot for the bait.

“The buffalo was led forward and took its place in front of the third tree and with a shot between its eyes it fell dead.

“The natives then set to building the ‘boma’ which was to be the place for me to wait for the tiger when he came to the bait.

“They first made a rustic bench between the trees and next a sort of corral to join the two trees. This was then closed in on the two open sides with grass about seven feet high. Having done this they proceeded to camouflage the walls by inserting leafy branches into the grass. A peephole was then made through which I could watch the bait. I then went inside to see how I would like my new house and to make sure that I could scan the area around the bait. It was not time to wait, however. The tiger had to first come and find the bait. We returned to camp and that afternoon was spent sleeping.

“The next day we returned to the bait and found it yet undisturbed. It was not high enough to attract the tiger.

“That afternoon I went out after jungle chickens which look like ordinary domestic fowl. The roosters even have a crow.

“Later Louis and I went on our horses in search of elephants and gore and though we followed miles of elephant paths through the tall grass, the best we saw was a barking deer.

“The next day we returned to the bait. This time the tiger had been there. The bait had not only been dragged as far as the rattan holding it to the root of the tree would permit, but some thirty pounds had been eaten out of the rump. It was then my turn to watch. At first it was strange to sit in the solitude of the jungle and listen to the weird sounds. Gradually I got used to it. I had not been waiting long when I heard a tramping. Soon a large lizard appeared at the bait, stuck out its forked tongue and sucked in an eye. That afternoon he came back and nibbled again at the bait. I did not shoot as it would have scared away the tiger which was always nearby waiting. In fact I had to be absolutely silent all the time except for making noises that would sound like the falling of leaves and the cracking of branches in the breeze. Finally the lizard made its exit and suddenly behind me there was a loud, low grunt of annoyance. It was the tiger’s growl.

“I waited the rest of the afternoon. Nothing disturbed the silence except the rustling of the leaves, the chuch ah birds and an occasional boom caused, Louis said later, by monkeys jumping from tree to tree.

“It was late that evening and already dark before the coolies came for me. I was tired and was glad to be going back to camp. I had only a little bit of chocolate to eat since breakfast.

“Though the tiger didn’t come, as he presumably had sufficient in that one meal to last him for more than a day, I had a distinct hunch that tomorrow would be the day. Early the following morning, the fourth day, I returned to my sitting. The tiger had returned to the bait again but had not eaten as much as before. There was a chance of his returning that day. The morning wore on. Nothing happened to disturb the silence until two crows came and started up a racket over the bait, evidently testing the safety of approach. I expected that should bring the tiger. Suddenly I heard a swishing to the left, and the tiger came into full view by the bait, a magnificent beast. I fumbled with the gun and within a second he was gone. I was excited but what struck me most was awe. With its head in the air the tiger appeared to survey all he saw as a lord would his domain.

“That was just 1 o’clock. I was chagrined that I had lost my chance, however short a one it might have been. I knew somehow, though, that he would be back.

“I sat ready to draw my rifle, a 303 Hauser, and fifty minutes later I again heard a swish. This time from the right. My gun was ready. The tiger appeared and directly took an inquisitive but bold step over the bait and looked right at me. I took aim. He was now only twenty-five to thirty feet from me. I drew the bead of my gun between his eyes. Plow!!! and for a moment everything was obliterated.

The 'boma' was filled with the smoke of the burning grease which was still in the rifle. I peered forward but remembered that I must cock my gun. I looked again but the grass around the peephole had been shattered. I thought I saw him but it was the bait. Then I saw a huge paw slowly reclining behind the bait. I climbed to the top of the 'boma' and looked down. The tiger, ten feet long, was lying alongside the bait, dead. The bullet, had entered the near side of the left eye and passed out by the neck."

That night, I returned toward Saigon and we were camping when I was bitten by a mosquito. It was a carrier of malaria. I had, however, my tiger skin and it is now occupying a portion of the family room as a rug.

When I arrived in Singapore, I was told my application to replace the Consul in Medan while he was on leave had been approved. I left the next day but as I arrived in Medan, I came down with malaria. I went to a doctor and he prescribed Atribin and I recovered in a week but needed a week more to recuperate, so I went up to Batak in the mountains where there was a village of Batak houses, which have a very high roof and are quite large. Back in the office, I did not do much except try to improve the method of handling trade letters by tying the reply in with a few active importing firms.

Back in Singapore, I began to prepare for my long leave. With Vice Consul Ailshie from Batavia, we got on the Steel Traveler where we occupied the owner's cabin. I claimed I knew a cousin of mine, whom the skipper also knew in Constantinople (Istanbul) and that made us fast friends. We landed at the port of Medan and the Vice Consul and I spent the night with some people I had known only shortly before. The next day we set sail and continued up the Straits of Malacca to Aden and on to Suez to go to Cairo for a day's visit. We took a car and I remember that the nights were very cold on the desert, and we saw the natives wrapped in their white robes huddled in the sand. The next day we joined the ship at Port Said and entered the Mediterranean. We sailed on without a stop and entered the Atlantic and headed for Boston after forty-nine days since leaving Singapore. The first thing I did was to call Elsie. I was told by a girl I did not know that she was getting married the next day and with that I hung up and proceeded to forget her.

I later called in at Washington, DC and made myself known to the Chief of Personnel. I indicated I wanted a transfer but he did not encourage me and so I waited in vain when I got home. I called on Mae Clarke and took her for a fast motorboat ride. I was considering being in love with her but I never was because she had cut her hair and did not look so attractive.

I took a train out to California and visited my mother. My Dad had moved to Ben Lomond and I went up there for a while. It seems he had had some trouble with Richard Strauss, who was courting my sister, Martha June, and my Dad chased him, swinging his razor.

My mother asked me what I would like to see and I volunteered "Ocean Park". We went down to visit it and looked at the Crazy House and had a good but lonely time watching the people, but that was enough.

I spent a lot of time seeing Louis Creveling at Manhattan Beach. He had a little thirteen-year-old who was a frequent visitor, and one time a whole bunch of boys and girls. It wasn't much fun and I wasted away the days. Later, I received a letter from Margaret Jewell whom I had met through Louis. It appears I never thought of her, but had I, she might be Mrs. Lewis today.

Before long, I managed to get on a boat leaving San Pedro for Shanghai. There were two other men in the same cabin and I would spend the days up front in the sun. There was a girl I got acquainted with and we would curl up in a secluded spot at night until I would go down and turn in. We finally got to Shanghai after thirty days, and I bid her farewell. She couldn't believe her ears, but what else could I do?

I got an American boat, the "Statesman", for Singapore and was glad to get back after my trip around the world. I found that my mess had collapsed and I moved in with Sykes Daniels, a rather beefy and jolly fellow who had been bow on my crew at the Yacht Club. It was near Tanglin Beach and was open but the rain did not come in. Next, I moved in with a fellow in a small house, for our money had been reduced by the Department, as well as the exchange rate had become unfavorable. I was getting about Straits Dollars 300 compared with 800 before.

On April 3, 1934, I wrote a letter describing the "Thaipusam", meaning to attain divine light. It reads as follows:

"I've been wanting to write you a long letter but there is so little that's interesting. That must seem funny to you when you think of me being in Singapore, 'the crossroads of the Orient' where you imagine that a colorful pageant of Oriental life is ever passing before my eyes. It is just the cosmopolitan feature, though, which renders negative the visible characteristics of each race or sect, and their seclusiveness precludes us from observing the rest.

"One day in the year, however, Singapore is dominated by a particular sect and it is then that we can see the Orient you imagine. It is the day when Indians of the Chettiar faith mortify their bodies to emancipate their souls from sin. In some cases it may be on behalf of the souls of those who have hired them for that purpose. It is a religious ceremony, practiced, I understand, in only one of two places outside of Singapore.

"Would you like to see it? You're sure you won't get ill? Be sure then that we don't get separated. The ceremony takes place in and between two temples located about three miles apart on directly opposite sides of the town. We'll first go to the temple where the ceremony begins. It's nine o'clock; they'd be well under way by now. There is it. That small box-like building back there among the



trees is the temple. We'll have to park the car down the road a ways and walk back. It's getting pretty hot already out in the sun. This is the entrance to the grounds. You'd think, from all the refreshment stands and peddlers selling novelties that line the walk, that this was a festive occasion. Believe me, it isn't.

"Here we are in front of the entrance to the temple. I think the crowd is watching a dance. It's not going to be pleasant but if we are going to see anything, we'll have to shoulder our way in among the crowd. These brown, sweating people shoving you and smothering you with their sticky, stinking bodies sure give you a grimy feeling. I hope they haven't any nomadic bugs on them. That heavy odor which pervades the air comes from burnt camphor. Sure sickening, isn't it? Look through there now and you can see the dancers. Yes, those are men with the long hair and wearing skirts. Half-naked bodies dancing, writhing and gesticulating to the eternal beat of the tom-toms; they'd be repulsive if it wasn't for their fervor. Hey, what's the commotion around to the right there? Watch it, the crowd is pushing us back from the walk. Only just in time, too. That was a group of the torture bearers, about to be dispatched, which caused all the rush. Ghastly, aren't they? You'd hardly think they were human. The white stuff smeared on their faces is camphor ash. Aren't their eyes bleary? Look, their cheeks are pierced with skewers that go in one and come out the other. The long steel pins which form that cage-like device they are carrying are anchored in their flesh. There's a fellow I saw last year. He must be a professional. What a profession! Well, that's the limit! Look at that swooning woman trodding by the side of her man. See, there by the one who is shouldering an object which appears like half a cart wheel. Oh, my Lord, she even has a baby in her arms.

"Whew, what a sight! But we haven't seen anything yet. Let's go around to the side where they are preparing the torture bearers. Sure you can stand it? It's not so bad if you are like I am and can't realize that it's not all a fake.

"There's a crowd over there. They must be getting one of the poor fellows ready now. If we get on to the raised floor of that shrine we ought to be able to look right down on him. They are getting him into a trance first. How he writhes with mental pain! Chanting, chanting, monotonous chanting, it's enough to drive me nuts without the thought of the torture. That's camphor they're throwing in his face as if it wasn't bad enough already. Now it's coming. This is the big moment. Watch his eyes. Boy, that was a kick when he threw back his head and thrust an arm heavenward in exaltation. Did you see the gleam in his eyes when he got the sign? He's now ready to go through anything.

"There's a priest in front of him now. Watch and you will see him take the fellow's cheek between his fingers to pierce it with a skewer. He's now pulling it through the mouth and putting it through the other cheek. Notice how he caps it with a silver head so it won't slip. He's now cauterizing the wounds with camphor ash. Isn't it remarkable that there is no blood?

“What an ordeal. The poor fellow didn’t show much sign of the pain, did he, but look at his eyes. Those tears tell plenty. Let’s go and see some others. They’ll be working on him for some time and we can return to see the complete job.

“There’s one of them being fitted with a cage. He looks like a corpse sitting up. Or more like a mummy, he’s so brown and withered. Let’s see them put one of those pins in him. See, they pinch the skin and she slips right through. Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary. Want to try it?

“Let’s go. Some of them ought to have arrived at the other temple by now. My Lord, look what’s happened to our first friend who got the light! They’ve suspended little pots from hooks all over his chest. Come, let’s go. This is getting me.

“This breeze sure feels good. It’s mighty hot standing around in the sun with the air so smudged with burned camphor fumes.

“See where the water has been splashed over the road. That was one of the stops the last dispatchment made. They have to revive them ever so often with buckets of water. There they are way ahead. If we go over to the big temple now, we’ll just have time to park and get through the crowd before they come.

“What a crowd of people! Let’s push our way towards the altar. That’s where they’ll make their last obeisances. Yes, this temple is the principal one. Plenty expansive and ornate. Notice the pictures of the elephant gods. There’s the altar. We can squeeze in behind those columns. Don’t want to be in the way when they come running around the back. If you should make one of them fall and he doesn’t make it to the altar, you might find a knife in your ribs.

“Hear that commotion. They must be arriving. No, those aren’t the torture bearers running so briskly. They’re guides clearing the way with whips. I’m just as glad we are behind these columns. Look, they’ve run over several people who were in the way. There’s no arguing with them. They act like wild men the way they run around. Ah, here comes a torture bearer in a cage, like a peacock with tail feathers outspread. He’s just about passed out. They’re trying to make him run through the passages, too. Keep back. They are coming from around the back of the altar. Oh, boy, I’m glad he’s passed. If he had fallen just in front of us, they might have blamed us and that wouldn’t have been so healthy. Good, he’s made his way to the altar. I don’t think he knows it. Look, he is so weak they have to hold him up. That’s the “plea” he’s making with his hands. Now he’s off for the worst. He’s going to have to have the pins and skewers taken out. That’s the only thing they won’t let us see.

“She’s made it! The woman with the baby. How could she have walked all that way the condition she was in when we last saw her? The baby seems to have come through all right. She’s pretty sickening the way she flops about. Poor thing,

she has to be carried off bodily. Doesn't seem she'd ever be the same after that ordeal.

“Here come some of those who have had the skewers and pins taken out. And still no sign of blood. They'll now make their last obeisances before the altar. This is the best part. Look at them shake. Every nerve shattered. Wonder why they don't drop those urns they hold above their heads. Oh-oh, he's a goner. But he finished it. Say, have you had enough? Let's go before my nerves, too, crack. Mmmm, sure good to be out in the fresh air again. Look, there goes a torture bearer on his way home. You'd never know he's been through it all except for the marks on his body. I wonder how they do it.”

I was invited by the British to drinks or dinner often. I recall I was invited by a Mrs. Dunlap who set up a good dinner and had several girls present. I remember once I appeared in only my tuxedo and the others wore their tails. I rushed home, changed and met them at the movie we were going to. The men thought my quick change was worthy of their praise.

It came time for some more leave. I went to Bombay and then to Jaipur, followed by Delhi. I toured the capital and was cooling off on the veranda of my hotel when an Indian fortune teller came by. He told me that the name of the girl I was going to marry would begin with an H and she would give me a handkerchief and some gold. (Hilda was the one and she did give me a handkerchief and a pair of gold cuff links!) Taj Mahal was next, and then down to Calcutta, where I met John W. Jones and others. I continued on to Rangoon and went up the Sway Dagon, a high tower. I had to take off my shoes and stockings and when I returned to the boat, I bathed my feet with iodine. It wasn't strong enough and I got an ingrown wart, which for a couple of years hurt terribly but finally was absorbed in my foot.

And so I returned to Singapore. I moved into a kind of tent in the garden of a residential hotel. I was able to get my former boy, Ah San, and was well fixed. I asked the Consul General if I could report on the new regulations of rubber including a general review of rubber. He agreed and I went upcountry visiting plantations and Penang. I took pictures and bought a few. I was busy writing up my report and would get up in the middle of the night to add a sentence. Then John W. Jones came to stay a few days with me prior to taking a ship home. I got the report together and sent it to the Department. I got an EXCELLENT and the Department of Commerce replied that they published it.

The published report was entitled Rubber Regulation and the Malayan Industry. It pointed out that 3,647,129 acres were alienated for the planting of rubber trees, of which 512,331 remained for jungle, swamps, etc. The estates consisted of 1,873,724 acres and the small holding of less than 100 acres was 1,261,174 acres. Ownership was 45 percent European and 55 percent Asiatic. It was calculated in the years 1936 to 1943 production would rise gradually to 572,512 long tons compared with 484,650 in 1935. Of the 46 pages, one was a map on which the location of rubber plantings in Malaya was shown; on others the normal equipment of the modern estate, the interior of a modern estate's all-in-

a-row rollers, and the manager's residence. A picture of how controlled forestry was maintained in a natural cover crop to prevent soil erosion was given compared with a representative estate in 1925, showing the antiquated weeding and herring-bone tapping.

On the other hand, a representative small holding and a small holder's factory were shown.

A discussion of sales methods and shipments by estates and small holders was made with the cost of each, and a statement of the income and profits of estates and small holders. In conclusion, the object of the local administration of rubber regulation was described and a statement of its necessity to enable rubber estates to operate on a normal and constant basis of production was made.

I was left in charge of the Consulate General and the German Consul General came to call on me. I returned the call and he was kind enough to come to the ship when I left for Bombay en route to Leipzig, my new post.

I caught a ship to Bombay and on board was a lovely girl from New York. I had met her briefly in Singapore and we had a good trip together. In Bombay, I transferred to a ship going to Karachi and there I caught one going to Basra. There was a girl who had come abroad to say goodbye to another fellow, and not hearing a warning bell she was happily on board when I noticed the ship was moving. I ran up to the ship's helm, found an officer, and said she was on board and wanted to get off. Fortunately, he was able to put a bridge to shore and off she ran.

We came to Basra and I got off. I had made friends with an elderly Englishman and acted as his companion. We decided to see Basra and made friends with a Jew and visited his house. He gave us each a present but I found later mine was an imitation of an artifact it was supposed to be. Later he wrote to Leipzig as the Jews were being driven from Iraq, but I could do nothing about it.

I then took a train to Baghdad, where I visited the Embassy. They wanted to take me to Babylon but recalled it was Ramadan and it would be too dangerous to drive there. I went to a hotel for the night and my bed was full of fleas.

The next day I went to Kirkuk by train, and an hour later I took a Rolls Royce up to Mosul. It was delightful driving over the dirt roads in such a car. I went to a hotel, noticing that the streets were double deck, with the old houses underneath the present. The following morning a little boy asked if I wanted to see Nineveh. I didn't believe him, but after being assured, I agreed and we set out for it. It was a mound of dirt and was divided into a couple of parts. I found some colored tile and a head of a god which I have kept.

The next day I resumed my ride in a Rolls Royce and at 2:30 p.m. arrived in Kotchek and soon departed on the Taurus Express. I arrived the next morning at Aleppo but the train soon went on, and at 5:25 p.m. I arrived at the Haidar Pasha Ferry at the Bosphorus. Not

having planned on a stop-over, I could do nothing but take the train again in Istanbul, but we did have an hour or so in Sofia which another passenger and I used to see some of the town. Then back on the train. I awoke in time the next morning to see the colorful uniforms in Budapest Station, and the train rolled on to Praha, Dresden and Leipzig where I arrived at 10:52 in the night.

### LEIPZIG

The next day I appeared at the Consulate and met Consul General Ralph Busser, Dave Buffum and a staff of Germans. I soon met Mrs. Busser and she informed me that I should not accept any engagements until I heard from her. I thought that was pretty funny but I did as she wished. Two or three days later she invited me to go to a dance at a barn out in the country. She had a date for me. My date was Hilda Gertrude Bruhm, an American living with her parents who were ex-Americans. In 1928, they had been obliged to return to Germany as her father had lost his job with a firm which had manufactured textiles. Hilda's Uncle Hugo, a coffee broker in New York, had agreed to buy a part of the family business in Leipzig and her father went back to Germany in that year. Hilda had joined them in 1934. She and I sat in the front seat with Hilda driving the Busser's old Nash. It was raining and Hilda had a very strong perfume on and in the closed car it was a bit pungent. We arrived at the party and we danced but Hilda lost her shoe. I did not think much, if anything, about Hilda but having found that she played tennis, I asked her for a game.

On the next Sunday, I was at the office and looking out of the window I saw a brigade of German soldiers marching by. I was surprised to see them as it was against the law for them to have a military unit. I supposed that Anthony Eden would take action against Germany but he remained silent.

I was given the Consular job; i.e., the visas, notarial, passports and protection. I had a good secretary so everything went smoothly.

Hilda and I soon had our tennis game. She played a strong game -- one time she would win and I the next.

I was living in a hotel and one time she brought me some fruit on an attractive tray; it made me realize she loved me.

I moved out to Gashwitz with a German family by the name of Kohler. There was the mother, a son and a daughter. Another son lived in town. The daughter tried to rule me.

One time soon thereafter, Irma, Hilda's younger sister, came to tea. Although she had promised, Hilda did not come and I was disappointed. Soon Hilda and Irma took off for a painting holiday in Spain, leaving me the whole summer.

My sister came and joined me at Gashwitz. She and Wolfgang, the son, didn't get along and through a misunderstanding on Mrs. Kohler's part she wanted us to go and stay at a

hotel in town. I could not afford that so my sister stayed at Gashwitz a week or so until I was eligible to take my leave.

We had a blue Packard roadster, and we set off on the trip to Italy. We went down through Vienna, where the people looked dejected and poor, and on to Klagenfurt and down to Venice. We took in Verona and the lake country and spent a few days at Lago di Como. For the return journey, and not being informed, we tried to do Mt. St. Gothard and found the snow was impossible. After going as far as we could and bumping the fenders on the snow, my sister got out and I turned around, backing over a drop of one thousand feet. I drove to Chiasso and we were soon going through the pass on the train. We headed for Bremen and soon my sister was off on a ship she caught there.

Hilda returned and we were soon going out together. One time we were at Gaswitz Forest and Hilda ran like a deer and I chased after her and finally caught her. Then we had an embarrassed laugh.

Soon after, I got an apartment in a tower of a home on Mozart Strasse corner of Karl Taugnitz. Hilda and I played tennis regularly.

One time an American was killed in his car out in the country. Hilda said she would go with me. I had to examine the coffin to make sure that it did not contain anything contrary to our import laws. I did, and we returned in a deep fog which delayed us and we missed a date we had. I felt like Hilda would go anyplace with me.

For New Year's Eve we went to a hotel with the French Vice Consul. For some reason, we went to my car and I gave Hilda my first kiss.

We went to places to drink beer. One was elegant on the main street and the Thuringerhof was a nice setting. Hilda introduced me to a Greek dive where we drank wine. I had tried to take her to an ice cream parlor but she turned it down.

Another time Hilda and I attended a Nazi festivity and I went out for a minute. When I returned they were striking up the band and everyone gave a Nazi salute, including me. I just had my thoughts on joining Hilda.

My mind was disturbed about the horror of the Nazis and I reported my thoughts to the Department when I got home. I could not, however, do anything about the complaints of the American mothers married to Germans that their sons were being induced to join the Hitler-Jugend, as but I urged the American Jews who were inclined to stay in Germany to get out before it was too late.

Hilda introduced me to the motet at the Thomaskirche across the Ring from the Consulate General. We went there often at lunchtime and stood while the Cembalo could be heard from the mezzanine as it had been in 1723 when it was played by Bach.

The Gewandhaus, which is famous for its music, was between the Consulate General and the Staatliche Academy where Hilda had a small studio. We would go there often, and one time when Furtwangler was conducting, I ordered three tickets in the middle balcony and invited Wolfgang Kohler and his brother. We wore tails and entered the concert hall and were told that Hitler and his Nazis had preempted our seats and we were relegated to the side row downstairs. However, I could see Hitler sitting with his Nazis in our seats and I thought how I could do him in if I had brought a pistol with me.

I had prepared a couple of reports in my spare time, and got an Excellent on "The Thuringian (Germany) Toy Industry." In November 1935, the Department of Commerce had published a copy of it, emphasizing that the industry had been established in the first half of the fourteenth century, becoming particularly prominent in the first part of the nineteenth century, and although the manufacture of toys began to expand throughout Germany in the beginning of the twentieth century, the manufacture of toys in other countries began to expand rapidly. By the end of the Great War, the United States, which had been one of Germany's principal markets, had become instead its principal competitor. There were a number of reasons for the decline. Its products had been less demanded as the children had taken to sports. In addition, increased competition of toy manufacturers in the United States and Japan and the raising of tariffs in the United States and other countries were the principal reasons for the limited export of Thuringian toys.

Hilda received word from her uncle in New York that her aunt had died so Hilda went to join him for a while. I asked Willie Affeld in Bremen to send her some red carnations.

It was lonely for me. I had gone to a German house and met the daughter, but I did not look her up and managed to exist somehow.

I had a maid who took care of me in the apartment. One day I said I would like some graham bread. When I came home from the office, there were all sorts of things to choose from. She had understood me to say "Kram" which means a lot of Junk food.

Hilda finally came back. We drove to a number of places, one of which was Naumburg where there is an attractive church, and today a picture of the church which she had painted at that time is hanging in our living room. Hilda was wearing a new pair of brown shoes; seeing those pretty shoes on such a pretty foot as she climbed the outside stairs sticks in my memory of treasures.

Another time we went out to Eisenach or someplace west of Magdeburg and we drove past a labor camp. We had a pretty good idea what we could not see and drove in silence.

Inasmuch as it was 1936, it was an Olympic year and Hilda and I had tickets. We drove up to Berlin and en route we came down the road and the car started to skid. It skidded first to one side, then the other, and each time hit a small limber tree. Hence, after a hundred yards, there was no damage when we came to a stop as we hit the last tree.

We saw Jessie Owens, but missed him in the 200 yard dash because we took too long at lunch, but we did enjoy seeing him run the 100 yard. Afterwards we drove to Hilda's Uncle Walter's apartment but he wasn't there. Finally, we went to a hill and wrapping ourselves as best we could, slept until dawn when we started for the Wend, a backward but picturesque place, and finally home.

At the suggestion of Consul General Busser, I prepared a report on the "Market in Germany for Printing Inks and Raw Materials Used in Their Manufacture." The Department replied on December 15, 1936 stating that in view of the practical value of the report and the careful preparation which it evidenced, it had accorded to it the rating of Excellent.

That summer Hilda and Irma went to Villa d'Este on Lago Como with their uncle, and I went down for a week. It was a glorious place. We danced, swam and had a marvelous time.

Hilda was leaving for Dubrovnik on a painting holiday and invited me to come down in a few weeks. I did and we had a marvelous time touring Dubrovnik and took a trip to Montenegro and Sarajevo.

A couple of months later, I awoke at 2:00 a.m. with the idea I wanted to marry Hilda. The idea was a new one to me and I thought about it until dawn. I didn't act on the idea until February 21st, however, though I intended to pop the question on the 14th. Finally, I got up courage and asked her if she would be my little wife. She answered "of course", and had a flood of tears in her eyes. When her parents came out of their room, we asked them if we looked any different. Her mother had some tickets to the opera and we went that evening. On March 6, her father's birthday, we had our engagement and set May 5th as the date of the wedding.

I sent her big, red roses almost every day from then on. I arranged for the bridal suite at the Four Seasons in Hamburg and a ship from the port. I packed up, drinking a lot of apple juice that had been given me and felt uneasy in my tummy on my wedding day. In the morning early we appeared at the Nazi marriage bureau and went through the ceremony. I was first and when the officer asked if I would take her to be my wife, I didn't answer at once until the sentence could be understood as the verb was at the end of the sentence and answered with a loud "ja". Hilda answered the question with an "ejaaa".

We then had a beautiful old person in a beautiful old church to marry us with all the relatives and friends present plus the onlookers. We were marching and suddenly, which was unusual in Germany, I was surprised to hear "Here Comes the Bride" and I squeezed Hilda's arm in recognition. Following the ceremony, Hilda and I marched out and her parents joined us. The church was hit by a bomb during the war.

At the house we all gathered for the wedding feast. Willie Affeld had come down from Bremen to be best man. Wolfgang Kohler, with whose family I had lived, the Bussers and the Buffums plus all the relations of Hilda, and Claus was there. When we sat down, the



maid invited “gnade Frau” to sit down and it was a moment before Hilda recognized her new title. After the toasts and wedding feast we danced and so it came time to depart. We disappeared and changed into our traveling clothes and went to the station. As the train pulled out Claus said to me in a demanding voice, “Take good care of her.”

### OUR HONEYMOON

We had a sunny, nice trip to Hamburg and arrived in the evening. After putting our things away, Hilda and I came down to the buffet for a late bite and then went upstairs. The room was provided with two bathrooms and a bed. I came and knelt down beside Hilda and prayed we would have a happy life together.

We got up early, took the train over to the ship in Bremen, and went aboard. Hilda wasn't as good a passenger as she should have been and went to bed once the ship got under way, remaining there for several days. Afterward, we played chess in the smoking room and deck tennis.

We arrived in New York City and stayed with Uncle Hugo and Irma in his apartment on Central Park West. Then we took a trip to Washington, DC and I called at the Department. I requested to see someone whom I could tell about the Nazis. The Department accordingly assigned me a middle-aged man to consider what I had to say. I stressed that the Nazis were sure to go to war with us and that they were preparing to do so. I recalled my seeing a brigade of German soldiers the day after I came to Leipzig and how I had expected Eden to take a stand against them and wipe out their forces before it was too late. I left the impression that I expected him to take action. I later read a report written by Jacob D. Beam, who was a third secretary in the Embassy in Berlin, and he undertook to write a mighty damnation of the Nazis. The Department had not issued an Excellent to it, but when I praised his report, it did.

My friend, George Renchard, had recommended that I should take his job for a while as personal assistant to the Secretary, Cordell Hull, and I found that the Department had assigned me to Hong Kong. Neither went through.

We spent the night in the Willard Hotel. It was terrifically hot but I was intrigued by a fellow with his back to the open window, who was being entertained by a woman who wore an open kimono over her naked body and she danced while her friend looked on from the bed.

We went up to see Hilda's old friends and had a good party with Mable Sias and her husband Ken. Her husband administered a cure-all when I had had too much which was terrible but effective. We also saw Anne Louise and she told us in the elevator that she had become engaged to David.

We returned to New York again and stayed with Uncle Hugo and Irma. I remember he always carried a stack of new one dollar bills in his wallet and paid the check one bill at a time. After a few days, we set off on our trip.

My mother had ordered a Chevrolet and we could pick it up in Chicago. We traveled in a bedroom suite, as it was our honeymoon, and arrived the next day. We got the car, which was bright red, and set out to drive the northern route for Portland where we were meeting my father. We often would spend the night at a farm house. Two dollars was the price, which was the usual amount for us, with 50 cents for breakfast.

We finally came to a place called Ten Sleep in Wyoming where we had a real southern lunch of biscuits floating on cooked chicken and all sorts of goodies. Driving on, we were going downhill when I saw a good size rock in the middle of the road sunk in the mud. I figured it was not too high for the car and it appeared that other cars had cleared it, but when I went over it, there was a clunk. The car could be run, but barely, and we had it fixed in the following town, but it was always wonky after that.

We went on to Yellowstone National Park and rented a cabin. We saw Old Faithful, which was spouting every hour, and looked around. The next day we went on a walk along the river and as it seemed secluded, we decided to take a swim. We took off our clothes and it was cold and delicious, but on looking for the road afterwards, we found we could see a few cars passing.

It was too late for lunch, so we bought some cookies and some caramels and we were so tired that we crawled into our small beds for a sleep. Suddenly, I was awakened and saw a big bear with her cubs heading for the caramels which were beside my bed. I gave a bellow at the top of my voice and the old bear finally backed out with her cubs and I closed the door.

As we left the park a storm came up, and despite the summer it snowed heavily but we were able to get through. A beautiful deer was standing in the deep snow by the road.

It was in Montana that we said we were getting up late and had better get going earlier. So early the next morning we started on our way. About an hour later, Hilda exclaimed, "Harrison, I have seen that big tree before." She had indeed and we turned around and headed west.

We had arranged with Dad to meet him at the Portland Hotel and, sure enough, he was there. We set out to drive the beautiful road that goes through the redwood trees to San Francisco. All the West, in fact, was new to Hilda. When we arrived in San Francisco, Dad had reserved a room for us at a hotel and we stayed for several days. One day we had lunch at a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown. Otherwise, we ate at a restaurant near Dad's hotel. Dad was awfully nice to Hilda and said several times he was glad she had German blood in her.

We drove down the coast to Santa Monica Canyon to visit Mother and Sis in Mom's new house, which she had built next to the old one. One night we went to visit a girl who invited us to a party. I guess I got high as I drove the car and kept calling "Come on, you

bitches.” When I got home and sat down to dinner I couldn’t stay and went out in the garden and sat on a stone wall and finally shook off the intoxication.

For a wedding present Mom gave us a pair of Simmons mattresses.

I had been impressed with Hitler’s mighty roads, which covered all of Germany, so for the Santa Monica Outlook I wrote an article advocating we do the same, which they published.

One night Carvel Torrance took us to see a play that had been running for years, something about mice, as I recall. It was a good play.

Hilda had some bleeding and we called in Dr. Skinner. When Hilda found out Dr. Skinner was not a registered doctor she was so mad, but the medicine allowed us to carry on.

### LEIPZIG AGAIN

Hilda and I returned to Leipzig. We got a maid who stole and got rid of her, but we enjoyed my little apartment with the tower.

I remember that Hilda, her mother and I went to a place that must have been a crater and ran around it for exercise, but Hilda was going to have an operation. The operation turned out all right and, we were happy she was in order again. Soon came a transfer to Calcutta and we set off for our first post.

We went to Egypt and stayed in the Shepard Hotel. George Allen took us to dinner and told us all about the political situation in Egypt and took us on a tour of Cairo’s night life.

We went down to see the “Valley of the Kings” and visited some of the tomb sites there. We also went to Luxor and Karnak and were impressed by the enormous columns.

At Port Said we caught a P&O for Bombay. I had had a bad stomach from all the fat in Leipzig and decided I would eat nothing but boiled food. It cured my stomach. We boarded a train in Bombay and arrived in Calcutta two days later.

### CALCUTTA

A note from my new Consul General was awaiting us. It read as follows:

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Welcome to our city to Mrs. Lewis and yourself. I hope you I have had a pleasant journey. My wife and I hope that you both will come to dine quietly tonight at 8:30. As the weather is still rather sticky, I would suggest the coolest clothes you can muster.

Sincerely,  
J. C. White

Mr. and Mrs. White were wonderful people. The best I ever had. His wife, Betty, guided novice Hilda through the protocol of British India. He was an old-time diplomat and because he had never served in a consular post, he was assigned to Calcutta in anticipation of ambassadorial posts which followed.

We stayed at the Great Eastern Hotel and hardly had we gotten to our room than Dulan, an Indian "Boy", offered himself saying "I'm your Boy, Madam." And so he became. My evening clothes were laid out for dinner and a gown chosen for Hilda to wear with the proper evening shoes, beaded bag and all. After three years of this, it was hard to come down off our elevation when we returned to the United States.

The Consulate General consisted of, besides Consul General White, Consul Groth, and Vice Consuls Oakes and John MacDonald, two old friends who had been in the Foreign Service School with me.

Hawley Oakes, a bachelor, invited Hilda and me to lodge with him temporarily and we stayed a month. We studied Hindustani but soon gave it up in favor of "Gone with the Wind."

For work I was given the job of writing economic reports, which soon was my main job for years. I had a Carrier air conditioner which helped, but the shutters of jute pervaded the air.

We moved into the first floor of a big house with a tennis court and garden. We had servants, consisting of Dulan at first and then Bahim, who had learned German from a previous employer, then a second Boy, a cook who ran the kitchen, and his assistant, a gardener who was Brahmin, a laundryman, etc.

Life included tennis at the "Saturday Club" and at home, and often we went to the "300 Club". We had a tennis tournament at the house in which the French and German diplomats took part and Hilda won the singles prize.

We had a lot of social life and we were allowed to feel we were contributing equally to the representation of the office with Indians and British.

I remember that Hilda had written to her parents what I said about the British; it was that they were in danger of their empire folding up. The Consul General got wind of that and had Hilda up for it. I was very embarrassed over the thing but it turned out that with the war my prediction was correct.

#### TRIP TO GERMANY

It had been a year and a half since we had arrived in Calcutta. We had our bouts of dengue and dysentery, and the hot weather was upon us. We decided to use our two months' annual leave all in one instead of using it as intended to distribute respites around the year. My wife said she needed a spiritual change as well as a climatic one and she had a great longing to visit her parents -- that longed for first visit after our marriage.

So we decided we would take a trip to Leipzig on a Lloyd Trestino which would land in Venice and a month later bring us back to Bombay. We took with us a big, standing wardrobe trunk which had enough space in it for our clothes and, of course, the presents that we would give her parents.

We found the boat a pleasant conveyance; it provided wine at lunch and dinner and the food was excellent. It was altogether ideal.

Two weeks later we arrived in Venice. The big, standing wardrobe trunk was a problem. They doubted it could go on the plane, but after bringing it to the portside and the American Express office was there, we got it taken care of.

When we arrived in Leipzig we went straight to Hilda's parents, who had taken an apartment on the northern part of town. We first opened the wardrobe trunk and Hilda at that moment spied a large spider on the ceiling. She asked how come, and her mother said it must have come in the trunk.

We found that Germany was preparing for war. The men and boys were on the western front digging fortifications, we were told, to offset the Maginot Line.

The Jews had had their "Crystal Nacht" since we had left, in 1938.

Goods were very scarce in the shops and friends were asking what we thought of the political situation. I went to the Consulate General and asked David Buffum, and he replied the war would begin September 1.

We returned to India and found the boat crammed full of Jews who were going to China to live. We made friends with several of them. What ever happened to them I do not know.

### CALCUTTA AGAIN

Our German friends consisted of Oswald (Ossie) Richtofen, Bassmuss, and, of course, Count Podiwils who was the Consul General. They had asked us to join their club, but we did not want to join as we did not want to become too identified with them.

It was September 3, 1939. That day I shall never forget. Ossie was at our house and we were out on the front porch when a newspaper man came up the street calling "Extra". Ossie went out to meet him and bought a newspaper. When Ossie came back, he told us that England had declared war on Germany. He excused himself, as he had to see the

others and prepare to close the Consulate General. We never saw him again, although we later heard of him through Ily who married Ted Reynolds, who was assigned to Budapest.

A year passed with the usual activities; preparing economic reports in my air conditioned room; "Saturday Club" and our own tennis court; the "300 Club" with Hawley Oakes, etc.

Although Hilda was pregnant, we took a trip to Kashmir. We got a boat and a cook-boat and after a short while on the lake beside Srinagar, set off for Wular Lake with the crew chanting "gee-hah" all the way. After a while we decided to go up to the rest house en route to Gurais. We enjoyed it and I went hunting bear every night. I was posted above an apricot tree and I was so sleepy I slept when the bear came the last night and missed it. The next day we started down and it was raining. We trudged along with the result that Hilda had a miscarriage.

We became good friends with Judge Ameer Ali and his wife. He gave us an Indian pipe with silver bowl and several other gifts. We visited them in England and after he died Hilda corresponded with his wife.

Dick Byrd joined our staff, and Kissa arrived shortly after. I was the only male who was married, so I gave her away. They were good friends.

We moved to a two-story house, and Harrison Torick was born March 31. Hilda had walked the night before, as she did not want him born on April 1. It worked and he was born at 3 a.m. I remember my first view of him sucking his thumb, and he greeted me with a coo. We got an Amah for him and fixed the front room upstairs for his bedroom.

I remember we gave a big party in the house, and we had invited both the Chinese and the Japanese as well as many other diplomats. We were worried that the Japanese would come when the Chinese were there, and we arranged that the Japanese would enter the house on the right. However, the Chinese had long since left before the Japanese arrived.

Hilda and I went twice to the annual garden party given by the Viceroy and his wife in their house. The Indians were invited and came in their finest garments. The grounds were arranged with tents which were filled with attractive food. I was amazed to see how the Indians approached the food. It was as if they had been starved, the way they gobbled it up.

I had prepared a number of reports on economic affairs. I remember I wrote on the "Indian Industrialization of India". I hated both sides and finally predicted that the British would keep India for twenty years, but I felt it could be less. I had not reckoned with the war, for that shortened the transition to eight years.

Due to my economic reports, the boss thought I had earned an assignment to a college and recommended me. I had the good luck to be sent to Chicago University. Elbridge Dubrow had been sent to Chicago the year before. I had a few months before I had to

leave and took the occasion to study calculus and all the mathematical subjects leading to it, including trigonometry and plane geometry, all of which I had never studied. I took to smoking pretty heavily and smoked tins of fifty Lucky Strikes regularly until I was blue in the face.

While I studied Hilda took little Torick to Assam, and I soon followed for a week. It was a beautiful place and quiet. I can still enjoy the memory of sitting with them both in the sun and the wonderful green.

We got back to Calcutta and moved into Levy's empty apartment for about two weeks while we went out at night to say goodbye. We set off for Bombay where we bought an old chain consisting of an elephant, bird, etc. which we still have, and a little iron man to go with our temple toys which are a bird on wheels, used in processions, and a water buffalo. The little shopkeeper complained that trying to get money from me was like seeking to milk a dry goat.

### WE SAIL HOME

We then boarded the President Line Boat the "President Garfield" and set forth via the southern route around Cape Town, St. Helena and Trinidad. The Captain warned in a gruff way that we must expect some discomfort. The only discomfort we had was that the crew was a pack of peeping Toms, and we did have a time with Torick as Hilda was running out of milk. We got six bottles of Guinness and that fixed her up. Of course, taking care of the baby was no fun, and the diapers were a problem.

Sailing down along the coast of southern Africa, we were not aware of anything until the day before reaching Cape Town a squadron of British planes flew over the ship in a menacing manner, which made us aware of the war. They apparently became aware we were an American ship and not a German, and they flew off.

The next day we landed in Cape Town and found that the weather had turned cold. Cape Town reminded me of the way California had looked in 1910, perhaps because it was the remainder of the Dutch colonial houses and the Dutch architecture generally. Above Cape Town was the Table Mountain, which makes a remarkable background peering over the town. We had a tour of the city and set sail in the harbor, intending to go out its entrance. Fortunately, I took Torick in his buggy on deck and we positioned ourselves against the railing. The Captain didn't have a pilot and we keeled over one side and then the other. It was a mighty hazardous experience, and we could hear the dishes and the furniture crashing as we keeled, while holding onto the buggy with all our might.

We went down to the cabin when it was finally upright and found it in a mess. All the drawers were piled on the bed where Torick might have been. We replaced the drawers and then went to inspect the damage. The dishes were strewn across the floor and thereafter we had a shortage.

It was a long trek to St. Helena, which is in the middle of the south Atlantic. It was some miles off, and we couldn't see anything of the house where Napoleon had stayed after Waterloo in 1815 until he died.

To our delight, we were told we were going to see Trinidad, but Hilda wanted to stay with Torick so I went ashore alone with the other passengers. We went to a big hotel and a nightclub, and I came on board about midnight.

We landed in New York and Hilda and I went to Uncle Hugo's apartment, and Irma was also there. We went to the Hotel Buck Hill Falls in Pocono and Manuel Bosa, who later married Irma, came up to join us. I tried to read Adam Smith's The Capital, but it proved beyond me.

In September I joined my father in Chicago to look for an apartment while Hilda went to Uncle Hugo's apartment with Torick. Dad and I went to a thirteen story apartment house in South Chicago overlooking the lake. Following Dad's advice, I took a model apartment with a bedroom, kitchen, dining nook, living room and bath, which was furnished especially. I said I would take it provided they left the furniture, as Dad advised, and they agreed. It cost \$126 a month which was a lot. Dad stayed a few nights and, as he snored, he occupied the pull-down bed in the living room, and I closed the door securely to keep out the snoring!

#### UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

I registered at the university for two economic courses with Dr. Viner, one with Dr. Knight and one with Dr. Mean. I bought a silent Underwood and typed up my notes every morning at six while Hilda and Torick slept. I would walk to the university at eight and return at six, putting in the hours outside of the courses in study. I worked seventy-two hours a week. When the library closed on Saturdays, I would go home at four o'clock and get ready to go with Hilda to the former home of Cyrus McCormick called the "Kungsholm". There we would usually have a martini, which was strong and good, followed by a smorgasbord dinner, and would return several times to the table to fill up. On Sundays Hilda and I would go into town in the afternoon to see the Chicago Art Gallery. It was a wonderful place and we never tired of it. The Thorne Room Gallery was especially memorable. It consisted of miniature rooms about two feet wide, some with exposures on either side, and furnished exquisitely with tiny rugs and all the necessary equipment of a number of well-known types of ancient rooms. The rooms were prepared by Mrs. James Ward Thorne, who was married to the son of a founder of Montgomery Ward. Afterwards we would go to the Field Museum and en route have an ice cream soda, which was rich. We would then return home on the inter-urban electric train.

We heard from Fritz Nacod that after Chief Justice Harold Hansen died, his wife, Dora, who was a Jewess, was to be taken by the Nazis, and probably executed like so many of the others. Unfortunately, I could do nothing to save her as the war was on. I remember in 1936, I was at her house on Mozart Strasse next to where I lived, and Hilda and Claus



disappeared. I was frantic and when Hilda returned her hair was mussed. I soon asked her to marry me.

The winter was cold, so cold that the reversible coat I bought would be gathered tightly around my neck, and I would hurry home in the evenings. The first grades were out and I was surprised and pleased to find I got a B in every course except economic theory, which was the hardest, and for which I had gotten a tutor to help me.

The second and third quarters were about the same, except that during the third I had to study more and retreat to one of the empty apartments to study on the weekends. I was worried, as my eyes played out on me. I rested them for a week and, luckily, that seemed to fix them up.

It was about the middle of the year that we had a stench in the kitchen which seemed to get worse and worse. Finally, Hilda looked in the stove and far back was the remnant of a loin of pork. She dumped it, but the stench remained a long time.

Finally the end of the year came and my grades were the same as before. I remember I sat in the yard of the university and breathed in the scene and surroundings of the campus which I would never see again.

#### DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

I went to the Department and was informed that my assignment to Berlin was not possible as I was both a diplomat and a consular officer and the Germans could not accept me as a diplomat. So I was assigned to the Department of Commerce, and I was put to writing up a basis for a treaty with Mexico. Hilda and I had moved into a Beverly Hills home. She had had the summer in Dennis, Cape Cod, and while she was there Uncle Hugo had died suddenly while eating. She and Irma buried him and moved to his apartment. She divided his furniture and his wife's jewelry, but most of the furniture was given to Irma and Elvira, the maid. I went to New York and loaded the car, which Irma had given Hilda, and we drove to Beverly Hills. In Baltimore I was not as careful as I should have been as I did not stop when the streetcar stopped. I was ordered to pull over by the police. The policeman demanded to see my driver's license, which I didn't have. I asked Hilda to open the glove compartment and get it out. She "clumsily" awoke Torick who was on her lap, and when he started to cry, the policeman said "never mind" and we drove on.

Upon reaching Beverly Hills, I drove up to the circle where the house was supposed to be, but it wasn't the right one. After almost an hour of wandering around, I found the house and had to break in. It was good the next day was Sunday, for it had become late.

Finally, the State Department said I could go to Berlin. Consul General Brant and FSO Richardson would go with me on the Export Line. We had asked my sister to come up and take Torick, but Hilda decided she would stay. I can still see Hilda on board as we said goodbye. It was mighty sad.

We arrived in Bermuda and we got off to see the island. It was a cold day so we didn't find it too beautiful.

Last day at sea; it was December 1, 1941. Stopped by three British destroyers who thought we might be a German mystery ship. Arrived in the evening at Lisbon. Finally at midnight we got off and were taken for a ride by FSO Hibbard to see Lisbon from the heights by moonlight. Spent the night on board.

After clearing through customs, where I had to repack to send liquor and cigarettes in bond, we were taken to the Hotel Borges, a terrible place. Went to the Legation and met the Minister and the rest. Went to FSO Hibbard's for lunch. Looked around Lisbon. The business was not much but there were some nice avenues. Richardson and I went with Le Hereux to a "local" for drinks. Later Richardson and I went to a German restaurant and had a good meal of Portuguese rice and wine. Went to bed about eleven but Le Hereux came around and we took a taxi to Escorial, a big-time casino where I plunged a few escudos and came out 115 escudos winner.

Had lunch with Le Hereux and the others at a very elite restaurant, then in the evening we all went to Escorial as Pat Wiley's guests. We had dinner somewhere near eleven o'clock.

The next day we went to say goodbye at the Legation and Consul General Brancet and I had lunch at Pat Wiley's home. Finally we got off for Madrid and Berlin at 4:50 p.m. Crossed the border of Spain after midnight.

Arrived in Madrid and were met by our fellow FSO Miss Willis who took care of things with great dispatch (she was later appointed an ambassador) and took us to the Palace Hotel which had a marvelous bed. We called at the Embassy and met Ambassador Weddell and the rest. Had tea at the Embassy and went over to Minister Beaulac's at the Ritz Hotel for dinner at 9 p.m.

Spent the time around the town on December 6. Tried to find a place where we could have lunch for less than four dollars each but landed in a spiffy restaurant where we got out for 45 pesetas each! Brandt and I economized on supper and had my rolls from Lisbon and his tinned coffee and sardines. Talked until 1:00 a.m. about the possibility of war with the United States and figured we might have a year or more in Berlin (little did we know of the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor that next morning).

We had lunch at the Embassy on December 7, 1941, which was a palace in every detail. After lunch at the Embassy we were taken by Mr. Ackerman to University City to see the destruction by the civil war and were driven out to Escorial, a mammoth palace, and then had tea at the Ackermans.

On December 8, 1941, we got up brightly as we had plans to drive to see Toledo with the Beaulacs. We were greeted by Mr. Brandt with the news that Japan had gone to war with

the United States when it raided Pearl Harbor the day before. We were all dumbfounded, although I had thought it was coming, with Roosevelt having told Japan to get out of Asia on November 26th. Went to the Embassy and sent a telegram to the Department for orders. Brandt phoned Mr. Shaw in Washington, who at first said we should all go on, but then said to wait a day for orders. We were all still quite sure we would be going on, though Brandt feared he would be kept in Madrid, and I hoped we would be sent to Bern if we couldn't go on to Berlin.

Word came from the Embassy early in the morning that orders had been received which changed the plans for us all. We all hurried to the Embassy in a fluster. Brandt was told to stay in Madrid and Richardson and I were assigned temporarily to Bern. Richardson and I were delighted, but were very sorry about Brandt who could only say "damn, damn, damn." Had lunch at FSO Morgan's, and after lunch we went over to the Embassy to say goodbye. I spent two hours getting our trunks from one station to another and having them sent to Portbou. Fifteen minutes before train time Richardson turned up, but Brandt didn't come to see us off for he was feeling too sad. I felt very sad upon leaving Brandt behind for I had become very attached to him and felt it would be a great opportunity to work under him.

We arrived in Barcelona the next day and were met by Consul General Frost and an aide and were taken to the Ritz Hotel. Barcelona was a much livelier place than Madrid, but even more expensive. Everyone was pessimistic about the outlook. I went to the Consulate General and met Mrs. Frost. They were going to a luncheon at 2:00 p.m., which meant they would be tied up until late that night, as was the Spanish custom. He got off, however, to come back to the office where we called Brandt again to say goodbye, and to our surprise and delight learned he was coming to Bern. Frost took us around town for a short drive. I had made a hurried visit in the meantime to see the Cathedral which was very impressive, but all closed in by buildings. I had quite a good meal at the Taverna Basque. There are no halfway measures with the meals in Spain. You must have a sumptuous five course dinner with the best of everything except bread, which seemed to resemble baked sawdust.

We left Barcelona at 8:55 a.m. and saw Portbou. We had fears several times that we wouldn't be allowed through, but had no trouble. Finally, after five hours of waiting two places, we got off for Geneva. We were just enjoying a nap when our Swiss friend and the Wagon-Lit guard broke in upon us to tell us at seven that morning that Germany and Italy had declared war on the United States on December 11, 1941. Somehow we had been expecting it, but I didn't think it would come for maybe three months. Wishful thinking, I guess. Our hopes of getting on to Berlin were over, but we were quite fearful that we would not be able to get out of France, having heard that Spain had closed the border at Portbou. At 8:30 we stopped at some place and were herded in the darkness to a place where we were given soup and a few vegetables over boiled potatoes as a course in itself and another course of macaroni with a slight flavor of cheese. This was topped off by two small tangerines.

We arrived at Annemasse on December 12, 1941 where we went through the ropes and were greatly relieved to get out of France. Another train ride of fifteen minutes and we were in Geneva. What a difference there was in Switzerland! The atmosphere breathed with the joy of freedom. You wouldn't know a war was going on, and there was no apparent feeling of pressure. The shops were all very modern and were filled with everything, and it was all for sale. There was no restriction on meals except that you had to present one or two meal tickets. We went to the Consulate, after seeing our trunks off and getting our rooms at the De La Paix Hotel, and met Consul Squire. I got off a last minute letter in the pouch, which looked like it might be the last, if it got through at all. Had dinner at Consul Squire's, who called for us and took us out on the streetcar as he couldn't use his car there.

We said goodbye the next day and took the train to Bern. We had a most scenic ride and arrived at 1:15 p.m. I hoped that 13, which was the date, was lucky.

### BERN

We were met by the Consul and walked up the street with its clock towers and picturesque buildings. Here I was to be posted for five and one-half years. I was staying in the Hotel Bellevue and Consul General Huddle assigned Dale Mayer and me to the Minister's residence to prevent break-ins at night. Dale won a toss or something, and he had Christmas with the gang while I remained watching the residence. I did not stay too long and soon established a mess in an attractive house with Dale, Husted, Randall, Godley and myself. We hired a cook, Friede, and a man. It was within walking distance of the Legation and the houses the Legation subsequently rented for the offices.

Here I think I shall cover the substantive side and later the living and Hilda's arrival afterwards.

When Consul General Huddle asked me what I wanted to do, I replied that I wanted to follow the papers for economic news of the Axis, and he agreed. I subscribed to several papers including a regular one on German affairs, and one on agriculture in German in Hungary. I soon had a staff of a young American man and later an older man, and three secretaries, one of whom was American and two who were Swiss. All my reports were submitted by telegraph, and they were sent no matter what the length. Unfortunately, they did not bear my name and so I did not receive credit for them.

As I was beginning to read the papers in December, 1941, I soon came to the conclusion that the Germans were running out of war material, having used it up in the battles with the French, and I reported this.

Then the British bombed Hamburg and knocked it out. I wrote of the devastation and how the people lived under their houses, and finally of how the town emerged like a phoenix from the ashes.

Allen Dulles was sent to Bern to head the OSS and after a while asked if I would join him. I said I would, and he asked Huddle, but Huddle turned him down. Dulles, however, offered to give me all of the economic data he received.

I wrote on German agriculture and sent reports in regularly. Also, I would translate in detail the reports in German given by a Hungarian paper. With the help of my secretary, I would gather all the pieces I wrote at the end of the agriculture year, and form a composite report.

I remember the treatment of a girl in Sicily when the Nazis wanted some information and got a German to lay her in front of her fiancé.

I was to go to Vichy to collect mail for the Legation, but I was so busy that I suggested to Mr. Richardson that he go in my stead and he did.

By reading the lead articles by Goebbels, I finally discovered how he extended a nugget and reported it accordingly.

When my thoughts were without conclusion, I used to go to the river and as I skipped over the stones, the results would become clear and I would send them in.

I kept a map on the wall of the Russians on the east and the Germans on the west. It was something to see how the Germans would push the Russians back and how the Russians would finally retaliate.

I began to get some reports from Allan Dulles of underground factories in Berchtesgaden, where Hitler was supposed to have his final holdout. Soon I put the factories on a map and when I had a considerable number, I read the map and telegraphed their locations to the Department. A telegram complementing the writer was sent in reply.

The war was nearing its end and I had worked long hours and was getting pretty much fed up. I was inclined to pass over the efforts Hitler was making to summon one more blow. He employed the teenagers and old men. Suddenly I reconsidered, and I predicted the "Bulge" which came on December 16. After a party at Seilers on my birthday, November 4, I had a nightcap with Allen Dulles, who had been at the party, and when he asked me if there were any messages he should give General Bradley, I told him that there would soon be a big effort by the Nazis. I don't know if he told Bradley, but Hitler caught the Americans unprepared and was able to break our line. It took some weeks to mend the break.

One day I told my secretaries I was going to go to the border and see the war. I got a train and went to Porrentruy, which is above Bern. I took Jimmy the dog and we set off to see what we could see. When I got there I could see an American plane high up and walked along the barbed wire fence a long way and saw nothing. I told the Department of my finding and soon the Americans crossed through there to the Rhine above Basel.

I remember that France looked like it was going to fall and I had to telegraph my report quickly to get there before it fell.

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As for living, I had an interesting time. At the Lawn Tennis Club I met Devrient and we became good friends. In the Legation Antoinette Raaflaub was a secretary and she and her husband had me to their house frequently. They gave me a bellows, inscribed with scenes of Bern, which is by my fireplace now.

I bought a puppy, a water spaniel who grew as large as a springer. I took him to the concierge at the Legation who would care for him while I was at the office, and I would take him to the restaurant with me in the evening. His name was Jimmy, and I kept him for thirteen years when I left him with my mother, as he went deaf when I took him to the veterinarian to take off his warts.

I bought a bike and except for a few times when I had a companion, I had a lonely ride on a Sunday on the deserted roads of Switzerland during wartime.

I got an apartment on Junkerngasse. It was very grand with a queen-size bed. The landlord, however, stole my wood and would not replace it.

I got to know a secretary of the Legation and saw much of her, especially walking with her to the Legation. One time she invited me to go with her to her parents' home which was in Zurich.

My two secretaries fixed lunch in the Legation and we ate together. We each received a bar of chocolate and BdeB took over the distribution, giving us a piece each day as long as it lasted.

I played tennis with Allen Dulles at noontime and we had a Legation tournament. I gave up smoking in 1943, except for a pipe, which I gave up in 1945, as I would see black when playing with Dulles, and I pretended I was playing against the Germans. I got rid of the blackness and won the tournament.

Allen Dulles took a fine apartment and I was trying to get one on the second floor. He said he would pay the extra amount of rent if I would leave a room for his guest, who was a German.

Hilda wired that she was going to come before the war ended, so I had to get a house for the three of us. It was in Muri, which is in walking distance outside of Bern. I took Frieda, whom I had employed when I took the apartment, and we moved into the house. It was pretty good, but the beds were not too much.

In April, 1945, Hilda and Torick arrived at the Swiss border. She did greet me except to wave and she told Torick he should go to his father. On the train I talked to my little son,

whom I had not seen for three and a half years, and I asked him if he knew who I was. Hilda did not come, so I went to the customs shed and she told me she had heard that she would have to check in at the customs in a hurry, and so she had not greeted me. What a one-track mind she must have had!

On the train, Torick and I sat on one side, and Hilda on the other, and we talked of one thing and another.

In Muri, I introduced them to Frieda and Hilda looked at the house and found it all right. We gave Torick a small room in back and he complained of his terrible dreams for a long time. Hilda, I found, had become very thin. She had not eaten a thing apparently.

The officers were invited to join the Grande Society and at the annual dinner there was a fellow who was a good example of a Bernese stoic who was seated across and to the left of me. I was watching him, and the maid was serving the chocolate sauce over the ice cream and was talking to a waiter, not noticing what she was doing. She was pouring the sauce down the stoic's neck. That went on for quite a time until he noticed it, got up and disappeared. How he got the chocolate off, if he did, I don't know, but after a while he came back and resumed his seat.

Hilda and I often took a walk in Muri and continued out to a farm in a place called "Idle Valley". We noticed a small house in front of the manor house and learned it was the custom for the old couple to move into it and leave the big house to their son. We finally came to a number of these Stuckly and learned of this rather harsh tradition.

Torick was a walker as well, it appears. One day we missed him and walked up to Warren Chase's house to investigate. We were just about ready to begin our search when Torick was seen walking down the railroad tracks with Jimmy. When asked what he would do if a train came along, he said with astonishment, "I would let it pass."

Torick was with us one day as we were walking out the highway to Muri and he fell behind. Dave Maynard came along and asked him what on earth he was doing. He said, "I'm just tagging behind."

In the Legation, Huddle asked me if I wanted to write the economic side and he would do the political of a plan to reconstruct Germany. It didn't come to anything, as the Department was not then in favor of the reconstruction. Soon Huddle was transferred to the Department. And no transfer came for me, although I was expecting to go to Berlin. Instead, I was placed under a Mr. Reagan, who had been in charge of trying to get his hands on the German funds in Switzerland. May 8th arrived and the war was over.

Reagan had nothing to do with my work, but he received the reports on it which the Department sent, and he appeared to be jealous of the good marks I received.

Old Altaffer was sent from Zurich and I was also under him for a while.

Finally Mr. Maleige was sent to Bern and I was placed under him. I guess it was he who told me that Reagan had refused my transfer to Berlin. In any event, Maleige soon could not stand Reagan, and he finally made up for it and promised me an Excellent in the summer of 1946.

Hilda and I would go cycling to Thun with Torick stuck in the back of her bicycle and Jimmy riding on the back of mine, when he was not running behind with his long ears flopping. We had a vacation in Hilterfingen, just this side of Thun, and I was a daytime sailor on a 10 meter yacht.

Hilda, Torick and I moved into a new house on Wildermet Weg, just on the edge of Bern with Muri across a big field. Hilda had a miscarriage, and it did not clear up and she had a hemorrhage. I finally called the doctor at the hospital at night and he came and cured her.

In was 1947 and Hilda, Torick and I went home, the first time for me in five and a half years. We sailed to the United States on the "Queen Elizabeth". We went to visit my mother and Sis and Richard, who were living on a ranch in Brentwood, where my mother thought she would introduce Richard to farming, but it did not work. Richard picked us up at the airport and asked me on the way if I wanted to go to a supermarket to buy anything!

It was a terrible place with two kids squalling, so after a while Richard left to go seek a new home, while Hilda, Torick and I set off to see my Dad. We visited Dad for a while in Ben Lomond. At Maude's I went to a doctor who burned my nasal passage with a light for a cold. I suffered from the burn, and perhaps it was responsible for my eyes causing me a lot of trouble for several years.

At the Department, I was informed that I was assigned to Hungary - as a commercial attaché, and I called on Selden Chapin who was to be the new ambassador. We returned to Bern on the "Queen Mary".

We received a letter from a young boy with whom I had rowed in Leipzig. He was a prisoner of war in France and had been placed under a farmer who required him to roll bareback in a patch of burning nettle. There was nothing I could do to help him except to send a small amount of money. Hilda sent him a food package and also one to his wife, whom he had married after we had left Leipzig.

The Minister, Leland Harrison, had me in to say what a fine job I had done, and that he had given me an Excellent.

I remember my final departure. It was a sad day, and Hilda, Torick and I went for a walk. The next day I left alone sadly for Hungary, not knowing what the future held.

I arrived in Vienna by train and stopped a day there. I remember the war torn piles of rubble in the Graben, particularly where it seems it had been brought from other streets.



Vienna was poor and struggling. Then on to Budapest which at that time was definitely better.

### A VISIT TO LEIPZIG

After three weeks, I returned home to Bern to pick up Hilda and Torick. We drove in our Buick to Leipzig, as I obtained a Russian visa from Warren Chase in Berlin. We headed for Ebersberg, Bavaria to see the cousins of Hilda's who were living in the country. Walter Volkening was bitter and had degenerated considerably; he had his trousers tied with string and his small son had black teeth. Hilda told Walter that if he had no toothbrush, he might use a twig and fiber the end to clean the scum off his son's teeth. We also saw the older brother, Uncle Alfred and Emily. They were also quite haggard, but not so embittered. Hilda just hoped she would not find her parents so broken.

Traveling northward and finally leaving Bavaria, we passed the last American post. The hill and dale road, a mile long of no-man's land, gave us a tightening of breath, and coming into sight was the hammer and sickle outside an unimposing hut. Russian soldiers with open bayonets stood on the road. The officer-in-charge watched us driving up.

I left Hilda and Torick in the car to go present my papers, and I saw as soon as I left the car, that it was surrounded by soldiers. Inside the hut the officer seemed to be in no hurry to pass me on through the zone. He either didn't recognize or ignored my diplomatic passport. I smiled, but he didn't respond to anything I said, although later he did speak passable German when he cleared me.

Then I rejoined Hilda. I found her sitting in the driver's seat and Torick right close to her. She moved over and I was quite ready to drive at full speed should there be a need.

As we drove on, Hilda told me how the soldiers had become ever more demanding, wanting to get their hands on things in the car, and had kept repeating "Dein Mann hat wein!" which she could hear behind the closed windows of the car.

If I say we got through to Leipzig without further hindrance, there was, however, a flat tire near a small village, and a passing bicyclist helped me to put on a spare. It was a thing of concern, as he said no tire can be repaired, as it meant that a man must be taken from his work. So it meant what we had on the wheels had to see us through. Hilda found a suitable present, some good bread which we had brought along, for the man to take home.

When we reached Leipzig still in good time and rejoiced over our early arrival, we found that the front doorbell didn't work at her parents' home, nor did they answer our loud knocking. Walking around the house, we found a way into the backyard. We called at an open window where we thought the apartment should be, and, sure enough, Hilda's mother came to the window. "Goodness," she said, "how wonderful, but I didn't expect you until later, and I must comb my hair." Hilda's response was a laugh of joy and she said, "You're all right." No broken spirits there, though they were terribly thin.

This was our first visit since before the war and we had only three days to spend, including the day of our arrival. While Hilda and her mother finished setting up a hard couch in a little storage room, Pop and I unloaded the car, and we were soon sitting around the dining room table.

Hilda's mother had bought some miserable apples for fifty marks. She knew well they weren't worth much, but she said she wanted to have "something" to offer her grandson on this first visit.

Long before in Switzerland, I had been able to buy a one thousand mark bank note for the pittance of twelve dollars. Hilda had written to her parents, sending them a photo, warning them to look on the back of the snapshot. Hilda, therefore, asked them whether they had received it. Hilda's mother smiled and said, "Yes, but just think, when I took the photo of Torick to be framed, a thousand mark bank note dropped out. Pop went to the bank that same day, but it was exactly a day late. I sold an old silk scarf for the fifty marks."

We brought up things from their dank coal cellar that had been hidden there. They had been lucky; they had suffered one bomb which damaged all the front windows, but silver was another thing. When everyone was asked to bring in their silver for the war effort, Hilda's mother had put her tea service under the remainder of the coals. Also, we brought up a very damp folio of Hilda's plant drawings, and an icon, which we took out into the sunshine, standing it against the wall on the narrow balcony. Five minutes later Torick came out with a bounce and his foot split it in two. Hilda found a huge laundry basket in the cellar. It was the kind used when "washday" was a three day affair and came once a month. The basket became ours, and we filled it with what we took along. It later became a beautifully decorated crib for Robert, our second son, three years later.

We had already seen on the first evening that they had no soap. We gave them three or four bars we had with us. The next morning Hilda's mother took one of those precious bars and walked across town to give to our friend and respected dentist, Dr. Weigele. He had no soap to wash his hands between patients. But it was for their sake that he stayed rather than flee, as so many doctors had.

There had been no electricity to ring the doorbell when we arrived that mid-afternoon, but there was a designated amount of current for each household between eight and nine in the morning, as well as after dark. Hilda's mother used that precious allotment to dry out their bread on the hot plate. The good Swiss bread we had brought along was dwindling, and we told them to keep it for after we left. In fact, Hilda and I tried to eat very little those few days and both of us felt starved.

It was our last evening, and it was very much in our thoughts that we left enough in the bottle of whiskey after we had gone.

When leaving next morning, we took Pop along with us to drop him off near his business. Pop, who never broke down, sobbed pitifully as we opened the car door to let him out. All the welled-up emotion of those years were released. Pop couldn't speak. We wanted him to stay in the car until he contained his voice. He got out of the car, waved us on, as the easier way for himself. We had already spoken of coming back from Hungary and as we drove off we said, "We'll be back for Christmas."

En route to Budapest, we drove to war-devastated Dresden. We entered the former town from the western side and saw the remains of the Zwinger Palace and Museum, the Hofkirche, the Cathedral and the hotel. All were bare ruins penetrating the sky. We came to the streetcar line on the other side of the river Elbe. It was alive with people catching a ride, but there was nothing on either side. Going forward, we drove through a thoroughfare. On either side the streets were filled with piles of rubble from the beautifully decorated houses that had adorned them. Such was the success of the American air force.

### HUNGARY

We came to a place, which was in Hungary, and stopped at a small village store. We were soon talking to a young woman, listening to her saying, "If only I had said we were sisters; my mother was so young, she looked like my sister. But at the camp we were led to a commander who asked me, 'What is your relationship?' I said, 'She is my mother,' so she was turned off one way and I the other. I never saw her ever afterwards, and my mouth is forever cursed for what I said."

When we arrived in Budapest, I was told that I would be in charge of the Legation over the weekend. They had given us a house with a garden and the house was furnished with requisitioned furniture, but had only one bed. Hilda took a chaise lounge and placed the mattress on the floor for Torick. The next morning I left Hilda and Torick in our new home with Torick, who had awakened, wondering where he was.

The Minister had taken off for Debrecen for the weekend, and as I drove down to the Legation early that morning, I saw the Counselor and his wife leaving in their car for a trip to the country. I was truly on my own. I entered the Legation, located at that time on the third floor of a modern office building in the center of town, and found two rather buxom teenage girls waiting for me. Their father, they said, had been arrested the night before by the Communists. He was, I learned, a naturalized American citizen named Stephen T. Thuransky, and had returned to Hungary a few months before to represent International Harvester Company in the small town of Balassagyarmat. I checked on his citizenship and set off immediately with a Legation driver for Balassagyarmat, some eighty miles from Budapest.

That was on August 2, 1947. The Communists in Hungary had suddenly come into power in May by the maneuvers of the Soviets, and when I arrived in Budapest at the end of June, they were rapidly consolidating their hold on every segment of the country. The peace treaty had been signed but not yet ratified, so, nominally, Hungary was still

occupied by the four powers. In actuality, the Soviets were occupying the country, and it was through the presence of their forces that the Communists had gained control. On the surface, the situation was quiet and orderly, but the secret police were at work everywhere, and the nights were continually pierced with screams. For foreign diplomats like myself, living in Communist Hungary was not without danger and we all felt the tension. We and our families were immune from arrest and seldom molested, but our every movement was watched, our telephones tapped, and records were maintained of all Hungarians who had the temerity to be seen with us. Such was the situation when on that Saturday I was left in charge of the American Legation for the day.

We found the jail in Balassagyarmat without difficulty, and were taken to the Chief of Police. In accordance with consular practice, I asked to see the prisoner. While waiting for Thuransky to appear, I inquired of the Chief of Police, a young, serious man, of the reasons for Thuransky's arrest. I was told that in a street corner conversation with friends, he had been overheard calling the President of the country an obscene name. That was all. Such an offense, I argued, would go without punishment in our country, but the Chief of Police pointed to a new law making such offenses subject to imprisonment for years, and stated that such a lack of respect for the government could not be tolerated. In the United States, he explained, democracy is well established, but in Hungary, Communism had just come into its own, and to be maintained, it had to be nurtured like a baby. Nine-tenths of the country, he explained, was still fascist! When the prisoner was brought in, I continued to argue for his release but without avail, and was only able to obtain assurance that he would be transported to Budapest and would arrive there that night. I promised Thuransky I would see him there that evening and took off.

When I returned to the Legation late that afternoon, I endeavored to communicate with the Minister at his hotel in Debrecen, but he was not in and I left word for him to call. One of the other Secretaries of Legation came in shortly thereafter, and I arranged with him to try to get through to the Minister while I went on to the jail. I wanted the Minister to advise me whether we might demand that the prisoner be handed over to the Legation in view of the fact that the peace treaty had not yet been ratified, and that Hungary accordingly had no right to arrest a citizen of an "occupying" power.

It was already dark when I arrived at the Nepugyezseg jail, a large, forbidding building, a few blocks away from the Legation. Lotsy, the Legation driver had driven me over, and though he would thenceforth be a marked man, he agreed to come with me as an interpreter. We entered through large doors and proceeded down a dark entranceway until we came to a faintly lighted room and knocked. A guard peered through a half-opened doorway and upon hearing of our intention to see Thuransky, informed me that the Captain of the Guard was not there and that we would have to wait for his return. With that he closed the door firmly in our faces. We knocked again, and this time I got my foot firmly in the doorway. Finding he couldn't close the door, the guard finally allowed us to come in.

While we were waiting in the anteroom we watched one poor wretch after another come in with meager bits of food and clothing for members of their families imprisoned there.

We wondered how deplorable conditions must be in that vast, silent darkness surrounding us. It was, however, a police jail with civil rights, and prisoners could receive visitors and, as we saw, supplemental food and clothing. Compared with the dreaded Andrásy út prison for political offenders where all who entered were sealed off entirely from the outside world, Nepugyezseg still represented the traditional system of law and order. We felt, therefore, that as long as Thuransky was in this jail, there would be some chance of seeing him and possibly obtaining his release.

Having waited the best part of an hour, and finding that the Captain of the Guard had not entered, we pressed our request again to see Thuransky, and receiving only a vague reply, decided more stringent action had to be taken. We inquired whether we might not communicate with some higher official in order to obtain permission to see the prisoner, and were informed that we might approach the Deputy Supreme Prosecutor, Ferenc Tibor.

He could not be reached by telephone, however, so accompanied by one of the guards to show the way, we set off late at night to look for him. Outside, we found Mrs. Thuransky waiting for us by the car, and took her with us. After a few minutes drive through small, silent streets, we came to a large, dark apartment house built in the traditional style around a large courtyard with outside runways on all floors. We clambered up and down and all around in the darkness but the apartment of Ferenc Tibor was not to be found. We decided that we had been sent on a wild goose chase and hustled back to the jail, determined not to be put off any longer. Leaving Mrs. Thuransky in the car, we reentered Nepugyezseg without any resistance and set upon the guard again with our request to see Thuransky.

We were told that we might inquire of some other official, but he, too, could not be reached by telephone and we certainly were not leaving the jail again to look for him. When we persisted in our demand that the guard communicate with some responsible authority who could be reached by telephone, he finally took us down a long hall and into a bare room in which there were several officials and a number of bookkeepers around the sides seated on high stools, working on big, black ledgers. Finding several present who could speak German, I took up on my own without Lotsy's help, to press our case. At my request they undertook, so they said, to communicate with several officers by telephone to obtain authority for us to see Thuransky, but none of them was in.

At this point, I telephoned the Legation to see whether they had been able to reach the Minister at Debrecen. Fortunately, they had, and he agreed with our proposal to demand that Thuransky be delivered to the Legation because it had the right, in view of the fact that the peace treaty had not been ratified, to take custody of an American citizen who had committed a political offense.

Taking this new-tactic, I stormed around the big room demanding in loud-voiced German that they communicate by telephone immediately with a proper authority, no matter how high, so we could demand Thuransky's delivery into the custody of the American Legation. They were unable, they said, to reach any of the authorities by telephone, but

after considerable argument, they agreed that I could see Thuransky, provided that I did not speak to him. That, at least, was something, so I agreed. After a quarter of an hour, however, Thuransky had not appeared, and I pressed my demands. They assured me he would be brought down in a few minutes and I paced the open center of the room, waiting impatiently.

Suddenly, I heard a small voice in the distance, outside the jail. I listened and heard a woman crying, "Mr. Loowiss, Mr. Loowiss." "That's Mrs. Thuransky calling your name," Lotsy volunteered from across the room. With that, I ran from the room, down the long hall, taking off my glasses as I went, and out through the dark entranceway. Running between the big doors, out onto the sidewalk, I saw from the sides of my eyes, a number of motionless figures lined up a few paces back on either side, and in front of me at the curb was the Legation car with the back door open. Mrs. Thuransky was standing at one side, and a pair of feet were hanging out of the open door. I crawled in the car and found Thuransky lying with his back flat on the floor. He was apparently injured and unconscious. Without hesitation, I folded in his legs and closed the door. None of the onlookers approached me or attempted to speak to any of us. In that fraction of a second, I thought perhaps this was the Communist way of handing over the prisoner without having to surrender him to the Legation officially, but I dismissed that thought and for one short moment, I stopped to ask myself if I was doing the right thing. With the man apparently injured and in immediate danger, I decided to go ahead, and seeing that Lotsy and Mrs. Thuransky were already in the front seat, said "Let's go, Lotsy," and the car lunged forward. Lotsy asked if we were going to the hospital, but I directed him to go instead to the Legation and we tore through the dark streets of Budapest. Thuransky sat up and I found he was bound by handcuffs. I took hold of the handcuffs between his hands and told him to be ready to run with me up the stairs to the Legation as soon as our car drew up to the outer door of the building. Arriving, I flung open the car door and with one movement we were through the outer door and on our way up the stairs. When we reached the door to the Legation, Lotsy was already there and had summoned those inside. The door was opened and I pulled in Thuransky, saying somewhat out of breath, "Well, here's our man."

After we were safely inside, I was asked what we should do about the handcuffs. I suggested that Lotsy might try and find a hacksaw. Apparently he found one in the building for he was back in no time and asked me if he should saw the handcuffs off. Taking a mental deep breath, I told him to go ahead, realizing for the first time that I had taken justice into my own hands, and defied the Communist authorities. The police, I learned afterwards, had thought to slip Thuransky by me, and take him off to Andrassy út. Their intent was frustrated only by the fortunate presence of Mrs. Thuransky, who seeing her husband being brought out of the jail by a group of guards, jumped out of the car and attacked them viciously, while Thuransky flailed about him with his handcuffed fists. In the melee, he landed on his back on the floor of the Legation car. It was at that precise moment that I arrived, running upon the scene, to find both participants and onlookers transfixed as in a photograph.

We put Thuransky and his wife in the large office of the Counselor, which contained a big round table suitable for eating meals. We obtained cots and blankets from our small military establishment, and arranged for their meals to be served. Later in the night, after reporting by telephone to the Minister, we sent another Legation car down to Balassagyarmat to bring the two daughters to the Legation with such effects of the family as they could gather quickly. By early morning, the whole Thuransky family had been brought to safety in the Legation. I chuckled with the thought of the Counselor coming into his office Monday morning to find the four Thuranskys around his big table feasting on ham and eggs.

A few days later we flew the Thuranskys out in the Legation plane to Paris and from there to be taken back to the United States. A hot exchange of notes ensued between the Hungarian Foreign Office and the Legation, with each protesting vigorously against the other. For ten wonderful months I enjoyed the dirty looks of the Communists, and the knowing smiles of the Hungarians, who refused to believe the rescue had taken place without resistance. Then, with the peace treaty being ratified, the occupying forces removed, the Hungarian Foreign Office brought an end to the most stimulating period of my life; I became the first of many to be named *persona non grata* by Communist Hungary. As a souvenir of the occasion, my minister decorated me with a small jeweled raspberry denoting, as he affectionately called it, the Order of the Bronx Cheer.

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I met Ervin Iklody and Steve Vajta from the National Bank and they invited me to go hunting pheasants and hare with them. One time we went to the estate of one who had been taken over by the Russians, and another time to a peasant's house and stayed overnight. I got to know Dabsi-Schwing, an official of the National Bank, and he gave me a lot of information, and we were in correspondence with him and his wife for a long time. I also met Temory, with whom I played tennis.

My usual work was in charge of the Economic Section of the Legation and I spent days at a time meeting with one representative of Standard Oil and another representative of Mobil Oil who came to tell me what the Communists had taken from their respective companies. I would go to see Vas in the Hungarian government and raise hell each time.

I also was instrumental in reversing a decision of the U.S. Army to return the black horses which had been used for dress parades during the war. I also went to Frankfurt to prevent our people from making a treaty to trade with Hungary, which was under Communist control. They later came to Budapest where we entertained them, along with Vas, but they did not see anything wrong in making a treaty with Hungary.

When in Frankfurt, I took the occasion to call on Hilda's cousin, Walter Kesselheim, but he was out of the country. I took his wife and baby some presents, including some silk stockings.

I heard of a nuclear physicist who wanted to go to the United States and, after meeting with him and his wife on residential corners at night, finally arranged with the army to take them out secretly and send them to the States. In 1981, I heard that he was a Senior Research Scientist and received a prize from the Franklin Institute for his part concerning the speed of light in a vacuum.

Harrison Torick, who had been called Torick, told me when I came to pick him up at school one day: "Dad, I would like to change my name." I replied, "What do you want to be called?" "Charles or Jack," he replied. I suggested Charles, as we had a lot to do with his imaginary friend, Charles. But he immediately said, "No, not Charles. I prefer Jack." I replied "OK" and it has been Jack to this day.

I met Miklos Fodor who took Hilda and me to a power plant and several other industries, including Herend, where he bought us some porcelain. We became good friends and one day we went to a grassy plain alongside the Danube. His wife, Elizabeth, told us of her engagement to him. He was resting, as we were, on the grass and turned to her and popped the question. She said yes, wherewith he turned over and continued his nap.

Howard Hilton and his wife, Mary, came to Budapest where he was assigned the job as my assistant. At first they lived in a hotel where the food was so bad that Mary became ill. We invited them to stay with us, but the best I could offer them was a rather small box-spring to sleep on. I went up to call Howard one morning and found them sleeping on the box-spring. This made such a comical impression on me that I have never forgotten it. They soon found a house which afforded suitable quarters.

One time we went on a trip with Howard and Mary and a number of others. We drove to the Russian border to a town called Sátorajújhely, which we remember for a reason. We all went to a house of a Hungarian, had a fine meal, and slept there. The next morning the Hungarian presented us with an exorbitant bill. We had thought that we had been invited. I can still see me standing there dealing out the hundred florint notes to pay him!

Hugo Martonfalvy, who had been an officer and had joined a secret resistance organization, came to see us one day and I hired him as a driver. We did not like his gesturing with his little finger out, but we took him and he soon was waiting on our table and was our general handyman. He lived with his mother.

### WE VISIT LEIPZIG AT CHRISTMAS

I again asked my friend Warren Chase, with the U.S. High Commissioner in Berlin, to get us a permit from the Soviet Counterpart to visit Hilda's parents. We had only seen them for three days during the summer and, before that, had not visited them since we had come from India in 1939. So when we left them, we said, "See you for Christmas."

As before in Bern, when the time came near for our departure, we asked for our permit a number of times. The answer was always no, nothing had been received. And Hilda went right ahead with all the preparations: the presents were wrapped, what food could be



packed was ready and the perishables under refrigeration, and a sack of coal was tied up. The Soviets had us wait until the afternoon of the 22nd, when they telephoned me at the Legation that the permit for the trip via Prague to Leipzig could be called for.

It was a bitter, cold snowy morning when we three squeezed into the front seat of the Buick. I in my raccoon coat, Hilda and Jack bundled up, made a tight-fitting trio. It was slow going, due to the snow on the roads across the mountains and through the deep forests. The best part was we were about the only car traveling. We entered Czechoslovakia at a dismal check point and were in Prague in the evening.

In Prague, we stayed in an old hotel where we were given a huge room. I remember the dirty rug on the floor! The food was better than expected, and also quite surprisingly the next morning we could buy a jar of good apricot marmalade. We also bought a small Christmas tree which somehow found space in the car.

Arriving at Hilda's parents' apartment on Montbe Strasse, there was quite a lot of unpacking. Fortunately, it was dusk and the streets were almost empty, so we did not arouse any curiosity.

Mattresses had been borrowed for us to sleep on the floor of the dining room. The dining room had a tile stove, the famous "Kachel oven" in the corner. To say that the room was heated was only a relative term. After supper we put seven-year-old Jack in his grandmother's bed to get to sleep undisturbed and later carried him sleeping to the prepared mattress on the floor. What a joy, his grandmother said next morning, to get into such a warmed bed! Hilda wore a hand-knitted angora undershirt, made especially for the trip by our Budapest cook from the spun angora of her rabbits. When Hilda took it off at night it crackled and sparkled, making a display in the dim light as it was drawn over her head.

On Christmas evening we had a cold supper party with wine and whiskey, inviting all of Pop's relatives. Some of the eggs brought were hard boiled, and Hilda who had never made mayonnaise successfully before, said it was a whiz in that cold kitchen; just beat the egg with the drop of almost solid oil and it formed immediately with the oil and vinegar. Bread, butter, boiled ham, all brought from Hungary, was truly a plenty and what we offered; everyone said was like a dream.

One morning we had gone from store to store with Hilda's mother accompanying us. We spoke English and I had on my big raccoon coat. We were definitely noticeable. It wasn't too long after we returned home that the doorbell rang. The Russian standing at the door demanded I accompany him to the Soviet headquarters. Apparently someone followed us and reported me as a spy. My Buick with the diplomatic plates from Hungary was parked out front and we drove it to the headquarters. I presented my permit to the Russians with a relaxed smile.

I waited as patiently as possible in that cold place, sitting in a chair with the huge collar of my raccoon coat turned up around my ears. Finally, after more than an hour, I thought

it better to take some action and told them if they did not honor the Soviet High Commissioner's permit granting me the visit to Leipzig, it would be reported to him in Berlin and undoubtedly they would suffer accordingly. After perhaps another fifteen minutes my permit was returned and, despite a young officer arguing with his superiors that I should not be released, I walked out smiling.

Hilda's mother, who had become sick of nervous fear, especially after such a long period had elapsed, was sure they had locked me up.

*Leipzig, December 28, 1947*

*Dear Mother:*

*Here we are in Leipzig again visiting Hilda's folks. We had applied at the beginning of November but were finally told on the 22nd that we could come. Hilda's folks were surprised and, of course, delighted to see us. We had promised last July that we would come for Christmas but, due to the question of getting a permit -- and the snow, that was not at all certain.*

*They still look quite well, especially Hilda's mother although Pop is showing his age. They no longer have Russians sharing their apartment but instead an old couple and another lady -- all of whom are nice and quiet. Being down the other side of the hall, we hardly ever see them. Hilda's folks have kept their bed, living room, hall toilet and kitchen, so they really have enough. A cleaning woman (a refugee from Silesia) comes in several hours three times weekly. So far as food is concerned they seem to have enough due to our packages (they are very grateful to you for yours) and their purchases on the black market. Wages are still about as low as ever (for a maid 8¢ an hour at the exchange rate of RM1 = 10¢) but on the black market the prices are a hundredfold, e.g., flour RM 34 a lb., eggs RM 5. I'm surprised that one can still buy anything with a mark, but, due to canceling bank accounts in 1945 and subsequent developments which have been explained, the amount of marks has become increasingly scarce. The rations are still at the regular old prices, but they don't suffice by a long ways. They are for January as follows -- daily: bread 350 grams, noodles etc. 25 grams, sugar 20 grams, meat 25 grams, fats 10 grams, marmalade 30 grams, and monthly substitute coffee 125 grams. There is also a card for vegetables but one only gets a lb. of beets or worse every fortnight, if anything. Only children get milk and fruit. There is also a card for textiles and shoes but there are no textiles whatever and only shoe soles are given out two times a year. Despite these small rations Hilda's folks are still well outfitted, due to their tremendous reserves, but now, after 10 years, they and others will be reduced to patches in another year or so. Poor people and those who are bombed out are already in tatters but one doesn't see many on the streets. We went to a Christmas service on the 25th at the Church in this fashionable neighborhood -- Gohlis -- and, except for a distinct absence of young men, and their normal lack of good looks, the people did not look much worse than before the war.*

*There is a strained look about the people in general, and they are reaching a stage of utter despair, but so far they place their hopes in God and the Americans, who, rumor still has it, are going to return to the Elbe -- which would mean the Russians would leave Leipzig. They just won't give up this false hope, even though they know better.*

*Everyone says conditions in general are getting gradually worse, due not only to the exhaustion of personal supplies but due to the wearing out of equipment in general. Streetcars, for example, don't run but every 20 minutes and not at all on Sunday mornings, as the cars are wearing out. Actually, things don't look so bad to us -- in the heat of July when we were last here, the people looked much worse, and so was the general atmosphere -- but that was due probably to it being our first impressions. There is no unemployment except for some former Nazis. There is quite a bit of motor traffic on the roads, even though gasoline is given out only for supposedly urgent requirements. Although the opera house and the lovely old theatre were destroyed, there are still the theatre and movies to go to. We went to a Christmas fairytale play on the 26th in a small theatre which was formerly for private shows and balls. They crowded in a thousand or more. The play was well put on but not so good as before the war. We took a look in the restaurant there and had a glass of beer that was not too bad and saw what the menus were. They did not look too bad, but everything was rationed, and the rations for the best were sufficient for only several meals a month.*

*Today is Sunday, and we now are going to have lunch with some of the things we brought. We brought a turkey for Christmas, which we roasted at home in Budapest as the gas is weak here. Hilda's folks, however, had gotten themselves a rabbit for Christmas which we shall have now. For New Year's we'll have some champagne I brought and on the 2nd we'll go back. I just hope there's no snow on the pass! Love to all,*

### HUNGARY AGAIN

On March 31, 1948, I prepared a dispatch for the Department on the "Current Developments in Economic Relations Between Hungary and the United States."

The General Economic Background reads as follows:

Hungary is being rapidly transformed into a totalitarian state with a completely controlled economy. Nationalization is going ahead by leaps and bounds and now applies to the greater part of the economy. Except for Soviet controlled companies, moreover, the remaining enterprises are becoming increasingly dominated by the State, which exercises arbitrary control on the basis of mere ministerial orders.

The development of totalitarian economy in Hungary is all part of a scheme for the exploitation of its resources for the benefit of the USSR. This exploitation, which originated with the looting by the Red Army, and was followed by the imposition of regulations, and the transfer of German and alleged German assets, has been continued through the unequal exchange of goods prescribed by the Hungarian-Soviet trade agreement, the required participation of Hungary in the development of Yugoslav industry under the five year agreement, and now the extortion legalized by the economic agreement signed in Moscow on December 9th.

To maintain the deliveries to Russia required under the various agreements, the standard of living of the whole population is being restricted to the greatest extent possible through paying arbitrarily low wages, imposing exorbitant taxes, and restricting the supply of goods on the domestic market to such an extent that most of them demand prices that only a few can pay. The prices for finished products for reparations and other deliveries to Russia, moreover, are fixed below costs, with the result that capital goods and supplies are being worn out and consumed without provision being made for the replacement of any, except those which are essential at the moment.

While the economy as a whole is being regimented and reduced to operating at a loss, the enterprises under Soviet control are receiving every privilege, which not only enables them to maintain deliveries to Russia at a maximum, but allows them to strengthen their hold on the industry and commerce of the country.

In exploiting the economy of Hungary for the benefit of Russia, the "Men of Moscow", who are the leaders of the Government of Hungary, don't miss the opportunity to promote their own finances at the same time. The receipt of gratuities in connection with the issuance of permits and licenses by Government Departments is not overlooked as a source of income, but the main field of operations for these men is the State owned organizations operating as private enterprises. In addition to enriching these Communists through handing over contracts directly to their concerns, these organizations are able, through the monopolistic privileges extended them by the Government, to force manufacturers and dealers to deal through them and to pay commissions, which they in turn divide with firms belonging to the Communist party or one of the leaders, for their "participation" in the transactions.

With the limitations imposed by totalitarian economy, the necessity of supplying reparations and other deliveries to Russia at prices below costs, the increasing discrimination arising from the privileges afforded Soviet controlled enterprises, and the multiple blackmail to which American firms and businessmen in Hungary are subjected they have little chance of maintaining any independence whatever and are fast becoming mere cogs in the great machine serving the will of Russia. They already have practically no control over whom they employ, how much they produce, or the disposition of their products. Moreover, the few which make a

profit, or have other funds available, cannot transfer them to the United States or even use them in Hungary for other than normal expenditures.

Trade is strait-jacketed as well. Not only are the problems limited to those for which import and export permits are issued by the Hungarian Government, but more often than not, trade cannot be carried out at all without an individual Communist or the party getting a cut. With the seven "Men of Moscow" running the Government, foreign trade is, moreover, diverted into channels where it will most benefit the long range program of Russia. There is no question of surpluses forcing themselves into natural channels where goods greatly in demand can be obtained in return. For Hungary's trade with the west, it is a matter primarily of obtaining strategic goods for nonstrategic; of trading bed feathers for bullets.

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During my stay in Budapest, I drove the Buick to Belgrade, Bucharest and Sofia. I invited Phil Clock to accompany me on all three trips. I remember as we were entering Belgrade seeing a lot of military activity, but it proved to be only an exercise and I was able to provide my chief with a somber account of their actions. The most memorable was the Legation crowd that seemed to have abandoned normal restraints on sex, at least it seemed so. The person I most remember was the administrative officer who seemed to revel in his deals to get whatever was going without paying for it.

During the trip to Bucharest we saw the Embassy personnel and had an interesting interview with the Ambassador. Our main acquisition was a sheep, for which we traded a package of cigarettes. Returning to Budapest, we were held up for hours at the border. During that time we saw a Hungarian and his fiancé, a Rumanian, who were separated because she was not permitted to enter; it was very sad. Also, we had to be careful that the sheep was not discovered. When it went "baa", we would laugh "baa, baa". I finally sold the sheep to the Agriculture Attaché, after it had cleared the garden of anything within its seven foot reach. He promised he would keep it because I had given it to Jack, but I heard that it was butchered.

Our trip to Sofia was most memorable because of the fact that the people made a specific circuit around the government buildings as they promenaded slowly. We called on the Ambassador and had a wonderful time at a party with the younger crowd of officers, and I almost knocked the keys off the piano. There was a woman who was Administrative Officer. She wasn't much to look at, but Phil seemed interested and I had to break through his ardor and remind him, "Don't be a fool; she's an Administrative Officer."

On June 18, 1948, I submitted a dispatch on our Official Visit by Economic and Treaty Officers of the American Legation, Budapest, to Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

The purpose of these visits was to gain a better understanding of the situation in Hungary through placing it in a proper perspective in connection with the system of Soviet subjugation throughout the satellites. Most noteworthy among these observations is that

Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria are outright Soviet colonies whereas Yugoslavia is a junior partner of the Soviets. All four are similar, however, in that they are slave states.

A further observation, which was particularly useful at that time, was that there was no evidence of immediate preparations for war in any of the three counties visited.

My last duty for the Legation in Budapest was a trip down to Rome in the Legation plane with the Counselor, Eddie Mag, the Legal Attaché, who was assigned normally to my section, and Phil Clock to discuss East-West trade. It was represented by an Ambassador and his assistant from the Department. The assistant made a long speech advocating an extension of East-West trade with countries of Eastern Europe. I took the opposite point of view and advocated that we withhold our goods from the Communists, seeing that the trade of Hungary and the other East European countries was under the control of the Communists. I later received a letter from a friend in the Belgrade Legation commending me.

To end our trip, Eddie Mag, Phil and I set off for the isle of Capri and spent the weekend enjoying the swimming, especially in a cave.

I bought a case of liquor for the Minister from Rome and prepared to leave Budapest. I left Hilda and Jack in Budapest, and Hilda had a grand time with the jeep they loaned her. At a going-away meeting with all the people assigned to my section, they gave me a beautiful plate and an inscribed plaque signed by all of them, which I still have.

### VIENNA

It was only a couple hours drive from Budapest to Vienna. I moved into a big house that the Mobil man had lent me. At the Legation's first meeting, I found there was little understanding of the Russians. I gave them a run-down of the Russians but they met it with apathy. I was assigned to reporting on the "People's Party". Alas, I guess that at that time, I just wasn't a political reporter. I also did East-West trade and that I liked which was bound to prevent our helping the Russian satellites with trade. My big mistake came with Mr. Westmoreland and Mr. Hanson from the agency for helping other countries -- or preventing any help -- and they usurped my prerogative, and the Minister took me off reporting on the subject.

A month after my arrival, Hilda was reminded by Mr. Chapin that she had better leave Budapest and she and Jack arrived in Vienna.

Soon the Fodors, who were our good friends in Budapest, came with their two kids and camped with us. As where we lived at first had no beds, we borrowed four cots and put them up in the living room. It seems that Miklos had gone to Zoltan Vaz who offered him the job of manager of a large steel mill. This he turned down, only to have Vaz offer him the directorship of all the power plants. Miklos replied that he would rather go to hell than accept the job. Vaz answered, "Good, I'll give you all visas and you can go to hell." Miklos got all his stuff ready for transport and the last day he got his required visas. The

Fodors did not stay long with us, but Miklos knew everything after a day or two and was able to borrow a hundred pounds and set off for England. He got £500 from his uncle in South Africa, and in six years he was manager of six companies. He found, however, that he could not make a fortune in England because of its laws, so he left for Canada. Today, he has a worldwide concern that makes machinery for printed circuit production and has achieved a fortune.

We found a marvelous house, a real palace, so it seemed, and park. It had been owned by a “Chinese”, a Jew who had been adopted by one! He had died and left his pretty wife with the house. It had been occupied by the Russians but it had been repaired, including the park. When the Russians came they automatically destroyed everything, including the two cars in the garage. They had used a hatchet on the cars and when the officer learned of it, he had them repair the damage.

We had left Hugo, who was a Hungarian and had worked for us in Hungary, to work with our British successor. He managed to escape by disguising himself in a tux, and as the Hungarians were posted outside the house, our Legation swooped down and entered the house, and when they left they took Hugo with them. They left him off and he took a train to the border and, sneaking at night amid the mosquitoes, crossed into Austria. Erzebet, whom we employed, lived near the border in Hungary and she simply walked across the border clothed in all the dresses she could put on.

Later my secretary arrived from Budapest with her little boy and stayed for some seven weeks. And soon another secretary came. The Dabsi-Schings followed and they also stayed for a couple of months.

Hugo established a post in the basement to house the Hungarians as they made their way out of Hungary and across Austria.

We began to receive a lot of luggage from the Legation in Budapest, consisting of the clothes and possessions of many Hungarians, some of whom were my friends. One suitcase was from a woman in the Legation which was filled with a hundred or more make-up kits which someone had influenced her to buy, hoping she would be able to sell them for hard currency.

We had an inspector at that time and he made a big thing out of this “smuggling” and held me responsible, deciding that I should be transferred to the Department because I “needed to get the American viewpoint again.” At that time Hilda was pregnant and he said we could wait until the baby came! Hilda and I used to go out into the garden and sit beneath a tree and savor the beauty of it all!

Hilda could not go to a dance at the French Embassy because she was expecting Robert, but I went and it was a wonderful affair. It was a warm night, the whole place was open, and it shone like a Christmas tree. I went upstairs and admired the girls dressed in elegant attire, and it was a real Märchen.

Director Joham of the Creditanstalt met me at the Jockey Club, of which I was a member, and asked me if I could advise how he could regulate the rate of the Viennese currency, which had reached a hundred on the black market, and was then about forty shillings to a dollar. I replied that if he could establish a tourist rate of about twenty-six to a dollar it might work. He did, and the black market was eliminated.

In the meantime, I was given another job, getting all the material required for the treaty. The American handling the Danube in Vienna was very helpful, and he supplied me with all I needed. As a result, I was given an Excellent for my work.

Robert was born on May 26, 1949, and quite a thing it was. I was at the Rathaus dinner that evening and finally got home about 11:00 p.m. They yelled from the kitchen that I was to take Hilda to the hospital and so I turned the car around, Hilda piled in and we set off as fast as I could drive for the hospital. I then went to fetch the doctor and he never had such a ride as I gave him. An hour later, I got to see Robert, a big nine and a half pounder.

Hilda's parents came to see their newly born grandson. Their first time outside the Russian Zone and it had to be done illegally. No one could just leave the zone. They sold an oriental rug, one which was from their bedroom. With the DM500, they could pay the guide to take them across the border to the American Zone. We learned that on a rain-drenched night, each with a suitcase, they went across muddy fields. Pop slipped and fell, and his raincoat was streaked with mud, and Hilda's mother lost a shoe. The guide, who had been drinking and was impatient, ordered her on -- however, no, a woman needs both her shoes -- and so she actually did find it. In Munich, which they did not reach until the next morning, a colleague at the Consulate General gave them money for a hotel, bought air tickets and made all necessary arrangements for the journey to Vienna.

They were due mid-morning at the Vienna airport. We drove early and took a pistol along in the front seat between Hilda and me, while driving through the Russian sector of Vienna, in case, through some fluke, the Russians should know our passengers had come across black. When finally, nine hours later, they did arrive, both Hilda and I were exhausted physically and emotionally with anxiety over what had held them up. It was that the plane had to go via Prague and was kept there for some hours. Thinking we'd see two collapsed, broken grandparents come off the plane, we found them a lot livelier than we, and greeting us with "and, just think, we had some Prager ham."

Our Vienna weather was lovely. We took photos, we played croquet on the fine lawn, and Jack performed on the bar. Pop taught him how to play solitaire. The days slipped by and we tried to talk them into staying with us. Each time we persuaded them, but the next morning they said they wanted to return. Finally, Hilda's mother admitted they wanted to be independent. She said she would miss her little rabbit which followed her like a puppy, and we gave up trying to persuade them. Several days later, they took off for Munich and got a bus to Leipzig.



Soon we left for La Jolla and, fortunately, could rent a large apartment at the beach club. At that time, my mother was living in a small white house nearby. Hilda and I played tennis and generally spent our time on the rocks where we found abalones.

During our stay at La Jolla, I drove up to San Francisco to visit Dad. He was living at the Stewart Hotel and it was a short visit.

I remember one thing that marked the morning walks my Dad took. He always carried a small satchel like a doctor's. So one morning as he walked, he came upon a number of men moving some large cases of shoes. The men thought he was a doctor and gave him a big box of shoes. We were quite happy with so many shoes, but eventually found out that they were all different and none of them matched.

Finally, with Erzebet, whom we had in tow looking after Robert, we returned east. I was going to the Department in Washington. There was a very nice woman to whom I reported and she offered to help send me to the U.N. as the representative of the Labor Department.

### THE UNITED NATIONS

Hilda and I found a large house in Great Neck, which would be near the U.N. at Lake Success. The house belonged to Louise Grace, and I paid \$250 a month for it, which was a bargain, but I could hardly make ends meet. It had a new roof and beautiful rooms, one was a 1700 French dining room, and the fireplace in the living room was 1560. There was a ten acre garden, including a creek, but it was run-down. Hugo came and joined us and we cleared the garden. Robert's crying suddenly became worse and we called a doctor.

My work as representative of the Department of Labor was not serious. I called on the New York representative and the Labor people in the U.N. Louis Hyde, the economic representative of the State Department, was desirous of getting out. So I became his assistant and was given a classification of XIV, which was a boost of one grade. They soon assigned an officer, a Mr. Forrest, to me. I would spend my days at the U.N. and at the USUN in New York. Louis Hyde took off, having given me an Excellent, and I was in charge of the nineteenth floor which had all the offices for the visitors and a crew of lovely secretaries.

Finally, it was August, and I took leave at home. I had no sooner gone out to the rear garden and begun picking raspberries, than a call came from the USUN: would I please return to the office and, with the representative of the Economic Council, Mr. Lupin, arrange for a mission in South Korea to help with the AID program.

In the meantime, Robert's condition became identified. He was placed in the Jewish Hospital in Brookline and nothing was done for him there. His desire to live was his greatest strength and we had him transferred to the New York Hospital in 22nd Street. He was operated on by Dr. Campbell just to get the left kidney going and subsequently the right, and finally the bladder, which had a stoppage in it. These operations were the most

important, but many more followed later. Hilda and I would go to a church near the New York Hospital, and we never prayed so hard in our lives.

I finally formulated an idea for an AID program, which Mr. Lupin accepted, but it never really came into effect due to the inaction of General MacArthur who did not want anything in South Korea over which he did not have charge.

We gave a party for the American members of the General Assembly. One was a flamboyant Negress. I can still see her on the couch after dinner and watched as she fascinated us all.

I was also advisor for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt who was in charge of the Committee on Human Rights. I remember that several times I advised her on the Chinese vote on their admission, which didn't count as we used a tack to make it an administrative vote. She invited us one time to go out to visit Hyde Park. It was interesting to see the famous place and Hilda and I enjoyed talking with her. She certainly was a grand person.

One time, the girls in the section put on a real show. I sat in Mr. Lupin's office where they all were handing me a pen to write with and paper. I never had so much service.

#### THE DEPARTMENT

After twenty-one years, I finally was assigned to the Department (other than to the school). The Chinese Office offered me a job, and I, not knowing how badly they had suffered because "we had lost China", I accepted. I had an office to myself handling the Communist Chinese ships which carried cargo from Hong Kong to China. My job was to do them in. I determined that most of them were owned by Hong Kong firms and, with the help of Great Britain, we were able to stop the trade.

Robert was operated on by Dr. Lewis in Washington. I remember I bought him a pair of cowboy boots and pants. He was too sick, however, to enjoy them. He looked as if he were going to die, but again his desire to live saw him through, bless him. Another time he had an infection in his scrotum and Dr. Lewis operated. It was so bad, however, he had to cut a connection, which, we were told, was one of two so he could keep up with the one.

We lived in Coquelin Terrace, which was a semicircle street. Across the way was Senator Hubert Humphrey and to his left was Senator Russell Long. On our right, we had the Belgian Agricultural Attaché, and on our left the Nefflins, and down at the lower curve were the Tamms. We still had Jimmy, my dog, who had been in Bern, Budapest, Vienna and at the U.N. with us. He was a loving dog, who could not be left alone.

On March 18, 1953, a sad thing occurred. Hilda opened a telegram and read it to me. My Dad had died. It was a broken aorta. I had seen him at Christmas with his second wife and he was not too happy. She gave me a meal, which I still remember, as it was the

worst food I ever had. He wired me at the beginning of March that he was at the end of his rope. I thought he was exaggerating and I could not I leave my job.

I went out to California and Sis came up. Maude and Grace came to the funeral with Tag and Toby. Sis and Mable Scottford and I were at the cemetery in Felton when a large pine box containing Dad and his coffin arrived. I led a service at the graveside, and not knowing anything else, I repeated The Lord's Prayer and asked the others to join with me.

My mother came to visit us in the fall of 1953. I remember that at Halloween I disguised myself as a poor broken charwoman and came to our front door. I rang and was met to my surprise by an old hag who asked if I wanted green worms or red worms!

At Christmas, 1953, I received a much-needed axe with this note:

*This axe is not a token to break our friendship, but to preserve it. The axe will break all unfriendliness and disgust at me for not doing well. It will break the quarrels in our family, and preserve happiness for the New Year and years to come.*

*Love, your eldest son, Jack*

I had worked a great deal on relations with our representative in Paris who was in charge of East-West trade. I wanted his job, but I was assigned to Tokyo.

My mother came again in the spring of 1954 on a farewell visit. She lived in the back corner room with a porch, and she found a nest of orphaned birds. She tried to feed them, and I can still see her chewing some seeds which she fed to the little birds.

With my mother and Jack, I drove across the States while Hilda and Robert set off to visit her folks for the last time in Lake Thun. Jack wanted the front seat but soon he was transferred to the rear with Jimmy. I remember, I would get so sleepy I had to have a sleep at noontime, which I did under a large tree, if I could find it. We finally reached San Francisco and Maude and Grace and others came to see us off. I had taken Jimmy to a vet, and he must have been rough because Jimmy didn't like having his warts removed, and he became stone deaf. I decided he would have to stay with my mother for I did not know where I would live in Tokyo. My mother took him and placed him in the back yard where he later died, a lonely dog.

## TOKYO

On the ship to Yokohama, I met all the Japanese, including a girl who had married in the States but was on her way to visit her parents in Tokyo. On the last night it was "Talent Night" and I had borrowed a dress and shoes from a large woman. I fixed my hair and sang both "who Is Sylvia?" and "Summertime". I sang in a falsetto soprano and added a few motions to make it sexy. It was a marvelous performance, and I was still thrilled with

it when we landed and the Consul came to me and said, "You stay here until I come back." What a let-down, but I was to face even worse when I called on my new boss. They had intended to give me a Class V job but I had been promoted to Class III just when I left the States. I looked it up in the code room and that made me eligible for the Economic Section. The boss was Mr. Waring, who accepted me rather reluctantly and that spelled his attitude the following two years, even though I became Commercial Attaché. I remember trotting behind him when he called on the Japanese.

I wrote a report on the return of the big firms in 1954 to their former ruling positions, but what I missed writing was obviously motor cars and electronics. Why I did not look into those I don't know, for even if they had been reported on previously they would have been fine subjects for a follow-up. I wrote several reports on different subjects, but as Waring wanted to build Japan up in Southeast Asia, he would not allow my conclusions and Andy Kerr, his deputy, knocked them out.

We lived in a dirty apartment of an old building when Jack and I came to Tokyo, but soon after Hilda and Robert arrived, I was able to rent a large house that had modern rooms and Japanese rooms with a tatami floor where Jack and Robert slept. The house had a beautiful Japanese garden which gave a charm to it.

Jack and Robert attended the private American school for a year, and it was a mistake to transfer them to the Army schools. We couldn't know it was so bad, and we were misled by Jack's becoming "Mr. Studious". While there, we had a big Japanese who trained Jack to run, and when Jack got a crew cut he looked really strong.

Hilda freed herself of her other obligations and engaged a Japanese to teach her Japanese painting and became quite proficient at it.

I spent a lot of time with Mr. Goldschmidt who had the Japanese manufacturing table ware for grocery stores but the government objected to his buying them cheap or something.

We had earthquakes frequently. One I remember occurred when Hilda was in the house and later found that the large 4 x 5 foot mirror had left its position on the bedroom mantel and deposited itself unharmed on the bed in front.

But the one I went through was in the six story office building. I had decided to go up to the sixth floor with Bill Bradbury and have a cup of coffee. We had gotten our coffee and taken places at a table. Soon the building began to sway from side to side. It was quite a sight seeing the sky rise and fall. However, we recalled that it would be sensible for us to take the precaution of getting under a doorway - in case the roof should collapse. I got into one and stood there a few minutes. Then the earthquake was over and we could resume drinking our coffee, albeit it was a little cold by then.

Hilda and I often played tennis and in winter it was cold but invigorating. On weekends we made a habit of driving to the mountains, some twenty miles inland, and as the season

progressed, we could see wild azaleas on the hillsides and going up a path that, although it was wild, appeared as if it were kept by the Japanese. We brought along some sembees for the kids. We took a number of trips and always stayed overnight at Japanese inns. We went to Izu peninsula down below the American Navy station which was on the sea, and way down was the location of “Madam Butterfly”, and Townsend. We saw the wooden monkeys who closed their eyes, ears and mouths, and a number of other places such as Miyashita and Osaka. We went often to Kabuki and Noh plays and saw many other interesting things, including the Japanese temples.

Our two weeks’ vacation was spent at a Japanese inn on the Sea of Japan, and I chased a Japanese intruder in the night. We had quite a happy time.

It was New Year’s Day and we went to pay our respects to the Emperor of Japan. We were in Japan for two years, so we went twice. The dress was a cutaway and I took it out of the mothballs for the occasion. Hilda and Harvey’s wife, with whom we went, wore long dresses which reached the ground. The order of appearance was from the Dean downwards. After quite a long time, we entered the ballroom with the Emperor seated on the left center. As we marched across the room we bowed to him and then continued out backwards. Hilda went out so fast that the lady in front had to whisper, “Look out, you will run me down.” We entered a room and were given sake cups, which we were allowed to keep; and we were told we might give the remainder of the food we were given to our servants, and it was wrapped appropriately.

Dr. Evan Lewis, U.S. Army doctor in Tokyo, was instrumental in keeping Robert alive when he had an attack. The last year he put Robert on a large gantrazine pill daily, and that tided him over until we could take him to Dr. Lloyd Lewis in Washington, DC. Dr. Evan Lewis was transferred in the summer of 1956, and that made it necessary for us to move as well, so I asked the Department for a transfer to the Department for that reason.

On leaving Tokyo, Waring inquired what I wanted, a dinner or a reception. I replied a reception like he gave others. We had a nice reception, but I did not know what a b-----d he was until I saw his report when I reached the Department.

### THE DEPARTMENT AGAIN

When I got to the Department, I learned that my old friend, Frank Jarvis, had put in a bid for me. I was given the job of Assistant Economic Officer for the Philippines and Australia. Frank had a lame foot like I have now, with it slapping down as I walk.

We got a nice house on Woodbine Street in Chevy Chase with a large screen porch and garden and three bedrooms.

I found out what Waring had written about me; he must have dreamed it up, and the Inspector who was there at the time followed suit. I applied to the Complaint Officer and was informed that Waring was noted as a “Vice Consul” killer. Also, I found that all the

reports I had written had good grades and made a table of them which I reported to the Personnel Office. It was said to be a good job.

With respect to Australia, I had the duty of supporting our grain shipments and communicated with the Department of Agriculture about them. I learned a great deal about the land development near Perth which had just gotten underway. It was like that in California and covered a vast area.

In regard to the Philippines, I had to handle their interest in claiming that the money we had held in the bank for them, as was required, and which suffered when we went off gold in 1933, was all our fault. I'm afraid I didn't respond to their complaint and the last I heard; it was never paid.

Ambassador Bohlen, who had been one of our leading representatives to Moscow, was made Ambassador to the Philippines, which he considered a demotion. We tried to encourage him with a report on the country, but it did not go down.

At this time, I wrote the following:

#### A DAY WE PICKED APPLES

A few days in our lives stand out among others as being completely happy. We look back on them with nostalgia wishing we could live them again. Then, once in a rare moon, there comes a day we can relive again. Such was last Thursday when we went apple picking at Stribling's Orchards. Over the years we had been there probably four or five times. When we returned to Washington, DC, this time for our last visit for possibly a good number of years, there was one thing we felt we must do and that was to have a day picking apples once again.

Checking on the NBC weather report Wednesday evening, we were told the good weather would hold through Thursday but on Friday we probably would have some showers. We decided Thursday was our day and early the next morning we set out for Stribling's Orchards in Virginia. I remembered that we had turned off the highway just ten miles this side of Front Royal.

The highways had changed a good deal since our last visit some years ago, but we found our way to Interstate Highway 66, drove a short distance on 29 and turned into 55. It was a perfect day among the hills of Virginia.

As usual we picked a few boxes but mostly it was those we ate off the tree that tasted the best.

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Then Norris Hazelton, an inspector, got on to me inferring that I was not doing my job. He had been my replacement in Calcutta. He did not succeed and I left him hanging.

One day, John Wesley Jones, whom I had known in the Far East and who was Deputy Secretary for Europe, and I met at lunch at the old Allies Inn. We had a good talk, and I must have made a good impression on him with my telling him of a fabled story I had been reading. In any event, he put in a good word for me with the Personnel Office. I had been looking into being a Consul General at Guayaquil, which was offered to me by Clinton Olson, but I turned it down because I did not want to submit Hilda to such a climate. Then came an offer from the Personnel Office. I had said I was interested in being an economic officer for Berlin, but the officer said I was being considered for the post of Consul General at Bremen. Shortly after I was assigned to Bremen.

Hilda and Robert wanted to stay in Washington until Jack's graduation from Landon while the furniture was being stored with the Federal Storage Company and Jack, who had been accepted at Rutgers, was to spend the summer with my sister.

The following was written by Jack in regard to Landon as an experience in his education:

"I spent the first two years of High School in Japan. When I came back to the United States, my parents and I decided that I should spend my last two years in a private school. At Landon, I found that I was not up to the work being done there. However, Landon gave me individual attention so that I could catch up, and taught me more in a short time than I had learned before. More than that, Landon brought me a new outlook on knowledge and studying.

"I began to appreciate the value of knowledge more fully, at home and in my daily life. Knowledge came to mean a means to enjoy more fully and understand the things I see and hear. I began to appreciate the great works of artists, authors and composers through understanding them. By understanding how things work, I have learned to have more enjoyment out of them. This appreciation of knowledge was brought about by the efforts of Landon teachers to make the students want to learn. Landon's thorough groundwork made it easier for me to understand my school subjects. Landon brought me a new desire to learn and to broaden my education. The Landon teachers kept the subject alive by adding interesting incidents, additional data, anecdotes, and letting the class discuss the subject. This made the subject clear and enjoyable so that I wanted to learn all I could about it. At Landon, I was required to learn more than just what was assigned. Landon's standards are so high that I had to make an extreme effort to reach them. Also, Landon took for granted that I knew many things I did not know, and I had to make up for the inadequate training I had had in Japan, and had to increase my facility of expression. From having to study so hard, I enjoyed the knowledge I was gaining. By increasing my knowledge I was learning how to think.

“Landon has also brought me a new approach toward studying. I have become interested in studying and began to appreciate it. I find that at Landon that studying is an art in itself, a way of using my mind effectively.

“Landon also caused me to systemize my studying. In order to get my homework done, and in order to grasp the subject, I have been required to adopt a method of study. I have found that it is helpful to take notes, make outlines and set a specific time schedule for doing my studying.

“Landon has been an important experience in my education. It has given me an appreciation of knowledge, a desire to learn, an experience in thinking and an interest and enjoyment in studying.”

### BREMEN

I started off on the train with our black Siamese cat in a basket, and he got loose in the night, and I found him staring me in the face.

Hilda sent a telegram to the ship which read: “Worried over your cold take care hope that cat was happy sailing much love-Hilda, Jack, Robert.

When I reached the ship, I put the cat in a kennel and went up each day to promenade him on the deck. When we arrived in Bremen he did not last long, for some German bird lover must have done him in.

I arrived in Bremerhaven the middle of April, 1958, and was required to make a short address over the radio because of the 150th Port Concert of Radio Bremen, which I attended with Senator Dehnkamp, and spent the night on board.

The next day the press was filled with a welcome and referred to my picture of Naumburg Cathedral, which Hilda had painted and is now decorating our living room, and referred to my previous visit to Bremen.

Wells, the Deputy Chief, called for me and introduced me to my new residence, which was the best of the Consulates General in Germany. Then he took me to the Consulate General, a three story building overlooking the Contra Scarp. Four marines were outside to welcome me on my arrival.

Inside, I signed a paper stating that I had become a Consul General.

I then met the officers and clerks with whom I would have contact. They were Donald Harris, Political Officer; William Dutton, Economic Officer; Michael Calingaert, Administrative Officer; Raymond Senden, , Consular Officer; and Charles Provance, who was in charge of the American Haus.



Mr. Harris had an assistant, Herr Fischer, who was free to call anyone from whom he might obtain information. As his reports were going to the Department, I would see them all and check on his English.

Mr. Dutton had two assistants, Herr Berben, who was responsible for tobacco reporting, and Herr Schneider, who was responsible for cotton and wool. Herr Berben would go and see his people and would I get the required data from them. He was apt at his job and his English was pretty good. Herr Schneider likewise went to see his principal sources of information. I had to work rather closely with him in checking his English.

Mr. Calingaert had Herr Fuchs who was responsible for administration.

Mr. Senden had Herr Richter and two women to assist him. They were more or less free, except for my general supervision.

Mr. Provance was independent and worked in another place and had a large room for large crowds, a smaller room for the same purpose, a library and an office, and several assistants including Herr Herg and Fraulein Garbe. Subsequently, his section, at my suggestion, when we were in danger of losing the office, occupied a floor of the Consulate General. Toward the end the library was under the charge of Fraulein Garbe.

The secretaries were Fraulein Landwehr, who was my principal secretary, except at first I also had an American for confidential dictation, and Miss Judson was Mr. Harris' secretary. Fraulein Schroeder was the economic secretary; Frau Holzapefl, the treasurer; and Fraulein Wuestinger assisted Mr. Calingaert and other officers.

There were five chauffeurs, each with a car to look after.

I had mostly to do with Fisher, Berben, and Schneider, whose reports I consulted on and gave advice. What a tedious job that was! I had to work hard shaping up their English. When I was in the Department later, a senior officer commented with a smile on my requirement that the English must be good.

What follows is not a review of these duties but what my contacts were and the making of speeches ad in-fi-ni-tum. I had not settled down when the President, Dr. G. Apelt and the Vice President, George Furst, called on me to ask me to become an honorary member of the Carl Schurz Gesellschaft E.V. Bremen. Likewise, the East Asian Union of Bremen made me a member, and I attended their monthly luncheons.

On Armed Forces Day in 1958, I met the American Colonel, Col. Brooks, and Herr Bruno Selge, the Oberbürgermeister of Bremerhaven, and watched the parade from the stand.

In June, I met the chief editors and publishers from the consular district. I made my first visit to Wilhelmshaven and met the Oberbürgermeister and the Oberstadtdirektor.

I made a speech of welcome for the German-American Clubs Convention which was held in Bremen on June 12-14, and met HIH Princess Kira of Prussia, Vice President; and Mrs. Helen Loening, President, who was in charge of the meeting. Mrs. Loening had appealed to me to straighten her out, and I suggested a plan of organization. I received a letter from National President Bowman thanking me for my address and all the help I gave them, and said he had written the Embassy commenting on my helpfulness, etc.

I accompanied the Commander of the Coast Guard, Vice Admiral Alfred C. Richmond, on the 16th of June to a dinner with Prince Louis Ferdinand and Princess Kira. The Commander wrote to thank me particularly for my kindness in substituting for Commander Pantzer at his reception as he was ill, and I read a statement.

On June 23, I received an Ausweis No. 129, making me the American Consul General.

On July 3, I went with Burgermeister Kaisen on board the "M.S. Merlin" to welcome Bundest President Heuss back from Canada and the United States.

Hilda and Robert arrived on July 3rd, on the "SS United States", bringing an armful of Kakemonos for the empty walls of the house.

On the 4th we had a large reception which, besides Burgermeister Kaisen, Burgermeister Noltenius, President Hagedorn of the Burgerschaft and all the Senators, included some three hundred people. Quite contrary to Bremen's usual weather, it was a glorious day, and the green lawn and garden were the setting for our guests. Robert, dressed in an "Eton suit", helped pass the cigars and cigarettes and made quite a hit, especially when the party was drawing to a close, and some were left over, he surprised the guests by saying, "Fill your pockets."

I had heard from Maria Rechtern, who had seen the references to Hilda in the paper. Maria had written to her sisters to see if the Bruhm was a relative, so when she came up in line and said "Ich bin Maria," it was the beginning of a good friendship. We saw her regularly and went often to her Schwachhausen Strasse apartment to have delicious snacks and a fine bottle of wine, and she went with us often into the country. When Hilda's father arrived, she received him as a relative from the Principdom of Gera where they both were born. They used to go to many a place in Bremen, including the flicks.

On July 7, I received a complementary hunting license and began hunting duck, partridge, pheasant, and hare in Strom where I went often with Herr Kleinert, a jeweler, and his farmer partner. One time, Ambassador Bruce came with us, as well as other members of the Embassy.

We were in Bonn attending a Consuls General meeting and word came from Bremen that Anthony Wood Rodgers, the son of Attorney General and subsequently Secretary of State William Rodgers, was in the hospital in Bremen. I returned immediately and went to see him, and all ended okay. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers wrote to me thanking me for what I had done.

The American Field Service came on August 15 to Bremen to spend a few days before sailing home, and my nephew, Ricky Strauss, was among them. There were three hundred of them, all high school boys and girls. We gave a reception for them in the American Haus, which has a large hall. The American Haus director, Charles Provance, declined to allow them to dance, but we reached a compromise. We placed some tables in the center to hold some cookies. As I expected, it was just a matter of circling around the tables as they danced to the music! I got a letter of thanks from the American Field Service assuring me that all my efforts in their behalf were justified.

I made a call on the President of Oldenburg and the President of the Industry and Commerce in September and also on the Bergermeisters of Nordenham and Elsfleth and had lunch in the Club Zum Guten Endzweck.

In September, I received from Louis Ferdinand, son of the Kaiser, a picture of his Schloss in Bavaria and thanking me for the help I gave in regard to the flight to New York.

In November, I made a speech at the Industry Club in Osnabrück in reply to one on "The American Style and the Economy" by Director Hegels, which they found amusing.

Ten consular officers and I made a trip on the trial run of the "M.S. Schelde" in November which was a treat. Each of us was given a sweater a sailor wears and a stocking cap.

I visited the Klöckner Steel Plant on November 18, and it was I explained to me. I saw molten steel which was formed into rods.

At a dance in December in the Rathaus, on the tenth anniversary of the Carl Schurz Society in the company of Burgermeister Kaisen and President Apelt, Director Fürst, and Senator Helmken and Herr Drake, I made a speech on how America overcame its recent recession. Dr. A. Jacobs asked me on behalf of some fifteen members of the Bremen Committee for copies of my speech.

On December 15, I spoke at the American Haus on the "Formulation of American Foreign Policy" in which I described the organization of the State Department and how it worked.

In 1959, I joined the Club zu Bremen, which was a private restaurant beneath the C of C, and the Friends of the Focke Museum.

Carlo Schmidt spoke to the Carl Schurz Society on March 3 on foreign affairs, and I made a short speech that in the United States the Carl Schurz Society is recognized as a well-known society.

I gave, with the Agricultural Attaché, a "Buffet USA" at the Park Hotel on March 4, celebrating the cotton trade between Germany and the United States.

The Port Reporter of the U.S. Army published a detailed report, with pictures of the Consulate General in Bremen and its officers.

With Consuls Harris and Schiffman, I made an official call on the Minister President of Lower Saxon on March 18.

I made a speech of farewell on the departure of Consul General Eguiguren whom I succeeded as Doyen (Dean) of the Consular Corps.

I held a reception on July 4 to celebrate the independence of the USA, and Hilda showed Kaisen our hothouse and flowers. On the 14th of July I attended a reception of Consul Schober of France, commemorating Bastille Day.

Robert had been in Bremen a year and despite private lessons, he just didn't learn German. One day he came home saying he had seen a woodpecker. "What's the name in German?", my wife asked. "I don't know," he replied, "but I can tell a woodpecker when I see one." Hilda looked into recommended camp groups and registered Robert with the Protestant one which was located in a place near Kitzbühel, in the Austrian Alps. Robert, being ten, fitted in fine age-wise. There were some forty to fifty boys and girls with two counselors. We knew Robert would need expression, and if he did he would learn what he needed fast. We took him to the railway station the night of the group's departure, and it looked like all Bremen was there. When his train started, Robert beckoned and said, "I just wanted you to see all those teary-eyed mothers."

Because of Robert's medical history, Hilda followed some days later to vacation and sketch, albeit at the foot of the mountain where Robert was camped. Promptly the morning after she arrived, she began a three and a half hour trip to the camp site. Everything was fine and Robert had indeed picked up some German. His main question was, however, with all the girls around, how could he take off his bathing trunks! Back in Bremen, he told some boys at a party: "Das ist sie die immer den Berg 'rauf kam."

I soon came down and we all stayed in Schloss Liebenau when Robert's camp ended. I remember that I saw a poor fellow on a motorbike hit a car and fall. The driver did not even get out. A couple of days later, the bike rider was buried in the churchyard.

I received a letter, dated August 12, from Elwood Williams of the German Office praising the Consulate General's reporting, which he stated stood out among the Consulates in Germany as an example of energy and effectiveness. I recall that all the Consulates General in Germany came to report on labor and economics following my example.

Another reception for the American Field Service summer students was held at which I asked Wolfgang Miller to report on his experiences. He said that without the help of the USA the trip would not have been possible.

“Who’s who in America” informed me on September 12 that I had been selected for inclusion in their book. I remained in it for another four years.

Hilda and I made a trip to Cloppenburg to see its museum in the company of Minister President Kopf. We saw the erection of the Richkrone (a symbolic cross) made of a tree over the Quatmanns Hof.

On the occasion of the U.S. Educational Commission in Germany, we placed the American Haus at the disposal of the Fulbright Orientation Meeting. I received a letter of thanks from the Executive Secretary.

On the first of October, Hilda and I attended the launching of the ship “Tenadores”.

I attended a parade to honor Colonel Brooks who left Bremerhaven on October 14 for the United States with Oberburmeister Bodo Selge and others.

On October 16, I attended a hunt in Strom with Kleinert, his partner, and Herr Tellman and Minister Timberlake who came up from Bonn.

Hilda and I attended the wedding dinner of young Helen Loening and Herr Kerckhoff on October 17, a grand affair of relatives and friends.

In a memorial service for Rear Admiral Charles R. Jeffs of the United States Navy on October 29, I referred to his mighty accomplishment in restoring the harbor of Bremen and spoke of his outstanding quality as a husband and a dear friend.

I paid a visit to Hoya on November 19 where I met the press and discussed the possibility of preventing a war through faith in America.

On Thanksgiving Day I attended a service of the American community led by Robert Radcliff, in which he spoke of the humble gratitude for the courage and strength that made America.

We gave a party in our home for the Consulate General staff and they sent us a Christmas card on December 22.

I greeted General Clyde D. Eddleman with Colonel Hutson and Oberburgermeister Bodo Selga on January 4, 1960.

I was a guest of the Eiswette von 1829 on January 16. It was their 131st meeting in Bremen, and it brought together six hundred members and their guests in the large hall of the “Glocke.” According to tradition, a tailor must go over the Weser (a river running through Bremen) with his hot iron, and the Notarius Publicus and the Three Holy Kings attend and judge that everything is according to Hoyle, and “Buten und binnen” was the word. In 1886-1896 the Weser was regulated and since then it has always been open. So the Eiswette became an example of how it was before. The President was Herr

Borttschellar, Senator for the Ports, Ships and Commerce. He always rang a ship's bell and announced himself with "Achtung Backbord! Achtung Steuerbord und Mittschiffs," and then all set to eating their "Braunkhol und Pinkelwurst".

I made a New Year's speech at the Rathaus on January 18, as I had become the Doyen (dean) of the Consular Corps. In addition to the Bremen Consular Corps, Burgermeister Kaisen, the Indonesian Consul and his wife from Hamburg, as well as the Japanese Consul General Nakagawa from Hamburg and wife, etc., were present.

In a short speech on January 22, I expressed my appreciation of the cooperation between the Chamber of Commerce and the Consulate General and stated a healthy and balanced economy affords a considerable contribution to both countries.

I made a visit to Leer with Vice Consul William F. Dutton on January 26.

Hilda and I attended a ball of the Carl Schurz Society on January 30.

We held a Vespers Service at the Remberti Kirche at 5 p.m. February 7 with Lieutenant Colonel R. W. Ratcliffe.

On the second Friday in February, which is the traditional date, I attended the Schaffer-Mahlzeit with George Albrecht Fürst and as a guest of Joh. Gottfried Schutte. The Schaffermahlzeit in 1561 was the beginning when the dwellings in "Haus Seefart" for retired sea captains and their spouses was provided, and it is celebrated each year. It is composed of the elite of the cotton, tobacco, wool, etc. merchants and all of the retired sea captains, as well as prominent non-Bremens as guests. As an exception, I was considered as not residing in Bremen as I was actively interested in Bremen's trade, or some other excuse. Anyway, I was the first American to be so honored, and, according to tradition, I could be invited only once. The banquet took place in the great hall of the Rathaus. I wore a white tie, as did the members, but the sea captains wore dinner jackets. There were three long tables extending from the main table, and there were about two hundred present. The menu was prescribed in 1545. It included: Bremer chicken soup; stockfish with melted butter and salt potatoes; red cabbage, smoked fish, chestnuts and fried potatoes; baked veal, celery salad, prunes, and half a steamed apple; Rigger Butt, sardines, bologna, tongue, chester and cream cheese, basket of fruit; 1 and coffee. After the cigars, there was dancing in the adjoining room with the daughters of members and their partners.

I spoke at the PTA in Bremerhaven on April 15, and stressed the importance of promoting good relations between Americans and Germans and cited a brief history of Bremen buildings, whereupon a member reminded those present that they could tour Bremen by bus!

I received a commendation from the Department of Agriculture on the tobacco reporting of the office on March 9. It stated that my prediction several months before that many

American manufacturers would buy into the German industry during 1959 was correct, and that it had been most helpful to their sales promotion planning.

Walter C. Dowling, who had been made Ambassador, came to Bremen for two days, the 19 and 20 of April. He and his wife wanted to see the model room of the Lagerhaus-Gesellschaft with Captain Dehne, and have a banquet with Burgermeister Kaisen in the Rathaus. He was given a nineteen gun salute in Bremerhaven. A letter of thanks from Mrs. Dowling to my wife stated: "Everything was so completely planned to fill our engagements. We were proud to see our country so ably represented. You have won the respect and affection of the people of Bremen to a remarkable extent." I heard later that the Ambassador was astounded that I could do so well.

In April, I completed thirty years in the Foreign Service and received an official recognition and appreciation by the Department.

On April 21, I attended a luncheon in remembrance of Herr Director Kabelac in the Park Hotel. I remember him well. I sat next to Baron von Tyssen and talked also to Kaffee Schilling.

Hilda was a judge for the "Know Your Neighbor" essay contest by the students of Bremerhaven on April 28 and presented the winner with books on the history of Bremerhaven.

I was complemented by an Honor Guard on May 5th, at USARPEP with Colonel Hutson.

I received a letter from Minister Philip I. Sprouse dated May 19, thanking me for the excellent "Kick-off" that Hilda and I had given him. With the inspection completed, and Consul Harris having done a fine job with the preparation of a score of papers for it, I took off to join Hilda and Robert on the "S.S. America" and she had lovely cold martinis awaiting me.

Hilda went to visit her old friends, and I went to the Department where I saw a doctor who had me worrying about a report on my kidney, fearing that I might lose Bremen as a post. I then went to California where I stayed with my mother and tried to forget the doctor. Thereafter, I went to the Naval Hospital in San Diego. I returned to New York and met Hilda at the airport where she had received our Arabella car manufactured in Germany. My vacation in Nantucket was spent thinking about the possibility of losing my post. On July 11, Robert and I went to the Naval Hospital at Chelsea in the Boston Hospital for a F5 catheter up to my left ureter. It was discovered that I had a typical double kidney (like my mother) and I was declared fit for duty. Robert also had an inspection of his kidney and he didn't seem to be bothered by it. I, however, had the F5 twice, and came out feeling like a limp rag. I can still see us standing on a corner waiting for a streetcar, and me feeling like hell. With the vacation over, we left our lovely Nantucket, and returned to my post on July 29 on the "S.S. America".

On August 5, the U.S. Army wrote a biography on me under the title "Representatives of the World," which gave a run-through of my career, particularly in Bremen.

I made a visit to Bremervörde with Consul Harris on August 23, calling on Bürgermeister Meyer in the Rathaus.

At the Bremen "Agricultural and Economy" exhibition on August 28, I made a speech in which I congratulated Senator Boelkin on the organization and the close relations between the Germans and Americans as evidenced by our participation.

The Great Plains Development Association held a dinner on August 31, in which I expressed pleasure at being invited to speak where the products of American farmers were represented.

Virginia Pleasants held a Cembalo Concert at our house on October 12, which was enjoyed by everyone.

The Consular Woman's Club arranged a "Hat Show" as a fundraising tea at the Focke Museum on October 18. Dr. Kloss, the director, brought out all the lovely Biedermeier parasols along with the beautifully feathered and beribboned bonnets in the museum's collection, hanging the parasols with nylon threads and the hats with scarves, and their ribbons were placed on the tops of the old furniture around the room. The tea tables were placed in the two main rooms. The chic hats loaned by Mme. Siebenhuehnen, the leading modiste of Bremen, were modeled by members of the Consular Corps. Hilda, as President of the Club, addressed the gathering, saying the proceeds of the tea would be used for the good of local people and institutions. The Consular Women's Club visited old people's homes, making it a tea party. Over the years, the members had got to know the old ladies and had pleasure each time together, with much fun and laughter. Most of the women of the Club spoke some German.

At the first dinner and dance, which was in the Club zu Bremen, I welcomed the Bremen Consular Corps on November 29, and all had a good time.

Robert and I went skiing in Berchtesgaden and saw where Hitler had built his Eagle's Nest and the subterranean building. We sent Hilda a letter but it arrived after we returned.

When Minister Brewster Morris visited Bremerhaven on January 9, 1961, he received a fifteen gun salute, which was his first. Hilda and I accompanied him.

My mother wrote me at this time asking if I remembered the 'air meet' at Dominguez Field in 1910. I certainly did, though I was just five. We sat in an open grandstand and the aviators performed stunts that almost took our heads off.

I was promoted on January 11, among seventy-five others, including many old friends. Walter Dowling and David Bruce sent congratulations, among many.



At the Consular Corps annual New Years on January 16, I made a speech. Besides Kaisen, there were a number of consuls from Hamburg.

I attended the Eiswette on January 23 and had a wonderful time.

In Delmenhorst on January 26, I gave a long address on German-American economic relations.

On January 27, Hilda and I attended a Carl Schurz Ball at the Park Hotel with old friend Fürst.

On March 15, I visited Osnabrück steel mill and wore a hard hat and admired the rails and other products.

I gave a speech at the Federation of German-American Clubs on March 29.

I took a trip to Greece in April. It was a marvelous occasion, seeing so much, including a week-long trip on a bus, followed by a ship to the islands. In Athens, I visited the museum several times.

Again a party on July 4 for three hundred or more and fireworks at our apartments across the street. And on the 14th of July there was a party at Consul Shoher's.

On July 18, Hilda and I were guests of Bremervörde and enjoyed the shooting.

Hilda's father died on October 5, 1961, at our home. He is buried next to his wife in Leipzig.

Thanksgiving service at the Remberti Church was conducted by Chaplain Charles B. Beatty, U.S. Navy, on November 23. We invited the congregation to our home, and we rushed to cut the turkey into smaller pieces to have enough for the large crowd.

I made a speech on November 24 to the American Chamber of Commerce at a luncheon, which was their first.

The East Asiatic Union, Bremen, held its curry lunch in the large room of the Rathaus on November 25.

In December, 1961, Hilda and I were invited by our good friends the Ohlrogges to a "Tischrücken". Later we received a yellow book of photographs of our Bremen friends. Hilda looked beautiful, and there is one with Ohlrogge with his wife having a third leg which fooled everybody. I am dressed in a pair of shorts with a shirt and tie, plus makeup.

On January 12, 1962, I again made a New Year's speech as Doyen of the Bremen Consular Corps in the large room of the Rathaus.

I made a visit to the cruiser "Long Beach" in Bremerhaven on January 15, with an honor guard, etc. And on January 17, we gave a reception for the crew in our home.

On January 20, I attended the Eiswette and made the principal speech on the commercial relations between the United States and Germany and pointed out that an expansive economic partnership in trade leads to the recognition that the fundamental meaning of economic cooperation is based on the political relationship.

On February 9, Professor Carlo Schmidt made a speech at the Schaffermahlzeit which was attended by Willie Brandt and General Lucius Clay, with whom we were afterwards.

The Carl Schurz Society gave a dinner in our honor on March 27, and I made a speech.

A Principal Officers conference was held at the home of Ambassador Dowling on May 9, and Hilda and I attended.

Our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was a really unforgettable affair. We had the dining room table extended so some two dozen guests were seated. We had said that presents were not to be given, but our Bremen friends gave us a silver tray with the signatures of all of them etched on it. Our cousins gave us a fine silver bowl. I gave Hilda a gold locket with diamonds in the center.

Kaisen thanked me for remembering him on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday in June, 1962.

July 4, we held a reception at our house, 5 Marcus Allee, and I made a speech of welcome.

Hilda and I were invited by the President and Senate to a dinner in the Kaminsaal of the Rathaus on August 31.

I drove to Denmark with Hilda, Robert and Jack. We went to a place recommended by Fielding's book, but it was not possible, so we drove to the other end of the island and found the Store Kro in Fredericksveck which was elegant and inexpensive, so we gained ten pounds. There was a castle nearby, and we drove to Helsingfor to honor Shakespeare's Hamlet. On the way back, we visited Hans Christian Anderson's home.

Hilda and I were invited to the Club zu Bremen on September 26, to partake of a herring dinner.

A letter was received on October 3 from Elwood Williams III of the German Office staying that he had met Kaisen and his secretary Keahlitz at the Carlton, and they were eager to ask if he knew the next assignment of their good friend Harrison Lewis. They made a point of how good it had been to have me in Bremen and hoped my next deal would be an excellent one. He was happy to share that hope.

I received a postcard sent on October 15, written in Boston, in which Kaisen stated that he did not want to forget to send me his greetings and to express his thanks. He said his visit had been a great success for Bremen.

On October 18, 1962, the destroyer "R.O. Hale" arrived in Bremen. Colonel K. K. Bigelow from Bonn and I went on board to greet Captain James W. Hayes, and Hilda arranged for the visit of the officers with families in Bremen. What was an orderly visit was disturbed by an occurrence the "R.O. Hale" had with a Soviet ship that caused Captain Hayes to seek the advice of higher authority and caused him to wait four days during which he did not know the consequences. I later received a letter from Captain Pressler in Bonn, which read as follows:

*"I wish to thank you, Sir, for the work you personally did in connection with this particular visit, as well as for the invaluable help given to Lieutenant Colonel Bigelow during his stay in Bremen. Without this help, his task would have been much more difficult. I wish, also, to particularly thank Mrs. Lewis for the outstanding manner in which she accomplished the bringing together of our seamen with the excellent families of Bremen."*

On November 9, the Consular Corps, Bremen, gave a dinner at the Park Hotel at which I, as Dean, made a speech of welcome.

The press announced December 29 that we were leaving Bremen.

I received a letter of December 29, from Bogo Selge, Magistrate of the City of Bremerhaven, thanking me for the friendly good-will which I in my office had shown him.

A New Year's reception was held on January 11 for three hundred members of the Consular Corps and I, as dean, made a farewell speech which I had ended "Wat'n Jamar das ik von Bremen wech mot." This bit of platt I had learned from Jonnie, and it was published in der Spiegel.

On January 15, 1963, we gave a reception at home to introduce my successor, Goodman, and to say goodbye.

The President of the Bremen Burgerschaft, Herr Hagedorn, wrote on January 15, a letter stating "it was for all of us a good feeling having you in whom we had a friend, not only led his consular service with great expertness in the interest of his country but also had the time to be a friend but also who was a member of our city."

An invitation to attend a luncheon on January 16 came from Keisen, which was to be given in my honor at the Kaminsaal of the Rathaus. At this luncheon I was given a large engraving by Homan of the Bremen area, which I have on my wall in my study, and

Senator Mavisson gave Hilda a lot of photos of school children. I made a speech of thanks.

I received a letter from Kaisen, who was laid up in bed, written on January 16. He said "Your activity in the spirit of a genuine partnership was devoted to a healthy political climate between the United States and Bremen."

"For Harrison Lewis is the period of his office in the Hansestadt ended." So read the Weser Kurier on January 17 with a picture of the three of us. "Bremen with such sympathy and such friends was finished." The Bremer Nachrichtung of January 19, 1963 called them the "Golden Years in the Hansestadt" and so they were.

Eiswette von 1829, on January 21, was among the last honors. I came again to Bremen from Malta in January, 1967, and, bringing my membership pin, I attended the Eiswette for the last time.

Dr. Jur. Nolting-Hauff wrote me on the 22nd of January to express the greeting of his wife and himself at my leaving Bremen. "It was always a special joy to be a guest in your house and to receive you both as special guests in ours," he wrote, adding that he wished to receive us when we came to Bremen again.

Helen Loening wrote a poem on January 22 which was to be sung according to the tune "Frere Jacques" and portrayed me calling "Hilda".

I made my farewell visit to Bremerhaven on January 25, 1963. I was given an honor guard and a lot of presents.

A parting gift from George Fürst was his favorite saying, "If all the fairest maidens of the land would gather round and charm my view, I would raise my glass to them with trembling hand then (looking at . Hilda) I drink to you."

We bid adieu to Bremen when the old ship "M.S. Bremen" left Bremerhaven and "Tante" was the last person on the dock.

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Bremen was undoubtedly our favorite post. I remember Jonny coming to the house at 8:30 a.m. with his big, fine grey car with a coat of arms of the United States on the side. We drove out the long entrance to Marcus Allee and then entered Schwachhausen Herr Strasse. We passed the apartment where Tante Maria lived and came to the circle where we drove up the street until we came to Remberti Strasse and came to the Consulate General. There were four Marines outside and we saluted. Then I greeted Richter at the front desk and took the elevator upstairs. I looked in on Frau Holzapfel, who was our treasurer, bowed to Fraulein Wastinger and entered the room adjoining my office and said good morning to Fraulein Landwehr, my secretary.

I went into my office and looked out the window at the Contrescarp. A path leading to the inner city is seen mid the trees with ducks paddling on the lake. It was a beautiful scene and, as I recall, especially so with the snowflakes falling.

At 9:00 a.m. I went into the next room for the weekly staff meeting. It was a long room with a big, long table. All the men and women stood up and then we sat down. Harris, the political officer, led off with a short speech on the political situation, followed by Dutton who spoke on the economy. Calingaert, the administrative officer, said it looked like Herr Fuchs, his assistant, was leaving us. Sinden, who was the Consular Officer was there, and Provance, who was in charge of American Haus. Afterwards there was the Coast Guard and the others. After a half hour or more we closed the staff meeting with a few words from me and I went back to my office.

At 10:00 a.m. Miss Landwehr came in to say that my good friends George Fürst and Herr Apel were there. They invited me to be an honorary member of the Carl Schurz Society and left an invitation to come to their ball at the Park Hotel, which was located in the park.

At 11:00 a.m. Miss Landwehr reminded me I have a meeting with Kaisen, the Burgermeister, and his assistant, Herr Kaehlitz. At the meeting Kaisen reviewed the political-economic situation, and Kaehlitz led me out into the big upper hall of the Rathaus. I said goodbye and went down the stairs, greeting the attendant who was standing in the corner, and went out the door. To the right was the Dom and before me a big open square. I went through it and took the path across the Contrescarp and, looking up, saw the office I occupied -- it was always a satisfaction. I walked over to the Consulate General, crossed the wide entrance laid with white stones where it was open below the two stories and walked in.

At noon, I came downstairs and greeted Jonny who had the car ready to drive me to Number 5 Marcus Alle where I had the best home among the Consuls General. I looked at the two apartment houses across the street. They were long buildings with three stories, the bottom one of which was for utilities. There, the American staff members and their families lived -- we were invited every July 4th to come and enjoy their celebration and the fireworks.

At 1:00 Jonny returned and we took off for the office. There I was met by a group of ladies who were to hold the annual meeting of the Americans in Germany, headed by my good friend, Mrs. Loening. They wanted me to advise them regarding their proposed measures.

At 2:00 p.m. I sat down to prepare a dispatch on my meeting in the morning with Kaisen, dictating it to Miss Lahdwehr, who typed it up and I got it off to the Department.

At 3:00 p.m. Mr. Fisher came in with his political report. I read it and saw that it had to be done over for his English was not so good, and I struggled for the rest of the hour putting it in shape.

At 4:00 p.m. Mr. Berben came in and handed me his report on the tobacco market. Miss Schroder had typed it and I read it carefully and returned it with a few comments.

At 4:30 p.m. Schneider came in with his cotton report and we talked about it.

At 5:00 pm. it was time to go home. I went down and Jonny was waiting for me. What a pal he was.

Hilda was all ready to go over to the Club zur Vahr. I put on my tennis clothes and were off through the back gate, walking to the Club.

We were invited to the Karl Heinz Lange's for dinner. Hilda was wearing a new dress and looked pretty. I was dressed in my dinner jacket. At 7:55 p.m. Jonny was there to take us. We were welcomed by the Langes with a glass of champagne; it was always the same. A half hour later we went in to dinner; I escorted Mrs. Lange and Hilda was escorted by Herr Grobien. We sat down to a fine meal with burgundy; it was imported and cured for seven years in Bremen. The ladies got up, and the men enjoyed the fine brandy. We joined the ladies but soon it was time to go home. Jonny was waiting for us; we said goodnight and drove home.

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After waiting for four months in La Jolla, I wired the Department that I would soon be out of leave and would appreciate orders. I went to the Department and was assigned to looking through the files of the Peace Corps and deciding on who should be promoted. The Department wanted me to look through the efficiency reports of the USIS, but I found another job to stave it off -- organizing the Advisors to the General Assembly of the U.N. The person in charge was a nuisance, as he held up approval until the night before.

In the meantime, I was seeing a young fellow in charge of assignments. I got pretty good at picking out places that were due, and inquired about Valletta, Malta, as I understood that it was to become independent. It was decided to send me there for my final two years.

### VALETTA

I arrived with Hilda on the 27 of October 1963 and was met by Alta Fowler and Vice Admiral and Mrs. Fleming; Mr. E. Gatt, representing the Prime Minister; Mr. Russel, Manager of BEA Malta, Dr. M. Caruana and some others.

We moved into the Principal Officer's house which was on the Yacht Marina, located on the western side of Marsamxett Harbour and looking toward Sceberras Promontory. Valetta is a noble town with many buildings built by the Knights of Malta after the Great Siege of 1565 and up to 1798 when Napoleon forced them to evacuate Malta, leaving the

cathedral, churches, library, theater, and Auberges. In the center of the island is Mdina, the former capitol. Thereafter Malta was occupied by the British until March, 1979, when I left Malta shortly before.

My office was indeed small. The officers were Vice Consul Alta Fowler and part-time Mr. John Walker and Mr. David Carpenter. In addition, there was nay secretary, Miss Nape, Miss Grech, who was a great help typing reports, Mr. Reginald Woodrum, Mr. William Reaper, and a janitor.

Otherwise it was mostly like Bremen with my making contacts, giving away books and other gifts, visiting U.S. ships, meeting the officers of the Allied Forces Mediterranean, and representation.

My Mom sent a letter on October 25 including a birthday check and it arrived with a note of good wishes.

On October 29, I gave a press interview on American help for Malta in which I had taken a personal interest in its relations with the United States while at the Department and had found there was a possibility of Malta again receiving grants of food and used clothing, with the Catholic Relief Society being responsible for their delivery. Likewise, Malta could obtain various agricultural products which could be used to help individuals importing cotton and chicken feed. There was a possibility of obtaining U.S industries who would participate in Malta. There would be no change in U.S. policies toward Malta if and when the island became independent.

A reception was given for me and Hilda by Vice Consul Fowler at the Malta Union Club on November 3. It was attended by the Governor's Deputy, Chief Justice Anthony Mamo, and Lady Mamo, Major General Lord Thurlow; Italian Consul General D. O. Messina; the Minister of Justice, Caruana-Demajo; the Minister of Agriculture, Dr. C. Caruana; Minister Dr. A. Cachia Zammit; and Malta's representative families, doctors, lawyers and business representatives. Most of them became our good friends.

On November 7, I paid a visit to the Chamber of Commerce. The President, Mr. F. Darmanin, and others were present to welcome me.

I was at home on the evening of November 23, when Alta Fowler called to inform me of the assassination of President Kennedy. On November 27, his Excellency the Governor and I read lessons from the Holy Scriptures to the congregation at the Anglican Cathedral. We at the Consulate and in our private lives observed a month of mourning.

The Turners called and offered to take us to see the island. It was a wonderful experience. We went to the north among the goats and returned via Selmun Palace which had been turned into a hotel and we had tea and sandwiches.

When the month of mourning was over, Hilda and I had claustrophobia, so we decided to go get our Chevrolet, which had been left in Naples and take a trip around Sicily. It was delightful. We saw most of the Greek temples and much else that was interesting.

I arrived back in Malta just in time for the service of the Catholic Institute on January 7, with speeches by Caruana Curran, Dr. Herbert Ganado, and I spoke on "What John Kennedy Had Meant to the American People." There, on behalf of the Catholic Institute, I was given a model Maltese boat for Mrs. Kennedy. Mrs. Gatt gave me a medallion for Mrs. Kennedy, a pendant for Caroline and a model Maltese boat for John.

I received a letter from Governor Maurice Dorman, Edmund Wakefield, British Commissioner; and Prime Minister George Olivier in reply to my note of January 13, informing them that I had returned to my duties.

I soon called on Dom Mintoff of the opposition party and that was the beginning of many calls, always at his house and at night.

On February 3, I received notice of my election to the Casino Maltese, of which I was a member until my departure from Malta.

Mr. Justice William Harding sent me a note from Chev. E. R. Leopardi on February 14 about the Inquisitor's Palace at Girgenti. It was over the hill from Palazzo Pinto, and one day we were looking at it and Sir Harry Luke came up and showed us the upstairs room he had occupied and explained how he had found where the fireplace had been which had been closed during the plague. We had read his charming book on Malta when he was number two in its government. We saw him again, and I asked the Prime Minister if I could have the place as a residence, and he agreed. I asked Arthur Mortimer to prepare a plan for the kitchen to be placed at the rear, but we had to give it up as bringing in the water would have been too expensive.

I had let my chauffeur go to take my wife to market and walked back along South Street to the office. I let myself in, unlocking both locks on the front door, and felt my way around in utter darkness of the office. It was a holiday, the Friday before Memorial Day; my Vice Consul had taken off for London and my secretary was off somewhere showing the island to her visiting sister. We were giving a dinner that night for the Governor. His mother had arrived the day before, and we had then invited her, too. I had come to the office to get a place card for her. That was all I wanted. As I felt in the darkness, the phone jangled.

I went to the receptionist's desk with two phones and fumbled with one, but the other kept ringing. "Yes," I said as I answered, "this is the American Consulate. Yes, what about it?"

Well, it appeared it was a ship's agent, a Liberian ship, and the skipper wanted to visa the American crew list for the States. "What is your next port of call?" I asked automatically. He didn't know, but the ship was headed next for Suez. A feeling of



hopeful relief came over me as I recalled that to issue a visa for the U.S., my port would have to be the last en route directly to the U.S. As I was explaining this in the dark, the other phone began ringing. "Excuse me," I said. "I must answer the other phone."

"Hello, yes, the American Consulate. Yes, the 'SS American Eagle'?"

Oh Lord, I said to myself, we haven't had an American ship in port since my arrival seven months before; in fact, not for years.

"Yes, what is it?" The ship's agent said the Captain had a problem. One seaman had threatened to murder another with his jackknife and the Captain thought the knife's owner had been taking narcotics.

"Well," I suggested, "Tell him to report it to the local police."

Okay, I said to myself, as I hung up the phone. Now for my place card and I'll be gone. I opened the shutters of my private office. Buzz, the doorbell, and it was the mailman.

Oye, I thought, why did I ever come to this office? And before I could leave the door, the agent of the Liberian ship appeared. The skipper asked if some exception couldn't be made. "No," I responded, "I'm sorry."

Say, who were these people? Two women stood in the darkness of the outer office. "No," I explained, "I can't do anything for your sister. Please come back Monday, thank you."

Buzz, the receptionist's phone again. "What, the 'American Eagle'? The Captain thinks I should come down? Yes, I can be there in ten minutes."

I turned in the half darkness to the ship's agent of the Liberian ship and asked if he could take me down to the 'American Eagle', and in ten minutes we were alongside. Old Glory waved leisurely from the stern. Stepping from the white unused pavement alongside the new long quay, I climbed the gangplank into another world.

The gangplank was rickety and coated with a thick layer of greasy rust. I stepped aboard and all around me was red rust covered with a thick coat of solidified oil. A few seamen were hanging around and likewise covered with red rust coated with oil, except one clean, young face. Its owner and I shook hands and he said he was glad I had come.

Then I found the steps to the next deck. I had to watch my step because of the grease and oil and clasp the railing gingerly to keep from getting too much grease on my hands. Another flight of stairs to the next deck and I circled around a Hong Kong chair into the Captain's cabin. It was a fairly large, clean room with a micronite table top around which were seated representatives of the ship's agent, a local doctor and a policeman from the immigration office. To the left was a plain desk with papers at which was seated the red-headed Captain. He stood up as I entered and introduced himself and the others in the room.

Then I, the Consul General who had never been on board, except as a guest for thirty years, became the “American Consul”, the man in whom the power of decision in far-flung corners of the world rested. I was the judge.

“First,” the Captain said, “I’ll give you a rundown on what has happened or was supposed to have happened.” He related how Jack Freeman, the sailor with the knife, first complained that Roger Lee, the fellow he supposedly attacked, had supposedly stolen his radio, only to have the latter, when discovered, declare that he hadn’t stolen it but had, with permission, only borrowed it. Then Jack had complained that Roger, his cabin-mate, had urinated on his face while he slept and Jack had threatened that if he did it again he would take recourse by his own means to stop him. Finally, the Captain told how Roger had come to him with Jack’s knife, claiming that the latter had pulled it on him and that Roger, only by threatening to bash Jack’s brains out with a raised chain, had managed to take the knife away from him. The Captain explained that Jack had been drunk for some days, couldn’t stand his watch and that they had thrown overboard the liquor they had found secreted around his bunk. The Captain thought, however, that the liquor alone would not explain his action and being incapacitated, he thought Jack must have been taking dope. He had, therefore, ordered Jack to be examined by a local doctor.

The doctor stated that he had found no sign of narcotics, although he thought there was a faint smell of liquor on the man and stated that Jack had very low blood pressure.

Now it was my turn. I told the Captain I would like to have them bring Jack. No, I said, they needn’t leave the room.

Jack Freeman, a slight, little man, obviously suffering from alcoholism, came in wearing a dirty, rust and grease-covered shift and trousers. He wasn’t a bad type; just not much good. I asked him about the calls the ship had made since leaving home and with little hesitation he recalled them all. He repeated his story about Roger stealing from him, apparently not just the radio but one thing after the other. And he told how Roger had urinated on his face as he lay in his bunk and repeated his threat of what he would do if Roger did it again. I inquired, and he protested that he was able and fit to do his duties and had just been drunk; that was all he said.

Then I asked for Roger to be brought up. He was a kind of sneering fellow, somewhat larger, with the beginnings of a pot, and also wearing a dirty blue shirt and trousers smeared with grease and oil. He complained that Jack had threatened his life with the knife he had taken from him and asked for protection. He admitted that the Captain had given him another cabin the night before, where he had slept, but that he hadn’t seen fit to remove all his stuff from Jack’s cabin.

The Captain then asked Roger about the “narcotics” he was taking, and, at the Captain’s request, Roger brought up a battery of pill bottles and the prescriptions for them. Fumbling with an envelope of pills, which he dropped between the letters in his file, the

Captain asked what some pink pills were, and Roger replied they were tranquilizers just like the Captain took. The Captain added, saying "Like your group makes me take."

We then excused Roger and the moment came for me to make my decision. What was I to say on the basis of such meager and controversial information? One thing appeared to be decisive, however. Jack seemed to require medical attention because of his low blood pressure and his action in threatening the life of Roger. So, I said, if they would pay for Jack's passage home and provide a man to guide him, I would agree to his going to a hospital in the United States.

The next day a nice middle-aged doctor appeared at the Consulate, and I gave him a paper directing him to take Jack back to the United States for hospitalization.

That afternoon I made a visit to the "S.S. Springfield" and delivered a speech before Vice Admiral William E. Gentner, Jr., commanding the U.S. Sixth Fleet, and the two other officers. Hilda and I gave a large cocktail party for Gentner with all the leading people present, and with a combo on the upper terrace of the garden. I received a letter of thanks from him on April 17 and on May 20 a final salutation upon his departure from the Mediterranean.

On May 1, the Archbishop and I made a presentation of a knitting and sewing machine to the Catholic Action.

Tante Maria Rechtern came to visit us on May 11 for a month and she was an immediate success with out friends.

On June 16, we gave a reception for Rear Admiral Heinz of the Aircraft Carrier Roosevelt and Governor Dorman and Lady Dorman, and Rear Admiral Fleming. I had a tour of the "big" ship.

The Malta Shooting Club wrote a letter June 10, inviting me to become an honorary member. I went a couple of times, but it was too expensive blowing a box of shells every time.

I bought a dog, a Kelb tal-Fenek, which I called Nicky. He was a wonderful dog, but he didn't obey until he had been hit by a car twice.

Hilda and I were guests of the Malta Trade Fair opening July 2, and we went to their dinner.

Shortly afterwards I was told that the Department had written my efficiency report which stated: "The substantive work of the Consulate reflects great praise on Mr. Lewis' ability, skill, political awareness and representational activity. Almost all of the substantive reporting was performed by Mr. Lewis."

Hilda and I received a letter dated July 23 from Michael Gonzi, Archbishop, in reply to my message of congratulations on the fortieth anniversary of his Episcopal Consecration.

On August 12 it was announced by Dr. A. Cachia Zammit and Mr. J. Rossinaud and myself that the United States have given a large quantity of food through the Catholic Relief Service to be distributed by Mrs. May Ballou. She continued to work for the CRS over the years.

On August 24 I presented, at the request of Dom Mintoff, a set of twenty-three books to the Malta Labor Party at their new headquarters.

Admiral J. S. Russell, Commander in Chief Allied Forces Southern Europe, arrived on August 28 for a return call on Admiral Sir John Hamilton, Commander in Chief of Allied Forces Mediterranean, and I was present.

St. John's Co-Cathedral Clock was repaired by Lieutenant Philip Wynn on September 13 through my good offices. He was stationed on board the "S.S. Monrovia". I received a letter of thanks from S. R. Galea, representing the Archbishop.

I had worked closely with Sir Edward Wakefield who was the British Commissioner and in charge of Malta's defense and its relations with other countries. The Prime Minister, Mr. George Olivier, went to London to negotiate with the Duncan Sandys and Sir Edward Wakefield. I remember I went to see the Governor, Sir Maurice Dorman, and suggested he might send a message to the Prime Minister that might help him. It seemed that the Prime Minister had liked the wee hours, and when Sandys called him at 3 a.m. to suggest something, he answered he was just preparing for bed. The next I heard the Commissioner had returned to Malta on a Sunday and the Prime Minister and Sandys had reached an agreement. Later, Sir Edward lamented to me that he had departed from London a day too soon, as he left the Prime Minister on a Saturday and didn't realize he would use the day to see the British, and gotten a good grant as well as independence.

The introduction to the Independence Celebrations was the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh at Luqa Airport on September 19, 1964. We all went to see him. On the way back from the airport, the Malta Labor Party came out of their headquarters and crossed the street just as we entered the area. Philip's car was rerouted quickly but Messina, the Italian Consul General, was stopped and a boy grabbed Messina's flag from his car. My driver rode on and the rioters cheered and applauded at the sight of the American flag and myself gesturing greetings to them, and we diverted to the left around them and got through. A London newspaper reported the incident, making me a bit of a hero.

I received a letter dated September 21 from Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, assigning me Chargé d'Affaires of the U.S.A. at Valletta with his best wishes. I received a note that I was acting Chief of Mission, Counselor and Consul General as well.

When the office was elevated to an Embassy, Hilda went to get the old Consular shield as they were changing it. The press was also present and reported that "Mr. Harrison Lewis,

former Consul General of the U.S.A has become the first American Ambassador in Malta.” Too bad they had to change that, for the next day they said it must be clear that Harrison Lewis is the Chargé d’Affaires and not the American Ambassador.

The MLP “Qrizzont” reported that I said that economic development must move at a faster pace. It said the U.S, considers Malta as one of its friendliest nations. “Throughout his stay in Malta,” it reported, “Mr. Lewis has made useful contacts in all social and political strata and he takes every opportunity of meeting people of all walks of life.”

On September 21, 1964, the Prime Minister received Sir Edward Wakefield who presented his Letter of Appointment as British High Commissioner, and Mr. O. Messina, Mr. Andriani, and me. Each of us presented our credentials as Chargé d’Affaires ad interim for our respective countries in Malta.

At 12:01 on September 21, the flag of Britain was lowered and the red and white flag of Malta with the Malta Cross shield was raised in its place.

The next morning we all appeared at the Independence Arena and watched the Prime Minister being sworn in, and it was really something when he held high the articles of independence.

Herbert Ganado was sitting in back suffering from the heat, and his gray suit looked as if it had been plunged in salt. Mabel Strickland, sitting in back of him in the shade, placed her big hat on his head. Mabel was nearly twice his size and we all laughed.

That evening they had a state ball in the Palace and the Russian, who was just behind me, was very friendly, ha! We were always next to each other in alphabetical order.

May Ellis, our landlady, wrote to Hilda: “It was a pleasure to see you walk across the arena looking so dignified and elegant.”

The Prime Minister thanked me at the celebration for my kind gesture in having arranged for the Six Fleet Band, and I made a short speech of congratulations.

At the laying of the cornerstone of the University of Malta, I was thanked for my unstinted interest and for my gift to mark the Independence of Malta, to have established a chair at the Malta University of Industrial Development of Economics.

On September 24, Hilda and I went to the Kennedy Grove and planted a tree.

As a final flourish the Grand Harbor had a fireworks display.

We had a delegation of two ambassadors from Washington, DC-- one a little fellow not more than four foot ten, and the other a big I fellow who was in charge of our food program. They were certainly an odd pair, all dressed up in their heavy morning suits. The latter, however, arranged for a gift of some thousands of dollars for the Archbishop’s

distribution center of medicines. I had the duty of donating the amount to an assembly of all the notables of the Church.

The secretary was a problem and I finally recommended that she be given a post in the Department where it could be determined if she were mentally fit. As a result, a new secretary arrived on October 16; it was her first post.

I had Ambassador Chow of Taipei on my hands. It seems an opportunist had gotten ahold of him and was trying to tie him up. I intervened and put the Ambassador on the right track. He eventually sent his technicians and built two bridges and a double tunnel. One entrance was such that it had a jag in it, and the other you entered at an angle. He left a plaque for Hilda, and Bob Woodward, our Ambassador in Madrid, where Chow was also an ambassador, sent a letter of thanks.

Upon our becoming an Embassy, I wrote to the Department that I would appreciate it if we could be placed on the list of those receiving works of art for exhibiting. We accordingly received some thirty prints in October by various American artists and exhibited them in the Malta Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. It was inaugurated by the Governor General and I made a short speech.

On November 16 Hilda and I attended a dinner at the Casino Maltese in honor of the Governor General and the Prime Minister. On November 14 I received an eight page report released by the Department of Commerce which had been prepared by Louis J. Moczar and me.

I called on the Prime Minister on November 14 to introduce Rear Admiral R. W. McNitt, USN, who had arrived to replace Admiral Allen Fleming.

On November 17, Consul General Homer M. Byington and Jane arrived for a visit. He was assigned to Naples but he had formerly been Ambassador at Kuala Lumpur and was a good friend of mine at the Department in 1931.

I donated a gift of seventy books on November 22 to Parliament from the Department. I made a short speech referring to Dr. Holland who said the books made his mouth water, and so did they mine, as it was an excellent collection.

I received a letter from Andrew V. Corry in November, congratulating me on my being named Chargé d'Affaires. Andrew had been my roommate at Harvard. Likewise, John P. Chase, an old Harvard friend and class treasurer, congratulated me on having been made the Chargé.

I helped distribute flour to the poor of Zejtun on December 17, as a guest of M. C. Ballou, Director of Catholic Relief Services, assisted by Mr. Cachia.

On December 25, Louis Vella, President of Malta's Chamber of Commerce, expressed his appreciation for the Chair of Economics the Department had given to the University.

Hilda and I received Christmas cards from the Secretary of State and Mrs. Rusk and the Under Secretary of State and Mrs. Ball.

In a letter of January 6, 1965, Mom stated that Tag's time was limited. He was sewn up as they could not remove the cancer. Maude, his wife, was the nurse and did not have time to write. Tag was a good friend and I was very sorry to see him go.

The MMDNA was in need of some help in carrying out their assistance to the poor mothers when their children were born. I was discussing this with Lucy Harding, wife of Justice Harding, and it occurred to me that Hilda might offer the pictures she had done in La Jolla. I accordingly asked Hilda and she showed them at the Alderney Bank Gallery the beginning of January. The Governor General and others were present at the opening, and I urged them to "snap them up". They sold extremely well, and I have two in my bedroom today. On January 15, we gave a check for LM228 to the Governor General for the MMDNA. Captain Robert Ingram, who had established the organization, wrote thanking Hilda and sent a copy of his book what Happened to the Empress, a tale of the people who escaped from Russia and came to Malta as refugees, including our friend Kissa Byrd, whom I gave away in Calcutta.

Sir Edward Wakefield paid a farewell call on January 15. He had been my main source of information, and I went to see him often to find out what was happening. He was hurt to have exchanged his powerful position for the fancy pillows which go with the post of High Commissioner.

On January 29 Sir Winston Churchill died, and I attended a church service at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral with other diplomats and paid a call on the Prime Minister.

We met the Italian Ambassador, Dr. Antonio Dazzi, on February 8. We were listed as Sir John Martin, the British High Commissioner; Ambassador Dr. Antonio Dazzi; Mr. A. A. Andriani, French Chargé, and Mr. Harrison Lewis, U.S. Chargé d'Affaires.

On February 22, I received a letter from the Assistant Secretary for Europe that I was to be replaced by an Ambassador. My work was not the cause for my replacement, the letter stated. The change was not to take place until June 24, however.

I also received a letter from John Walker on that date. John, who was assigned to the office, expressed his disappointment that I could not stay on as Ambassador.

I gave 750 books from Catherin P. Martin to the primary school at Kospikwa on March 8.

An exhibition of American Intaglio prints was shown at the Malta Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce beginning March 15, which is located in De la Salle Palace. The pictures were exceptionally good, and I was proud to have them shown. They were shown in the Library in Gozo afterwards.

A force of ten United States Sixth Fleet warships visited Malta on March 24. Rear Admiral King and I called on the Governor General and the next day Hilda and I took the Admiral for a walk. However, he complained that his legs were strained as he had ship's legs.

In March, Gustav Wollenweber, Ambassador of Germany, arrived. The diplomatic corps was complete and we often had meetings. He and Dazzi, Hilda and I often took walks in the country. We became good friends with Wollenweber and his wife, and we have kept up a correspondence with them.

On March 12 there was an official opening of the Malta Playing Fields Association Headquarters, which Hilda and I attended.

I presented ten tons of books for the Malta schools on March 30 to Chev. J. P. Vassallo, who was the official recipient.

Stella Maris College at Gzira had a distribution of prizes for its field day. I was asked to judge the winner of the tug-of-war and had a great time.

As I lived opposite Hubert V. Humphrey on Coquelin Terrace, I reasoned that, as he was Vice President, I should place an appeal to him against my being replaced five months early. I received a reply April 18, saying that he would do what he could. Accordingly, he called my case to the attention of the Secretary of State.

Hilda sent a "Many Happy Returns" for our anniversary, saying she would be with me wherever my new service took me, but please not Vietnam!

I received a letter of April 17 from Mabel Strickland, saying she was interested in sorghum which our government was planning to give.

Dr. and Mrs. F. K. Liebich and their son and two daughters appeared in the press as their assignment came to an end in March. He had been UN Technical Assistant, and wrote the customs tariff for Malta and was a good friend whom we saw in the following years when they came to Malta from Switzerland where they lived.

Our good friends, Hans and Helen Loening, came to visit us in Malta together with Maria from Bremen.

I got a note from the Archbishop expressing his thanks for the Secretary of State sending him a message on the occasion of his eightieth birthday on May 13, 1965.

The Stella Maris College invited me to distribute the prizes to the students winning books.

A luncheon was given for the Archbishop by the Casino Maltese on the 26th of May which Hilda and I attended.



I sent a letter to Sir John Martin on May 28, telling him of my replacement as Chief of Mission.

An American airplane landed at Malta under very suspicious circumstances in May. Alta Fowler and I, and my secretary, Miss Nape, were required to inform the Department by hand code of our progress. I found out where the crew was going with a load of rifles by promising one of the young crew members we would foot the bill for his return home if he would furnish the map of their route. He retrieved it from its hiding place above the pilot's seat and gave it to me. It showed a landing at a spot somewhere west of Algeria. I surmised it had to do with Ben Bela. The government of Malta seized the rifles and took the plane. I recommended that Alta Fowler and Miss Nape be given a reward, and on June 2nd both women received a Meritorious Honor Award for their work.

I received a letter of June 4th from Justice T. Gouder, a good friend, wishing me Godspeed.

I was very busy writing out the efficiency reports for the members of the office and making farewell calls, for the arrival of my relief was imminent. ·

On June 16, Hilda and I were honored by being invited to a dinner given by the Malta Union Club where I made a speech of farewell.

The Government of Malta gave Hilda and me a dinner on June 18 on the occasion of our departure from Malta, and I took the opportunity to invite the Prime Minister and Cabinet Members to drinks on the ship when I left on June 24.

Some forty guests arrived on the 24th, including the Prime Minister and various diplomats. Hilda and my son, Robert, were there. Finally, it was time to go, and after saying goodbye, I went up to the top deck. All had left except Hilda, Robert and the Embassy driver. I waved as we pulled out, and they finally disappeared from view.

[Ed note: On his retirement Mr. Lewis was given a certificate in appreciation for his "Loyal and Meritorious Service" rendered in his career of 35 years. Signed by Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, November 30, 1965.]

*End of interview*